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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA SCRAPBOOK MICROFILMING PROJECT

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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
MICROFILMING PROJECT

A COOPERATIVE PROJECT BETWEEN THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA ARCHIVES AND THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
(AUGUST 1993 - APRIL 1994)

This microfilming project includes two collections of scrapbooks housed in two separate repositories. The first set of scrapbooks (80 volumes) resides within the Allen A. Brown Collection in the Music Department of the Boston Public Library (BPL). Their call number is **M.125.5. The second set of scrapbooks (132 volumes) resides within the Boston Symphony Orchestra (BSO) Archives' Press Clippings collection. They have the designation Pres 56.

The BPL scrapbooks begin with the founding of the BSO in 1881 and continue, through 79 seasons, to 1960. Articles consist mainly of reviews and feature stories from Boston and New York newspapers. Occasionally, magazine articles and press releases are also included. The scrapbooks cover most aspects of the BSO.

The BSO scrapbooks run from 1889, the Orchestra's 9th season, to 1973. In addition to local reviews and features, the volumes contain articles culled from national and international publications. The scrapbooks document, in detail, all aspects of the BSO: The Symphony Orchestra (including subscription concerts, tours, and trips), the Boston Pops, the Tanglewood Festival, the Tanglewood Music Center, and Symphony Hall.

The two sets of scrapbooks have been filmed as two separate entities. Researchers wanting to look at specific seasons or subjects must examine both sets of films to ensure full coverage.

The scrapbooks do not represent the complete holdings of either location on the subject of the BSO.

Requests for positive microfilm copies of individual rolls, or of film sets, should be directed to the respective repositories.

Music Department
Boston Public Library
P. O. Box 286
Boston, MA 02117

Boston Symphony Orchestra Archives
Symphony Hall
Boston, MA 02115

**M.125
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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SCRAPBOOKS

1881-1882 TO 1959-1960

1181-18 to 1915-16 compiled by Allen A. Brown

1916-17 to 1937-38 compiled by Mary A. Brown

1938-39 to 1959-60 compiled by the Music Department

These scrapbooks contain reviews of concerts, articles concerning the Symphony, its players and conductors, interviews with soloists and composers, occasional letters and notes, an occasional autograph, ticket stubs, pictures of conductors, the Symphony, soloists and composers, and caricatures.

In the scrapbooks compiled by Mr. Brown, it is possible to find articles or reviews pasted on a program which does not have the same date. Mr. Brown used multiple copies of programs for his scrapbook "fillers;" the fillers have no relation to the articles pasted on them. The fillers may be partially to completely covered.

These scrapbooks do not contain the complete programs. For the complete program, the researcher must consult either the hard copies found in either the Boston Symphony Archives or the Boston Public Library's Music Department or the microfilm of programs published by KTO Microform (Millwood, New York) and dating from the 1881-82 season through the 1974-75 season.

Generally, one volume represents one Symphony season; the volume and season should therefore match. Depending upon the compiler and the clippings available, some reviews and articles may be found concerning the Promenade Concerts, Boston Pops, the Berkshire Music Festival and Tanglewood.

The Music Department of the Boston Public Library does maintain other materials concerning the Boston Symphony Orchestra in other scrapbooks and files. Please consult with the Music Librarian for these materials.

VOLUMES 47-48

1927-28 TO 1928-29

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SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

HUNTINGTON AND MASSACHUSETTS AVENUES

Branch Exchange Telephones, Ticket and Administration Offices, Back Bay 1492

Boston Symphony Orchestra

INC.

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

FORTY-SEVENTH SEASON, 1927–1928

Miss Mary A. Perkins
Jan. 15 1929

Programme

WITH HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE
NOTES BY PHILIP HALE

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Serge Koussevitzky

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Forty-seventh Season, 1927–1928

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

PERSONNEL

VIOLINS.

Burgin, R. *Concert-master*
Theodorowicz, J.
Hansen, E.
Pinfield, C.
Thillois, F.
Mayer, P.
Bryant, M.
Murray, J.
Elcus, G.
Kreinin, B.
Graeser, H.
Mariotti, V.
Zung, M.
Tapley, R.
Knudsen, C.
Del Sordo, R.
Gundersen, R.
Eisler, D.
Fedorovsky, P.
Leveen, P.
Diamond, S.
Zide, L.
Stonestreet, L.
Erkelens, H.
Sauvlet, H.
Hamilton, V.
Leibovici, J.
Siegl, F.
Gorodetzky, L.
Fiedler, B.
Messina, S.
Seiniger, S.
Cherkassky, P.
Kassman, N.

VIOLAS.

Lefranc, J.
Artières, L.
Fourel, G.
Cauhapé, J.
Avierino, N.
Bernard, A.
Van Wynbergen, C.
Werner, H.
Gerhardt, S.
Deane, C.
Grover, H.
Shirley, P.
Fiedler, A.

VIOLONCELLOS.

Bedetti, J.
Keller, J.
Zighera, A.
Barth, C.
Langendoen, J.
Droeghmans, H.
Stockbridge, C.
Warnke, J.
Fabrizio, E.
Marjollet, L.

BASSES.

Kunze, M.
Vondrak, A.
Lemaire, J.
Oliver, F.
Ludwig, O.
Frankel, I.
Girard, H.
Dufresne, G.
Kelley, A.
Demetrides, L.

FLUTES.

Laurent, G.
Bladet, G.
Amerena, P.

OBOES.

Gillet, F.
Devergie, J.
Stanislaus, H.

CLARINETS.

Hamelin, G.
Arcieri, E.
Allegra, E. (*E-flat Clarinet*)

BASSOONS.

Laus, A.
Allard, R.
Bettoney, F.

PICCOLO.

Battles, A.

ENGLISH HORN.

Speyer, L.

BASS CLARINET.

Mimart, P.

CONTRA-BASSOON.

Piller, B.

HORNS.

Wendler, G.
Pogrebniak, S.
Van Den Berg, C.
Lorbeer, H.

HORNS.

Valkenier, W.
Schindler, G.
Lannoye, M.
Blot, G.

TRUMPETS.

Mager, G.
Perret, G.
Voisin, R.
Mann, J.

TROMBONES.

Rochut, J.
Hansotte, L.
Kenfield, L.
Raichman, J.
Adam, E.

TUBAS.

Sidow, P.
Adam, E.

HARPS.

Holy, A.
Zighera, B.

TIMPANI.

Ritter, A.
Polster, M.

PERCUSSION.

Ludwig, C.
Sternburg, S.
Seiniger, S.

ORGAN.

Snow, A.

PIANO.

Zighera, B.

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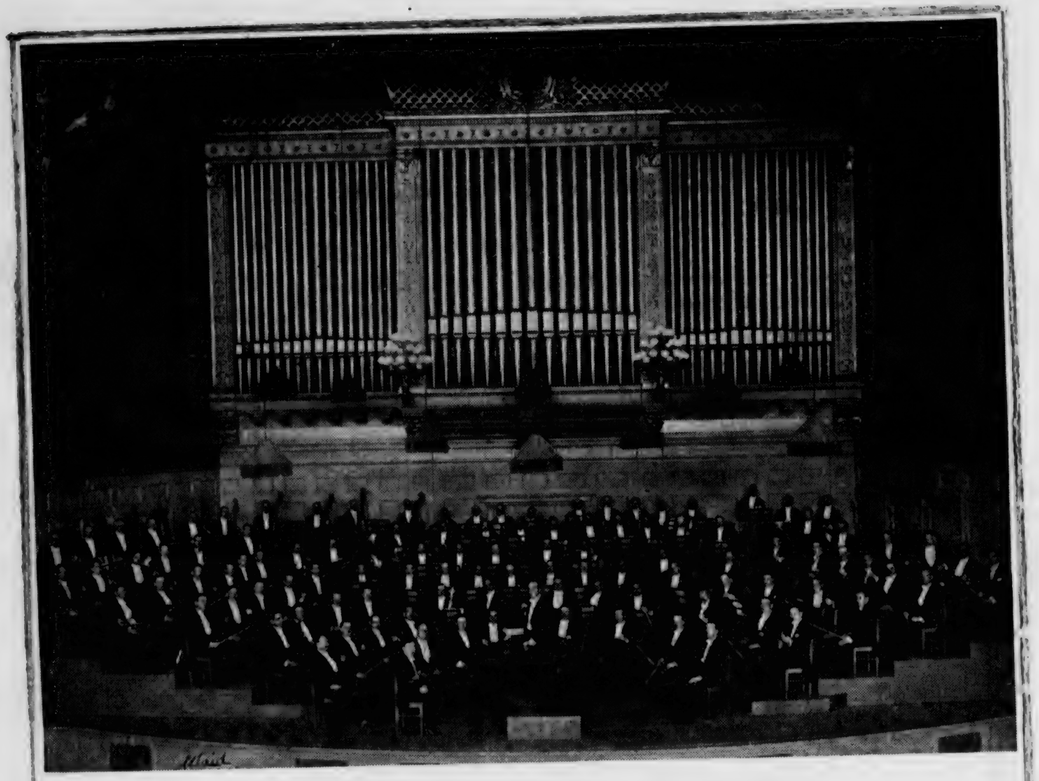

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

WORKS PERFORMED AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS DURING THE SEASON OF 1927–1928

Works marked with an asterisk were performed for the first time at these concerts.
Works marked with a double asterisk were performed for the first time in Boston.
Works marked with a dagger were performed for the first time anywhere.
Artists marked with an asterisk appeared at these concerts for the first time.
Artists marked with a double asterisk appeared for the first time in Boston.
Artists marked with a dagger are members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

ASIOLI: Concerto, A major,** for viola d'amore (HENRI CASADESUS*) and orchestra, April 20, 1928 . . . . .

BACH: Two Choral Preludes (orchestrated by ARNOLD SCHOENBERG**), October 14, 1927 . . . . . .

Concerto No. 2, F major, for violin, flute, oboe, and trumpet (edited by FELIX MOTTL), December 22, 1927

Concerto, A minor, No. 1, for violin (PAUL KOCHANSKI), March 30, 1928 . . . . . .

BARTÓK: Concerto for Pianoforte** (BÉLA BARTÓK), February 17, 1928 . . . . . .

BAX: Symphony in E-flat minor,* December 16, 1927 . . . . .

BECK: Symphony No. 3, for string orchestra,† February 10, 1928

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 5, C minor, Op. 67, April 6, 1928 .

Symphony No. 7, A major, Op. 92, December 9, 1927 . . .

Overture to "Egmont," April 27, 1928 . . . . . .

BERLIOZ: Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini," Op. 23 . . . . . .

Royal Hunt and Tempest, Descriptive Symphony from "Les Troyens," January 20, 1928 . . . . . .

Excerpts from "The Damnation of Faust," March 16, 1928

BLOCH: Three Jewish Poems, November 18, 1927 . . . . . .

Four Episodes for chamber orchestra,** December 29, 1927

BORGHI: Concerto for harpsichord (Mme. PATORNI-CASADESUS*) and wind orchestra,** April 20, 1928 . . . . . .

BORODIN: Aria* from "Prince Igor" (NINA KOSHETZ), February 10, 1928 . . . . . .

BRAHMS: Symphony No. 1, C minor, Op. 68, March 2, 1928 . .

Symphony No. 2, April 27, 1928 . . . . . .

Symphony No. 3, F major, Op. 90, October 7, 1927 . . . .

Symphony No. 4, E minor, Op. 98, December 29, 1927 . . .

Variations on a Theme by Haydn, Op. 56A, November 11, 1927 . . . . . .

"Academic Festival" Overture, Op. 80, January 27, 1928 .

Concerto for violin, D major, Op. 77 (ALBERT SPALDING), December 1, 1927 . . . . . .

CARPENTER: Suite "Adventures in a Perambulator," December 9, 1927 . . . . . .

"Skyscrapers, A Ballet of Modern American Life"** (CLAIRE MAGER, soprano; RULON Y. ROBISON, tenor), December 9, 1927 . . . . . .

CHERUBINI: Overture to "Ali Baba," December 2, 1927 . . . .

CIMAROSA (see MALPIERO).

CONVERSE: "California," Tone-Poem,† suggested by scenes at the Fiesta in Santa Barbara (1927), April 6, 1928 . . . .

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CIMAROSA (see MALPIERO).

CONVERSE: "California," Tone-Poem,† suggested by scenes at the Fiesta in Santa Barbara (1927), April 6, 1928

DEBUSSY: "Iberia": "Images," for orchestra, No. 2, October 7, 1927
"La Mer," April 27, 1928
Two Dances: Sarabande** and Danse (orchestrated by RAVEL), January 13, 1928
DE FALLA: "El Amor Brujo" ("Love the Sorcerer"), October 14, 1927
DELIUS: Intermezzo, "The Walk to the Paradise Garden,"** from "A Village Romeo and Juliet," January 20, 1928
DUKAS: "La Péri, Poème Dansé," January 27, 1928
GLUCK: Ballet Suite No. 2* (arranged by MOTTL) from "Alceste," "Iphigenie en Aulide," and "Paride ed Elena," March 23, 1928
HANDEL: Concerto Grosso, D minor, for strings, Op. 6, No. 10, October 28, 1927
Suite from "Teseo," "Il Pastor Fido," and "Rodrigo,"** January 20, 1928
Concerto Grosso, No. 5, D major, for strings (ed. by KOGEL), February 24, 1928
HAYDN: Symphony, G major (B. & H. No. 13), October 21, 1927
HILL: Symphony in B-flat,† Op. 34, March 30, 1928
HOLST: "Ode to Death" (WALT WHITMAN), set to music for chorus and orchestra, Op. 38,** February 10, 1928
HONEGGER: Incidental Music to D'Anunzio's "Fedra"† (first performance of the whole in concert form in the United States)
LAZĂR: Music for Orchestra,† March 23, 1928
LIADOV: From the Apocalypse, Symphonic Picture, December 16, 1927
Russian Folk Songs for Orchestra,* Op. 58, January 27, 1928
LISZT: "Mazeppa," Symphonic Poem, No. 6 (after VICTOR HUGO), December 2, 1927
Second Episode from Lenau's "Faust: Dance in the Village Tavern (Mephisto Waltz)," November 11, 1927
LOEFFLER: A Pagan Poem (after VIRGIL) for orchestra, pianoforte, English horn, and three trumpets obbligati, Op. 14, October 21, 1927
LOPATNIKOV: Scherzo for orchestra,† April 27, 1928
LORENZITI: Venetian Symphony† (Concertante for quinton (MARIUS CASADESUS**), viola d'amore (HENRI CASADESUS), and harpsichord (Mme. REGINA PATORNI-CASADESUS*), April 20, 1928
MALIPIERO: Cimarosiana: Five Orchestral Pieces by Cimerosa, re-orchestrated,** November 11, 1927
MARTINŮ: "La Bagarre" ("The Tumult," Allegro for orchestra,† November 18, 1927
MASON, D. G.: Symphony in C minor,** Op. 11, March 16, 1928
MENDELSSOHN: Symphony, A major, "Italian," Op. 90, December 22, 1927
MOZART: Symphony, E-flat major (K. 543), November 18
Symphony, C major, No. 34 (K. 358), January 20, 1928

PISTON: Symphonic Piece,† March 23, 1928
PROKOFIEFF: Suite from the Ballet "Le Pas d'Acier"** ("The Ballet of Steel"), October 21, 1927 (first time in the United States)
Scythian Suite, Op. 20, March 2, 1928
RACHMANINOFF: Concerto, D minor, No. 3, for pianoforte (VLADIMIR HOROWITZ**) and orchestra, March 16, 1928
RAVEL: "Ma Mère l'Oye" ("Mother Goose"), October 21, 1928
Orchestral Excerpts from "Daphnis et Chloé" (second suite), October 28, 1928
"Le Tombeau de Couperin," orchestral suite, January 13, 1928
Rapsodie Espagnole, January 13, 1928
"La Valse" Choregraphic Poem, January 13, 1928
"Shéhérazade," Three Poems for voice (LISA ROMA**) and orchestra, to the verses of Tristan Klingsor, January 13, 1928
"Tzigane,"* for violin (PAUL KOCHANSKI) and orchestra, March 30, 1928
See Debussy (Sarabande** and Danse, orchestrated by RAVEL), January 13, 1928
RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: Symphonic Suite, "Shéhérazade" (after "The Thousand Nights and a Night") Op. 35, December 22, 1927
"The Russian Easter," Overture on Themes of the Russian Church, Op. 36, April 6, 1928
Overture* to "A Night in May," February 10, 1928
Introduction and March from "Le Coq d'Or," February 17, 1928
SAINT-SAËNS: Symphony No. 3, C minor, April 27, 1928
SCHMITT: Psalm XLVII for orchestra, organ, chorus, and solo voice* (NINA KOSHETZ), February 10, 1928
SCHREKER: Prelude to a Drama, December 2, 1927
SCHUMANN: Symphony No. 4, D minor, Op. 120, March 23, 1928
Concerto, A minor, for pianoforte (MYRA HESS*) and orchestra, Op. 54, December 16, 1927
SIBELIUS: Symphony, No. 1, E minor, Op. 39, January 27, 1928
Symphony No. 5, E-flat major, Op. 82, November 11, 1927
STRAUSS: Symphonia Domestica, Op. 53, October 14, 1927
"Don Juan," Tone-Poem, Op. 20 (after LENAU), November 18, 1927
"Ein Heldenleben," Tone-Poem, Op. 40, January 20, 1928
STRAVINSKY: ORCHESTRAL SUITE from the Ballet "Petrouchka," October 7, 1927
"Œdipus Rex," opera oratorio** by J. COCTEAU (after Sophocles). MARGARET MATZENAUER, mezzo-soprano; ARTHUR HACKETT, tenor; FRASER GANGE, baritone; PAUL LEYSSAC, narrator; The Harvard Glee Club, trained by Dr. A. T. DAVISON. February 24, 1928 (first time in the United States)
Suite from "L'Oiseau de Feu," March 23, 1928

TANSMAN: Second Concerto for Pianoforte (ALEXANDER TANSMAN**) and orchestra,† December 29, 1927 . . . . .
TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphony No. 4, F minor, Op. 36, October 26, 1927 . . . . . .
Symphony No. 6, B minor, "Pathetic," Op. 74, February 17, 1928 . . . . . .
"Romeo and Juliet," Overture Fantasia after Shakespeare, December 29, 1927 . . . . . .
VIVALDI: "L'Estate" ("Summer") Concerto No. 2, for string orchestra with piano and organ** (ed. by B. MOLINARI) from "The Four Seasons" (RICHARD BURGIN,† solo violin), March 16, 1928 . . . . . .
WAGNER: Overture to "Tannhaeuser," December 16, 1927 . . .
Prelude and "Liebestod" from "Tristan und Isolde," March 30, 1928 . . . . . .
Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg," March 30, 1928 . . . . . .
Prelude to "Parsifal," April 6, 1928 . . . . . .
WALTON: Sinfonia Concertante, for orchestra with pianoforte (BERNARD ZIGHERA†), quasi obbligato,** March 2, 1928

THE FOLLOWING ARTISTS HAVE ASSISTED AS SOLOISTS THIS SEASON

BARTÓK,** BÉLA, pianist (Bartók's Concerto for pianoforte),** February 17, 1928. Sketch . . . . . .
HESS,* MYRA, pianist (Schumann's concerto), December 16, 1927
HOROWITZ,** VLADIMIR, pianist (Rachmaninoff's Concerto No. 3), March 16, 1928. Sketch . . . . . .
KOCHANSKI, PAUL, violinist (Bach's Concerto No. 1, A minor, and Ravel's "Tzigane,"* with orchestra), March 30, 1928. Sketch . . . . . .
KOSHETZ, NINA, soprano (Aria* from Borodin's "Prince Igor" and solo in Schmitt's Psalm*), February 10, 1928. Sketch . . . . . .
ROMA,** LISA, singer (Ravel's "Shéhérazade," January 13, 1928
SPALDING, ALBERT, violinist (Brahms's Concerto), December 2, 1927. Sketch . . . . . .

PENSION FUND CONCERTS

Handel's "Messiah" was performed in aid of the Pension Fund of the orchestra on December 18, 19, 1927. Mr. Koussevitzky conducted the performances. The Handel and Haydn Society had been prepared by its conductor, THOMPSON STONE. The solo singers were FRIEDA HEMPEL, soprano; KATHRYN MEISLE, contralto; ARTHUR HACKETT, tenor; FRASER GANGE, bass. WILLIAM BURBANK was the organist.

At the second concert in aid of the Pension Fund, on April 1, 1928, Mr. Koussevitzky brought out Arthur Honegger's Symphonic Psalm, "King David." The performance was the first in Boston. The Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society had been prepared by their conductor, Dr. ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON. The solo singers were ETHYL HAYDEN, soprano; VIOLA SILVA, contralto; TUDOR DAVIES, tenor; PAUL LEYSSAC, of the Civic Repertory Theatre, New York, through the courtesy of Eva Le Gallienne, was the Narrator. JOHN P. MARSHALL was the organist.

GUEST CONDUCTORS

Sir THOMAS BEECHAM,** January 20–21, 1928.
MAURICE RAVEL,** January 13, 1928.
Mr. BURGIN† conducted the concerts of December 2–3, 1927.

SUMMARY

The following composers were represented for the first time at these concerts: Asioli, Beck, Borghi, Lorenziti, Lopatnikov, Martinů, Piston.

ASIOLI	1	LOEFFLER	1
BACH	3	LOPATNIKOV	1
BARTÓK	1	LORENZITI	1
BAX	1	MALIPIERO	1
BECK	1	MARTINŮ	1
BEETHOVEN	3	MASON, D. G.	1
BERLIOZ	3	MENDELSSOHN	1
BLOCH	2	MOZART	2
BORGHI	1	PISTON	1
BORODIN	1	PROKOFIEFF	2
BRAHMS	7	RACHMANINOFF	1
CARPENTER	2	RAVEL	7
CHERUBINI	1	RIMSKY-KORSAKOV	4
CONVERSE	1	SAINT-SAËNS	1
DEBUSSY	4	SCHMITT	1
DE FALLA	1	SCHREKER	1
DELIUS	1	SCHUMANN	2
DUKAS	1	SIBELIUS	2
GLUCK	1	STRAUSS	3
HANDEL	3	STRAVINSKY	3
HAYDN	1	TANSMAN	1
HILL	1	TCHAIKOVSKY	3
HOLST	1	VIVALDI	1
HONEGGER	1	WAGNER	4
LAZĂR	1	WALTON	1
LIADOV	2		
LISZT	2		95

SUNDRY NOTES

Mr. Koussevitzky on October 24, 1927, gave a double-bass recital in Symphony Hall for the benefit of needy Russian students in Europe, the United States, and the Holy Land. He was assisted by Messrs. BURGIN, violin; LEFRANC, viola; BEDETTI, violoncello; RUDOLPH GANZ, piano, and BERNARD ZIGHERA, piano; Schubert, Variations and Finale from the "Forellen" Quintet; Koussevitzky, Concerto for the double-bass; Liszt, "St. Francis' Sermon to the Birds" and "St. Francis of Paul Walking on the Waves (Mr. GANZ); Bruch, "Kol Nidrei," transcribed by Koussevitzky for double bass and piano.

These members of the Société des Instruments Anciens of Paris took part in the symphony concerts of April 20, 21, 1928: Mme. REGINA PATORNI-CASADESUS (harpsichord); MARIUS CASADESUS (quinton); HENRI CASADESUS (viola d'amore).

RICHARD BURGIN

Violinist

Born in Warsaw, Poland, 1892. Appeared as child prodigy in Carnegie Hall. Since 1920 concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.
"In the foremost rank of contemporary violinists."
—*C. S. Monitor.*

WBZ-WBZA Schedule of Symphony Broadcasts

October 8, 15, 22 and 29.
November 12 and 19.
December 3, 10, 17, 22 and 29.
January 14, 21 and 28.
February 11, 18 and 25.
March 3, 17 and 31.
April 7, 21 and 28.

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Boston Symphony's Third Year on the Air

W. S. Quinby

Serge Koussevitzky

THE world of radio this season will listen to its third series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. These concerts last year were among the most popular of any radio feature originating in Boston. The current series, which marks the forty-seventh season of the orchestra, will be broadcast by WBZ-WBZA, according to the announcement of George H. Jaspert, director of the New England Westinghouse stations.

The current series will run for twenty-four weeks, beginning Saturday evening, October 8, and ending on April 28. Each concert will go on the air over a special line from Symphony Hall. Serge Koussevitzky, Russian virtuoso and conductor, will hold the baton for the third year.

Symphony this season, as in the past two years, will be on the air through the courtesy of W S. Quinby. Mr. Quinby is interested in Symphony because of his abidling faith that the best should be made available as far as possible. He believes that the best way of perpetuating the finest traditions in music is to enable as many as possible to come in close association with it.

Listeners Appreciate

Thousands of letters each season have borne testimony to the pleasure of listeners who, without radio, would never have an opportunity to hear Symphony. These have, in the main, formed the basis of Mr. Quinby's decision to continue the series. Endorsements from men and women in all walks of life have conclusively proved to him that the public is satisfied only when it does have the best.

The Symphony "fan mail" has been almost invariably in this strain: "You have brought us, in the hinterland, a new source of pleasure, comparable to that which we should have, if we lived in the city. Such things as the Boston Symphony have always been outside our sphere. The radio has urbanized the country, and these weekly concerts are one of the greatest factors. We hope Symphony is on the air to stay."

Detracting nothing from the distinction of the Boston Symphony, radio has enlarged its audience, increased its appeal and actually imparted new significance and vitality to the series. In a word, radio has been a strongly reinforcing influence.

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Again, a renaissance of musical interest has come to pass in New England since radio allied itself to the Boston Symphony. Three years ago Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert and Mendelssohn held for the average radio listeners vague impressions of musical importance. The advent of Symphony broadcasting has brought a measure of familiarity.

Advance Symphony's Cause

Famous composers of symphonies—Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart—and the great genii of opera—Verdi, Gounod, Wagner—and others, now pass in review for an audience more vast than the combined assemblages which listened to the works of those composers during their lifetime.

The Symphony broadcasts, too, have served to accentuate the irony of many a musician's life. Mozart, for example who died in oblivion and was buried without circumstance or glory, now lives anew to command the homage of millions in a single performance of his G Minor Symphony.

Thus radio has revealed itself as one of the major steps by which the Boston Symphony Orchestra has advanced in prestige and appreciation after nearly a half century. It was back in 1881 that the late Major Higginson founded in Boston a full-sized symphony orchestra. This distinguished musician, soldier, financier and philanthropist believed that there was a musical public to justify such an undertaking. Sparing no expense, he engaged the finest musicians then available in Europe to fill its ranks. One after another he brought to America the world's greatest conductors to lend their individual genius to the perfection of the orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra in its original form had only sixty players, and its conductor was George Henschel, a celebrated musician of the day. The initial aims were that the musicians should play under one conductor in one orchestra; that the symphony concerts should provide only the finest music; that artistic consideration should always be paramount, and that the conductor be given absolute control. Controversy waxed hot in those days. The policies, the programs, even the venture itself, were violently attacked and as staunchly defended. But the wisdom of the founder was justified as each succeeding year of the orchestra added growth and success to the last.

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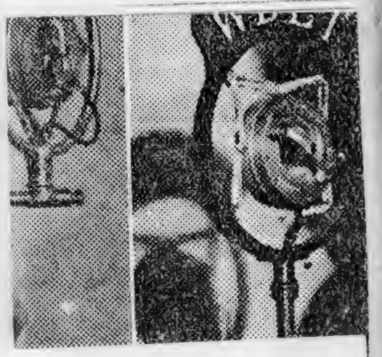

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In the autumn of 1924, Serge Koussevitzky first crossed the Atlantic to become the Symphony conductor. From Europe had come many reports of his remarkable qualities as a leader and as an artist. Expectations were more than fulfilled. America, having heard perhaps all of the "great" living conductors, found qualities in Koussevitzky's leadership which were said to be quite without equal.

Koussevitzky, Conductor

Koussevitzky organized his own symphony orchestra in Moscow, which soon came to be considered the finest in Russia. In Moscow and Petrograd he conducted the classics, gave Beethoven, Bach, Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, and other festivals each season, and championed works by young composers then unknown but since accepted. But he could not rest content with bringing music to the city folk of Russia. There lay about him a vast agragrian population most of whom had never heard a symphony concert. He chartered a large steamer on the Volga River and, taking his entire orchestra, together with soloists and a group of friends, made several voyages along the 2500 miles of its basin.

The party would stop at each town along its bank, and announce a symphony concert in the local town hall. The country folk were of course astonished at this wonderful new kind of music, but they were also both delighted and moved by it. Principally through these concerts, but also by virtue of operatic performances in Paris and elsewhere, Koussevitzky came to be regarded as the most brilliant, inspired and inspiring conductor in that part of the world.

America's admiration of Koussevitzky need scarcely be pointed out. The Boston Symphony Orchestra's sensitive response as one man to his least gesture bespeaks the leader of command and authority. The fine clarity with which he presents the music of the older masters, his inspired eloquence with the "Romantics," his discernment in choosing and his brilliance in performing the significant music of our own day—these things reveal an extraordinary range of artistic sympathy. And not least, there are qualities of illumining imagina ion in his performances which are unexcelled.

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THE BOSTON HERALD,

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Charles P. Taft and his wife have given $1,000,000 as an endowment for the maintenance of the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra.

Boston is justly proud of its Symphony orchestra which, now led by Mr. Koussevitzky, is again world famous. There are many men and women in Greater Boston who, alive, or by last will and testament, give thousands and ten thousands of dollars to charitable and religious institutions of all descriptions. Yet the Boston Symphony orchestra is allowed to publish a deficit at the end of each season; a deficit, it is true, not so large as that of some other orchestras. Boston seems to be without a Taft or two; without citizens who have the civic pride shown by many Philadelphians who joined in the endowment of their orchestra.

It is a pleasure to add that no seats are to be had for the Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concerts of our orchestra next season.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA TO PLAY AT WELLESLEY

Will Open and Close Concert Season Under Local Auspices

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under direction of Serge Koussevitzky, will give both the opening and the closing concerts of the coming season in the series presented annually under auspices of the Wellesley concert fund, it has been announced. The first of the concerts, to be given Oct. 19 in Alumnae Hall, Wellesley College, will inaugurate what promises to be an unusually brilliant series in the history of the fund, which has been presenting six concerts annually under subscription plan since 1922. Alexander Brailowsky, pianist, will give a recital on Nov. 29. Jelly d'Aranyi, a young Hungarian violinist who will make her first tour in the United States this winter, will be heard in Alumnae Hall, Dec. 13. The London String Quartet, including a new first violinist, is scheduled for Jan. 5. Rosa Ponselle, operatic prima-donna, will appear in Wellesley Feb. 10, while the Boston Symphony Orchestra will conclude the series on April 17.

KOUSSEVITZKY TO GIVE DOUBLE-BASS RECITAL

Trans. —— Oct 6. 1927

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN BOSTON, THE CONDUCTOR WILL ESSAY HIS OWN INSTRUMENT IN PUBLIC

Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will appear as a solo performer for the first time in Boston when he plays his own instrument—the double-bass—on the stage at Symphony Hall, Monday evening, Oct. 24. The occasion will be in the nature of a benefit concert, the proceeds to go for the relief of needy Russian students here and abroad.

Mr. Koussevitzky has consented to play the double-bass but once before in America. This was at Providence in 1926, when Brown University conferred upon him the degree of doctor of music. He was celebrated as a virtuoso contrabassist in Europe, however, for ten years before he was established as a conductor. He has even composed a concerto for double-bass. His instrument, an "Amati" of the seventeenth century, has always been with him on his travels.

The general committee in charge of the benefit concert comprises: Mrs. Larz Anderson, Mrs. Charles Sumner Bird, Mr. George W. Brown, Mr. Fredeick P. Cabot, Mr. Joseph Conry, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest B. Dane, Mrs. A. Lincoln Filene, Mrs. Curtis Guild, Mr. and Mrs. N. Penrose Hallowell, Mrs. H. L. Higginson, Mrs. Isaac Harris, Mrs. Albert Kaffenburgh, Mr. Louis Kirstein, Mrs. Serge Koussevitzky, Mr. Joseph Lee, Judge Julian Mack, Miss Fanny P. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Mason, Mrs. George Von L. Meyer, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Sawyer, Mrs. Harry C. Solomon, Mrs. Oliver Crocker Stevens, Mrs. Edward Thaw, Mrs. E. Van Norden and Mrs. Roger Wolcott.

First Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 7, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 8, at 8.15 o'clock

Berlioz . . . . . Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini," Op. 23

Brahms . . . . . Symphony No. 3 in F major, Op. 90

I. Allegro con brio.
II. Andante.
III. Poco allegretto.
IV. Allegro.

Stravinsky . . . Orchestral Suite from the Ballet, "Petrouchka"

Russian Dance — Petrouchka — Grand Carnival — Nurses' Dance — The Bear and the Peasant playing a Hand Organ The Merchant and the Gypsies — The Dance of the Coachmen and Grooms — The Masqueraders.

Debussy . . . . . "Iberia": "Images" for Orchestra No. 2

I. Par les rues et par les chemins (In the streets and by-ways).
II. Les parfums de la nuit (The fragrance of the night).
III. Le matin d'un jour de fête (The morning of a festival day).

STEINWAY PIANO USED

There will be an intermission after the symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators, it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

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Boston is justly proud of its Symphony orchestra which, now led by Mr. Koussevitzky, is again world famous. There are many men and women in Greater Boston who, alive, or by last will and testament, give thousands and ten thousands of dollars to charitable and religious institutions of all descriptions. Yet the Boston Symphony orchestra is allowed to publish a deficit at the end of each season; a deficit, it is true, not so large as that of some other orchestras. Boston seems to be without a Taft or two; without citizens who have the civic pride shown by many Philadelphians who joined in the endowment of their orchestra.

It is a pleasure to add that no seats are to be had for the Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concerts of our orchestra next season.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA TO PLAY AT WELLESLEY

Will Open and Close Concert Season Under Local Auspices

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under direction of Serge Koussevitzky, will give both the opening and the closing concerts of the coming season in the series presented annually under auspices of the Wellesley concert fund, it has been announced. The first of the concerts, to be given Oct. 19 in Alumnae Hall, Wellesley College, will inaugurate what promises to be an unusually brilliant series in the history of the fund, which has been presenting six concerts annually under subscription plan since 1922. Alexander Brailowsky, pianist, will give a recital on Nov. 29. Jelly d'Aranyi, a young Hungarian violinist who will make her first tour in the United States this winter, will be heard in Alumnae Hall, Dec. 13. The London String Quartet, including a new first violinist, is scheduled for Jan. 5. Rosa Ponselle, operatic prima-donna, will appear in Wellesley Feb. 10, while the Boston Symphony Orchestra will conclude the series on April 17.

KOUSSEVITZKY TO GIVE DOUBLE-BASS RECITAL

Trans. —— Oct 6. 1927

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN BOSTON, THE CONDUCTOR WILL ESSAY HIS OWN INSTRUMENT IN PUBLIC

Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will appear as a solo performer for the first time in Boston when he plays his own instrument—the double-bass—on the stage at Symphony Hall, Monday evening, Oct. 24. The occasion will be in the nature of a benefit concert, the proceeds to go for the relief of needy Russian students here and abroad.

Mr. Koussevitzky has consented to play the double-bass but once before in America. This was at Providence in 1926, when Brown University conferred upon him the degree of doctor of music. He was celebrated as a virtuoso contrabassist in Europe, however. for ten years before he was established as a conductor. He has even composed a concerto for double-bass. His instrument, an "Amati" of the seventeenth century, has always been with him on his travels.

The general committee in charge of the benefit concert comprises: Mrs. Larz Anderson, Mrs. Charles Sumner Bird, Mr. George W. Brown, Mr. Frederick P. Cabot, Mr. Joseph Conry, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest B. Dane, Mrs. A. Lincoln Filene, Mrs. Curtis Guild, Mr. and Mrs. N. Penrose Hallowell, Mrs. H. L. Higginson, Mrs. Isaac Harris, Mrs. Albert Kaffenburgh, Mr. Louis Kirstein, Mrs. Serge Koussevitzky, Mr. Joseph Lee, Judge Julian Mack, Miss Fanny P. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Mason, Mrs. George Von L. Meyer, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Sawyer, Mrs. Harry C. Solomon, Mrs. Oliver Crocker Stevens, Mrs. Edward Thaw, Mrs. E. Van Norden and Mrs. Roger Wolcott.

First Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 7, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 8, at 8.15 o'clock

Berlioz . . . . . Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini," Op. 23

Brahms . . . . . Symphony No. 3 in F major, Op. 90

I. Allegro con brio.
II. Andante.
III. Poco allegretto.
IV. Allegro.

Stravinsky . . . Orchestral Suite from the Ballet, "Petrouchka"

Russian Dance — Petrouchka — Grand Carnival — Nurses' Dance — The Bear and the Peasant playing a Hand Organ The Merchant and the Gypsies — The Dance of the Coachmen and Grooms — The Masqueraders.

Debussy . . . . . "Iberia": "Images" for Orchestra No. 2

I. Par les rues et par les chemins (In the streets and by-ways).
II. Les parfums de la nuit (The fragrance of the night).
III. Le matin d'un jour de fête (The morning of a festival day).

STEINWAY PIANO USED

There will be an intermission after the symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators, it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

THE BOSTON HERALD,

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE

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Deficit, $85,000

Financial Forecast for the Symphony Orchestra, 1927-28

THE TRUSTEES of the Symphony Orchestra take time by the forelock. In the first program-book of the new season they anticipate the deficit with which it bids fair to end:

> This year, owing to increased expenses, the deficit is likely to be $85,000, and we ask all who are anxious to see these concerts continued to subscribe towards this deficit.

Above stands the balance sheet for the fiscal year 1926-7, ending on July 31 last. In it, the operating income increased by $39,661.79; the operating expenses increased by $32,696.71; the income from the Endowment Fund rose by $2,539.94 and the net loss decreased by $9505.02. The gross income was $717,886.75; the gross outgo, $762,183.73; the net loss $44,296.98.

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47TH SYMPHONY SEASON OPENS

Herald — Oct. 8. 1927

Players and Audience Greet Koussevitzky by Rising as He Comes on Stage

BOSTON ORCHESTRA PLAYS BRILLIANTLY

By PHILIP HALE

The 47th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, opened yesterday afternoon at Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Berlioz, Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini"; Brahms, Symphony No. 3; Stravinsky, Orchestral Suite from the ballet, "Petrouchka"; Debussy, "Iberia." Mr. Koussevitzky was warmly, affectionately greeted when he came on the platform. The players and the audience rose to do him honor.

A brilliant performance of the brilliant overture gave immediate pleasure and rich promise for the concerts to come. How fresh, how modern this music composed 89 years ago sounds today! This in spite of one or two Italian melodic figures which were of the period. Not many years ago it was the fashion for English and some American critics to reproach Berlioz for "lack of melody" and ignorance of approved orthodox harmonic schemes. This reproach is now seldom heard. Berlioz was not a melodist to be ranked with Handel, Rossini, Shubert in fluency, but he had a melodic vein of his own and has written haunting measures. As for his use of harmonies, they fitted exactly his purpose. However strange, awkward, crude they may seem on paper, when they are heard with his inimitable orchestration, the result is beautiful, noble, or intensely dramatic. Suppose Berlioz had never lived, or, if living had been conventional and timid in his use of the instruments, instead of being imaginative and audacious, would not the art of instrumentation have remained in its infancy for years after his death? What did not Liszt, Wagner and the Russian school owe to him! And his influence is felt and recognized even in contemporary compositions by so-called innovators.

It is possible that hardened members of the Brahms Brigade in the audience of yesterday did not appreciate Mr. Koussevitzky's reading of the third symphony; for he gave life and color, romance as well as strength, poetic sentiment as well as granitic vigor to this work; while the professed and amateur disciples of Johannes insist that this music should first of all be "intellectual," a vague term which they would find it difficult to define. Using it, they thus assume superiority over the poor devils who believe that this symphony calls for an emotional treatment; that the rhythm should not be as inexorably constant as the strokes of a triphammer; that lyrical passages should be sung and preparation be made for the entrance of the song; that there should be marked dynamic contrasts.

Mr. Koussevitzky has committed in the eyes of the ultra-conservative, the "Die-hards," an unpardonable sin: he has made the music of Brahms interesting, given it vitality, warmth, authority so that it is enjoyed by the common herd. And so yesterday the fiery and magnificent beginning of the first movement, the more heroic passages, the lyrical episodes sung with true feeling, the measures that might be called anticpatory to the awaited eloquence, the third movement with its wistful, tenderness, its subdued sadness that now and then rises to wild regret --all this was enthusiastically appreciated by an audience that completely filled the hall.

As a concert suite "Petrouchka" is entertaining, but the music imperatively needs the mimes, the dancers, the dramatic action, the stage setting for full effect. This is not ballet music that can easily be separated from a story and the dancers, as is the case with the music for "Sylvia" or "Coppelia". What may seem grotesque or unmeaning in the concert hall, has dramatic, comic or tragic, significance when one sees Poor Petrouchka, the brutal Moor and the Ballerina on the stage: when there are the various dances of groups disporting themselves in "Butter-week".

Perhaps it was a mistake to follow "Petrouchka" with "Iberia," not only because the addition of Debussy's charming music lengthened the concert unduly. Surely the greediest ears were sated at the end of "Petrouchka," not easily able to relish keenly the delicate art of the Frenchman, or his musical impressions of Spain, the subtlety of them, the hints and suggestions of Spanish rhythms and the life of Spanish streets. In the performance of the second section, one would have liked a less emphasized reading, more of a fascinating vagueness, a realization of nocturnal mystery, with its scents and its half-heard sounds.

Thus opened brilliantly and continued brilliantly the first concert of the 47th season. This concert will be repeated tonight.

The program of next week will comprise these works: Malpiero, "La Cimarosiana," five orchestral pieces by Cimarosa, reorchestrated (first time in Boston); Bach-Schoenberg, two chorale preludes (first time in Boston); De Falla, "Love the Sorcerer"; Strauss, "Symphonia Domestica."

Boston Symphony Season Opened

Monitor — Oct. 9. 1927

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra opened its forty-seventh season with the Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concerts of this week. Serge Koussevitzky is on the dais for the fourth season. The program yesterday consisted of repertory pieces, but the personnel of the orchestra has suffered only a few minor changes, and conductor and men were at the top of their bent. Only the calendar proved that it was the first concert of the season.

Orchestra and audience stood to greet the conductor, and the approval of the listeners was cordial throughout the afternoon. The program opened with a fulgurant performance of Berlioz's Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini," a work that might have been written for this conductor. An impassioned reading of Brahms' Third Symphony followed. It was exceedingly pleasant to find the symphony placed before the intermission. We should like to believe that this arrangement was going to be adopted regularly by Mr. Koussevitzky; but alas, next week's program places the "Symphonia Domestica" last. The other items were Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" Suite and Debussy's "Iberia," familiar numbers, played with great virtuosity.

A striking improvement in the lighting of the platform deserves to be recorded. The unsightly drop lights have been replaced by a system of indirect lighting. Boston already had one of the few concert halls in America with an appeal to the eye; and now a blemish has been removed. The effect is as if the stage had been windswept. Music within these walls will be far more enjoyable hereafter. L. A. S.

BOSTON SYMPHONY OPENS 47TH SEASON

Conductor and Players Cordially Welcomed

Music by Brahms and Stravinsky Given Brilliant Performance

Globe — Oct. 8, 1927.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra began its 47th season yesterday afternoon with the first of the 24 subscription concerts in the Friday series. The program will as usual be repeated at the first Saturday concert tonight. All season tickets for both series were subscribed for last Spring.

Mr Koussevitsky and the players were cordially welcomed. When the conductor came on the stage the orchestra stood up. After a moment of hesitancy the audience followed suit. The applause was loud and long. After three brilliantly successful seasons here Mr Koussevitsky's position as a public favorite seems permanently secure.

There are no changes this season among the first desk players and very few new men in the occhestra. The hall and the audience likewise seem to a cursery observer unaltered from last year. The stage is, however, now much better lighted than of old, and the organ pipes look newly gilded.

Not since the days of Dr Muck has the orchestra played so well at the opening of the season as it did yesterday in Brahms' Third Symphony and the now familiar suite from Stravinsky's "Petruchka." The Boston Symphony may now, thanks to Mr Monteux' patient laying of new musical foundations and to Mr Koussevitzky's extraordinarily brilliant building on them, claim once more its just place among the two or three foremost orchestras in the world.

Lover of Brahms

The grave damage caused by the war and the strike of part of the players has been reapired. Maj Higginson, had he lived to hear it yesterday, would have been proud of the orchestra to which he devoted the best energies of a long and memorable life.

Mr Koussevitzky's love of Brahms was again evident from the brilliant and ingratiating performance of the Third Symphony. He purposes to perform all four Brahms symphonies this season. Even those to whom Brahms often seems a ponderously dull composer must admit the conductor's power to infuse his own emotional and nervous energy into this music.

The slow movement yesterday seemed, as it always does, long and tiresome. It is one of Brahms' failures. But the two allegros and the romantic allegretto were given readings so vivid and so personal that one felt as though hearing them for the first time. The only detail in the performance that called to mind the fact that this was the opening concert of the season was an occasional insecure attack. The rehearsals have been thorough and to the purpose.

"Petruchka" again appeared yesterday the most brilliant orchestral work yet written in this country. Stravinsky's tremendous nervous energy, his uncanny cleverness in finding the right way of saying what he has to say, the immense gusto of the music made listening to it exhilarating. The applause was loud and spontaneous, though many of the subscribers have still to be converted to musical modernism.

Faded and Labored

Debussy's "Iberia" after "Petruchka" seemed faded and labored. It was not fair to the composer to juxtapose these two works. One might as well hang paintings by Degas and Corot side by side. Debussy's delicate workmanship, his horror of anything savoring of bombast, his infinite nuances pale before the crude vigor of Stravinsky. To some music even Mr Koussevitzky can lend only a factitious brilliance. He read "Iberia" yesterday as though it were a preliminary study for Respighi's "Pines of Rome," an unsuccessful essay in popular tone painting. But Debussy is nearer Mozart than to Liszt.

The opening number, Berlioz overture to "Benvenuto Cellini," as given a rather perfunctory performance, with all the romantic contrasts of tempi and of mood heightened almost to absurdity. The first few measures degenerated into mere noise. The song theme was played with a lusciousness more suited to a Puccini air than to the individual and aristocratic melodic line of Berlioz.

The program announced for next week includes Halipiero's orchestration of five little pieces by Cimarosa, Schoenberg's arrangement of two Bach chorales, the suite from de Falla's "El Amor Brujo" and Strauss' Symphonia Domestica. P. R.

NEW BEGINNINGS, FAMILIAR METTLE, CHANGED SETTING

Trans. — Oct. 8. 1927.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS, YEAR FORTY-SEVEN

Conductor, Orchestra and Audience Their Very Selves—Mr. Koussevitzky Variously Engrossing—Players Tuned to the Time—No Novel Piece but an Unhackneyed Program — Chance, Change and Four Composers

FOR ONCE, Symphony Hall seemed a strange place. In a summer the stage had gained height, depth, spaciousness. The organ was a comelier, more dignified instrument. It had even put on lines. The reason was not far to seek. Gone are the electric lamps that on long rods hung from the ceiling immediately above the heads of the orchestra. It and the music-sheets before it are now illuminated by diffused light from sources semi-concealed in the ceiling itself. Consequently, stage and organ wear a new aspect; the orchestra is bathed in a gentle radiance; clearer to read are the staves upon the stands. Otherwise little or no visual change for the first Symphony Concert, yesterday afternoon, of a forty-seventh season. In only a few minor chairs was the personnel of the orchestra altered. To right and to left, before and behind, "the principals" sat familiarly. Paris and Baden-Baden had freshened the conductor. The audience was its unmistakable self. Toward four o'clock, after the concert had been in progress for an hour and a half, one or two elect ladies dropped in, only to encounter other elect ladies dropping out. No further proof was necessary.

Applause, however, was uncommonly meager for a matinée—possibly because none of the four numbers on the program ended in tonal incitement, possibly because these autumn rites of renewal are standardized. Applause for Mr. Koussevitzky as he entered from a standing orchestra and a semi-standing audience; hand-clasps between conductor and concert-master; the orchestra called to its feet at the end of the symphony, before the intermission—called with effort, then

INFORMATION OBSCURED

saluted with eagerness. "Tout rentre ici dans l'ordre accoutumé," which is said to be a comfortable sensation.

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So far as the program permitted, the orchestra confirmed its every virtue as a band of these nineteen-twenties made in the conductor's image. That is to say, it is essentially an ultra-modern orchestra, in which each choir sharpens its characteristics. From sweetness and light to sonorities and shadows the strings play intensively. The woodwinds are edged and pungent; the brass rich in the horns, piercing in the trumpets, full-throated elsewhere; the percussion for tang and tingle. Gone are the gentle instrumental voices, as they would now seem, that elderly subscribers recall from Gericke's time. Of conductors in America only Mr. Gabrilowitsch in Detroit keeps to the old subdued scale—as again it seems—of rhythmic accent and tonal color. The illustrious conductors and the illustrious orchestras of these days are all for warmth and largeness, vigor and incisiveness, the impact of the tonal mass, the keenness of the isolated, individualized instrument; rhythm that stings, color that bites. Their music is motion. The proof yesterday, was the playing of the Suite from "Petrushka" and, in degree, the Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini."

Here in Boston, along with this power and splendor and edge, go the balance and euphony, the smoothness and suppleness, the clarity, shadings and subtleties, equally indispensable to orchestral playing. By all means let an orchestra heat music white hot and give it upsoaring wing; but let it also illuminate the opened page or sit contemplative before it. Brahms's Symphony in F, Debussy's "Iberia," brought, on Friday, these occasions and this test. Neither conductor nor orchestra overlooked them.

As for Mr. Koussevitzky, throughout the concert he was altogether himself. He is a master of contrast and the changeful music of Berlioz's Overture gave him opportunity. He loves to dwell upon musico-dramatic detail, to characterize measures that have more than musical significance, to wring the last drop out of a piece for the theater. Again Berlioz's Overture—the Cardinal's stately tune, the amorous melody, the leaping tumults—invited him. With the best of them he can hammer out rhythms, set tonal colors aflame, cut home with a transition, give a direct music ardor, abundance, savor. The Suite of Stravinsky gave him room. His ear is quick to subtleties of tonal color, fine-spun rhythms, a music of atmosphere and suggestion. In these qualities Debussy's "Iberia" has its being.

A romantic twilight overhangs the middle movements of Brahms's Third Symphony. Even when it speaks out, as in the first movement and the finale, it remains an introspective music tinged deep with autumnal melancholy. Given Mr. Koussevitzky's temperament and such a Symphony breeds sentiment. Nor shall it quite escape the sadness of the Slavs. The brooding Brahms must brood intensively; while from his eyes upon the music-paper the tears of things shall fall. Brahms took thought and wrote this Symphony in F major. No large compulsions drive it forward, as in the First and the Fourth. It is no upspringing release as is the Second. The detail of meditative composition threads it, and upon such detail, as all of us listeners know, Mr. Koussevitzky loves to linger. Hence an afternoon of slow pace for Berlioz delineating, for Brahms self-communing. Fortunately Debussy and Stravinsky forbade and prevailed. Yet what matter these cavillings? Mr. Koussevitzky impregnates every music with himself. Otherwise he would not be the engrossing conductor that he invariably is.

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Nowhere upon the program loomed those dreadsome words "First Time." No piece upon it was new and strange. None, either, had been played to surfeit. Yet once and again came the notion that the tooth of time is gnawing, after its habit, at illustrious names and noted pages. Dramatize as Mr. Koussevitzky might, the Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini" seemed lean and desiccated; a once splendid fustian down the years wearing threadbare. The abundance that is in every great composer flows not from Berlioz. Only from 1910 dates Debussy's "Iberia"; yet, thus early, it is no immaculate and changeless music like the Nocturnes, "The Sea" or "The Afternoon of a Faun." There are thin spots and brittle; a manner sometimes replaces imagination and felicity. The Debussy of the splendid tapestry of "The Sea," the lambent Nocturnes, the color-drenched "Faun," is beginning to work in pastel, and the paper will peer through. A glittering Spanish glaze coats "Iberia," the nocturnal melody for the oboe perfumes the music; but the Debussyan sensibility is drying. Surfaces have hardened; the handiwork stiffens.

Over pages in the Third Symphony of Brahms beauty overspreads a golden dusk; pages again run grave and strong and full with the speech in tones of fortitude and wisdom and garnered life. Light and shadow cross and recross the music in contrasted themes and chequered progress. Yet on other pages Brahms travails at a pent and abtruse music-mak-

Extra Symphony Concerts

Five symphony concerts were given in Symphony Hall on Monday evenings, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor:

1. November 14, 1927. Berlioz, Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini"; Brahms, Symphony No. 3, F major; Ravel, "Ma Mère l'Oye"; Tchaikovsky, Fantasia, "Francesca da Rimini."
2. December 12, 1927. Haydn, Symphony, G major (B. & H., No. 13); Strauss, Tone Poem, "Don Juan"; Martinu, "La Bagarre"; Honegger, Incidental Music to D'Annunzio's "Fedra"; Stravinsky, Suite from the Ballet "Petrouchka."
3. January 23, 1928. Rimsky-Korsakov, "Schéhérazade"; Chopin, Pianoforte Concerto No. 2, F minor (Dai Buell, pianist); Wagner, Overture to "Tannhaeuser."
4. February 20, 1928. Bach, Concerto No. 2, F major, for violin, flute, oboe, and trumpet (Mottl, editor); Liszt, Pianoforte Concerto No. 1, E-flat major (George Liebling, pianist); Sibelius, Symphony No. 1, E minor.
5. March 26, 1928. Gluck-Mottl, Ballet Suite, No. 2; Mozart, Violin Concerto, D major, No. 4 (K. 218) (Samuel Dushkin, violinist); Tchaikovsky, Symphony, B minor, No. 6.

Five symphony concerts were given in Symphony Hall, Tuesday afternoons, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor:

1. February 7, 1928. Bach, Concerto No. 2, F major, for violin, flute, oboe, and trumpet (Mottl, editor); Haydn, Symphony, G major (B. & H. No. 13); Beethoven, Symphony, A major, No. 7.
2. February 28, 1928. Handel, Concerto Grosso, D major, for strings (Kogel, editor); Tchaikovsky, Symphony, B minor, No. 6.
3. March 13, 1928. Rimsky-Korsakov, "Schéhérazade"; Wagner, Prelude to "Lohengrin," "The Ride of The Valkyries," "Forest Murmurs" from "Siegfried," Overture to "Tannhaeuser."
4. April 3, 1928. Berlioz, Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini"; Schubert, Symphony in B minor ("Unfinished"); Strauss, "Don Juan"; Debussy, Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun"; Stravinsky, Suite from the Ballet "Petrouchka."
5. April 24, 1928. Mendelssohn, Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; Bach, Two Choral Preludes (orchestrated by Schoenberg); Ravel, Excerpts from "Daphnis et Chloé" (Second Suite); Brahms, Symphony, C minor, No. 1.

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Young People's Concerts

The orchestra gave three pairs of concerts for young people in Symphony Hall, Richard Burgin, concertmaster of the orchestra, conducting:

1. November 29–30, 1927. Lalo, Overture to "Le Roi d'Ys"; Beethoven, Second Movement from Symphony, C major, No. 1; Wagner, Prelude to Act III of "Lohengrin"; Tchaikovsky, Andante Cantabile for strings; Rimsky-Korsakov, Scherzo, "The Flight of the Bumble-Bee"; Saint-Saëns, "The Animals' Carnival" (Mr. Amerena, solo flute; Mr. Bedetti, solo violoncello; Mr. Vondrak, solo double-bass; Messrs. B. Zighera and A. Fiedler, pianos); Berlioz, Rakóczy March.
2. January 25–26, 1928. Rimsky-Korsakov, Overture to "A Night in May"; Schubert, Andante from String Quartet in D minor (Variations on the Song "Death and the Maiden"); Mozart, Minuet and Finale from Symphony, E-flat major (K. 543); Grieg, Suite No. 2 from Incidental Music to "Peer Gynt"; Liadov, "Baba Yaga"; Sowerby, "The Irish Washerwoman"; Wagner, "The Ride of the Valkyries."
3. March 21–22, 1928. Weber, Overture to "Oberon"; Glazounov, Scherzo from Symphony in B-flat major, No. 5; Schumann, "Traeumerei"; Beethoven, Turkish March from "The Ruins of Athens", Sibelius, "Finlandia"; Pierné, "March of the Little Lead Soldiers"; Skilton, "Indian War Dance" from the "Suite Primeval"; Tchaikovsky, Ouverture Solennelle, "1812."

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INFORMATION OBSCURED

saluted with eagerness. "Tout rentre ici dans l'ordre accoutumé," which is said to be a comfortable sensation.

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So far as the program permitted, the orchestra confirmed its every virtue as a band of these nineteen-twenties made in the conductor's image. That is to say, it is essentially an ultra-modern orchestra, in which each choir sharpens its characteristics. From sweetness and light to sonorities and shadows the strings play intensively. The woodwinds are edged and pungent; the brass rich in the horns, piercing in the trumpets, full-throated elsewhere; the percussion for tang and tingle. Gone are the gentle instrumental voices, as they would now seem, that elderly subscribers recall from Gericke's time. Of conductors in America only Mr. Gabrilowitsch in Detroit keeps to the old subdued scale—as again it seems—of rhythmic accent and tonal color. The illustrious conductors and the illustrious orchestras of these days are all for warmth and largeness, vigor and incisiveness, the impact of the tonal mass, the keenness of the isolated, individualized instrument; rhythm that stings, color that bites. Their music is motion. The proof yesterday, was the playing of the Suite from "Petrushka" and, in degree, the Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini."

Here in Boston, along with this power and splendor and edge, go the balance and euphony, the smoothness and suppleness, the clarity, shadings and subtleties, equally indispensable to orchestral playing. By all means let an orchestra heat music white hot and give it upsoaring wing; but let it also illuminate the opened page or sit contemplative before it. Brahms's Symphony in F, Debussy's "Iberia," brought, on Friday, these occasions and this test. Neither conductor nor orchestra overlooked them.

As for Mr. Koussevitzky, throughout the concert he was altogether himself. He is a master of contrast and the changeful music of Berlioz's Overture gave him opportunity. He loves to dwell upon musico-dramatic detail, to characterize measures that have more than musical significance, to wring the last drop out of a piece for the theater. Again Berlioz's Overture—the Cardinal's stately tune, the amorous melody, the leaping tumults—invited him. With the best of them he can hammer out rhythms, set tonal colors aflame, cut home with a transition, give a direct music ardor, abundance, savor. The Suite of Stravinsky gave him room. His ear is quick to subtleties of tonal color, fine-spun rhythms, a music of atmosphere and suggestion. In these qualities Debussy's "Iberia" has its being.

A romantic twilight overhangs the middle movements of Brahms's Third Symphony. Even when it speaks out, as in the first movement and the finale, it remains an introspective music tinged deep with autumnal melancholy. Given Mr. Koussevitzky's temperament and such a Symphony breeds sentiment. Nor shall it quite escape the sadness of the Slavs. The brooding Brahms must brood intensively; while from his eyes upon the music-paper the tears of things shall fall. Brahms took thought and wrote this Symphony in F major. No large compulsions drive it forward, as in the First and the Fourth. It is no upspringing release as is the Second. The detail of meditative composition threads it, and upon such detail, as all of us listeners know, Mr. Koussevitzky loves to linger. Hence an afternoon of slow pace for Berlioz delineating, for Brahms self-communing. Fortunately Debussy and Stravinsky forbade and prevailed. Yet what matter these cavillings? Mr. Koussevitzky impregnates every music with himself. Otherwise he would not be the engrossing conductor that he invariably is.

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Nowhere upon the program loomed those dreadsome words "First Time." No piece upon it was new and strange. None, either, had been played to surfeit. Yet once and again came the notion that the tooth of time is gnawing, after its habit, at illustrious names and noted pages. Dramatize as Mr. Koussevitzky might, the Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini" seemed lean and desiccated: a once splendid fustian down the years wearing threadbare. The abundance that is in every great composer flows not from Berlioz. Only from 1910 dates Debussy's "Iberia"; yet, thus early, it is no immaculate and changeless music like the Nocturnes, "The Sea" or "The Afternoon of a Faun." There are thin spots and brittle; a manner sometimes replaces imagination and felicity. The Debussy of the splendid tapestry of "The Sea," the lambent Nocturnes, the color-drenched "Faun," is beginning to work in pastel, and the paper will peer through. A glittering Spanish glaze coats "Iberia," the nocturnal melody for the oboe perfumes the music; but the Debussyan sensibility is drying. Surfaces have hardened; the handiwork stiffens.

Over pages in the Third Symphony of Brahms beauty overspreads a golden dusk; pages again run grave and strong and full with the speech in tones of fortitude and wisdom and garnered life. Light and shadow cross and recross the music in contrasted themes and chequered progress. Yet on other pages Brahms travails at a pent and abtruse music-mak-

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Extra Symphony Concerts

Five symphony concerts were given in Symphony Hall on Monday evenings, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor:

1. November 14, 1927. Berlioz, Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini"; Brahms, Symphony No. 3, F major; Ravel, "Ma Mère l'Oye"; Tchaikovsky, Fantasia, "Francesca da Rimini."
2. December 12, 1927. Haydn, Symphony, G major (B. & H., No. 13); Strauss, Tone Poem, "Don Juan"; Martinu, "La Bagarre"; Honegger, Incidental Music to D'Annunzio's "Fedra"; Stravinsky, Suite from the Ballet "Petrouchka."
3. January 23, 1928. Rimsky-Korsakov, "Schéhérazade"; Chopin, Pianoforte Concerto No. 2, F minor (Dai Buell, pianist); Wagner, Overture to "Tannhaeuser."
4. February 20, 1928. Bach, Concerto No. 2, F major, for violin, flute, oboe, and trumpet (Mottl, editor); Liszt, Pianoforte Concerto No. 1, E-flat major (George Liebling, pianist); Sibelius, Symphony No. 1, E minor.
5. March 26, 1928. Gluck-Mottl, Ballet Suite, No. 2; Mozart, Violin Concerto, D major, No. 4 (K. 218) (Samuel Dushkin, violinist); Tchaikovsky, Symphony, B minor, No. 6.

Five symphony concerts were given in Symphony Hall, Tuesday afternoons, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor:

1. February 7, 1928. Bach, Concerto No. 2, F major, for violin, flute, oboe, and trumpet (Mottl, editor); Haydn, Symphony, G major (B. & H. No. 13); Beethoven, Symphony, A major, No. 7.
2. February 28, 1928. Handel, Concerto Grosso, D major, for strings (Kogel, editor); Tchaikovsky, Symphony, B minor, No. 6.
3. March 13, 1928. Rimsky-Korsakov, "Schéhérazade"; Wagner, Prelude to "Lohengrin," "The Ride of The Valkyries," "Forest Murmurs" from "Siegfried," Overture to "Tannhaeuser."
4. April 3, 1928. Berlioz, Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini"; Schubert, Symphony in B minor ("Unfinished"); Strauss, "Don Juan"; Debussy, Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun"; Stravinsky, Suite from the Ballet "Petrouchka."
5. April 24, 1928. Mendelssohn, Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; Bach, Two Choral Preludes (orchestrated by Schoenberg); Ravel, Excerpts from "Daphnis et Chloé" (Second Suite); Brahms, Symphony, C minor, No. 1.

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Young People's Concerts

The orchestra gave three pairs of concerts for young people in Symphony Hall, Richard Burgin, concertmaster of the orchestra, conducting:

1. November 29–30, 1927. Lalo, Overture to "Le Roi d'Ys"; Beethoven, Second Movement from Symphony, C major, No. 1; Wagner, Prelude to Act III of "Lohengrin"; Tchaikovsky, Andante Cantabile for strings; Rimsky-Korsakov, Scherzo, "The Flight of the Bumble-Bee"; Saint-Saëns, "The Animals' Carnival" (Mr. Amerena, solo flute; Mr. Bedetti, solo violoncello; Mr. Vondrak, solo double-bass; Messrs. B. Zighera and A. Fiedler, pianos); Berlioz, Rakóczy March.
2. January 25–26, 1928. Rimsky-Korsakov, Overture to "A Night in May"; Schubert, Andante from String Quartet in D minor (Variations on the Song "Death and the Maiden"); Mozart, Minuet and Finale from Symphony, E-flat major (K. 543); Grieg, Suite No. 2 from Incidental Music to "Peer Gynt"; Liadov, "Baba Yaga"; Sowerby, "The Irish Washerwoman"; Wagner, "The Ride of the Valkyries."
3. March 21–22, 1928. Weber, Overture to "Oberon"; Glazounov, Scherzo from Symphony in B-flat major, No. 5; Schumann, "Traeumerei"; Beethoven, Turkish March from "The Ruins of Athens", Sibelius, "Finlandia"; Pierné, "March of the Little Lead Soldiers"; Skilton, "Indian War Dance" from the "Suite Primeval"; Tchaikovsky, Ouverture Solennelle, "1812."

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A Series of
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ON THE
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in the
Lecture Hall, Boston Public Library
(Boylston Street Entrance)

Next meeting Thursday, October 13, 1927, at 5.15

Dr. John P. Marshall of Boston University will be the regular lecturer assisted by Richard G. Appel of the Music Division of the Boston Public Library and others including artists and composers as they may be available. The lectures are intended for all those who wish to gain a keener enjoyment and appreciation of symphonic music whether attending the concerts, "listening in," or following phonograph recordings.

Among those who have assisted during the past three seasons are:

Richard G. Appel
Edward Ballantine
Alfredo Casella
Aaron Copland
Helene Diedrichs
Edward Burlingame Hill
Malcolm Lang
Henry Levine
Leo Rich Lewis
Henry Gideon
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William C. Heilman
Hamilton C. Macdougall
Stuart Mason
Alfred H. Meyer
Darius Milhaud
John A. O'Shea
Ottorino Respighi
Penfield Roberts
Roger Huntington Sessions
Nicolas Slonimsky
Catherine Smith
Warren Storey Smith
Timothy Mather Spelman
Walter R. Spalding
Alexander Lang Steinert
Otto G. T. Straub
Thomas Whitney Surette
Joseph F. Wagner
Frank Waller

Gaston Bladet, *flute*
Arthur Fiedler, *piano*
Jean Lefranc, *viola*
Paul Mimart, *clarinet*
Alessandro Niccoli, *violin*
Boaz Piller, *bassoon*
Elsa Respighi, *soprano*
Jesús Sanromá, *piano*

The course is offered in two parts of twelve lectures each. Charge for each part, $1 for enrollment; $1 additional for mail notices; $5 for credit students.

James A. Moyer, *Director*,
The Division of University Extension.

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The Public Library of the City of Boston.

CHILDREN'S CONCERTS

conducted by

ERNEST SCHELLING

ASSISTED BY FIFTY MEMBERS OF
THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

at Jordan Hall

on SATURDAY MORNINGS at ELEVEN

January 14, 28 February 11, 25

SEATS FOR THE SERIES, $12.00, $10.00, $8.00 and $6.00

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Last season the Endowment Fund received over $5,000 00 from this source.

Kindly send tickets as early each week as convenient to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Inc., Symphony Hall, Boston.

(If it is too late to mail the tickets, kindly telephone their location to Symphony Hall, Back Bay 1492.)

CAMBRIDGE SYMPHONY

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, will give the first of the concerts in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge (8 o'clock) next Thursday evening. The program will be as follows: Berlioz, overture to "Benvenuto Cellini"; Brahms, Symphony No. 3. Stravinsky, Suite from the ballet "Petruchka"; Debussy, "Iberia."

SYMPHONY HALL - - 47th Season, 1927-1928

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

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at 3.15

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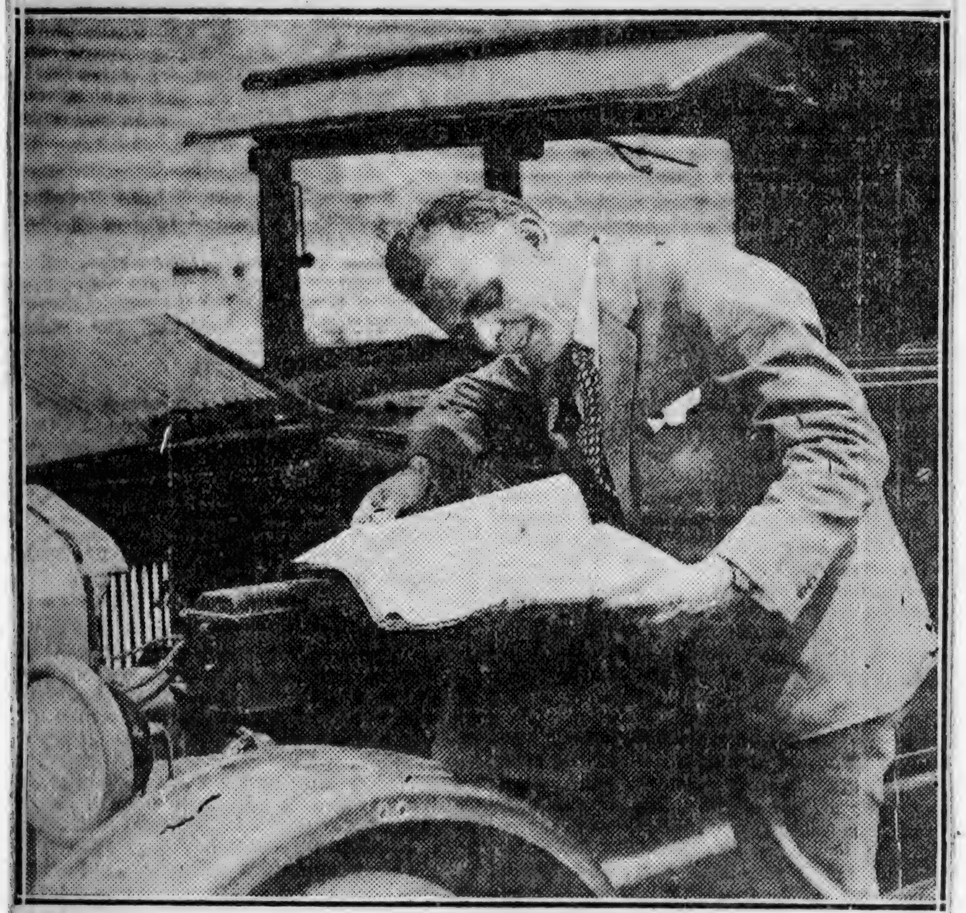
The Flivver Enters the Musical Field



(Wide World Photos)

Willem Van Hoogstraten, Director of the Philharmonic Orchestra, with the Music of Frederick S. Converse's "Flivver Ten Million," as He Listens to the "Song" of a Ford Motor Which Is Said to Have Inspired the Piece. The Philharmonic Orchestra Will Render It at the City College Stadium Next Friday Night.

ing that never quite gains tongue; while in Mr. Koussevitzky's version a linked melancholy long drawn out narrowly escaped monotony. Contrast there must be between the Andante and the Allegretto, yet both swam in the same romantic haze. Only "Petrushka" of Stravinsky seemed quite proof against time and change, a full-charged, high-vitalized, outflinging music—dance upon dance with the puppet twitching his little hour between. Yet who shall say and fortify himself in his saying? In "Petrushka" the modernism of our own day was born—and no one takes a father's judgment of his own child. H. T. P.

SYMPHONY OPENS ITS 47TH YEAR

Post — Oct. 8. 1927

Widely Ranging Music Offered for First Concert

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

When, entering upon his fourth season as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky stepped upon the stage of Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, the audience, together with the orchestra, rose in greeting and stood applauding while the conductor, more than ever dynamic and alert, bowed his smiling acknowledgment.

DISPLAYS BAND'S VIRTUES

Turning then to a band that has become the ideal instrument for this coruscating, high-mettled music, Mr. Koussevitzky led it through an extraordinarily vivid, at times dazzling, performance of Berlioz' Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini." Thus was the Symphony Orchestra's 47th season most auspiciously begun.

As though to set forth all of the orchestra's virtues in a single concert, Mr. Koussevitzky had made a programme of widely ranging music; Berlioz and the Stravinsky of "Petrouchka" for brilliance and virtuosity; Brahms of the Third Symphony for depth and richness, the power of exalted musical speech, the warmth of instrumental song, and finally the Debussy of "Iberia" for the twilight tints, the pastel shades, the flecks of light and color of musical impressionism.

Faithful to Brahms

Moreover, the performance of these several pieces was, in the main, of a nature to give small opening to those who would quarrel with Mr. Koussevitzky's ways as conductor and interpreter. Unorthodox in certain details, that of the Symphony, rarely eloquent, was at bottom altogether reverential to the spirit of the music, faithful to the apparent intention of the composer. Yet there was no suggestion, as so often there is with Brahms, of mere padding and marking time, of the filling-out of the symphonic form with arid details of musical construction. Instead every measure had significance; no point was lost nor was the natural flow and impulse of the music uncomfortably retarded, while the beauty of the orchestral sound gave the lie to the tradition of drabness in Brahm's orchestral color scheme.

Upon this performance, and deservedly, the audience bestowed the chief applause of the afternoon, continuing its plaudits until the conductor brought the players to their feet.

Doubt About "Iberia"

Of the ensuing performance of Stravinsky's ballet it is unnecessary to speak at length. In this music of fantasy and mordant humor conductor and orchestra have more than once excelled themselves. Only Debussy's "Iberia" left the listener doubting yesterday. Did the performance, finely imagined in so may details as it was, leave some accent of the music unreleased? Or are we to believe that "Iberia" has faded far more rapidly than, say, the "Afternoon of a Faun," "The Sea" and the Nocturnes?

Yesterday only the poetic and exquisite close of the second section, "The Fragrance of the Night," brought the wonted response. For the most part the rest seemed mannered, artificial, less the result of an uncontrollable creative impulse than of an uncanny skill in the manipulation of rhythms, harmonies and orchestral colors.

Second Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 14, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 15, at 8.15 o'clock

Bach . . . . . Two Choral Preludes, Orchestrated by Arnold Schönberg

I. "Schmücke Dich, O Liebe Seele."
II. "Komm, Gott, Schöpfer, Heiliger Geist."

(First time in Boston)

De Falla . . . . "El Amor Brujo" ("Love the Sorcerer")

Introduction and Scene — The "Gitanes" (Evening) — The Homecomer—Dance of Terror—The Magic Circle (Narrative of the Fisherman) — Midnight (Sorceries) — Ritual Dance of Fire (To dispel evil spirits) — Pantomime — Dance of the Game of Love — Finale (Morning Chimes).

Strauss . . . . . Symphonia Domestica, Op. 53

(In one movement)

STEINWAY PIANO USED

There will be an intermission after De Falla's "El Amor Brujo"

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators, it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

BACH

SYMPHONY GIVES SECOND CONCERT

Herald Oct. 15, 1927

Bach Chorale Prelude Is Heard for First Time in Boston

PROGRAM CHANGED AT LAST MOMENT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave the second concert of its 47th season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows:

Bach, Two Chorale Preludes for organ orchestrated by Arnold Schoenberg; "Schmuecke dich, O liebe Seele" and "Komm Gott, Schoepfer, Heiliger Geist" (first time in Boston). De Falla, "El Amor Brujo" (Love, the Sorcerer"). Strauss, Symphonia Domestica.

Mr. Koussevitzy expected to begin this concert with a performance of a suite of five little orchestral pieces by Cimarosa, reorchestrated by Malipiero, but the orchestral parts did not come in time for rehearsal. It was then announced that a symphony by Georg Christoph Wagenseil of Vienna, the music teacher of Maria Theresa, would be substituted. For some reason or other it was not performed, which was just as well, for the concert was long enough with the program as given above.

The organ music of Bach has been transcribed and tinkered by various composers. Schoenberg was persuaded in 1922 by Mr. Stransky to lay his hands on two Chorale Preludes. Mr. Stransky was at that time conductor of the Philharmonic orchestra of New York. That orchestra gave the first performance of the Chorales in December, 1922. Although Schoenberg s orchestration is unusual, he treated Bach's text reverently. "Reverently," we believe, is here the proper word, for there are some who are convinced that every note written by Bach in his multifarious works is divinely inspired. Yet to those who are well acquainted with these Chorale Preludes, some of them extremely beautiful, some of infinite majesty, any transcription of them is the abomination of desolation. Bach wrote good music, even if some of the pieces are interminable in their repetitions, for the orchestra itself. Why should ont not be content, why not render to Bach, the composer for orchestra, what is orchestrally due him? Why take the compositions for the organ away from the organ loft? If Schoenberg hoped by his orchestration, by his two bassoons, two double bassoons, his two bass clarinets, his four trombones added to other instruments to suggest the peculiar sonority of the organ, he failed as he was bound to fail. This is particularly true of "Schmuecke dick." The loving tenderness of Bach's treatment does not admit of orchestral heroics.

The Suite derived from De Falla's "Choreographic fantasy" Love, the Sorcerer "does not suffer so much by its separation from the theatrical situations, action, and stage settings as other suits arranged from ballets, have suffered here in past seasons. There are many pages that are enjoyable as pure music without thought of a plot and the evolutions of a ballet, without the question of whether this number or that is illustrative of an episode in the ballet. If De Falla expresses the wildness of Spanish gypsy music in a fascinating manner, he is equally fortunate in the expression of gentle emotions. There is little that is sensuous or voluptuous in the Suite. Though the music for the scene of the appearance of a ghost which cools the amorous ardor of Candelas when her new lover would approach her—here on eis reminded of the chief thme of Anatole France's amusing and satirical "Histoire Comique"—is, perhaps, imbued with passionate fervor for performance on the stage.

The time may come when in the symphony concrts ballet music illustrates a filmed representation of the action for which the music was composed. It has been suggested that the Symphonia Dofestica, which describes more or less pleasing incident sin the domestic life of Richard Strauss, might gain in effect, if these incidents were seen on the screen.

This Symphony as Strauss's "Heldenleben; is frankly autobiographic, but Richard—"O Richard, o mon Roi"—is more of a hero in his tone-poem than in his Symphony. Did he take a revenge on his Pauline by his musical characterization of her? (He is thought to have been made his apology by introducing her as the heroine of his opera "Intermezzo"). In "Heldenleben" one finds Strauss defying his enemies; quoting approvingly from his preceding works to show the hearer what a fine

fellow this hero is; causing the adverse critics, the low-lived scoundrels, to gnash their teeth in impotent rage: at last recognized as a genius, enjoying rest after his labors; assured that posterity will seat him prominently in the Hall of the Immortals. In the Symphonia Domestica he describes himself the matoically as "easy going" (poor man!) but later, roused probably by the disputatious, nagging wife, given to fiery outbursts. If the great fugue represents a "merry dispute," it was a boisterous one which should have called in the neighbors, if not the police. To an unprejudiced hearer, the Finale, "Joyous Conclusion" would better be entitled "Triumph of the Wife."

We doubt whether in the years to come this symphony will be reckoned among Strauss's better works. There are flashes of his genius, there is abundant proof of his technical mastery, but the musical ideas are as a rule thin and paltry in spite of the orchestral dress, and some of the themes have little distinction, are, in part, common.

Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra gave an eloquent interpretation throughout the concert. They gave eloquence when Schoenberg and Strauss were lacking in it.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program announced for next week is as follows: Haydn, Symphony, G major (B. & H. No. 13); Prokofieff, "Le Uas d'Acier" (first tilme in this country); Ravel, "Mother Goose"; Loeffler, A Pagan Poem (after Virgil).

THE BALLET, THE HEARTH, THE CHURCH

MR. KOUSSEVITZKY'S THREE-FOLD PROGRAM

Altered Symphony Concert—De Falla's "Love the Sorcerer"—Questionings and Stings—Strauss's "Domestica" in New and Compelling Voice—Bach the Heavens Ascending

THE ORCHESTRAL PARTS of Malipiero's Suite, "Cimarosiana," failed to arrive from Europe in time for rehearsal. Therefore it was elided from the program for the second pair of Symphony Concerts. For it Mr. Koussevitzky would substitute a recently unearthed Symphony by Wagenseil, composer in the second half of the eighteenth century at Vienna. Conductor and orchestra read the music once, and agreed that it could not be adequately prepared for the concert of yesterday. Consequently a three-piece, instead of a four-piece program, emerged—Schönberg's transcriptions of two Choral Preludes by Bach; the Suite from de Falla's ballet, "Love the Sorcerer;" Strauss's "Sinfonia Domestica." In length, it fell little short of the usual hour and forty-five minutes; in variety of interest, it served; while all three numbers exacted close listening. Cimarosa and Malipiero may bide their time, Wagenseil await his day of Bostonian resurrection. Nevertheless, it is good to know that Mr. Koussevitzky still searches eighteenth-century composers. Through three seasons he has taught this public to share his pleasure in them.

The Suite from de Falla's ballet revived the endless debate over the inclusion of such music in symphony concerts. It is obligation and pleasure to hear the work of living composers. Many of them, writing for the theater, prefer the ballet to the opera. Occasionally, European stages or migratory companies there, like Monsieur Diaghilev's, produce these pieces. Next to never are they seen behind American footlights. The Metropolitan Opera House maintains a ballet-troupe, chiefly as accessory to operas requiring such decoration. The Chicago Opera Company does likewise. There are sporadic adventurers with ballet-evenings, like Mr. Bolm in Chicago. In Boston, our Mayor prefers a municipal auditorium to, say, a municipal ballet-company, though the latter would be more interesting and less costly. Practically the only contemporary ballets that a sprinkling of listeners in the concert-hall may remember from the theater are Stravinsky's "Petrushka" and Mr. Carpenter's "Skyscrapers," both repertory pieces at the Metropolitan. For many in that few—to write Irishry—the recollection is indistinct.

Consequently when Mr. Koussevitzky proffers a Suite from "Petrushka," as he did last week; from "Love the Sorcerer," as he did yesterday; from Prokofiev's "Dance of Steel," as he will next week, scarcely a hearer visualizes backgrounds and action; while the omniscient program-book labors as it may to evoke them. Virtually, one and all listen to the music as to a tone-poem with a printed program and, often, labelled sub-divisions. The composer has not written, primarily, for such hearing, though the thought of concert-performance may have crossed his head as he bent over his work-table. He takes precautions—since he chooses and assembles the numbers for the Suite—but he also takes chances when his theater-music passes to alien conditions. Needs must when the devil drives. Yet there is no devil—only a normal desire for as frequent performance as possible of the work of his hands. The rhythmic vitality, the orchestral flash and glow of the Suites from "Petrushka" and Prokofiev's "Chout," salvage them in the concert-hall. Whether "The Dance of Steel" will endure such transfer we listeners may discover next week. By general consent, stage-backgrounds and stage-action are essential to "Skyscrapers." So it goes.

By the outcome of yesterday, the Suite from "Love the Sorcerer" fares well as tone-poem. Dismiss the subdivisions, since both de Falla and Mr. Koussevitzky pause for few; take a hint or two from "the argument," and the listener gradually understands and feels the music. Gypsy rhythms sting; gypsy phrases stab or languish. Measures suggest supernatural portents and presences. Foreboding descends like an oppression; only charms and magic ritual may dispel it. The sound turns sensuous, but it is acrid and uneasy. Though the end is calm, fierceness haunted the course. De Falla finds exotic motives—in himself or in Spanish folk-music. He propels them with urgent rhythms; sharpens them with edgy harmonies, mixes acid in his color-pot; spreads his surfaces thin; courts strange intervals and modulations. Thereby he produces a music sounding like no other. Those who know find in it the unsparing voice of a wild and primal Spain. Others refer it, in degree, to the schools of Paris; but thence come no such swirls, stridencies, lambent bitterness and curdling sweets. Throughout, de Falla pierces.

By the evidence of yesterday, yet again, Strauss has become a classic. In his sixty-fourth year, while he is still leading an active life, he is handed on, as it were, to posterity. The interpretation of a classic takes color from succeeding time; each generation must have its own version. Time was—as men not yet helpless may recall—when the "Sinfonia Domestica" was played for "all that it was worth." The clock struck as though it informed a town and not a household; the troubled moments in the more domestic scenes became peevish and angry; the husband dreamed, loved, wrought, to the utmost intensity that a full orchestra might summon—eight horns leading the van; the double fugue of the finale could be nothing less than demonic. Now, this Strauss of performances of the "Domestica," say from 1907 to 1915, is the Strauss whom our young lions of 1927 scorn as so much "old hat." It was high time, if Others will repeat their favorite, if hackneyed, anathema—the Slav who sentimentalizes. The rest of us may sit by, hear and rejoice. For if the "Domestica," so interpreted, loses something of stride and splendor, it sounds also with a voice that warms the ear, stirring imaginative and emotional response in this immediate day. Such a version, moreover, exalts the qualities by which, as some happen to believe, Strauss's music will endure upon our children, possibly upon their sons as well.

Take for granted his command of polyphony and color, his control of form and medium, his ability to fill both brimming. Rather, set him high as a master of characterization in symphonic music, penetrating, defining, suffusing, projecting. "Don Juan," "Eulenspiegel," "Don Quixote," are the witnesses. Set him nearly as high as the tone-poet who has transfused into symphonic music the emotions of life as men achieve it and brood over it, endure it and exalt it, sometimes mock and cry out against it. "Death and Transfiguration," "Zarathustra," "Ein Heldenleben," this very "Domestica," are again the witnesses. In the "Domestica," he enters the privacies of life—the secrecies of the alcove and the work-table, the dreaming or the playful hours. Among them, with reason, he steps gently or gaily, speaks tenderly or merrily—and Mr. Koussevitzky hears his voice.

Strauss is veritably a classic and posterity is already handing him on, to find a version for the nineteen-twenties.

As it seemed on Friday, Mr. Koussevitzky has found it. He was, in fact, all for a "Domestica" intime—intensifying the suggestion of the title. He unfolded the motivs not as so many imposing symphonic units, but as happy fancies that the composer was confiding to music-paper. The measures of the child's play went lightly; the parents looked on, affectionate and amused. The clock struck as it might tinkle from a mantel shelf. Deliberately, the conductor subdued the slow movement. Tender was the passion—be it amorous ardor, creative fervor, what the hearer will; gentle were the glows; quiet the progress; ecstasy was upon it till it vanished, like sleep-chasings, in tonal wisps. The finale went sturdily but merrily, the release of high spirits, not angry disputation. A flash of tenderness, a burst of gayety, and the tone-poem was done.

Those who believe that a "Furor Teutonicus"—as they say in Louvain—possessed Strauss in the composition of the "Domestica," their next neighbors fain to attribute to him rudely Germanic humors, will cry aloud that Mr. Koussevitzky has emasculated the music.

Yet, as some would have it, the apex of the concert was its beginning, so that it proceeded as an inverted pyramid might rise. That apex was Schönberg's transcription for full modern orchestra of Bach's Choral Prelude, "Schmücke dich." Beyond questioning the transcriber has done his work well. Not once does he intrude himself, being all for Bach's course, accents and subject-matter unalloyed. His only concern is to transfer the music in identic quality from the many-stopped organ to the many-voiced orchestra. Schönberg has his idiosyncrasies, not to say his dogmatisms. He is often a cause of irritation to those who encounter him. He is also a musician of intelligence and conscience. As such he has transcribed Bach. And it is Bach that remains—the Bach who in this Choral Prelude sounded the depths of devout aspiration, upon its wings rose to heaven's gate; through it looked as in vision upon the goodness and the mercy of God; in bliss beheld. "Blessed are the pure in spirit; for they shall see God"—and thrice and ten times blessed, he who in this Choral Prelude has written the music of the sight. Like the listening heart, to water turns the recording pen. . . . The other and shorter Choral Prelude ("Komm, Gott, Schöpfer"), similarly transcribed, is outflooding, pealing, triumphant. It is the Feast of Pentecost; "Come, Holy Spirit"; through the walls of the Thomasienkirche, the music girdles an exultant world. H. T. P.

VARIED PROGRAM AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Globe. Oct. 15. 1927.

Bach, De Falla, Strauss' "Symphony Domestica"

Mr Koussevitzky set a varied program for yesterday's Symphony concert. It included two choral preludes by Bach, admirably orchestrated by Schoenberg; the suite from De Falla's "El Amor Brujo," and Richard Strauss' "Symphonia Domestica." Malipiere's "Cimarosiana" had to be omitted, owing to the nonarrival of the orchestral parts. As nothing was substituted, the concert was over soon after 4.

The audience received with the program books a personal and fervent letter of appeal from Mr Koussevitsky to attend his double bass recital, Oct 24, at which he will play Bruch's "Kol Nidrei," his own concerts for double bass, and the double bass part in Schubert's "Trout" quintet. The proceeds of this recital go to needy Russian students. Patronnesses must pay for two tickets $100. Other seats sell at from $2 to $10 each, a scale of prices hitherto never asked in Boston for a recital. If Symphony Hall is well filled, the receipts on this unique occasion will be record breaking.

Schoenberg's reputation as a peculiarly wild and frenzied modernist composer was established here in 1914 by the still discussed performance of his "Five Orchestral Pieces." But his arrangements of Bach's choral preludes are the work of a sane and conservative musician, showing remarkable skill in producing from a large orchestra effects akin to those of the organ for which Bach wrote.

Mr Koussevitzky's interpretation of "Schmuecke Dich, O Liebe Seele" had an emotional quality suggesting that of music heard in Russian houses of worship. In "Komm, Gott, Schoepfer, Heiliger Geist," too, the listener, though the intensity of feeling back of the performance was obvious and of compelling power, could not but wonder whether Bach meant quite what Koussevitzky got out of his music. One thinks of Bach's church pieces as having a solemn majesty that sets them apart from and above most other music. But yesterday's Bach was a new Bach, in the spirit of Koussevitzky rather than that of Luther.

De Falla's "El Amor Brujo" may in its original version, as a "choreographic fantasy for voice and small orchestra" reveal to the hearer "something very fierce and elemental," the emotional impulses which reach into the fundamental being of his (De Falla's) race." But these phrases of admiring commentators, quoted in the program notes yesterday, bore no discoverable relation to the scraps of the work strung loosely together into what present fashion misleadingly calls a "suite."

Again one doubted the expediency of playing at a Symphony concert such a pot-pourri as this. Try as Mr Koussevitzky might to energize it the music sounded tepid and disjointed. One could see the craftsmanship and the refined taste of De Falla. One could not, obviously, feel that he had constructive power, or creative energy.

Strauss' "Symphonia Domestica" in a performance of remarkable brilliance and virtuosity again left the impression of Byzantine decadence one so often gets from the architecture, painting, and music of the reign of Wilhelm II. What sane artist in an era not decadent would try as Strauss here does to write for an orchestra of no less than 108 players a musical narrative of 24 hours in his own middle-class household?

It takes the whole 108 musicians to depict the baby in its bath, and the noise of a difference of opinion between father and mother, in which, by the way father, not mother, has the last word, would suffice to fill the Harvard Stadium.

Whether or not there is any sense in composing such a piece, it must be admitted that Strauss has done the job with superb skill. But of the chief musical themes only one, that characterizing the baby, has vitality and interest. Strauss himself must have realized the fact, since it is upon this theme that he builds most of the work, altering it and working it out with astounding ingenuity.

The program announced for next week includes a Haydn Symphony, in G major, a new suite by Prokofieff, from his recent ballet "Le Pas d'Acier," Ravel's "Mother Goose," and Loeffler's "A Pagan Poem."

P. R.

STRAUSS' TONE POEM RAVISHING

Post. Oct. 15. 1927.

Beauty of "Symphonia Domestica" Shown by Symphony

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

In this, his fourth year among us, Mr. Koussevitzky seems at the very height of his powers. To the notable performance of Brahm's Third Symphony at the concerts of last week, he added yesterday afternoon a performance of the "Symphonia Domestica" of Richard Strauss that realized every already recognized potentiality in this colossal score and suggested others hitherto unsuspected.

OF MASTERPIECE CALIBRE

Like good wine, music that has in it the stuff of greatness tends to improve with age. It is doubtful whether the Symphony of Brahms could have sounded as beautiful in any auditorium in the 'eighties as it sounded in Symphony Hall a week ago. And 20 years of the "Domestica" have served but to make the more apparent the merits of that work. Yesterday it was almost possible to persuade oneself that this tone-poem, once scorned and derided, is in point of fact its composer's masterpiece.

With the passing years those episodes in the "Domestica" that smacked of triviality, such as the passage alleged to depict the shudderings of the infant in its bath, have receded into their proper place in Strauss' scheme as mere flecks of passing humor.

Its Superb Architecture

After Stravinsky and other "moderns" Strauss' once appalling cacophonies and violent sonorities have become no more than pleasingly stimulating. Today, with all the strangeness gone from the music, the listener may give himself fully to the appreciation of its superb architecture, the marvellous manipulation of themes, the amazing polyphonic skill constantly in evidence, and may discover a host of details the beauty of which once went all but unnoticed. As to the themes themselves, the severest test, that of emotional response, puts them among the more significant of Strauss' melodic inventions.

Finally, from a musical enterprise in somewhat questionable taste, the "Domestica" has gradually transformed itself into a composition filled with tender sentiment and rich humanity, a music finely eloquent of the joy of living.

Schoenberg's Bach

Of the orchestral performance yesterday of this still severely taxing score the warmest praise may be written. In the largest and in the least detail it was splendidly accomplished. As fine in its way was the playing of the suite from de Falla's hyper-Spanish ballet, "Love the Sorcerer," and of the two Chorale-Preludes of Bach, as orchestrated by Arnold Schoenberg, with which the concert began.

The last named, played for the first time in Boston, are a valuable addition to the orchestra's repertory. The first of the two, "Schmucke Dich, O Liebe Seele," is indeed one of the most uplifting pages in all music, and the radical Schoenberg's orchestration is a model of sympathy, felicity, taste and restraint.

Second Concert of Boston Orchestra

Monitor Oct. 15. 1927.

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its second Friday concert of the season yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston. The program, to be repeated this evening, was made up of two choral preludes of Bach, orchestrated by Schönberg; the suite drawn from De Falla's "El Amor Brujo," and Strauss's "Symphonia Domestica."

The Bach-Schönberg product was played for the first time in Boston. The choral preludes are "Schümcke Dich, O Liebe Seele" and "Komm, Gott, Schöpfer, Heiliger Geist." Schönberg translocated them from organ loft to concert hall five years ago at the request of Josef Stransky, then conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society, which first played the transcriptions. Those who expected to find out from these pieces how Bach would sound if he had written like Schönberg must have been disappointed. What they learned was how Schönberg might sound if he wrote like Bach. Here was no attempt to deprive Bach of his tonalities. The transcription appears to be almost literal. If we admit that it is justifiable to dress up a masterpiece in clothes its author never designed for it, then we can hardly find fault with these examples of the tailor's art. At least they will indicate to skeptics that Schönberg understands the trade of music-making, that he does not produce his own compositions merely by writing down notes while blindfolded, knowing no better.

The De Falla opus was introduced to Boston three years ago by Mr. Koussevitzky. It is probable that some of its virtues are lost without the action which it was designed to accompany. Yet it is well-contrived, interesting music by itself. The folk-like tunes, the capricious rhythms, particularly the brooding atmosphere, charged not only with poetry but with a vaguely sinister quality that seems to surround these Spanish gypsies, were projected through the orchestra with extraordinary vividness.

What a pity that Strauss has not elected to devote his superlative talents oftener to more resplendent heroes, to more epic conceptions. The matter of "Don Juan" and of "Till Eulenspiegel" was neither too solemn nor too trivial; it evidently stirred his imagination. But "Tod und Verklärung" and "Zarathustra" betrayed him into a Lisztian turgescence; while from "Ein Heldenleben" peeps the indecorum that flowers in the "Domestic" Symphony. As Mr. Koussevitzky played this symphony yesterday (his first reproduction of it in Boston) the glories and the tragedies of the music were made manifest. One moment, one rejoiced in the golden sonorities, the fluorescent orchestration, the sportive virtuosity; the next, one sighed over the banality of theme, the want of taste, the frippery of style. Perhaps it would have profited the composer's art if he had never experienced the joys of domesticity. L. A. S.

ANNOUNCE WELLESLEY SERIES

Concerts Begin Oct. 19 with Program by Symphony Orchestra

The usual Wellesley series of concerts have been announced by the college for the season of 1927 and 1928. The first concert will be given by the Boston Symphoney Orchestra, conducted by Serge Koussevitzky, on Oct. 19. On Nov. 29 there will be a piano recital by Alexander Brailowsky. On Dec. 13, the students will hear Jelly D'Aranyi, the young Hungarian violinist, who is this season making her first tour of the United States. The London String Quartette will give a concert of chamber music on Jan. 5. There will be a vocal recital by Rosa Ponselle of the Metropolitan Opera Company, on Feb. 10. The series will be brought to a close on April 17 by a second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Wellesley concert series were started in 1922, after having been discontinued during the war. Professor Hamilton C. MacDougall has been in charge of all arrangements for the concerts each year. Although Professor MacDougall has this year retired as head of the music department, he is in charge of the concert series. All the concerts will be in Alumnæ Hall at 8 P. M.

Third Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 21, at 2.30 o'clock

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Haydn . . . . . Symphony in G major (Breitkopf and Härtel, No. 13)

I. Adagio; Allegro.
II. Largo.
III. Menuetto; Trio.
IV. Finale: Allegro con spirito.

Prokofieff . . . . Suite from the Ballet "Le Pas d'Acier" ("The Ballet of Steel")

Train of Men Carrying Provision Bags—Sailor with Bracelet and Working Woman — Reconstruction of Scenery — The Factory — The Hammers — Final Scene.

(First time in the United States)

Ravel . . . . . "Ma Mère l'Oye" ("Mother Goose") Five Children's Pieces

I. Pavane de la Belle au Bois Dormant.
(Pavane of Sleeping Beauty.)
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(Laideronette, Empress of the Pagodas.)
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Loeffler . . . . A Pagan Poem (after Virgil) for Orchestra, Pianoforte, English Horn, and Three Trumpets Obbligati, Op. 14

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MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

For Programme and Prices for Mr. Koussevitzky's Benefit Recital see page 231

There will be an intermission after Prokofieff's "Le Pas d'Acier"

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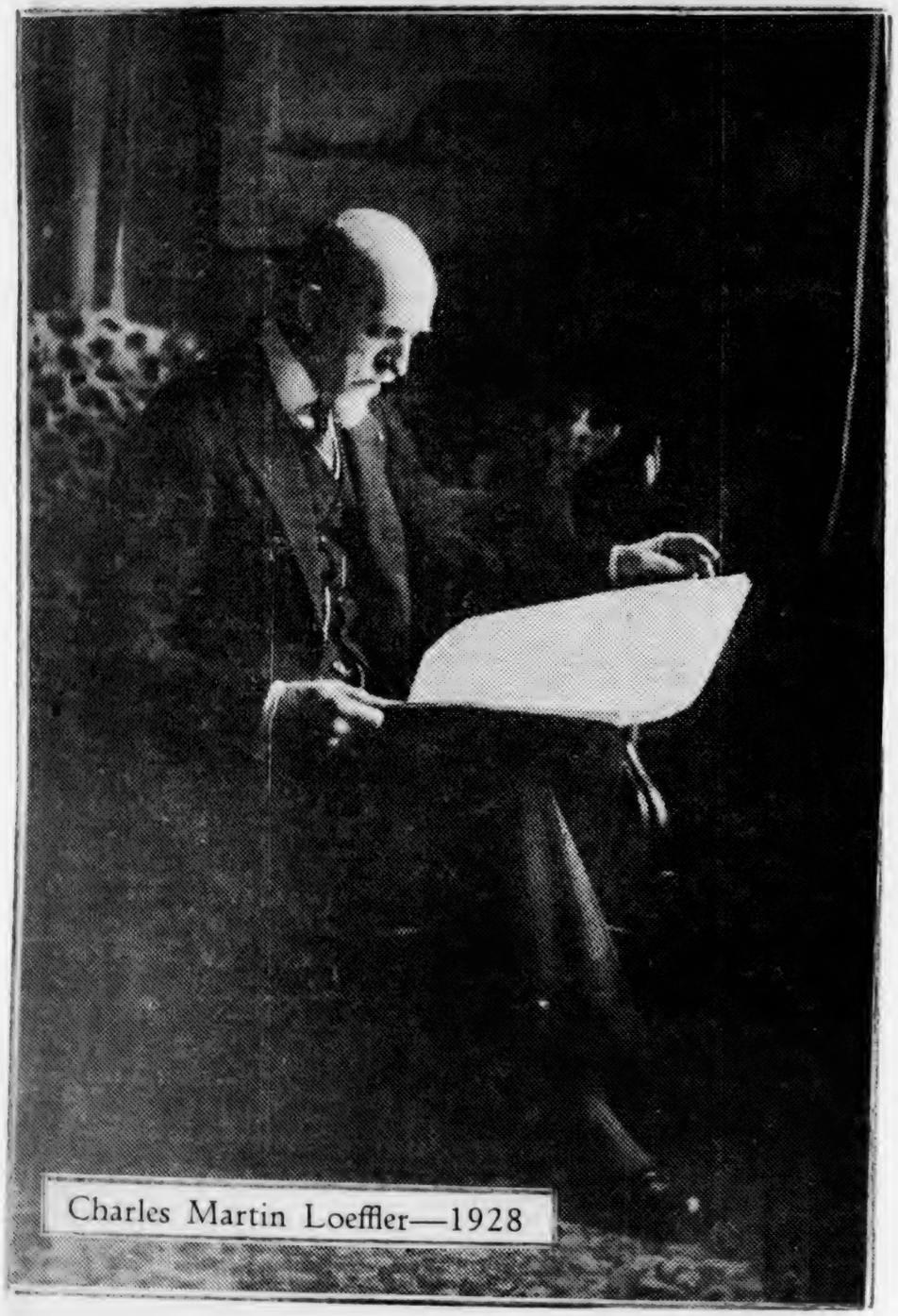


Charles Martin Loeffler—1928

SYMPHONY IN THIRD CONCERT

Prokofieff Suite from Ballet "Le Pas d'Acier" Is Heard

Herald Oct. 22. 1927

PROGRAM WILL BE REPEATED TONIGHT

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, was as follows: Haydn, Symphony, G major (B. & H. No. 13); Prokofieff, Suite from the ballet "Le Pas d'Acier" (first time in the United States); Ravel, "Mother Goose"; Loeffler, "A Pagan Poem" (after Virgil).

Prokofieff's ballet was produced by the Ballet Russe at Paris last June. The ballet, in two tableaux, represents two aspects of Russian life, "the stories and legends of the countryside, and the mechanism of the factories." Prokofieff, who arranged the Suite for the concert hall, took his material chiefly from the second act. Doing this he made a mistake.

Agesilaus being desired to hear a man that naturally counterfeited the nightingale's voice he would not hear him saying, "I have oftentimes heard the nightingale itself."

And so one asked to hear the music of Prokofieff that in the concert hall is supposed to portray in tones "all kinds of mechanism, from the steam hammer to the most delicate weaving machines" with Russians vigorously at work, might courteously decline the invitation, saying: "I have been near a boiler factory and riveters were making day hideous across the street from my house only last week."

Not only is the music of this act as it was heard yesterday noisy, but the constant repetitions of raucous measures were soon monotonous and Prokofieff for once seemed a boisterous bore.

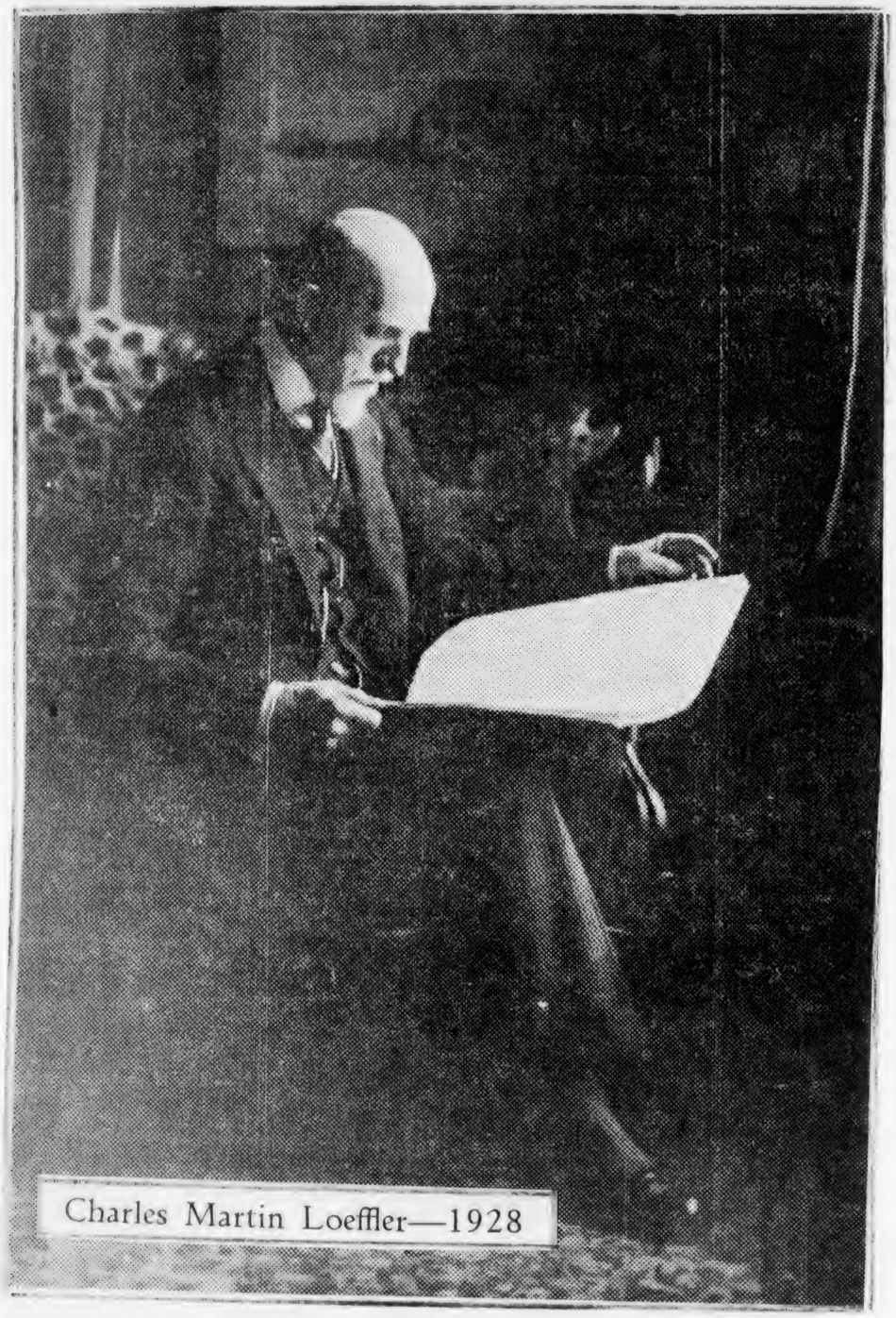
On the stage the repetitions are for changing evolutions of the ballet, so that the eye and mind are interested, while the music, giving emphasis to the bustling movements, is not considered by the spectator as the all important thing. As one is seated in the theatre the eyes receive the chief impression; the ears are assailed; the spectator is conscious in two ways of tremendous activity.

It has been said that "Le Pas d'Acier" may properly be called a Bolshevik ballet. The music by itself will not make converts to the Soviet cause, nor did Prokofieff probably have this intention. It is more likely that, fascinated by the power, the majesty of machinery, he wished to express it in music, as Honegger set music to a locomotive engine. Music can express many things if the hearer is in a mood to accept the expression and has been prepared by printed argument to accept it. There is no doubt that the din of a factory and the clash of iron and steel were reproduced in this act of the ballet, but there are limits to musical expression. How feeble are all attempts to portray in an orchestral composition a furious thunder storm. If a locomotive engine could hear Honegger's representation of it, would it not whistle derisive laughter? But Honegger's "Pacific 231" is short and amusing; Prokofieff's factory music is ugly, monotonous, stretched out beyond endurance.

The other numbers of the program were familiar. We hear too little of Haydn's symphonic music: That is to say, one hears in the course of years only a few of his symphonies long known to all by repeated performances. As a result the musical character of the man is not well understood. He is recognized as a cheerful soul who wrote gaily and without deep thinking; but he had his dark moments, and could be steeped in sadness. What a pleasure it might be to hear symphonies by Haydn that were not strummed in four-hand arrangements for the piano when we were all younger.

Ravel will visit Boston this season, it is said, as a guest conductor at a Symphony concert. The delightful "Mother Goose" yesterday, the pleasing Suite from his "Daphnis and Chloe" next week. Is this to whet desire to see Ravel in flesh and blood? We doubt if he will improve on Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretations. Few composers have the ability as conductors to put their works in the best light.

Mr. Loeffler's glowing "Pagan Poem" does not pale by repetitions; the theme of invocation, the dolorous air for English horn, beautifully played by Mr. Speyer, the music for the trumpets off stage—these still charm at the moment and haunt the memory, while the passionate longing of the sorceress for her Daphnis, the turmoil within her breast—these are still musically eloquent. Mr. Loeffler is too fastidious an artist to attempt an interlinear translation of Virgil's Eclogue into music.



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PROGRAM WILL BE REPEATED TONIGHT

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, was as follows: Haydn, Symphony, G major (B. & H. No. 13); Prokofieff, Suite from the ballet "Le Pas d'Acier" (first time in the United States); Ravel, "Mother Goose"; Loeffler, "A Pagan Poem" (after Virgil).

Prokofieff's ballet was produced by the Ballet Russe at Paris last June. The ballet, in two tableaux, represents two aspects of Russian life, "the stories and legends of the countryside, and the mechanism of the factories." Prokofieff, who arranged the Suite for the concert hall, took his material chiefly from the second act. Doing this he made a mistake.

Agesilaus being desired to hear a man that naturally counterfeited the nightingale's voice he would not hear him saying, "I have oftentimes heard the nightingale itself."

And so one asked to hear the music of Prokofieff that in the concert hall is supposed to portray in tones "all kinds of mechanism, from the steam hammer to the most delicate weaving machines" with Russians vigorously at work, might courteously decline the invitation, saying: "I have been near a boiler factory and riveters were making day hideous across the street from my house only last week."

Not only is the music of this act as it was heard yesterday noisy, but the constant repetitions of raucous measures were soon monotonous and Prokofieff for once seemed a boisterous bore.

On the stage the repetitions are for changing evolutions of the ballet, so that the eye and mind are interested, while the music, giving emphasis to the bustling movements, is not considered by the spectator as the all important thing. As one is seated in the theatre the eyes receive the chief impression; the ears are assailed; the spectator is conscious in two ways of tremendous activity.

It has been said that "Le Pas d'Acier" may properly be called a Bolshevik ballet. The music by itself will not make converts to the Soviet cause, nor did Prokofieff probably have this intention. It is more likely that, fascinated by the power, the majesty of machinery, he wished to express it in music, as Honegger set music to a locomotive engine. Music can express many things if the hearer is in a mood to accept the expression and has been prepared by printed argument to accept it. There is no doubt that the din of a factory and the clash of iron and steel were reproduced in this act of the ballet, but there are limits to musical expression. How feeble are all attempts to portray in an orchestral composition a furious thunder storm. If a locomotive engine could hear Honegger's representation of it, would it not whistle derisive laughter? But Honegger's "Pacific 231" is short and amusing; Prokofieff's factory music is ugly, monotonous, stretched out beyond endurance.

The other numbers of the program were familiar. We hear too little of Haydn's symphonic music: That is to say, one hears in the course of years only a few of his symphonies long known to all by repeated performances. As a result the musical character of the man is not well understood. He is recognized as a cheerful soul who wrote gaily and without deep thinking; but he had his dark moments, and could be steeped in sadness. What a pleasure it might be to hear symphonies by Haydn that were not strummed in four-hand arrangements for the piano when we were all younger.

Ravel will visit Boston this season, it is said, as a guest conductor at a Symphony concert. The delightful "Mother Goose" yesterday, the pleasing Suite from his "Daphnis and Chloe" next week. Is this to whet desire to see Ravel in flesh and blood? We doubt if he will improve on Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretations. Few composers have the ability as conductors to put their works in the best light.

Mr. Loeffler's glowing "Pagan Poem" does not pale by repetitions; the theme of invocation, the dolorous air for English horn, beautifully played by Mr. Speyer, the music for the trumpets off stage—these still charm at the moment and haunt the memory, while the passionate longing of the sorceress for her Daphnis, the turmoil within her breast—these are still musically eloquent. Mr. Loeffler is too fastidious an artist to attempt an interlinear translation of Virgil's Eclogue into music.

Suppose Richard Strauss had tried his hand at it; he would surely have given the barking of the dog in the doorway to some ingenious combination of instruments, as he portrayed silly sheep in "Don Quixote."

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be as follows: Handel, Concerto Grosso, D minor for strings, No. 10; Honegger, Incidental Music to "Phaedra"; Ravel, Second Suite from "Daphnis and Chloe"; Tchaikovsky, Symphony, F minor, No. 4.

Boston Hears Suite From "Pas d'Acier"

Monitor — Oct. 22. 1927

PROKOFIEFF provided the first novelty of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's season. A suite drawn from his new "Ballet of Steel" was played for the first time in the United States at the third Friday afternoon concert, in Symphony Hall, yesterday.

Presumably the purpose of this ballet, as of Carpenter's "Skyscrapers," is to depict a mechanical civilization. Doubtless much of the significance of Prokofieff's music, uncoupled from the action, was lost. One gathered that the industrial situation in Russia is no worse than that in America. Yet it may appear far more offensive, given the illumination of setting and dancers. Carpenter's impressions of the American city had come to us assisted by all the visual and dramatic resources of the Metropolitan Opera House, whereas there was nothing on the present occasion to divert attention from Prokofieff's music.

Workmanship Expert

His score is remarkably transparent; rich but never murky. The workmanship is expert. The composer has succeeded in imparting a very metallic glint to his pages, but underneath is a solid classical foundation. He has employed melody rather lavishly. One of the sections is even quite tender. But for the most part we have the murmuring of machinery and the concussion of hammers. The whole effect does not escape monotony in the concert hall. We did wish the "reconstruction of scenery" could have been done offstage.

Haydn's Symphony in G major (B. & H. No. 13) received a scintillant performance. In the Menuetto Mr. Koussevitzky dropped his hands to his sides for some measures and allowed the men to go on by themselves. The scheme was so successful that one wished he had tried it in the Largo as well; the players might have saved the movement from somnolence. But the Finale went with amazing adroitness. Nothing could display better than this symphony the present virtuosity of the orchestra. Ravel's "Mother Goose" Suite, charmingly done, and Loeffler's "Pagan Poem," played with fine gusto, concluded the program.

Leginska as Opera Conductor

Ethel Leginska made her first appearance as a conductor of opera on Thursday evening at the Boston Opera House, guiding the San Carlo company through "Madama Butterfly." It was said to be the first time a woman had ever conducted a performance of grand opera. Miss Leginska has had considerable experience in directing orchestras. She has been guest conductor of several European organizations. Last year she led an orchestra in Boston. In the present season she has inaugurated a series of entertainments in New York at which concert versions of operas are given.

The conductor in the lyric theater is of course in a different situation. He is no longer the center of attraction. There is no time to allow himself to be carried away on surging waves of melody. If he does so, an artist on the stage may miss his cue, the chorus is likely to waver. To weld all the elements into an artistic whole is a task that requires much experience of the theater. Then, too, in the case of a traveling company like the San Carlo, the orchestra is necessarily somewhat inadequate. Considering all these difficulties, Miss Leginska did extraordinarily well.

Miss Hizi Koyke, a new Cio-Cio-San, has much personal charm and an agreeable petite voice, and she displayed a vivid conception of her rôle. Giuseppe Barsotti, another newcomer, the Pinkerton, was well paired with her.

L. A. S.

MODERN MUSIC AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Globe — Oct. 22. 1927

Prokofieff's "Pas d'Acier" for Brilliant Novelty

Loeffler's "Pagan Poem," Ravel's "Ma Mere l'Oye" Again Performed

Mr Koussevitzky chose a program of modern music for yesterday's Symphony concert. Except for a Haydn Symphony at the beginning, each number was the work of a distinguished living composer. A suite from Prokofieff's latest ballet "Le Pas d'Acier" for brilliant novelty, and Ravel's "Ma Mere l'Oye" and Loeffler's "A Pagan Poem," both now parts of the standard repertory, completed the list of pieces heard. Mr Loeffler was warmly applauded after the unusually stirring performance of his tone poem.

"Le Pas d'Acier" was first performed in Paris June 27, 1927. It was given for the first time in London July 4, 1927, again by the Diaghilev Ballet Russe, for whom it was written. The suite heard yesterday was played from manuscript, for the first time in the United States. Have there been European performances of these concert excerpts? The usually omniscient program book mentions none. At any rate, Boston, thanks to Mr Koussevitzky, is hearing with remarkable promptness the latest work of Prokofieff.

The action of the ballet concerns factory workers in Russia in 1920. Among the sections of the suite heard yesterday are two called in the subtitles "The Factory" and "The Hammers." The word "Acier," "steel," in the title does not, however, appear to imply that Prokofieff has endeavored to stun his hearers with anything approaching a phonographic reproduction of the sounds of a steel mill.

What he has done is to write music with an extraordinary vivid suggestion that, after all, beauty and poetry may be found in the noises of any factory.

Classical composers have, of course, often been inspired by the sounds of industry. Every concert-goer will remember Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith," Verdi's "Anvil Chorus" and Brahms' song, "The Smith." Prokofieff has merely done in terms of 20th century music what Handel, Verdi and Brahms each in his own day also did.

Prokofieff's score is music, not mere noise. Each number from the ballet has a definite and readily followed musical structure, though harmonic clashes, recklessly free polyphony, and a lavish use of orchestral tone color may obscure the fact to heedless ears.

One was again inclined to think yesterday, as on hearing other works from the same hand, that Prokofieff's talent is for light music. He is a musician of prodigious cleverness and an ill-concealed electicism of musical background. He writes always with immense gusto, but never with profound originality or creative energy.

One doubts whether any of his work will be heard half a century hence, yet it is all today stimulating and amusing to listen to. In a Utopia, where the current musical comedies were written for people with sophisticated taste, Prokofieff would be an ideal substitute for the Rembergs and Frimls of our popular theatres.

The performances of "Le Pas d'Acier" had the brilliance and verve one expects from Mr Koussevitzky in such pieces. If the rhythm at times seemed monotonous in its iterations, the fault lies with Prokofieff, or rather with factories and industrial machinery.

The Haydn Symphony, in G major, No. 13, in Breitkopf and Haertel's edition, No. 8 in Peters', was given a spirited performance. One differed with Mr Koussevitzky's oversentimental interpretation of the largo, but otherwise found much to enjoy.

Ravel's "Mother Goose" again seemed charming, if rather tenuous, music. Mr Koussevitzky tried to make it glamorous and intense, but did Ravel really want these moods in what was meant as a children's piece, a set of miniatures?

Mr Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" profited by the conductor's romantic and moody reading. It sounded as it never has before, pregnant with emotion as well as with imaginative suggestion. Loeffler, like any composer worth his salt, does after all write from the heart, with dramatic feeling. His workmanship is always meticulous, his taste is impeccable, but refinement of style does not exclude emotional content.

The program announced for next week includes Handel's concerto grosse in D minor, a suite from incidental music to Racine's "Phedre," by Honegger, the second suite from Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloe," and Tschaikowsky's Fourth Symphony.

P. R.

LOEFFLER IMPRESSES SYMPHONY

Post ——— Oct. 22. 1924

His "Pagan Poem" Is the Climax of Third Concert

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Although it offered some of the music of Prokofieff's new ballet of the factories, "Le Pas d'Acier," a charming Symphony of Haydn and Ravel's much admired "Mother Goose," the Symphony Concert of yesterday attained its true musical climax in the work of a resident composer, namely Charles Martin Loeffler's "A Pagan Poem," first heard in Symphony Hall 20 years ago and by token of yesterday's performance still very much alive.

MAKES DEEP IMPRESSION

In that, coming as it did at the end of a long programme, it fell upon ears already sated, Mr. Loeffler's piece may be said to have been unfortunately placed yesterday, while the audience, always in haste to depart on Friday afternoons, did not call the composer to the stage as many times as undoubtedly it would have called him had the piece appeared earlier in the concert. But be that as it may, the "Pagan Poem" made yesterday a deep impression, and the response to it was warm and spontaneous.

It is possible to discern in Mr. Loeffler's music the influence of Wagner's "Tristan" and of Cesar Franck, but many another piece written at the dawn of this century drew its sustenance from these sources and how many of them have today the freshness; the emotional appeal; the power to project and enforce a mood; the surpassing beauty, as sheer orchestral sound, that lie in "A Pagan Poem"? Of these many virtues yesterday's performance, the fifth at these concerts, made the utmost, and a special word must be said for Mr. Zighera's finished playing of the piano obbligato and of Mr. Speyer's performance of the important solo-part for the English horn.

Noise of Russian Factories

Different days; different ways. Mr. Loeffler for his inspiration turned to Virgil; Prokofieff finds his in the din of the factories. As seen and heard at the Princes Theatre in London last July, this "Le Pas d'Acier,' made by Prokofieff and Georges Iakoulov to commemorate the 25th anniversary of the founding of Diaghilev's "Ballet Russe," proved a highly fantastic representation of two aspects of Russian life; the stories and legends of the countryside and the mechanism of the factories. The first of these was made none too clear, but the second, with its mechanical evolutions of the dancers and its pounding music, was sufficiently graphic.

In its rightful place in the theatre Prokofieff's music fitted well enough, but it ill bears transfer to the concert stage.

Haydn and Ravel

Of course the orchestra in the Princes Theatre did not play Prokofieff's music with the finish; the steely brilliance, that Mr. Koussevitzky and his men brought to it yesterday. And so far as the externals of performance went, Haydn's little Symphony and Ravel's Suite were as effectively presented.

Yet some would have preferred in the former a smaller number of strings, and with Ravel a less self-conscious exposition of this intentionally naive and unaffected music.

PREMIERE OF NEW BALLET

Post ——— Oct. 22. 1927.

Symphony Score Portrays Bolshevik Regime

The first performance in any land of Prokofieff's suite from "Le Pas d'Acier" (The Ballet of Steel) will be given this evening at 8:10 by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in its third concert of the 1927-1928 series. The programme under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky will be broadcast by Westinghouse station WBZ-WBZA direct from the Symphony Hall studio through the courtesy of W. S. Quinby.

The Ballet of Steel is Prokofieff's latest score. It was produced in Paris and London last summer, but the suite was not included. The suite is a descriptive piece portraying the industrial life of Russia in 1920 during the Bolshevik regime.

The name of Prokofieff, young, ultra-modern Russian composer, is already familiar to devotees of symphony programmes, and his two suites, "Chout" and "The Love for Three Oranges," were among the most interesting novelties of last season's programmes.

Another large work on the programme this evening is Haydn's Symphony in G Major. This score has been played several times at symphony concerts during past years and never fails to stir the admiration of those of the radio audience who are fond of the older and more melodious music.

After the intermission, Ravel's suite, "Mother Goose," will be played. There are five numbers in this suite. They include "Pavane of the Sleeping Beauty," "Hop o' My Thumb," "Laideronette, Empress of the Pagodas," "Beauty and the Beast Converse" and "The Fairy Garden." Ravel has translated these fairy stories into music with typical French finesse and humor.

The final number on tonight's programme, Loeffler's Pagan Poem, was inspired by a love song in one of the Eclogues of Virgil. A maiden of Thessaly is seeking to have her lover returned to her through the aid of supernatural powers and magic. The Loeffler work is arranged for orchestra, pianoforte and English horn with three trumpet obligati. Bernard Zighera will be at the piano and Louis Speyer is to play the English horn.

Before the opening of the concert Professor John Patten Marshall, head of the music departments of Boston University and Holy Cross College, will discuss the numbers by Haydn and Prokofieff, and during the intermission the numbers by Ravel and Loeffler. Professor Marshall will be assisted in the pianoforte illustrations by Margaret Starr McLain.

DAY OF CONTRASTS: PROKOFIEV TO HAYDN, LOEFFLER WITH RAVEL

Trans. ——— Oct. 22. 1927

WIDE SPANS MR. KOUSSEVITZKY'S PROGRAM

A Slender Symphony That Charmed—A Husky Ballet-Suite Misplaced—"Mother Goose," Sensuous and Wistful—"A Pagan Poem" Double-Charged

FOR the Symphony Concert of yesterday Mr. Koussevitzky made, seemingly, a program of contrasts. He divided the first half between a Symphony of Haydn in G major—from the set written in the seventeen-eighties for aristocratic concerts in Paris—and a Suite from Prokofiev's ballet of Soviet civilization, "The Dance of Steel," produced in Paris and London only last summer. Side by side he would place musical entertainment as the end of the eighteenth century enjoyed it, and musical entertainment as the first quarter of the twentieth practises it. Yet in one respect the contrast failed. Haydn's Symphony was admirably played. The strings, numerous as they were, kept lightness of tone and fleetness of pace at their finger-tips. The felicity of the wood-winds and horns in euphonies matched the sober richness of their song. The trumpets and drums were the instruments of emphasis that the musically mild-mannered eighteenth century liked to have them. The whole orchestra was a marvel of transparency, plasticity, elegance, as it has not been, with Haydn and Mozart, since Dr. Muck's time. Mr. Koussevitzky's pace and accent were apt, though he would dally over the slow movement. The performance, like the piece, charmed; the easy entertainment that the matinée audience craves between luncheon and tea, dropped like manna on its collective head. With its collective hand, it clapped a more than polite applause.

Beyond peradventure, the running figures and the square-toed tutti of the first movement were amusing to hear. The slow song of the second was smooth, round and mellow as an autumn apple. The minuet tapped out its rhythms. The finale was fleet, fanciful, gay. Haydn's workmanship was dexterous; his musi-

cal ideas flowed freely. Yet were they ideas in any just sense of the word? Forget the light-heeled measures of the first movement and their pretty tumbles into the tutti—and what remains? Beneath the mellow surfaces of the Largo there is hardly any core. The minuet is a tidbit—rhythmed; the finale, expert juggling, happy in lively turns. Elegant trifling for elegant listeners—and there, in this Symphony in G for the haut monde of Marie Antoinette's Paris, le Sieur Haydn stops. With piece and performance, the treatment is everything. If we must have ideas, on to Brahms the bearded.

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As the cynical fates would have it, the contrasting Prokofiev was in no better case. When "The Dance of Steel" was exhibited to Paris and London, "constructivist" settings filled the stage. Ascending platforms gave foothold to the mimes and dancers. We spectators saw—or fancied we saw—symbolic trappings that might befit a railway station; unmistakable trappings—wheels, belts, hammers—betokening a foundry. The company of Monsieur Diaghilev wore ragbag costumes in Part One; the rough dress of factory hands in Part Two. From moment to moment as much of it as was on the platforms, or before them, disported itself in angular, nervous, quasi-grotesque motion; else swung hammers or jerked levers as though to the manner stage-born. From its pit, resounding over the theater, the orchestra beat out Prokofiev's rhythms, strenuous and yet more strenuous. To a steely climax of din mounted hard-footed progressions. Or Prokofiev relaxed—as good Americans say—long enough to spin sharp-edged, jerky, rudely fantastical patterns, of which the kindred miming was born. Or he caught his breath in a folk-music, as it seemed dull-remembered. And nobody thought much more about him. For we were all as busy as the proverbial devil in a gale with efforts to absorb this reflex of what we were told was Soviet civilization, but which seemed much more like work and play under any pounding industrial régime. The job was not easy.

Yesterday, there were no stage, no "constructivism"—these new arts have a dialect of their own—no semaphores, no

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Monday Evening, October 24, 1927

For the benefit of Needy Russian Students in Europe, the United States and the Holy Land

Double-Bass Recital

BY

Serge Koussevitzky

With the Generous Assistance of

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RICHARD BURGIN, Violin
JEAN LEFRANC, Viola
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hammers and mauls, no Massine, Lifar and forty others at their miming, no groping among civilizations. The labels in the program-book signified next to nothing; the learned editor quoted from no description. In fine, there we were ear to mouth with Prokofiev's score and nothing else. And how sterile of musical ideas it sounded; how often it was pounding rhythms reiterated, strident progressions intensified, uncouth gestures grotesqued; the whole orchestra slamming out the last blow of resonance; "The Dance of Steel," hard and raucous, the din—above the weariness—of them that dance it. May be Soviet civilization, even mass-productive civilization, is like that. Far be it from the wanton chronicler of concerts to trespass upon the premises of statesmen and economists. A year ago, doubtless with reason, Mr. Koussevitzky put by a Suite from Mr. Carpenter's half-kindred ballet, "Skyscrapers," because he found the music monotonous and unmeaning when it was parted from the stage. Even so with the Suite, in the concert-hall, from "Le Pas d'Acier." In the one and the other, the action, the settings, the spectacle, as the French call it, is the vitalizing element.

To contrasts also ran the second half of the program. It began with Ravel's Suite of nursery and fairy pieces "Mother Goose"—music of exceeding grace and subtlety, permeated with the wistfulness of an adult mind when it returns to childish things and would have them source of creation in the arts. It ended with Mr. Loeffler's "Pagan Poem,"—music smoky and a-quiver with sorceries, and spells; surcharged as well with human dread and longing; haunted by the burden of the trumpets of incantation, the nostalgia of the English horn. And through the second part the contrast held, since the two pieces are assimilated only by a finesse of workmanship that shapes and considers every measure, sundry procedures in harmony and instrumental coloring that the ear now associates with the first ten years of the twentieth century. The deserts of the composers are equal; since dryness had not then overtaken Ravel, while Mr. Loffler stretches a broader canvas, paints with an ampler-brush, than is sometimes his symphonic wont. Merit, likewise, has crowned them. Twenty years and new tonal fashions dim neither "Ma Mère l'Oye" or "A Pagan Poem."

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SYMPHONY HALL :: :: BOSTON

Monday Evening, October 24, 1927

For the benefit of Needy Russian Students in Europe, the United States and the Holy Land

Double-Bass Recital

BY

Serge Koussevitzky

With the Generous Assistance of

RUDOLPH GANZ, Piano
RICHARD BURGIN, Violin
JEAN LEFRANC, Viola
JEAN BEDETTI, Violoncello
BERNARD ZIGHERA, Piano

cal ideas flowed fertile. Yet were they ideas in any just sense of the word? Forget the light-heeled measures of the first movement and their pretty tumbles into the tutti—and what remains? Beneath the r
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Often in the little Suite, Ravel gains a sensuous beauty that upon other pages eludes him or that, on further occasion, he deliberately eschews. The Pavane at the beginning pulses gently with it; the music of "The Fairy Garden" at the end, turns it glamorous and magical, the very spell and luxury of sound. For this was a garden whereof the beauty was thick and lush and suffocating. Ravel's humor—when fancy, not cynicism, tinges it—plays out of the music of the miniature Empress and her teetering court; again from the dialogue of gruff Beast and prattling Beauty. The wistfulness that penetrates the whole music, goes deepest in the journeyings of Hop o' My Thumb who found the way and lost it. Everywhere the aptness of the means gains exactly the desired end. Ravel in "Mother Goose" writes not only the note "juste" but the note inevitable; then in grace hides his pains. Yesterday, the orchestra was as fine-fingered and fine-lipped as he; but somehow the rhythm that is the humor of the pitti-patting court, again evaded Mr. Koussevitzky.

There are spells in "A Pagan Poem." The trumpets weave them into their refrain; the piano spins them. Out of uncanny measures sorcery distills. It is the re-proven play of Mr. Loeffler's hand and imagination over that which is macabre, phantasmal and, as the word went at the turn of the century, decadent. The composer of "Tintagiles." "The Devil's Round," the chamber-pieces for oboe, comes to fulfilment. More in "A Pagan Poem," the human fervors arrest and endure. The longing of the girl who pines for her lover, pines and remembers, sings out of the passages for English horn, bitter, sweet, dolorous. The whole orchestra may murmur and cry and throb with her desire. The trumpets forget their burden to shout her final elation—Daphnis comes! This Loeffler, of the humanities as well as the magics, is not yet too tight ensconced in Gregorian tones. It required the blessed St. Francis to release him, and we Bostonians have yet to hear his setting of the Canticle of the Sun.

H. T. P.

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Double-Bass Recital

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BERNARD ZIGHERA, Piano

THE PROGRAMME

FRANZ SCHUBERT:

"Forellen" Quintet, Variations and Finale

Piano: RUDOLPH GANZ
Violin: RICHARD BURGIN
Viola: JEAN LEFRANC
Violoncello: JEAN BEDETTI
Double-bass: SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY:

Concerto for double-bass
Allegro Andante Allegro
SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

INTERMISSION

FRANZ LISZT:

Two Legends:

a. St. Francis of Assisi: Sermon to the Birds
b. St. Francis of Paul: Walking on the Waves
RUDOLPH GANZ

MAX BRUCH:

"Kol Nidrei," Transcription for double-bass and piano by Serge Koussevitzky
SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

Accompanist for Serge Koussevitzky
BERNARD ZIGHERA

Mr. Ganz plays the Steinway
Mr. Zighera plays the Mason & Hamlin

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Mr. and Mrs. Ezekiel Van Noorden
Mrs. Hinkley Welch
Mrs. George Scott Winslow
Mrs. Roger Wolcott

SYMPHONY HALL - - MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 24

For the benefit of needy Russian students here and abroad

Recital by

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

Mr. Koussevitzky's First Public Recital in America upon the Double-Bass

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Mr. Koussevitzky, as a virtuoso performer on the double bass, was known in this country through the enthusiastic tributes paid to him in European cities before he determined to devote himself to the interpretation of orchestral music. He has been heard in this country as a virtuoso only once; at Brown University when he was awarded a degree. The news that he will play the double bass in Symphony Hall on Monday night, Oct. 24, has been received with joyful anticipation; by those who are not acquainted with the illustrious careers of Dragonetti, Bottesini and August Mueller, players of the double bass, with crriosity: They have not associated this instrument with recitals or with artistic playing except, possibly, in the matter of technical proficiency.

The father of Mr. Koussevitzky, an orchestral musician, intended his boy to follow a musical career. As a youngster he played in the orchestra of his town. He went to Moscow in 1878—he was then 14 years old—entered the music school of the Moscow Philharmonic Society where he studied the double bass under Rambauschek.

Vladimir Dubinsky, a violoncellist and teacher in New York contributed an interesting article to the New York Times of Nov. 23, 1924 apropos of Mr. Koussevitzky's first appearance in that city as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Dubinsky was a pupil of the Moscow Imperial Conservatory at the time the young Koussevitzky was studying the double-bass. The two became pals.

"He was a lovely chap," wrote Mr. Dubinsky, "amiable and congenial. He was also ambitious, energetic and determined in his decisions, but very modest about his ability as a musician. In my opinion no matter what instrument he studied, he would have attained the same great results that he reached on the bass viol."

As advanced students the two, on vacation, played in a symphonic orchestra at a sea shore resort on the Baltic near Riga. They used to practise together. "We would start with scales, go over to 'cello studies, and wind up with concertos. Koussevitzky would play along, keeping pace with the 'cello on the bass fiddle. There was no limitation for him. Listening to Koussevitzky, one would forget that he was playing a bass; it wasn't a bass at all, it was some instrument between a 'cello and a bass, of unusual beauty. He possessed everything that makes a great artist—tone, technical equipment, temperament, repose, a keen sense of rhythm, and fine conception."

There was a vacancy in the orchestra of the St. Petersburg Imperial Grand Opera. Koussevitzky made up his mind to enter the competition. The other applicants were mostly graduates of the local conservatory, while Koussevitzky was a stranger, unknown. Now let Mr. Dubinsky tell the story:

"The contest began. Koussevitzky was the first one called to play. Before he commenced he explained to the judges that he always tuned his instrument one tone higher than the customary pitch for the sake of brilliancy and clarity. But while Koussevitzky was tuning the instrument one of the jurors, who happened to be the professor for the bass department in the conservatory of St. Petersburg (later Petrograd and now Leningrad), stopped him, objecting to this unusual tuning as a trick. As I said before, Koussevitzky was very determined in his decisions. He immediately addressed the chairman of the jury, who overruled the objection, leaving to the artist the use of his instrument as he saw fit. When Koussevitzky had finished, there was spontaneous applause, against all rules, from audience as well as jury. Half the number of the contestants left the place, deciding not to compete at all. The position was awarded to Koussevitzky without much deliberation by every vote except, of course, the professor."

Having won the position, Koussevitzky refused to accept it, and for this reason. There was a different salary for each desk in the orchestra of the Imperial Opera. Some of the men played twice a week for the performances of the ballet, and thus received extra pay. The desk of the position to be taken by Koussevitzky was not supposed to play for the ballet. It was on this ground that he refused the position to the amazement of the administration.

"The Russian Imperial Theatre were offering to their musicians at that time a year's salary for about eight or nine months' service; a full pension after 20 years, or half-pension after 10 years of service; sick benefit; free education for the children of employees, and last but not least the title of Artist of Imperial Theatres, which was of no little significance in a country where division of classes existed as it did in Russia; this title meant a good deal for social and civil standing."

Koussevitzky took a similar position in the Moscow Court Theatre where his desk played for the ballet. He was soon advanced to the first desk as the leader of the double bass player of the Moscow Grand Opera. He succeeded his teacher at the Music School, but it was about 1896 that he became famous as a touring virtuoso, in Russia and other European countries, conspicuous for his "pure and noble style," to quote Boris de Schloezer, "and an impeccable technic." The orchestra attracted him. He went to Berlin and was in the conducting class under Nikisch at the High School. In 1909 he organized his own orchestra in Russia. (He had formed an orchestra from pupils at the High School, Berlin, in 1907.)

He has written a concerto and other compositions for the double bass.

His concert on Oct. 24 will be for the benefit of needy Russian students in Europe, the United States and the Holy Land.

Domenico Dragonetti, the Venetian double-bass player, who, born in 1768, died at London in 1846, never visited this country. A pupil of Berini, he played in his teens in the opera orchestras of Venice and at St. Mark's, and in Venice he composed concertos, sonatas, and other pieces for his instrument. From 1794 till his death he lived in London. For 52 years he and Lindley, the 'cellist, played at the same desk at the Opera, The Antient Concerts. The Philharmonic, The Provincial Festivals. He was intimate with Haydn in London; in Vienna he became acquainted with Beethoven. Very old he beaded the 13 double basses at the Beethoven festival in Bonn. Technical difficulties were unknown to him, but he was also distinguished for his extraordinary tone, his taste and judgment.

Giovanni Bottesini, celebrated double-bass virtuoso also an excellent conductor, composer of operas, quartets and many solo pieces and duets for his instrument, was born at Crena, Italy in 1822. He died in 1889 at Parma. His teacher at the Milan Conservatory was Luigi Rossi. Bottesini went to Havana in 1846 as principal double bass with an opera company conducted by his fellow pupil at Milan, Luigi Arditi. (There is a good portrait of Bottesini in Arditi's "Reminiscences.") This opera company came to the Howard Athenaeum, Boston, in April, 1847. Bottesini played solo pieces at the Saturday night concerts of the company, and astonished musicians and the general public by "Prodigies of Execution," on his three stringed double-bass. This instrument made by Testore, was of somewhat smaller size than the ordinary orchestra double bass; it was a basso da camera. Bottesini was famous for his "agility and strength of hand, dexterous use of the harmonics, purity of tone and intonation, perfect taste in phrasing."

An American jeweler made a cravat-pin of gold and oxydised silver, half man, half instrument. Bottesini's cravat represented the strings of the double-bass. The bow swept the cravat-strings. It was said that this pin-portrait was the best likeness of the man.

August Mueller of Darmstudt (1810-1867), also a celebrated virtuoso, composer of variations, was unknown here.

A. Torello, the leader for some seasons of the double basses of the Boston Opera Company played here as a soloist, on April 18, 1916 if not before that date.

Herald Oct. 16. 1927. P. H.

MANUSCRIPT

SERGE

KOUSSEVITZKY BOSTON

My dear Bostonians and other friends of New England:

My call is the cry of distress of twenty thousand young people, of twenty thousand poor, miserable students, who are in dire distress, yet are eager to study, greedy to learn, but unable to complete their education, if you will not help them.

You Americans, who know what work is, what science and knowledge mean, you who are touched by deserving charity; you will understand and help them.

You would suffer in the depths of your hearts if you got a glimpse of their gloomy lives. I have seen their sufferings, their dank and dismal lives, and at the same time their still strong longing for knowledge. It gave me the strength to work with this concert in view and, with a desire to produce the unusual, I began to study again an instrument which I had almost forgotten because of my other art.

I appeal to you with a cry. Come to this concert! It will be at Symphony Hall on Monday evening, October 24th. And remember that while receiving aesthetic enjoyment, you will be saving at the same time these young men and women.

That evening, conscious of man's duty toward man, you will proudly come, I am sure, to cause the light of knowledge to shine again in the dawn of these students. Think of the immense joy and peace you will bring to them by giving them the means to finish their studies.

My thanks are the thanks of twenty thousand unfortunate ones, whose hearts will now beat more strongly at the words, Boston, America!

Most cordially,

Serge Koussevitzky

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Oct. 25, 1924
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comparable ability as a player of the double bass crossed the Atlantic long before he came to dwell here as an orchestral conductor. Many of us had read the glowing tributes paid to him in European cities. These eulogies no longer seem exaggerated or fulsome. Showing a sense of proportion in Schubert's quintet, playing as one in ensemble, and not forcing for a moment his personality to the detriment of the performance, when he came to his solo numbers he was a virtuoso in the better sense of that abused word.

His illustrious predecessors, Dragonetti and Bottesini, wrote concertos besides other pieces for the double bass, but they have not been published unless within recent years. They, as Mr. Koussevitzky, used a basso da camera, and Dragonetti prided himself upon his two instruments, one a Gasparo da Solo, the other made by Stradivari, as Mr. Koussevitzky is justly proud of his Aamati.

Koussevitzky's concerto is not a mere show piece for vain display; it is thoughtfully conceived, carefully written, with melodic originality, without trivial details.

Nor is he remarkable merely for his unusual technical proficiency. His tone, now full and noble, is exquisitely beautiful as the music demands; the tone at once commands attention, impresses, haunts the memory; the tonal nuances are infinite. His great command of rhythm is known to the audiences of the Symphony concerts. Last night his phrasing was musical and eloquent. Without straining for effect, it was effective. In declamatory passages there was power with dignity; in lyric measures there was sustained and appealing song. The performance of a genius. And all was done so easily, so gracefully, without the arrogance that mars the performance of many singers, violinists, pianists.

Called in again and again after the impressive interpretation of Bruch's familiar "Kol Nidrei," Mr. Koussevitsky played a charming air by one of the Eccles family, famed in years long gone by for their chamber music.

The program contained this heartfelt acknowledgment from Mr. Koussevitzky:

"My generous friends:

"Your hearty response to those distressed students in whose behalf I have appealed to you, makes me happy.

"I am grateful, and to each one of you I give my thanks, also to bespeak the gratefulness of those who will benefit through your generosity."

(Signed)

"SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY."

SERGE

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$10,000 FOR NEEDY RUSSIAN STUDENTS

Herald ——— Dec. 2. 1927

Koussevitzky Distributes Concert Proceeds

Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has distributed $10,000 to needy Rusian students from the proceeds of the double-bass recital which he gave in Symphony hall on Oct. 24, according to an announcement last night. Two of the gifts were $500 to the committee for the education of Russian youth in exile and $1500 to students now in the Holy Land.

The third gift was one of $8000, and Mr. Koussevitzky yesterday received the following letter from Michael Federoff, president of the comite central de patronage de la Jeunesse Universitaire Russe, from Paris, in acknowledgement:

"Allow me to ask you to be our interpreter before the members of the general committee, the financial committee and all those who kindly accepted to patronize a noble deed for our great artist—his concert given on behalf of Russian students—as well as before the excellent artists who took part in this concert, and all the Bostonians who, on the 24th of October, attended it.

"The whole Russian colony abroad, the central committee of relief for Russian students, which has been constituted by it for all the European states, and the president of which I have the great honor to be, the Russian school youth—we all ask you to be spokesman before all those who in one or another way supported you in your generous action and to give them, in return, our heartiest Russian 'thank-you.'

"Your help came in a dreadful minute of our existence. Having to pay all at once and at a fixed date all the school fees of our students, unless they would not be admitted to continue their studies, we already feared for the success of all our previous efforts."

KOUSSEVITZKY IN RECITAL HERE

Herald ——— Oct. 25. 1927

Conductor of Symphony Plays Double Bass at Russian Benefit

GREAT AUDIENCE IS ENTHUSIASTIC

By PHILIP HALE

Sere Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston symphony orchestra, gave last evening in Symphony hall a double-bass recital for the benefit of needy Russian students in Europe, the United States and the Holy Land. He was assisted by Rudolph Ganz, piano; Richard Burgin, violin; Jean Lefranc, viola; Jean Bedetti, violoncello and Bernard Zighera, piano. The program was as follows: Schubert, "Forellen" quintet; Variations and Finde (Mr. Ganz, pianist); Koussevitzky, concerto for double bass (Mr. Koussevitzky); Liszt, Two Legends; St. Francis of Assisi; Sermon to the Birds; St. Francis of Paul: Walking on the Waves (Mr. Ganz, pianist); Bruch "Kol Nidrei," transcription for double-bass and piano by Mr. Koussevitzky. The hall was completely filled by a "representative" and enthusiastic audience.

The beautiful variations from Schubert's piano quintet were finely played by the accomplished artists, as was the finale with the occasional measures that show the Hungarian influence on the composer, an influence more fully revealed in his great C major symphony. Mr. Ganz gave a brilliant performance of Liszt's two Legends; not falling into the sentimentalism affected by some pianists when they come to the measures of the sermon; not overstepping the limit of true sonority in the stormy measures of the waves. His performance was much more than a display of technical proficiency; it was romantic, poetic and in the grand manner.

The fame of Mr. Koussevitzky's incomparable ability as a player of the double bass crossed the Atlantic long before he came to dwell here as an orchestral conductor. Many of us had read the glowing tributes paid to him in European cities. These eulogies no longer seem exaggerated or fulsome. Showing a sense of proportion in Schubert's quintet, playing as one in ensemble, and not forcing for a moment his personality to the detriment of the performance, when he came to his solo numbers he was a virtuoso in the better sense of that abused word.

His illustrious predecessors, Dragonetti and Bottesini, wrote concertos besides other pieces for the double bass, but they have not been published unless within recent years. They, as Mr. Koussevitzky, used a basso da camera, and Dragonetti prided himself upon his two instruments, one a Gasparo da Solo, the other made by Stradivari, as Mr. Koussevitzky is justly proud of his Aamati.

Koussevitzky's concerto is not a mere show piece for vain display; it is thoughtfully conceived, carefully written, with melodic originality, without trivial details.

Nor is he remarkable merely for his unusual technical proficiency. His tone, now full and noble, is exquisitely beautiful as the music demands; the tone at once commands attention, impresses, haunts the memory; the tonal nuances are infinite. His great command of rhythm is known to the audiences of the Symphony concerts. Last night his phrasing was musical and eloquent. Without straining for effect, it was effective. In declamatory passages there was power with dignity; in lyric measures there was sustained and appealing song. The performance of a genius. And all was done so easily, so gracefully, without the arrogance that mars the performance of many singers, violinists, pianists.

Called in again and again after the impressive interpretation of Bruch's familiar "Kol Nidrei," Mr. Koussevitsky played a charming air by one of the Eccles family, famed in years long gone by for their chamber music.

The program contained this heartfelt acknowledgment from Mr. Koussevitzky:

"My generous friends:

"Your hearty response to those distressed students in whose behalf I have appealed to you, makes me happy.

"I am grateful, and to each one of you I give my thanks, also to bespeak the gratefulness of those who will benefit through your generosity."

(Signed)

"SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY."

THE COMPOSER, THE VIRTUOSO, THE BENEFACTOR

MR. KOUSSEVITZKY IN THREE NEW PARTS

Return to His Earlier Instrument, the Double-Bass—A Concerto from His Own Pen and Other Pieces—Audience and Assistants—Evening of Revelation

Trans. ——Oct. 25. 1927.

MORE years ago than it is prudent to count, word arrived intermittently from Europe that "Mr. Serge Koussevitzky, the eminent Russian virtuoso of the double-bass," was about to make an American tour. Not until Monday, Oct. 24, 1927, did that tour begin—and end—in Boston; while by that time he was conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with the earlier career of "contre-bassiste" well behind him. As it proved, the tour was brief—confined to Symphony Hall and occupying only an hour and forty-five minutes. It was, besides, an act of grace. These many years Mr. Koussevitzky put by the double-bass as an instrument for public performance. Occasionally he played it to amuse himself; now and then, at some domestic fête, bade guests also listen; with it once made semi-private acknowledgment of an honorary degree received from Brown University. To the concert of yesterday a new-found, engrossing interest prompted him. He would have money to lighten the penury of Russian and Russo-Jewish students pursuing their tasks in Europe, Palestine and America. An exceptional concert at exceptional prices seemed the readiest means. He would again play the double-bass in public; take toll of the consequent curiosity among his loyal Bostonians; join their hands to his in relief of poverty. So conceived, so accomplished, with a fund that will exceed $10,000 awaiting the students, and these thanks returned upon a slip in the program:

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Not that the "assisting artists" were waived aside. Shaking their hands and patting their shoulders, Mr. Koussevitzky returned also the thanks of the audience. For the Variations and Finale from Schubert's "Forellen Quintet," in which the "contra-bassiste" was first heard, they were Messrs. Burgin, Bedetti and Lefranc from the first desks in the string choir; Mr. Rudolph Ganz, lately conductor in St. Louis, now returned to his profession of pianist. In Mr. Koussevitzky's Concerto and his transcription from Bruch's "Kol Nidrei," Mr. Zighera of the orchestra took the accompaniments, in just mingling of subordination, support and a lively sense of the piano as percussive and drastic instrument. Between whiles, Mr. Ganz, by himself, played two pieties—of the concert-hall—from the Abbé Liszt. In one, Saint Francis of Assisi preached Gregorianly in the bass; while the listening birds circled high and twittered clear in the treble. In the other Saint Francis de Paule walked rhythmically upon the waves, whereupon they ceased their billowing chromatics and other pianistic tumults. Mr. Ganz plays Liszt lucidly; stages him effectively. It would not be the truth to say that the performance of the fragments from Schubert's Quintet either charmed or impressed. In fact the ensemble seemed now to look to Mr. Burgin, again to follow Mr. Koussevitzky, then to give Mr. Ganz the lead.

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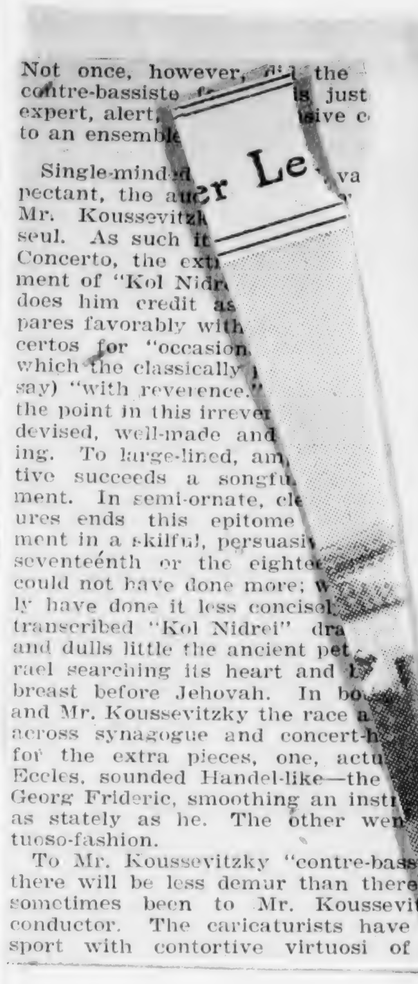

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Serge Koussevitzky

October 24, 1927

Fourth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 28, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 29, at 8.15 o'clock

Handel . . . . . Concerto Grosso in D minor for String Orchestra, Op. 6, No. 10

I. } Overture.
II. } Allegro.
III. Air.
IV. Allegro moderato.

Honegger . . . . Incidental Music to D'Annunzio's "Fedra"

Prelude to Act II — Imprécation de Thesée — Prelude to Act III.

(First performance in concert form)

Ravel . . . . . Orchestral Excerpts from "Daphnis et Chloé," Ballet (Second Suite)

Lever du Jour — Pantomime — Danse Générale

Tchaikovsky . . . . Symphony No. 4 in F minor, Op. 36

I. Andante sostenuto; moderato con anima. (In movimento di valse.)
II. Andantino in modo di canzona.
III. Scherzo; pizzicato ostinato: Allegro.
IV. Finale: Allegro con fuoco.

STEINWAY PIANO USED

There will be an intermission before the symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898.—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators, it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.

Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

THE COMPOSER OF "PACIFIC 231":
ARTHUR HONEGGER,
the French Musician, Who Announced Recently That He Is Writing a Symphony Describing a Rugby Football Game.
(Times Wide World Photos, Paris Bureau.)

SYMPHONY IN FOURTH CONCERT

Herald Oct. 29, 1927

Handel's Concerto Grosso, D Minor, Leads the Program

ORCHESTRA TO GO WEST NEXT WEEK

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, gave the fourth concert of its 47th season yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Handel Concerto Grosso, D minor, op. 6, No. 10, Honegger, incidental music to d'Annunzio's "Fedra," Ravel, Second Suite from the ballet, "Daphno's et Chloe," Tchaikovsky, Symphony, F minor, No. 4.

The little suite from Honegger's music for the Italian's tragedy was played as a whole for the first time in this country. Apart from its dramatic significance it was interesting music. The opening measures charged with languorous longing with its effect on a hearer who might not have known the old Greek story recalled the music made by the brown and squatting people heard by Cohet in "Gallion's Reach," if "wood-wind" were substituted for "stringed": "They made on stringed instruments improbable music of a tenuous appeal which was heard by a part of his mind of which he knew nothing." And such is the "impressionistic" music of many ultra-modern composers. What a contrast is this second prelude to the feverish, raging passion of Massenet's overture to Racine's "Phedre." According to those who have seen or read d'Annunzio's tragedy, Racine's heroine is by far the nobler woman, the victim of revengeful Venus, while d'Annunzio's lusts for her step-son and glories in her lust till he is slain in consequence of her false accusation. Honegger wrote his incidental music for d'Annunzio's tragedy with a view to the performance at Rome last year by a French company, headed by the extraordinary Ida Rubinstein. Of the music heard here yesterday that for the Curse of Theseus, his appeal to Neptune, has the most tragic intensity. The appeal of the first fragment heard is exotic, probably designed to prepare the spectator for the scene to come, atmospheric no doubt, but to borrow Tomlinson's adjective quoted above. The appeal is "tenuous." The chief charm of this music is its "improbability." The hearer is tempted to exclaim: "How curious!" He wonders if Honegger tried to suggest a Grecian feeling, though the perverse d'Annunzio is anything but Greek in his treatment of incest as a dramatic theme. The Greeks and Fate are revealed to us when we hear Gluck's noble, pathetic, relentless overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis."

The other numbers of the program were familiar, as far as the notes were concerned, but they were made fresh and eloquent by Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretation and the brilliant performance of the orchestra. First was the concerto of the giant Handel; composed as if for some stately ceremony, some solemn feast, or for some great popular rejoicing over a triumph of arms. Even in the formulas of his period, he is a superb personage; his "airs" breathe a religious spirit that is above and beyond the creeds and rituals.

Ravel's music does not suffer materially by its transference to the concert hall. The music is beautiful, also intoxicating in its tumultuous joy, without any necessary thought of Daphnis or Chloe, of what is happening to them on the stage, or of the reason why the ballet as a whole should exhibit Bacchantic delight.

As for Tchaikovsky's fourth Symphony, it is a thrilling personal document; for in his often cited description of this symphony in his letter to Mme. von Meck he tells how he wishes to express in tones his own view of life, his attitude towards the world and his fellowmen. What if he does shriek in his unhappiness, in his despair? Better this shriek than the unmanly whine of Grahms, a dismal I. J. Kemmy in doleful dumps. To us this is the one of Tchaikovsky's symphonies that best bears frequent repetition; the one that is apparently the most spontaneous, the most direct in its disclosure of feelings and emotions. It seems to be the one that is of the Russian soil and air; one that could not have been written except by a Russian who had not gone to Germany or France in his search after strange gods.

The audience was justly most enthusiastic.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week the orchestra will give concerts in the middle West, going as far as Chicago and Detroit. The program for Nov. 11 and 12 is as follows: Cimarosa-Malipiero, Five Orchestral Pieces. Sibelius, Symphony, E flat major, No. 5. Wagner, Bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser." Liszt, The Dance in the Village Tavern (Maphisto Waltz).

SYMPHONY PROGRAM IS MOST VARIED

Pieces From 'Fedra' Heard First Time Here

Globe —— Oct 29. 1927.

Tchaikovsky Symphony, Ravel Suit, Handel Concerto Grosso

Mr Koussevitzky chose a varied program for yesterday's Symphony concert, one of those miscellanies of ill-assorted numbers which are the despair of listeners who hold that programs should have some sort of imaginative unity. It included three movements from Handel's Concerto Grosso in D minor; two fragments from Honegger's incidental music for d'Annunzio's "Fedra," orchestral excerpts from Ravel's ballet "Daphnis et Chloe," and Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony.

The program book listed the Honegger excerpts as "Prelude to Act 2," "Imprecation de Thesee," and "Prelude to Act 3," but there was only two excerpts given, so presumably the "Prelude to Act 3 was not played. The "Prelude to Act 2" was performed in New York by the Symphony Society in December, 1926, the "Imprecation" which, as curses should be, is brief, was apparently played yesterday for the first time in concert. It loses much of its dramatic quality in the concert hall.

Little Masterpiece

The "Prelude to Act 2" of "Fedra" is, however, a little masterpiece of dramatic and emotional music. Phaedra's tortured musings on her guilty passion are suggested to the listener with that generalising power which is the dignity of tragedy. Honegger's music is not heavily scored. There is no frenzy of sound and fury. But every measure is full of meaning.

One wondered why Mr Koussevitzky saw fit to omit part of the Handel Concerto Grosso, which has five movements, though but three were played. He took the slow movement, an air with the somewhat ambiguous direction "lento" so slowly that it sounded more like a musing improvisation than a melody. Surely this cannot be what Handel intended. Yet it made a romantic emotional effect. This time the continuo for harpsichord of the original was played on a piano instead of being omitted, as Mr Koussevitzky has often done in such pieces. The piece illustrated admirably the virtuosity of the strings in the orchestra.

The interpretation of the second suite of fragments from Ravel's "Daphnis et Chole" was eloquent. One regretted the omission of the chorus of mixed voices, and the substitution of the orchestral variants in the score written by Ravel "in order to facilitate production in certain minor centers." Is Boston a "minor center"?

If the first half of the concert seemed a curious and confusing series of bits of this and that work which were better heard in its original version, or not at all, a brilliant performance of Tchaikovsky's familiar and popular symphony made amends. Mr Koussevitzky excels in Tchaikovsky's music more than any other conductor known to the present writer. It takes a Russian to interpret Tchaikovsky, who was after all Russian to the core.

Melodic Inspiration

One wondered yesterday why it has been a recent critical fashion to contrast the eclectic music of Tchaikovsky with that of the over-praised Russian "nationalist" composers Rimsky-Korsakoff, Borodin, Musorgsky and others. Surely this F minor symphony is far more Russian musically as well as imaginatively than such things as the garden scene in "Boris Godunov" or than such operas of Rimsky-Korsakoff as "The Betrothed of the Czar."

Music is after all an art in which nationality counts for far less than many suppose. Composers can and do seek melodic inspiration and rhythmic suggestion in the popular music, the "folk music" of their native lands. But they necessarily for any work in large form rely chiefly upon the common heritage of civilized musicians, the works of the great masters in every land.

The real objection to Tchaikovsky is not that he is not a true Russian. It is that his music lacks both refinement and nobility.

The orchestra goes on a Western tour next week. The program announced for the next pair of Boston concerts, Nov 11 and 12, includes Malipiero's "Cimarosiana," Sibelius' Fifth Symphony, the "Bacchanale" from Wagner's "Tannhauser" and Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz." P. R.

STRINGS OF SYMPHONY SET A PACE

Post —— Oct. 29. 1927.

Fourth Concert Brings Out Feats of Virtuosity

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Tomorrow the Symphony Orchestra starts a brief tour that will bring it to six mid-western cities. Accordingly for the past week Mr. Koussevitzky has been engaged less in exploring the repertory than in polishing and perfecting his instrument through the medium of familiar music, and the concert of yesterday yielded only one novel item, two fragments from Honegger's incidental music to d'Annunzio's drama "Fedra."

GLORIOUS STRING CHOIR

Since the string choir is one of the chief glories of the present Symphony Orchestra Mr. Koussevitzky used yesterday as vehicle for the display of its more substantial virtues a Concerto Grosso of Handel, that in D minor, No. 10, a piece intrinsically less interesting than certain of its 11 companions, notably the one in B minor that Mr. Koussevitzky resurrected last season. To the performance of it, however, the strings could bring breadth and body, weight or suppleness, clear articulation and songful suavity. And that was enough.

But modern composers exact of strings feats of virtuosity of which Handel never dreamed, and violins, violas and 'cellos were yesterday put through far swifter paces in the second suite from Ravel's ballet "Daphnis and Chloe" and in the Fourth Symphony of Tchaikovsky. In Ravel's music the violins tossed off figures that were as jets of spray in the sunlight; in the furiously rushing sixteenths of Tchaikovsky's Finale they fairly smoked.

In Ravel and Tchaikovsky, too, woodwind and brass had their innings, not to mention the percussion; and each section rose nobly to whatever opportunity was offered it. As to the relative place of "Daphnis and Chloe" in music of Ravel or to that of the Fourth Symphony in the music of Tchaikovsky there may be more than one opinion. The astounding brilliant of the performance of these pieces yesterday was open to no question. That the performance of the Finale of the symphony did little to redeem it from the frequent reproach of vulgarity is matter aside. Here Mr. Koussevitzky gave the composer frenzy for frenzy, din for din, and the audience responded warmly, applauding it to the echo as it had already applauded the suite of Ravel.

In the midst of so much glitter and spectacle the restrained, sober, almost austere music of Honegger shone or paled by comparison according to the ears with which one heard it. No doubt these two preludes represent the composer of "King David" and "Pacific 231" not so much burning with the fires of creation as diligently and scrupulously executing a commission. Nevertheless Honegger is one who speaks always with a voice that must be heeded. He is that rare phenomenon, a modernist composer who has something to say.

Boston Symphony Plays Honegger's "Fedra" Suite

Monitor —— Oct. 29. 1927.

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, gave the first of its fourth pair of concerts for the season in Symphony Hall, Boston, yesterday afternoon, with this program:

Handel—Concerto Grosso in D minor for string orchestra, Op. 6 No. 10
Honegger—Incidental Music to D'Annunzio's "Fedra"
Ravel—Second Suite from "Daphnis et Chloé"
Tchaikovsky—Symphony No. 4 in F minor

According to the program book, the Honegger excerpts, "as connected," were played yesterday for the first time in concert form, though the prelude to Act II was performed

by the Symphony Society of New York last December, when Walter Damrosch presented a program of "Modern Music, Pleasant and Unpleasant."

How many of the fragments listed did Mr. Koussevitzky play yesterday? As reduced from the number originally announced for the concert, the program promised us "prelude to Act II—Imprécation de Thesée—Prelude to Act III." Did this indicate three sections? And were both the second and the third played? If so, they were so like as to be indistinguishable.

The music we heard, whatever it was, will not lead to radical revision of the rules of composition. The first section, presumably depicting Fedra in her sun-bath, was atmospheric in the best French tradition. What followed contained certain effects in the brass which were derived from jazz. But only derived—Gershwin would do it better. It is possible that the music would be of great assistance to the action for which Honegger wrote it.

Ravel, robustious for once in this ballet, followed refreshingly. The reading was poetic and spirited, and the performance glorified the superb orchestration.

The Handel was again a vehicle for display of the strings; but once more a slow movement proved a pitfall for the conductor. After the Air had dragged through its course and faded lingeringly into silence, the Finale was turned off at prodigious speed. The expertness and responsiveness of the orchestra are doubtless a temptation to the conductor to show it off. It is pleasanter to see this virtuosity devoted to higher ends.

Tchaikovsky, if he could hear Koussevitzky's rendering of his Fourth Symphony, might perhaps admire it more than ever. On the other hand, he might say. "Well, now, really, after all, I think I'd stop short of that!"

L. A. S.

MIND OF RAVEL, VOICE OF HANDEL, SOUL OF CHAIKOVSKY

Journal. — Oct. 29. 1927

THREE COMPOSERS IN CONTRAST ARRAYED

Mr. Koussevitzky Prepares for a Western Journey—Repertory Pieces Played to the Full — A Word About Musical Values — Honegger Intruding and Abridged

YES: the Symphony Orchestra is in excellent form for its Western journey. Tested yesterday, in three of the pieces to be included in its baggage, it came through the trial to the full satisfaction of the matinée audience at home. No doubt, the Chicagoans, who will hear them all and who are the pivot of the impending "trip," will be duly impressed. Possibly, in their ears these chosen numbers will sound more freshly than they did on a midsummer afternoon to the habitués of Symphony Hall. Among Mr. Koussevitzky's ancients, Handel's abridged Concerto Grosso in D minor has become repertory piece. The Suites from Ravel's ballet, "Daphnis and Chloë"—the second was played on Friday—have been such these ten years; while the present conductor has restored Chaikovsky's Symphonies to their quondam frequency (The Fourth, in F minor, was the climax of yesterday's concert.) The more familiar a given music, the better is it liked by the matinée audience, especially when the composer presents such unassailable credentials as those of Handel, Ravel and Chaikovsky. Where be your Prokofiev, your Honegger, your Schönberg, the now? They disturb the musical peace, whereas the Concerto, the Suite, the Symphony, glided like full-laden ships over the summer seas—the weather warrants the figure—of musical entertainment. Therefore a summer tempest of clapping at the end of Ravel's "General Dance," warmths for the upswelling periods of Handel, the tautest of listening to Chaikovsky's self-revelation, broken by a gust of unrestrainable applause at the close of the first movement.

Conductor and orchestra amply deserved these "appreciations." The excerpts from "Daphnis and Chloë" are an unabatable marvel of harmonic and instrumental color, now massed and resplendent as in the finale, again subtilized and half-tinted as on many a preceding page. The hands and the lips of the players, the ear of the conductor, were quick to every shading; while he propelled the three excerpts with unflagging sense of the enhancing pace, the animating rhythm. Nor is Mr. Koussevitzky to be denied when he passes to Chaikovsky. There are conductors who would cloak what they believe the poverty of his symphonic structure, the obviousness of his instrumental melodies. They would also hold in more modest check his emotional candors and (as they call them) excesses. Musically poised themselves, they are ill at ease with a musical neurotic.

Not so Mr. Koussevitzky, blushing never a blush for his fellow-Slav, spurning the veils that these others would interpose. Rather, he plies every whip and spur of performance. A significant and characteristic "subject" is about to enter. The conductor opens, prepares, well-nigh decorates, the way. It sounds, returns, waxes into melody. Sympathetically, Mr. Koussevitzky models every contour; as urgently intensifies the mood. Chaikovsky riots, as in the Finale; while conductor and orchestra drive rhythms, leap intervals, swell sonorities. The ghost-haunted Andantino flickers and flutters away. The strings hold the thread; the woodwinds stir these wisps of tones. A little farther, and conductor and orchestra are thundering forth "the Fate Theme" like Judgment Day. Wagner bade his orchestra at Baireuth be actors in "The Ring." Mr. Koussevitzky, convinced himself—as Dr. Muck and Mr. Monteux never were—conjures his players into so many Chaikovskys, excitable and excited.

Watch an audience in Boston, New York, London—for outside Russia Chaikovsky flourishes most in Anglo American concert -halls—as it sits under one of his Symphonies. There is no doubting its response—possibly, and not to write cynically, because both the music and the mood are always obvious. There is no mistaking Chaikovsky's themes. Once heard, they write themselves upon the least-tutored ear and imagination. Almost as easy to follow are the interplay, the contrasts, the conflicts, from these developed. Chaikovsky is no subtle stylist with progressions and colorings. Saliency is his will and skill. On the side of emotion, conveyed and reciprocated, design and content are as plain.

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Ravel, robustious for once in this ballet, followed refreshingly. The reading was poetic and spirited, and the performance glorified the superb orchestration.

The Handel was again a vehicle for display of the strings; but once more a slow movement proved a pitfall for the conductor. After the Air had dragged through its course and faded lingeringly into silence, the Finale was turned off at prodigious speed. The expertness and responsiveness of the orchestra are doubtless a temptation to the conductor to show it off. It is pleasanter to see this virtuosity devoted to higher ends.

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L. A. S.

MIND OF RAVEL
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Trans. — O

THREE COMPOSERS IN ARRAYED

Mr. Koussevitzky Prepares ern Journey—Repertory P to the Full — A Word cal Values — Honegger In Abridged

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Chaikovsky knew no reticences; as frank are responsive thrills. Played as Mr. Kous vitzky and the orchestra now play him, he is an instantly understandable symphonist, a temperament that bids all within ear-shot to his soul-searchings in tones. His devotees, like the chorus in Handel's oratorio, know "pious orgies."

Handel, however, and Ravel, a century and a half after him, write a purer musical stuff. The pleasure of yesterday's Concerto Grosso is the pleasure of a pattern woven in musical sound upon ear and mind—the play of the counterpoint that spins it; the unfolding, variation and embrodiery of the design; the rhythmic impulse, the broadening and deepening of the texture, the rounding of the course. To it Handel, and such a performance as that of Friday, joins the pleasure of the transmitting tone—the stride of the strings in unisons, their singing voices, diminished, swelled, parted, fused through a long-breathed melody, their crispness and brightness when speed and accent are the word; their dignity and sonority en masse, their pungency choir by choir, their plasticity when the musical line darts from group to group. Heated and fussed, Chaikovsky poured out his soul on music-paper. Cool and collected, Handel arrays upon it the power, the beauty, of abstract sound.

Strip Ravel's excerpts of titles and subtitles; treat the ballet-scenario as nonexistent; call the whole a Suite in whatever key the first division begins. The music would still seize the ear, lay hold upon the imagination. From beginning to end Ravel mates qualities—mates and contrasts them. Ardor propels clarity; imagination wings precision. Measure directs fertility; sweep gives way to subtlety. The end is splendor; along the way goes suggestion. As absolute music, the Suite has integrity and vitality, individual substance and manner. It i parts mood; evokes atmosphere. And all these "effects" can remain intrinsically musical. At the other extreme from Chaikovsky, Ravel, sitting down to music-paper, prefers his mind to his soul —and takes the consequences.

Among these repertory pieces, Mr. Koussevitzky slipped two numbers from the incidental music with which Honegger obliged Mme. Ida Rubinstein in the brief day through which she acted Phædra in d'Annunzio's like-named tragedy. The piece failed; her own acting was coldly viewed; by the evidence of yesterday, the composer has added hardly a leaf to his laurels. As it seems, Honegger can play, at times, the journalist in music, taking whatever job comes his way, doing his best with it. Once it happened to

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YES: the Symphony C in excellent form fo ern journey. Tested in three of the piece cluded in its baggage, it can the trial to the full satisfact matinée audience at home. the Chicagoans, who will hea and who are the pivot of the "trip," will be duly impressed. In their ears these chosen nu sound more freshly than they midsummer afternoon to the h Symphony Hall. Among Mr. K zky's ancients, Handel's abridge to Grosso in D minor has beco tory piece. The Suites from Ra let, "Daphnis and Chloë"—th was played on Friday—have b these ten years; while the pre ductor has restored Chaikovsk phonies to their quondam freque Fourth, in F minor, was the c yesterday's concert.) The more a given music, the better is it the matinée audience, especiall the composer presents such una credentials as those of Handel, R Chaikovsky. Where be your Pr your Honegger, your Schönbe now? They disturb the musical whereas the Concerto, the Suite, t phony, glided like full-laden ships summer seas—the weather warra figure—of musical entertainment. fore a summer tempest of clapping end of Ravel's "General Dance," w for the upswelling periods of Hand tautest of listening to Chaikovsky revelation, broken by a gust of strainable applause at the close first movement.

CANDY FA

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be choruses, interludes and set pieces for a friend's Biblical play and out of them unfolded the many-voiced "symphonic psalm" which is "King David." Little modernist music excels it in vigor, variety and abundance of accomplishment. With Mme. Rubinstein's commismission, Honegger is no more than ready, diligent, appropriate.

Prelude to Act. II.: As the Mediterranean sun blazes without, devouring the air, so at Phædra's heart gnaws and burns her passion for Hippolytus. Honegger writes a short-phrased, sharp-rhythmed, shrill-voiced music. It is restless, writhing, possessed. Or it is hot-breathed and glaring. Modernistic means give it accent and savor. Brief as it is, and played, virtually, by a theater orchestra, Honegger's habitual incisiveness gains the end. The job is well, if not notably, done. Briefer still is the cry of Theseus to Poseidon for vengeance upon Hippolytus his son. There are barbaric clangors, "King-David" like; there is stark and resonant declamation. So Rameau might have written had he composed dramatic music in the twentieth, not the eighteenth century. There Mr. Koussevitzky stayed his hand, omitting three of the five divisions in which Honegger assembled his Suite. It was neither just nor generous so to abridge a composer high out of the ruck. From such fragments who knows what he really accomplished with this music to "Phædra?" If the Suite were worth playing at all, it should have been played complete and in order. There is not a length in it.

H. T. P.

CONCERT-CHRONICLE

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None the less, it is unfortunate—especially for the composer—that Mr. Koussevitzky, having a Suite in hand, cannot decide, well beforehand, what divisions he will finally choose. In the program-book of October 21-22, we listeners read that at the next pair of concerts we should hear the Suite from Honegger's incidental music to d'Annunzio's play, "Phædra," viz.: Prelude to Act 1., Procession of Suppliants, Prelude to Act II., Theseus's Imprecation, Prelude to Act III. In the program-book of last Friday and Saturday, the Suite had shrunk to the Prelude to Act. II., Theseus's Imprecation, Prelude to Act III. In the actual concerts, only two numbers were played. By word of the program-book the first was plainly the Prelude to the Second Act; the other might be either of the listed two. Inquiring, the reviewer for the Transcript was told that it was Theseus's Imprecation—and wrote accordingly. Doing likewise, the reviewer for the Post was informed that it was the Prelude to Act III. And there you are—hardly to the profit of intelligent hearing or intelligent reviewing. It is true that the actual performance of a symphonic piece may fail to bear out the impression received from the printed page: but Mr. Koussevitzky should make this test—at least mentally—before, and not after, he hands down a program. Decidedly it was not a fortunate week-end for Monsieur Arthur Honegger.

H. T. P.

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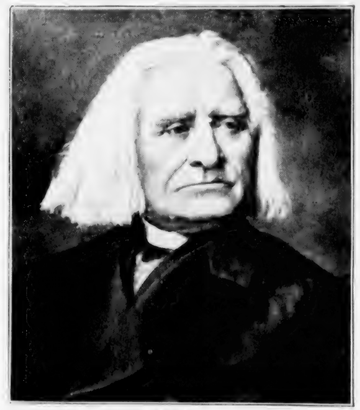

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SYMPHONY IN FIFTH CONCERT

Sibelius, Cimarosa, Liszt, Malipiero and Brahms on Program

FIRST APPEARANCE SINCE WESTERN TOUR

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, having returned from a brilliantly successful tour of the middle West—the eulogistic reviews published in the newspapers of Chicago were printed in The Boston Herald of Thursday—gave its fifth concert of the season yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Malipiero, Cimarosiana: Five Orchestral Pieces by Cimarosa, reorchestrated; Sibelius, Symphony No. 5, E flat major; Liszt, Mephisto Waltz; Brahms, Variations on a Theme by Haydn.

The Variations were substituted for the Bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser," which had been announced. Thus Mr. Koussevitzky preferred the "lilies and languors of virtue" to the "roses and raptures of vice."

"Cimarosiana" had been announced for the concerts of Oct. 14, 15. The orchestral parts did not arrive in time, and so the performance yesterday was the first in the United States. The little pieces are not excerpts from some of Cimarosa's 80 odd operas, but it is said were found among old manuscripts in the library of the Naples conservatory of music; two of the movements were taken from a cantata; three were arranged only for the piano; the other two were for strings and clarinet.

The lively movements are delightful in their unabashed gaiety; the fourth is beautiful in its melodious simplicity, an appealing air, with a touch of gentle melancholy that makes the melody the more engaging. Malipiero is too fine an artist to modernize for the orchestra this old music, or to corrupt its innocence. Not long ago Mr. Casella wrote in praise of the light-hearted Rossini, and wished that his countrymen of today would catch the spirit of the early Italians, as Cimarosa, Paesiello and writers of opera buffa; but these are vexed and troublous times; even the young composers write in doleful dumps and shun the obvious, especially when they have not the melodic gift; or to be gay, they raise an orchestral rumpus, in which mirth is vulgar. "Cimarosiana" pleased the audience greatly. It will well bear more than one hearing.

In spite of measures that seem superfluous in the scherzo section of the symphony by Sibelius, too long-drawn-out chatter arriving apparently at no conclusion; as those who are afraid of silence and their own thoughts talk continuously and at random, the symphony as a whole is a nobly individual work. No woman, no thought of woman disturbs Sibelius's musical landscape. Here is music that without asceticism, without dry austerity, is wholly free from sensuousness. The symphony might be called a Finnish epic inspired by the remembrance of sagas, or as if Sibelius had heard "ancestral voices prophesying war." His technical skill is shown abundantly, but when all that can be said of a musical work is that it is well-made and sincere, that work is damned beyond redemption. Sibelius is never dull in this symphony, for the scherzo's chatter to which we have referred holds the attention of the hearer by causing him to wonder when it will stop. The movement that follows, with its pattern ever taking new shapes, is of absorbing interest. In the Finale, perhaps the most impressive portion of the work, this man of northern blood introduces a long, sweeping, poignant melody that might have come from Verdi; indeed, it recalls the despairing and recurring cry of Violetta in the third act of "La Traviata," by the intensity of its feeling and the form of the expression. Mr Koussevitzky gave a sympathetic, eloquent interpretation. He prepared the climax of the stirring and grand peroration in a masterly manner, while in the other movements the reading abounded in finesse, in noteworthy nuances. And what a superb orchestra he has to carry out his wishes!

He conducted the Mephisto waltz with amazing verve. It was a pleasure to hear again this demoniacally sensual music. Woman was constantly disturbing Liszt's musical landscape as well as his life; in this "Dance in the Village Tavern" he is pleasingly and artistically erotic. It is the fashion in certain quarters to sneer at Liszt. His music has been neglected here of late, except by pianists. The "Psalm," performed at a Symphony concert some time ago showed him at its worst, and the last performance of the "Faust" symphony was somewhat disappointing. One would like to hear "Mazeppa" conducted by Mr. Koussevitzky. Hearing the "Mephisto Waltz," one was reminded of the great debt that Wagner, Saint-Saens, Cesar Franck, the Russians, and even contemporaneous French composers owed and owe to Liszt.

There are few conductors who could have succeeded so admirably as Mr Koussevitzky in the interpretation of four so radically different compositions as those that were on the program yesterday.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Mozart, Symphony, E flat major (K. 543). Martinu, "La Bagarre" (first performance). Bloch, Three Jewish Poems (Dance, Ritual, Funeral Procession). Strauss, "Don Juan."

BOSTON SYMPHONY BROADCAST TONIGHT

Work by Sibelius to Feature Evening's Program

Sibelius's Fifth Symphony will be the feature on this evening's program by the Boston Symphony orchestra, which will go on the air at 8:10 from Westinghouse stations WBZ-WBZA. Works by this great Finnish master are always interesting with their characteristic northern bleakness and melancholy.

The season's concerts are presented through the courtesy of W. S. Quimby of La Touraine coffee and tea, whose slogan is "You might as well have the best."

Serge Koussevitzky, symphony conductor, who this week brought the orchestra back from its first concert tour of the season, will hold the baton tonight. Aidan Redmond, chief WBZ-WBZA announcer, will present the program from the Symphony hall studios.

The famous "Mephisto Waltz" or "The Dance in the Village Tavern," a musical scene by Franz Liszt from the second episode of Lenau's "Faust," is included in tonight's broadcast from Symphony hall. It introduces motif depicting the diabolic machinations of Mephistopheles at a dance in the village inn. Closing the program is Brahms' "Variations on a Theme by Hayon."

Prof. John Patten Marshall, head of the music departments of Boston University and Holy Cross College, will talk on the music at the opening of the concert and again at intermission. He will be assisted by Margaret Starr McLain, pianist.

FROM CIMAROSA UNTO SIBELIUS, WITH INCIDENTS

LIVELY AFTERNOON AT SYMPHONY HALL

Trans. Nov. 12, 1927.

The Audience Hails a Piece Six Years Ago Rejected—For the First Time This Season a Slack Performance — Italian Trifle, Liszt on the Symphonic Stage, Music Like No Other

ONLY in the final number, at the Symphony Concert, did the cloven hoof appear. The usual hunters were on the prowl; but until the orchestra passed to Brahms's Variations—the familiar set on the theme out of Haydn—they went balked. As perhaps half the audience remembered, conductor and band had made a Western journey. On seven successive days they had undertaken as many concerts. Not until Monday evening last had they returned. Consequently the usual period of rehearsal was lessened; while the concert in Cambridge on Thursday had resembled a répétition générale in the discreet middle distances beyond the Charles. Sundry frequenters of Symphony Hall mislike these "trips." as the program-book out of old precedent calls them. They merely waive the suggestion that the treasury and the prestige of the orchestra require them. Even when they extend no farther than New York, the objectors shake mistrustful heads. In their opinion any and all journeys out of this sacred city diminish for the while the quality of the orchestra and the morale of the conductor. Both have been overtaxed; for recovery time is essential —usually a fortnight. During that purgatorial period the doubters listen narrowly. One slip from the obscurest chair and their case is proved. Should all concerned seem listless for so much as five minutes out of ninety, then is it clinched.

Yet through Malipiero's "Cimarosiana," Sibelius's Fifth Symphony, Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz," these peevish hearers strained ears in vain. Conductor and orchestra exhibited their usual form. Rich was the tone, especially in the woodwinds, through the Italian piece; rhythmic life variously animated it; Italianate was the warm phrasing of the slow song. Sibelius's Symphony is admittedly taxing. It contains up-surging climaxes; pages in which the strings and the woodwinds are exactingly and changefully mated; transitions trying to the hands or lips that make them as well as to hearing ears. Yet the orchestra could hardly have played a difficult music with more suppleness, surety and freedom. Neither in solo, nor in ensemble, measures did the performance of the "Mephisto Waltz" fall short. Seemingly the hunters must go home empty-handed, since Mr. Koussevitzky and the players were equally on the alert. Then, out of the repertory slipped Brahms's Variations for final piece. Possibly, under the pressure of Sibelius's Symphony and the new "Cimarosiana," they had been little rehearsed. As it was, the performance lacked crispness, brightness, animation, contrast. Through the middle variations it was downright slack; through the first few, perfunctory and gradually sagging; only in the Grazioso, the Presto and the Finale was it clean, resilient, alive, musically full turned. Below themselves, for the first time this season were conductor and orchestra. "I told you so" said the dislikers of "trips" bidding their chauffeurs make speed that the sooner they might be chattering over tea-tables.

Howsomever, as English children say in the slow speech of the countryside, the chosen pieces prevailed. For pleasure it was not essential to track down the pages of Cimarosa, now rescored by Malipiero. Even the learned editor of the program-book pursued them through no more than a paragraph. Suffice it that the melodies are warm and transparent, ripening quickly, as melodies are prone to do under Italian hands; that the rhythms become at will light and tripping; that Cimarosa knew both graces and dexterities, wore an ingratiating manner in the concert-room and doubtless elsewhere. Rescoring each piece in obviously Italian fashion, Malipiero five times gains merit. He has ear and hand for the individuality of instruments and choirs, uses both aptly. He does not blush at the luscious phrase—say in the wood-winds—when clear-voiced melody runs its course. Tambourines and castanets may gently touch up accents. Not once is the scoring heavy or opaque—to make it so would deny Cimarosa and prove Malipiero obtuse; yet it keeps richness and pungency, a clear directness besides—all three Italian virtues. In the sun was the music written; on a work-table out of doors it may have been rescored. Yet the first and the second divisions, light-footed as they are, can move in a slender dignity. Hear a music without a subtlety but with many a grace; listen to a scoring that veils skill in simplicity. A happy trifle, tuned to a matinée audience and a virtuoso orchestra, applauded accordingly.

To listen to the "Mephisto Waltz" was to suspect Liszt once more as a composer for the theater somehow manqué. Certainly his "Faust Symphony" dramatizes Gretchen, her lover and the fiend far beyond the pages of Gounod or Boito in the opera house. As certainly, his "Saint Elizabeth," which oratorio the Metropolitan once produced as music-drama, is a dull piece across a theater. Liszt never wrote an opera or, to the best of recollection, even sketched one. The cynics say that he was content to give Wagner hints for such composition. Yet in graphic quality this "Mephisto Waltz" might be music of the stage. There is no mistaking the Satanic presence or its hand upon the dancing tune. The ear smells—if the word is permissible—the turbulence of the peasant revel. The wantoness of the amorous pair winds in and out of the dance-rhythm. At the end a great gust of fiendish exultation blows across the scene. And there is a modicum of fustian along the way. By reason of it, the listener says in his haste, Liszt would have fallen short in the theater. Yet in these middle nineteen hundreds fustian prevailed there. Did not Wagner write "Rienzi, the Last of The Tribunes" and find stages opening to it? Possibly there is another explanation. The "Mephisto Waltz" is strewn with empty fifths and not until Puccini introduced the public to Scarpia, did the general ear learn to recognize them as the sign-manual of deviltry. The Lisztians will tell you that their hero was always outrunning his generations.

By this time the conductors worth the heeding put Brahms's Variations on the lyric side. Possibly it was Mr. Toscanini, or may be Nikisch before him, who set the example. For themselves, however, they might have inferred as much. Haydn's simple singing theme is more than subject of the whole. It is also motto for mood. Not one of the variations is pedantic jugglery Reger-fashion. Not one is exercise in the higher walks of abstruse musical scholarship, as this and that among the "Paganini" or the "Handel" variations for piano certainly is. None, either, fills space that the piece may be sufficiently extensive. One and all, they are Brahms writing a cycle for orchestra of lyric poems in little. Here one charms; there

sentiment touches another; next plays a gentle humor; for a moment there is musing; then comes the magic of musical sound as poets court the magic of rhythmed words; while the end is warm, even exuberant, flourish to the whole. "Every one of us," said The Manchester Guardian of Brahms the other day, "can find a point of contact with so full a man." In these lyrical variations is yet another. Even the occasional flabbiness of yesterday's performance could not much dull it.

The strong meat of the afternoon was Sibelius's Fifth Symphony, in E-flat, originally produced in Boston by Mr. Monteux in the spring of 1921, damned up hill and down dale by the conservatives of those days, promptly repeated by the conductor the following autumn. If recollection holds, in the six intervening seasons it has not been heard in Boston. And yesterday a matinée audience sat rapt before it; snapped into spontaneous applause, barely restrained by Mr. Koussevitzky, at the close of the first movement; at the end burst into plaudits. The times change and audiences change with them; forasmuch as their education in intelligently modernist music never ceases. They must be hard-shelled indeed if the tonal speech of their own time is never to seep into them. There are reviewers, not yet too decrepit for the day's work, who expect to breathe this mortal air until a matinée audience in "staid" Boston applauds to the echo the Symphony of Mr. Sessions, even the "Jazz Concerto" of Mr. Copland. Yesterday at the triumph of Sibelius's Fifth they—the outcasts!—sat by with rejoicing ears.

Before nearly all Sibelius's Symphonies, the temptation is strong to believe that, as he wrote, a program haunted him. He avers that there was not, which may or may not be true, since programs in musical composition are often sub-conscious impulses, taking form and substance, germinating others, as the notes begin to dot the staves. At the least, Sibelius has no program to set down upon the fly-leaf or hand sub rosa to the analysts for the relief of the public. Consequently, imaginative listeners try their own invention at program-making; then forego and forget as the intrinsic quality of, say, this Fifth Symphony deeper and deeper engrosses them.

For the idiom, the procedures, of Sibelius are all his own. He is the modern incarnation of a terseness and a trenchancy that is never arid. Here is music, not stripped to dry bones, but laid bare to the quivering quick. Here are motivs that on the instant seize the ear; then, brief as they are, become energizing springs of thought emotion, advance, cumulation. A more economical music is not written, yet steadily it expands, larger lined and ampler freighted, incisive always. Without a word of doctrine or preachment, Sibelius is equal incarnation of the modern faith in instruments as individuals. As so many units, oftener parted than grouped, he prefers to use them, usually to an unfailing end. Sooner or later the analysts will study him and make a handbook. Possibly they will find him the inventor of new harmonies, dissonances, euphonies, cross-relations, colors not a few. The boldest modernist may envy him an individuality seldom relaxed when he works at his own will. His background of strings against which the songful clarinets, bassoons and horns are moving; his soft chords in the wood-winds when violins and 'cellos take up the song, are the only trademarks.

The moods, the emotions, of this Fifth Symphony yet more whet and tempt the hearer. The Finnish landscape, temperament, background, may have stimulated them. Only the most traveled among us are privileged to judge. We others prefer to find in Sibelius's music a composer, a poet, a man—not a mere "national." What moods haunt him when his wood-winds sing sombre against shimmering strings? What emotion possesses him and beats hard upon the creative impulse, when twice in the Fifth Symphony he upbuilds a mighty climax? His motivs struggle as in a darkened soul; then dance in the sunlight of folk-song. His strings can cut the air like irritated knives, flail it like angered whips; his wood-winds may also spin gossamer Mozartean figures. The rhythm relaxes, the rhythm tightens—there is a mood behind though none may name it. Sibelius's musical thoughts wander as in the first division of this Symphony; stir darkly: twist abruptly into calm; burst into climax thrice impassioned and thrice sonorous; muse and wait; stride, mount, glow. A music of masculine sensibility and masculine emotion such as few have written or may now write. As some will have it, Sibelius composing strips his own soul; certainly he leaves hearers tossed upon its speech.

H. T. P.

"CIMAROSIANA" AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Malipiero's Suite for First Time in America

Sibelius' Fifth Symphony Given Sympathetic Interpretation

Globe. NOV. 12. 1927.

"Cimarosiana," a suite of five pieces by Cimarosa, reorchestrated by Malipiero, was the only novelty on yesterday's Symphony program. Announced for the second concert of the season, it had to be postponed until yesterday owing to the nonarrival of the orchestral parts. The performance was the first in America.

Mr Koussevitzky has again made a last minute change in the program, substituting Brahms' Variations on a Theme by Haydn for the "Bacchanale" from "Tannhauser." The other numbers remain Sibelius' Fifth Symphony and Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz."

Cimarosa today is but a name vaguely remembered by those who have studied musical history. An occasional air from one or the other of his 90 operas is heard in our concert halls. At long intervals in Europe his masterpiece, "Il Matrimonio Segreto," has been revived.

Malipiero has dug up in libraries these five fragments, and rescored them for an orchestra something like that used in 18th century Italian opera houses. Did these pieces figure also in the ballet "Cimarosiana", produced by Diaghilev in London in 1924? The usually omniscient program book merely warned its readers that suite and ballet "are not to be confused." The suite was arranged in 1921 and published this year.

These little pieces have a melodic freshness and beauty and a rhythmic vivacity which make one regret the undeserved oblivion which has come to Cimarosa. Malipiero has done his work as arranger with a skill and taste which recall the admirable arrangements by Respighi of old Italian pieces for lute.

Mr Koussevitzky, one felt, conducted "Cimarosiana" a bit too much in the spirit of Liadov's "Musical Snuff Box". Melody might have been more suave, and rhythm more flexible in all save the lovely air marked "larghetto", which alone seemed to stir the conductor's emotions.

Sibelius' Fifth Symphony was played here in 1922, under Mr Monteux, without leaving a deep impression in the listener's memory. Mr Koussevitzky gave an unusually sympathetic and eloquent interpretation. The orchestra has often played under his baton with more polish of style, but seldom brought to austere and unfamiliar music so moving and noble a spirit.

There is nothing specifically Finnish about this symphony, nothing that should cause the rhapsodic school of reviewers to bring out the adjectives they reserve for "lands of the midnight sun." Sibelius has done something far greater than giving local color to his music. He has constructed a masterpiece and breathed into it imaginative life. The audience applauded with exceptional warmth what seems a work destined to endure.

Musical amateurs who dare to trust their ears and use their judgment against the authority of pedagogues often wonder just what unifies a symphony. For many standard works that question is difficult to answer specifically. Even those cases, like that of the Franck symphony, where thematic material from earlier movements recurs in the finale, are not always clear. But no imaginative listener could miss the unity of tone and the kinship of themes in this Sibelius symphony. It is the expression of the several shades of a single mood. The themes are all related to the motto stated at the beginning, yet the motto theme never sounds dragged in for effect, like that of the Tchaikovsky Fourth Symphony. Sibelius, like Beethoven in his Fifth and Seventh Symphonies, has given to a long and intricate composition a unity that is unmistakable.

The performance of Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz" was remarkably brilliant. The piece is a rhetorical tour-de-force, by a charlatan of genius. Clever as it is, one misses the genuine feeling back of Liszt's "Faust Symphony." But then, Goethe was a greater poet than Lenau, whose "Faust" inspired this waltz.

Brahms' Variations on a Theme by Haydn excel most sets of variations. The theme itself is beautiful, the several pieces it suggested to the fertile invention of Brahms are not only ingenious but full of feeling. Mr Koussevitzky, whose devotion to the music of Brahms is well known, gave a reading which was an admirable conclusion to an unusualy enjoyable concert.

P. R.

SYMPHONY IMPROVES SIBELIUS

His Fifth Symphony Is Made Clear by Koussevitzky

Post. Nov. 12, 1927.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Fresh from its Western triumphs, the Symphony Orchestra was yesterday afternoon heard once more upon its native heath, and in a programme which brought together such strange bed-fellows as Cimarosa and Sibelius, Liszt and Brahms. Again the playing of the orchestra was remarkable for technical finish, and there was much enthusiasm throughout the concert.

AIMIABLE AND PRETTY

From threatened oblivion Francesco Malipiero has rescued five little pieces by a composer who once was lord of operadom and is now chiefly remembered in the music-lexicons. By turn aimiable, sweetly pretty and infectiously gay, these trifles pleased yesterday's audience and by their very differentness made effective prelude to Sibelius' Fifth Symphony, unheard here since the days of Mr. Monteux. The Mephisto" Waltz of Liszt served for the third number, and the concert closed with a decorous performance of Brahm's highly respectable Variations on a Theme by Haydn.

Contrary to much that has been written about them, the symphonies of Sibelius are not so much descriptions of Finnish landscapes as revelations of the composer's personality, at once repressed and passionately intense. And never did this singular composer write more characteristically than in the Symphony of yesterday.

No Word for It

Upon it in its various aspects one might exhaust the adjectives that the pratice of musical journalism has fastened upon the music of Sibelius—austere, grim, forbidding, stark, sombre, spare, stripped, compressed, economical, forthright, trenchant and the rest—and still have failed to find an exact verbal counterpart for this music which in its combined concentration and power is unlike any other of our time, and most like that of the later Beethoven.

Sibelius' is the emphasis of understatement; Mr. Koussevitzky's, perhaps, of overstatement; but the combination worked yesterday to the advantage of both composer and conductor. More than once when Sibelius is almost inarticulate the more outspoken Koussevitzky yesterday helped him to make his meaning clear.

There were exciting and seductive moments in the playing yesterday of Liszt's "Mephisto" Waltz. Yet on the whole the conductor's very zeal with this music resulted, paradoxically, in a performance that seemed over-deliberated, studied and contrived, and hence correspondingly lacking in spontaneity, sensuous abandon and poetic suggestion.

The flesh of the music was there, every contour laid bare with almost affectionate pains; the spirit, in view of the nature of the music and of the conductor's particular temperament, seemed strangely absent.

Malipiero Novelty on Koussevitzky's Program

Monitor Nov. 12. 1927.

Back from a triumphal tour of middle western cities, Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra presented the fifth program of the subscription series in Symphony Hall, Boston, yesterday afternoon. It was made up of Malipiero's "Cimarosiana," being five orchestral pieces by Cimarosa, reorchestrated; the Fifth Symphony of Sibelius; Liszt's Second Episode from Lenau's "Faust" (Mephisto Waltz), and Brahms' Variations on a Theme by Haydn.

Malipiero's fragments, played for the first time in America, fell pleasantly upon the ear. We cannot forever be adventuring among masterpieces. It is desirable to hear charming, ingratiating bits, particularly at the opening of a program. Where better can such compositions be sought out than in the eighteenth century? Malipiero has treated with respect the work of his great compatriot. He has not tried to prove himself the better man in the collaboration. Neither has he approached his predecessor on bended knee. We are permitted to witness Cimarosa playful, as well as graceful and sentimental. In two of the movements, indeed, there are notes that sound very like those of a bagpipe—not a dignified instrument. It must not be concluded from this that either of these Italian composers necessarily owes anything to Scotland. The bagpipe is a venerable instrument, and was used in all parts of Europe long before Cimarosa's time.

If contrast is the most important element in program making, this week's list should pass muster. From the sunny plains of Italy we were hurled into Finland's icy mountains. If we were not assured that this symphony is not program music we should suppose that the shivering of the strings during the first two movements was meant to be realistic. Certainly it helps to produce an atmosphere of brooding mystery characteristic of the composer. Yet how different is Sibelius' melancholy from that of that other denizen of northern lands, Tchaikovsky. Sibelius, having more reason, nationalistically speaking, to be sad, yet controls his emotions better. Nowhere in those of his works we have heard is there the abandon of sorrow that is typical of his Russian neighbor. Mr. Koussevitzky, who was giving us his first "reading" of this symphony, understood its restrained temper, and made it eloquent, stirring. The slow movement, in spite of the insistence of the scholars on its quality, we still find somewhat tedious, but the other three are tremendous.

The playing of the orchestra was transplendent throughout the afternoon.

L. A. S.

Chicago Hears Bit of Spirited Boston Music

11-11-27

Russian Conductor Makes Audience Tingle.

BY EDWARD MOORE.

The Boston Symphony orchestra came to Orchestra hall last night for its first Chicago visit in fifteen years, bringing a conductor, Serge Koussevitzky, for his first Chicago visit in all his life. It is a great organization, one of the four best in this country, and Mr. Koussevitzky is distinctly a personality in music.

It was an interesting experience to slip over to Orchestra hall between the acts of the opera, if only to observe the difference in manner of approach between performances of fine opera and fine orchestra. I have no desire to go on record as to which was the better, but I found myself uttering a fervent wish that they had come on different days or even different hours, if only that I might hear the whole of Mr. Koussevitzky's program.

It was plainly a display program, the kind put together by a man who believes that music is a stirring entertainment. There was a concerto by Carl Philip Emanuel Bach, a change from the Handel piece first announced, Prokofieff's "Classic" Symphony, which Prokofieff himself once conducted with the Chicago Symphony orchestra, a suite from Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloé" ballet, and Tschaikowsky's Fourth Symphony.

Mr. Koussevitzky indicated in a speech earlier in the day why he was not playing any American music although he admired some of it greatly. His reason rested upon two points: one, that upon a first visit it was more important how than what he conducted; the other, that Mr. Stock

and his magnificent orchestra here make a habit of playing all the American music worth hearing.

The Ravel and Tschaikowsky pieces were the ones in which Mr. Koussevitzky showed the points that make people talk about him. He is an exciting person, a disciplinarian and a driver at the same time, and when he approached music like that of Ravel and Tschaikowsky, he fairly made it tingle. You had a feeling as though he were continually plunging down below the surface of the music, tearing up a theme by its roots, and brandishing it triumphantly to your view.

No traditionalist he, but a dynamic leader who believes that the way to present music is to play it up for all it is worth, and if he gives a tweak to your nerves in the operation, so much the better. You at least know he is there. At the same time, he is perfectly balanced and sane. In at least as much of his program as I was able to hear, distortion had no place in his scheme, though emphasis, and sometimes unexpected emphasis, did most decidedly. He is a musical exhilarator.

BOSTON TO CHICAGO

The Symphony Orchestra and Mr. Koussevitzky Carry an Overflowing Audience, Despite Operatic "Opposition"—Chaikovsky and Ravel, Even Prokoviev, Too

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra and Serge Koussevitzky, its conductor, had every reason to be gratified with the triumph which they won in Orchestra Hall, Chicago, last evening. In spite of the fact that the Chicago Civic Opera Company opened its activities for the season at the same time, the hall was filled from floor to ceiling and many people who came with money in their hands wherewith to purchase seats had to be turned away.

But the larger success that has as its outward symbol the crying of "Bravo" and the clapping of innumerable hands and the stirred look upon many faces was given to the organization, too. There can be no doubt that Mr. Koussevitzky moved the town as not many visiting orchestras have moved it. He brought about his sensation, not as some representatives of the epileptic school of direction bring about theirs, with fire and fury, but with pure artistic worth and real musical poetry and charm. Yet the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra made it clear that the sense of drama is strong within him and that at certain moments he is not afraid to show his emotions in his actions and in his face.

The high-water mark of the evening's activities undoubtedly was the playing of some of the music from Ravel's ballet, "Daphnis et Chloe." In this the particular excellence of the woodwind section of the Boston orchestra was made manifest in superlative degree. In brilliance of tone and execution, in imaginativeness of style, Mr. Koussevitzky has apparently worked a miracle of art in his moulding of this division—and, indeed, of the other divisions of his organization. There are more subtlety, larger contrasts, greater technical difficulties in Ravel's composition than in any other in Mr. Koussevitzky's scheme of art, and these qualities made it possible to gauge the virtuosity of the visiting orchestra with something like accuracy. The tonal beauty of the string section was ravishing to hear and there can be given nothing but praise for the certainty of its attack and the clean-cut brilliancy of its execution.

Serge Prokofiev's classic symphony did not prove to be the novelty which the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra probably believed it would be to Chicago. The composer himself had conducted the work here six or seven years ago. Nor is it a highly important contribution to the repertory. Prokofiev is more stimulating when he is bizarre than when he endeavors ot lead the way back to Mozart. He is probably a classicist at heart, even if he is a modernist by education, and such a work as the Scythian Suite does more credit to his ingenuity than the pleasant trifle which the Boston organization offered to the town. It will be by Chaikovsky and Ravel that Mr. Koussevitzky and his remarkable orchestra will be remembered here—and they will long be rememberd.

There was good drama—even theater, if you will—in at least two of the pieces upon the program. Chaikovsky's Fourth Symphony gave both conductor and orchestra generous opportunities to show the stuff of which—emotionally speaking—they are made. Certainly they rose to them. The Russian composer himself, obsessed as he was with fate and other theatric possibilities in program music, could not have asked for greater fervidity of interpretation than that which Mr. Koussevitzky presented him. It seemed that the conductor was unable to resist the temptation to make the Pizzicato scherzo a tour de force by performing it at a quicker tempo than any other orchestra ever performed it before. This circumstance did not appear to have any perturbing effect upon the musicians who, indeed, made a marvelous job of the interpretation, but the result from the musical point of view left something to be desired.

FELIX BOROWSKI

Chicago, Nov. 4.

NOTES and LINES

By PHILIP HALE

Herald Nov. 12, 1927

PRAISE FROM CHICAGO

The Boston Symphony orchestra met with great success on its recent trip. The public and the press of Chicago—and Chicago has had for many years an orchestra of the first rank—were enthusiastic in praise of Mr. Koussevitzky and the players.

Mr. Stinson, in the Chicago Journal, said that Mr. Koussevitzky on occasion is "on easy terms with greatness."

Mr. Goldberg of the Herald Examiner referring to Ravel's "Daphne and Chloe" as the "high light" of the evening: "In its shifting colors and extraordinary blending of timbres it came near to being a miracle of orchestral playing."

Mr. Moore of the Tribune about Mr. Koussevitzky: "A disciplinarian and a driver at the same time. No traditionalist he, but a dynamic leader who believes that the way to present music is to play it up for all it is worth, and if he gives a tweak to your nerves in the operation, so much the better. You at least know he is there. At the same time, he is perfectly balanced and sane. In at least as much of his program as I was able to hear, distortion had no place in his scheme, though emphasis, and sometimes unexpected emphasis, did most decidedly. He is a musical exhilarator."

Maurice Rosenfeld of the News:

"He (Mr. Koussevitzky) has put some Slav temperamental dynamics into their playing which they did not possess before, and he has kept intact their refinement of tone and their great technical finish."

The review by Herman Devries (Chicago American) is worthy of more extended quotation:

"What's the use of trying to tell anybody about what happened in Orchestra hall last night! Veteran of the concert halls, I confess without fear of being accused of either hysteria or neurotic complex that I experienced one of the most legitimate, profound, ecstatic thrills of my whole lifetime, an emotion shared with equal spontaneity and gratitude by an audience composed of the cognoscenti of Chicago, the cosmopolitan chosen, who have learned their lesson of art in every world school.

"Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony orchestra make me regret that one has so often used superlatives, for now what is there left to say. Apologetically, I offer the words magnificent, sublime, but I assure this glorious orchestra and its extraordinary master that the words stick in the typewriter. They are not good enough for these demi-gods.

"If one writes with the hot blood of the twenties, it is because these men are a veritable elixir of youth, beside which I would not trade a million doses of Ponce de Leon's compound! The first part of the program was in truth so marvelous that when intermission came no one had anything left to give. The audience was bled dry of emotion and nerves and ecstasy. A reading of Ravel's 'Daphnis and Chloe' that would take columns to describe in its essence and the reaction upon its hearers—a color screen of gorgeous, heavenly blended hues and contrasts, of never-heard sonorities, of fascinating harmony, of light and shade, that held one breathless. The very silence of the audience was oppressive, a silence of rapt emotion, as though each human soul had forgotten the presence of its neighbor, and the ego were lost in this exhibition of matchless poetic beauty. . . .

"After the intermission we had the Tchaikovsky Symphony in F minor, and I am sure no one has ever heard it played like that before, with such passion, fire and superb virtuosity, such unheard of technical finish. Each member of that orchestra is a great artist in his own right. It is indeed good to live in this America of ours. There is nothing like another such organization the world over. The audience did not disperse after the concert, but stood around an eternity, talking. They will talk a long time before they get through relating what happened on the evening of Nov. 3, 1927, in Orchestra hall."

Although the Chicago opera season opened on the night of the Boston Symphony orchestra's concert, Orchestra hall was filled to its capacity. This was the first visit of the orchestra to Chicago in 12 years; the first appearance of Mr. Koussevitzky in that city.

Visions in Chicago

A New Notion About Orchestral Interchanges

ON a Tuesday and a Thursday we heard two famous orchestras, the New York Philharmonic and the Boston Symphony. Magnificent organizations both, and under celebrated conductors. It keyed us up. Then when we heard our own orchestra on Friday, our ears told us that we, too, have an orchestra and a conductor to rank with any. Each of the three is an organization of distinctive quality and each conductor a man of special powers.

Money, of course, governs all things, and journeys so far from home are expensive. But could not some practical scheme be worked out whereby these orchestras could visit us at least once every year? Some form of exchange whereby Boston gave our Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concerts one week while Chicago gave theirs? Probably Utopian. But would it not be of immense benefit to all concerned, audiences and players? [Karleton Hackett in the Evening Post

Sixth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 18, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 19, at 8.15 o'clock

Mozart . . . Symphony in E-flat major (Koechel No. 543)

I. Adagio; Allegro.
II. Andante.
III. Menuetto; Trio.
IV. Finale; Allegro.

Martinŭ . . . . "La Bagarre" ("The Tumult"), Allegro for Orchestra

(First Performance)

Bloch . . . . . Three Jewish Poems

a. Dance.
b. Rite.
c. Funeral Procession.

Strauss . . . . . "Don Juan," Tone-poem, Op. 20 (after Lenau)

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

There will be an intermission after Martinŭ's "La Bagarre"

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators, it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.

Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

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Sixth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 18, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 19, at 8.15 o'clock

Mozart . . . Symphony in E-flat major (Koechel No. 543)

I. Adagio; Allegro.
II. Andante.
III. Menuetto; Trio.
IV. Finale; Allegro.

Martinŭ . . . . "La Bagarre" ("The Tumult"), Allegro for Orchestra

(First Performance)

Bloch . . . . . Three Jewish Poems

a. Dance.
b. Rite.
c. Funeral Procession.

Strauss . . . . . "Don Juan," Tone-poem, Op. 20 (after Lenau)

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

There will be an intermission after Martinŭ's "La Bagarre"

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898.—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators, it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.
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Bohuslav Martinu

6TH SYMPHONY CONCERT GIVEN

Herald ——— Nov. 19, 1927.

New Work by Martinu Receives Unusually Warm Welcome

STRAUSS'S 'DON JUAN' IS ALSO RENDERED

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the sixth concert of its 47th season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Mr. Koussevitzky conducted. The program was as follows: Mozart, Symphony in E flat major; Martinu, "La Bagarre" (The Tumult), Allegro for orchestra (first performance); Bloch, Three Jewish Poems (Dance, Rite, Funeral procession); Strauss, Tone-poem "Don Juan."

It amuses certain English critics to speculate concerning the musical activity of Mozart if he had lived till the time of Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony. It is a harmless amusement, this wondering whether Bizet would have surpassed his "Carmen," Debussy equalled his "Pelleas and Melisande"; whether Schubert would have acquired intensity, passion and needed conciseness in the greater forms of symphonic music. The conjecturing critics doubt whether Mozart could have written an "Eroica" or a work of similar nobility. We know that Beethoven could not have written Mozart's three chief symphonies, it was not in his nature; nor was it probably in Mozart's nature to write an "Eroica." Let us be thankful for the two, as we are for Aeschylus and Sophocles. The serenity of Mozart, his exquisite sense of proportion, and his feeling for pure beauty of thought and expression are Sophoclean; while Beethoven could reach the Aeschylean heights.

The performance of the E flat symphony yesterday was Mozartean with all that the word implies: pure beauty, constant euphony, supreme technical art in the service of loveliness. Mr. Koussevitzky, appreciating these qualities, let Mozart speak to us, the Mozart of 1788, not the possible Mozart of 1803-4, the year of the "Eroica." There was a reduced orchestra in the spring section, refreshing to the ear, for nothing is more intolerable than a performance by an orchestra that Mozart "might employ if he was now living." The performance of yesterday is comparable to that of Beethoven's First Symphony conducted by Mr. Koussevitzky at the Beethoven festival last March.

The word "Bagarre" as used by Martinu for the title of his Allegro is best explained by the argument which he prepared for his music. He seeks to portray movement, dash, the enthusiasm of a crowd, a surging mass as at the landing of Lindbergh at Bourget or at a football game; chaos ruled by tension, joy, wonder; chaos governed by a common feeling that is moulded into powerful, irresistible force.

Without any desire to be descriptive in tones, Martinu gives this idea of a great multitude in tumultuous movement. It is said that this Czecko-Slovakian composer, having studied first with Suk at Prague, underwent in turn the influence of Stravinsky, Debussy, the Impressionists; that drawn toward the French school, he went to Paris for further study with Roussel, and now lives there purposing to base his music on the traditions of Smetana and Dvorak as these traditions have been modified and enriched by today's tendencies toward thought and expression.

Surely there is no dominating influence to be noted in "La Bagarre." Martinu speaks for himself. He does not search after strange harmonies, he does not shun the orthodox tonalities. When he uses dissonances, it is because they enter unavoidably into his scheme; he uses them sparingly to gain desired and necessary effects. The motives are all for the main purpose: to give the impression of a great crowd, turbulent in excitement and joy, rushing against all obstacles and crashing through them. This "Bagarre" in exciting; the hearer is one of the mighty mass and, breathless, is borne along, exulting. It is fresh, virile music, the ecstatic expression of strength, power, dominance.

Seldom has an unfamiliar composition, one by an unknown composer, been so enthusiastically welcomed in Symphony hall. Music and performance were inspiring.

As Mozart's symphony was shrewdly associated with this tempestuous "La Bagarre" in the first half of the concert, so the Poems of Bloch were joined with "Don Juan." Thus there were striking contrasts. The Poems are charged with the soul of the Jews of the Old Testament; as revealed in the psalms and by the prophets; in the despair of the Preacher at Jerusalem; in the savagery of the historical books; in the eroticism of the Song of Songs. Take the "Dance" for example; here wildness is mingled with a sensuousness that is of the Orient, not the west. The Poems, as a whole, might be revised

to their advantage; they might well be shortened; they might be more compact, especially in the case of the first and the third, for there is often the thought that the composer has said his say; but no, the dance is resumed, or the piercing cries of lamentation are heard again till the mourners stop their wailing only from sheer exhaustion.

A brilliant interpretation of "Don Juan" with the love song for the oboe charmingly played by Mr. Gillet brought the end.

The concert will be repeated tonight; the orchestra will be away next week; the next concerts will be on Dec. 2 and 3.

MOZART MIRRORED; UNAGEING STRAUSS; MARTINU DISCOVERED

Trans. —— Nov. 19. 1927

CLASSIC, NOVELTY, TWO STANDARD PIECES

A Diminished Orchestra and Mozart as His Very Self—"Don Juan" After Forty Years — Mr. Bloch's Semitic Sauces — Out of Czechoslovakia an Exciting Piece —"Tumult," Lindbergh and an Unknown Composer

THOSE that know Mr. Koussevitzky personally report him as simple-minded. Possibly out of this simplicity spring the clearness of view, the directness of purpose, often praising him in performance in the concert-hall. Face to face with a piece of music, he lets no veil of custom, precedent, tradition, obscure it; while he stirs not at all to the proddings of what is loftily called authority. As he apprehends and feels, so will he play—in the clearest possible utterance. He chooses his means accordingly, caring not a pin whether decades have blessed them or whether they are new to the immediate hour. . . . Custom at the Symphony Concerts long ordained that the Symphonies of Mozart should be played by as full an orchestra as the score permitted. In pairs the wood-winds, horns and trumpets must go; but the strings should be as numerous as they were for music of Beethoven or Brahms. Otherwise—it was said—Mozart would not sound through the long tunnel of Symphony Hall. Besides, it was the custom. The oldest frequenter could remember him played in no other way.

The practiced Dr. Muck accepted this tradition; the intelligent Mr. Monteux hardly questioned it. By a sublimated virtuosity—they seemed to believe—they might release a music thus semi-suffocated by numbers. Lightness of tone, fleetness of stroke, a consummate plasticity, should be the means. So it was that audience after audience descried only partially the wind-parts in a Symphony by Mozart. By sheer preponderance the strings covered them. Final rondos, assiduously rehearsed, might become tours de force of fleetness, but the whole Symphony moved with a heavier foot than the composer intended; while modulations flattened and quick turns slowed under instrumental weight. It was as though Mozart, man and musician, had put on superfluous flesh.

Yesterday afternoon Mr. Koussevitzky changed all this, simply, directly, without a fuss or a feather. He began the concert with the Symphony in E-flat out of Mozart's final years. To play it, he seated close about him no more than forty-odd players—wood-winds, horns, trumpets, kettle-drums according to Mozart's prescription, a balancing, not a clouding quantum of strings. Contrary to many a wiseacre such an orchestra carried to every corner, high or low, in Symphony Hall; carried more clearly than ever before in a Symphony of Mozart. The remotest listener heard every shading, every euphony of the wood-winds; missed not a figure in the strings; felt the tang of every modulation, perceived the curve of every arabesque. The flute, the clarinets, the bassoons sounded in character. The horns and the trumpets had no occasion to edge through a mass of strings. Those strings could not thicken the contours, hamper the turns, retard the pace. To weight succeeded an airy lightness; to body fineness of texture; to cloudiness transparency. Supple to every patterning, at ease under every pace, sensitive to each accent, went the music.

As in a mirror of sound, the listener looked upon Mozart and knew him for himself. The shape of each movement, each period, each phrase unfolded as under a super-sensitive modelling. Here, there and everywhere flowed the musical thought, the musical mood, as limpid as the day. An apt modulation tingled until the felicity of the succeeding ornament engaged the delighted ear. How fecund and fresh this Mozart in workmanship, how choice and apt of means! How persuasive, besides, in the development of the matter, the deepening or the lightening of the sentiment! What cogency and gentle glow! Through the first movement, through the succeeding Andante, through the finale, went a music of playing light, of soft airs, of quick or subdued fires sublimated into tones. Only in the Minuet, for re-assurance, did it touch the earth. Reducing and balancing his orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky did more than disclose the endless felicity of Mozart in his processes, he restored his music to a supersensibility, to the loveliness that is sound mastered by a spirit for the while, and may be quite unconsciously, possessed. Thus far in his term the conductor has not excelled this feat of limpid fineness. And how simple and direct—granted the means—it seemed.

Out of repertory came two "standard pieces," renewed from the season before the last. For the twenty-fifth time Strauss's tone-poem, "Don Juan," traversed "these concerts"; for the twenty fifth time prevailed also upon most within hearing. The piece is nearly forty years old. By 1889, it was making the German round; as early as 1891, Nikisch had set it before Bostonian ears. Not one of his successors, except Dr. Muck, ever put it by for long; thrice in four seasons Mr. Koussevitzky has played it. Neither the years, fashions, nor familiarity, much stale it. The blood may not now spring to the temples when the glowing measures of the beginning evoke the atmosphere and outfling the hero; when the insurgent horns thrust him back into the sensual turmoil. The voluptuous love-music may be now a sensation remembered rather than anticipated; the dissonance of the end may no longer pierce expectation prepared. Few, however, hear "Don Juan" as a music become obvious and hackneyed, still less as a music outmoded and receding. To this day beats of creation warm it; plenteous and vital flows the musical matter; the delineative scheme lays hold upon the imagination, bidding it keep pace; the mating of means to ends could hardly be more complete. In "Don Juan" Strauss begins his music of characterization and projection—with a masterpiece. Perhaps through the cycle of tone-poems he never excelled it. A second generation now hears and embraces it. Perhaps there will be a third and a fourth. Is it time, though he still lives warmly in Vienna, to salute Strauss the classic?

Of Mr. Bloch's "Jewish Poems" the listener may not be as sure. Dr. Muck produced them in 1917; Mr. Koussevitzky revived them in April of last year. He need not have shelved them for another decade; but they hardly bear repetition so speedily. The third, "Cortège Funébre" smites the ear with clangors of barbaric mourning, pierces it with fierce lament. Israel shall cry to its God and naught assuage it—no, not even the melody that Mr. Bloch proffers as consolation. In it he returns to the private grief that he had upreared into tribal woe, and now sentiment colors the solace. . . . The first poem, "Dance," diffuses rhythm and color exotically; out of remoteness distils languorous sensation. The second, "Rite," quickens and sharpens similar impression. In both the mood is sensual, the means pungent. Too often heard they become insistent, cloying; while response goes sluggish and dull. Between whiles, the listener may recall, with a certain pleasure, that recent Concerto Grosso in which Mr. Bloch for once foreswore his racial and imaginative Semitism. Such acrid sauce upon musical matter may not be served too often and keep its sting. No longer, though Mr. Koussevitzky spares not pains, does it goad the orchestra.

The audience heaped applause upon the novel number of the day, perhaps because it is now pinned to the cherished Lindbergh; perhaps because the music as music genuinely stirred it; more probably from both impulses blended. Yet as "Tumult: Allegro for Orchestra," Mr. Martinu, out of Czechoslovakia, wrote and signed his piece in the spring of 1926, a year before the flying colonel was born into the sunlight of publicity. Fortunate—and quick to opportunity—is an unheeded composer noting such reflected radiance and in it basking. Lindbergh or no Lindbergh, the design argues mind and imagination; the workmanship proves a practised, fertile hand. Take two salient motivs; develop them freely and incisively; contrast them, mate them, keep them in changeful and incessant interplay; spur them with rhythms; whip them with chords; savor them discreetly with atonality and other modernisms; utilize variously the present orchestral palette; blaze out the climax—and the deed is done. So much for the "Allegro for Orchestra," well worth the playing and the hearing as music written in no travail under a smoky lamp, but in fire of creative impulse out of abundance within.

Of "Tumult"—to quote the title again—a single hearing leaves the listener less persuaded. As in duty bound, he strains the eye and ear of imagination to descry the tense and surging crowd, to follow its fitful moods, to share its enthusiasms and depressions, to feel it en masse under a single possession, to split with it into the obsession of the moment. There are excitements in such tonal illusion. Strauss, for example, has written them, large and lasting, into "Don Juan" of this very concert. Not so surely do they emerge from "La Bagarre" of Mr. Martinu. In itself, however, he has made an exciting piece of music, which is quite enough for one afternoon and a composer till yesterday unknown. H. T. P.

VARIED PROGRAM AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Globe Nov. 19. 1927.

"La Bagarre" Gets First Public Performance

Diminished Orchestra Gives Mozart's E Flat Major Symphony

Mr Koussevitzky again chose a varied program for yesterday's Symphony concert. What listener can detect any imaginative kinship or any appropriateness of contrast between Mozar's E flat major Symphony, Martinu's "La Bagarre," Bloch's "Three Jewish Poems" and Richard Strauss' "Don Juan"? Martinu's piece was played for the first time in public. For the Mozart symphony Mr Koussevitzky tried the experiment of diminishing the orchestra to the numbers customary in the composer's day. The audience applauded both Mozart and Martinu with unusual warmth, was polite to Bloch and chilly to Strauss.

"La Bagarre" is "dedicated to the memory of Lingbergh landing at Bourget." The composer, a Czech living in Paris, a pupil of Roussel, has sought to suggest rather than to describe the atmosphere of such a crowd as will fill the Stadium this afternoon. The program book translated the word "Bagarre" as "Tumult." "Rumpus" would perhaps better suggest the vulgarity of the French term, which means both noise and the conduct of the noisemakers.

Martinu was born in 1890, studied under Suk, absorbed the spirit of the Czechish composers, Smetana and Dvorak, then learned the technique of the Parisian modernists. "La Bagarre" is apparently the first of his works to be played in public, though he is now 37.

Audience Pleased

The audience yesterday was seemingly pleased to hear a modern piece which was, after all, not modern. Martinu merely repeats polyphonically for full orchestras an insignficant theme, lacking incisiveness and pungency, and with a curiously pallid harmonic background. There is a lot of noise, simple, rather childish noise, without the dramatic evocative power of Stravinsky or Honegger. It was hard to see why Mr Koussevitzky thought "La Bagarre" worth performing. To play it immediately after Mozart's beautiful symphony was to jolt the hearer's sensibilities gratuitously.

The E flat major Symphony is one of the best loved works in the entire orchestral repertory. Mr Koussevitzky, who seems to shun the major works of Mozart, had let it remain on the library shelves too long. His interpretation, now at last disclosed, is careful, and, for him, rather colorless. The minuet fared better at his hands. The slow movement, though for once the pace was not unduly retarded, has a grace which partly eluded him. First movement and finale alike suffered from frequent distortions of orchestral balance. Some forte passages sounded like solos for brass and kettle drums, the strings being inaudible. Only in soft passages, where Mozart usually writes for strings and woodwind only, was the euphony preserved.

It is an excellent idea to play such music as this with the number of performers for whom it was written, though the effect would be better in a smaller concert room than Symphony Hall. But Mr Koussevitzky's constant failure to keep the brass players sufficiently repressed is a defect well-nigh fatal in Mozart. Further experiment may show him the better way with Mozart. About the symphony itself one can only ask whether in the world there is anything more beautiful, more perfect.

"Three Jewish Poems"

Bloch's "Three Jewish Poems" sounded yesterday less original and less powerful than they did in 1917 at the first performance here. There are still eloquent passages, but one wearies of the peculiar acrid harmonies and tone color. Nor is the Hebraism of the music obvious, despite the title.

One can imagine Richard Strauss looking at the score of his "Don Juan" now in his old age and saying as Swift once did of "A Tale of a Tub," "What a genius I had when I wrote that"! Compare the two superb themes for brass in "Don Juan," which he wrote at 23, with those of the music of his 50s and 60s, as in the "Alpine Symphony."

The present Strauss can do everything except write melodies with power and originality. His career has been like that of Kipling, with world wide fame won in youth followed by a decay of the creative imagination for which master craftsmanship cannot atone. Yesterday's performance was a brilliant one, though occasionally turgid. Mr Koussevitzky succeeds best with the romantic love episodes.

The orchestra goes on tour next week. No program is yet announced for the next pair of concerts, Dec 2 and 3.

P. R.

FOOTBALL MUSIC BY SYMPHONY

Post Nov. 19. 1927

Martinu's "Tumult" Played for First Time

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The excitement of spectators at a game of football inspired it, and Lindbergh's landing at Le Bourget prompted a belated dedication. Such are the picturesque circumstances connected with "La Bagarre" (Tumult) by a young Parisianized Czech, Bohuslav Martinu, publicly performed for the first time anywhere by Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon.

REDUCED BAND FOR MOZART

On actual hearing, however, Mr. Martinu's "Tumult" proved more melodic in character, more orderly in construction, less dissonant and dynamically violent than many another modernist piece of less suggestive name, though the ending, brilliantly played yesterday, has an exhiliarating rush and speed that for the moment make the title seem not inapplicable. But beside the cacaphonous hurly-burly that a Honegger or an Aaron Copland might have made of a similar attempt Mr. Martinu's tumult is surprisingly tame, precise and circumspect. Mr. Koussevitsky conducted the piece with evident enthusiasm and the audience received it with open arms. Yet had not the oblique reference to the intrepid Lindbergh something to do with this exuberant demonstration?

For beginning to a programme that afterward lacked suitable contrast, Mr. Koussevitsky had placed Mozart's Symphony in E flat major, and following "La Bagarre" came Bloch's three Jewish Poems, and the "Don Juan" of Richard Strauss. Reducing by half the orchestra's strings, Mr. Koussevitsky did the greater service to Mozart's delicate tonal scheme, while throughout its course the performance of the symphony was unfailingly felicitous. And upon it, too, the audience lavished applause.

Played here no longer ago than April, 1926, Bloch's Poems hardly merited so speedy a repetition. The composer himself has expressed a preference for the later (and far more characteristic) Psalms and "Schelomo," and in this he does not stand alone.

As for "Don Juan," for some reason Mr. Koussevitsky seems to fare better with the later than with the earlier Strauss. His "Domestica," "A Hero's Life" and "An Alpine Symphony" excel his "Don Juan" and his "Death and Transfiguration," while his "Till Eulenspiegel" with chronological appriateness, falls somewhere between. With "Don Juan" he strives mightily but some essential quality in the music fails to come forth. This Don Juan seems less the fiery youth of Lenau's and Strauss' imaginings than a jaded roue attempting to play that part.

Martinu's "La Bagarre" Has First Performance

Monitor Nov. 19, 1927

Bohuslav Martinu's Allegro for orchestra, "La Bagarre," had its first performance yesterday at the sixth Friday afternoon concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, in Symphony Hall, Boston. This new composition by the young Czech, whose work has not had a hearing in Boston before, so far as we recall, had the greatest popular success that has been won at these concerts by a novelty for a long time.

In it, the composer intended, he tells us, to portray the tension of a crowd at a football game. Thus Mr. Koussevitzky's selection of a date for its introduction was very timely, since the Harvard-Yale game is played today. The composer himself has had sufficient feeling for publicity to dedicate the piece to "the memory of Lindbergh landing at Le Bourget, which responds to my imagination." But he assures us too that the music is not descriptive. He also characterizes it variously as a rondo and as a "triptych in which

the intermediate phrase, usually free, is replaced by a quicker tempo than that of the first and third."

Fortunately, M. Martinu's music is more lucid than his words appear to be in translation. Its success is by no means entirely due to its topical interest. It has definite musical values. Its themes are individual and easily identified, and its structure is logical. Probably the principal reason for its immediate appeal is that it combines so many styles, retaining presumably the best features of each, and so being calculated to please hearers of divergent tastes. Thus we have the melodiousness of Dvořák, the rhythmic vigor and variety of Stravinsky and, curiously enough, the repression of Debussy.

This last factor left some listeners dissatisfied. In view of the program notes, they had looked for a more tumultuous mob. Yet was not the composer wise to exercise this restraint? And does he not thus prove his musical taste? The obvious thing would be to employ sirens, gasoline engines and a never-ceasing battery. But the din of this crowd is heard as it were from a balloon safely moored above it. This does not prevent certain shrieks from coming up sharply to the ears, but these are only punctuation marks; they do not constitute the diction. The clash of tonalities is not the only descriptive resource. The technique is expert, the orchestration imaginative. The work is not original in the epoch-making sense, but it is individual and would repay further hearing.

The other items of the program were Mozart's Symphony in E flat (K. 543), Bloch's "Three Jewish Poems" and Strauss's "Don Juan."

L. A. S.

Must: Mustn't

The Art of Horn-Playing as Set Forth by an Eminent Practitioner

YOU must practice much. Every-day. If you don't, you have no embouchure; if you do, you get tired before the concert is half over. You must study staccato, or else it is lost within twenty-four hours. But that impairs the legato. You must practice legato or you spoil the concert. But legato is detrimental to the stacato. You must play long notes if you want a steady, full tone. But that makes the lips stiff. You must study the fortissimo attack, but that spoils the piano. You must play a solo passage with the utmost tenderness after you worked at a tutti fortissimo for forty-five minutes. Like Caruso, you must sing, after you had to shout like a newspaper boy. You play a parade and then a concert starting with the Overture to Oberon, and if you break the first note they tell you of that famous horn player 20,000,000 years ago who never did. [Bruno Jaenicke, first horn of the Philharmonic Orchestra in New York in the Ensemble News

Seventh Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 2, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 3, at 8.15 o'clock

RICHARD BURGIN will conduct this pair of concerts

Cherubini . . . . . Overture to "Ali Baba"

Brahms . . Concerto in D major for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 77
- I. Allegro non troppo.
- II. Adagio.
- III. Allegro giocoso, ma non troppo vivace.

Schreker . . . . . Prelude to a Drama

Liszt . . . . . "Mazeppa," Symphonic Poem No. 6 (after Victor Hugo)

SOLOIST

ALBERT SPALDING

STEINWAY PIANO USED

There will be an intermission after the concerto

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Albert Spaulding, the noted American violinist,

SYMPHONY IN 7TH CONCERT

Herald Dec. 3, 1927.

Mr. Burgin Conducts in Mr. Koussevitzky's Absence

CHERUBINI WORK OPENS PROGRAM

By PHILIP HALE

As Mr. Koussevitzky, naving returned from New York, was suffering from a severe cold, Mr. Burgin conducted the seventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra which took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Cherubini, Overture to the opera, "Ali Baba, or the Forty Thieves." Brahms, Violin Concerto. Schreker, Prelude to a Drama. Liszt, Symphonic Poem "Mazeppa" (after Victor Hugo).

Every now and then an old overture or symphony is exhumed. The corpse is treated with apparent respect by the conductor and the players.

It is hard to believe that the overture to "Ali Baba," which had not been performed here at a symphony concert since 1881, was written by the composer of the noble overture to "Anacreon"; by the composer declared by Beethoven to be the greatest of his contemporaries; by the composer of the requiem mass in C minor. Cherubini himself thought little of his opera; he did not leave Versailles to hear it when it was performed in Paris; he cracked one of his acid jests about it. The overture, written in a light manner and with janizary effects, is not comparable with many of Auber's delightful works in this field; it is no better than the inferior overtures of Adolphe Adam. Yet the opera is interesting in an anecdotical way; for the sneers of Berlioz and Mendelssohn; from the fact that though it failed in Paris, it pleased the Berliners. It was noted in the city of Weiss-bier that the King liked it so much at the dress rehearsal that he sat until the fall of the final curtain, though it was his habit to leave the opera house on the stroke of nine.

Yesterday this overture was loudly applauded. Surely out of compliment to Mr. Burgin and the players. It is not possible that the audience really enjoyed this foolish, perfunctorily manufactured music.

Mr. Spalding gave one of the finest performances of Brahms's concerto that we have heard for 40 years; certainly the finest that we have heard in Boston. He humanized this music; he made even the first movement tolerable and to be endured, by not italicizing the asperities, the crabbedness, the padding, the wearisome repetitions. He played the lyrical passages as an accomplished, emotional, interpretative singer would have sung them; not in a lush manner; the phrases were charged with Italian grace, beauty, feeling. That Mr. Spalding has the technic of a violinist of the first rank has long been acknowledged; yesterday this technic served music and warm emotion. The dry bones of the concerto were clothed in flesh; they lived. There was engaging tonal quality; eloquent phrasing; direct appeal. In this performance Mr. Burgin stood side by side with Mr. Spalding in support and in interpretation. The accompaniment was more than the ordinary accompaniment: it was an integral part of the performance, so much so that the hearing of this accompaniment alone was a delight. The ensemble passages were as conspicuous as Mr. Gillet's playing of the lovely melody for oboe at the beginning of the second movement. Mr. Spalding was recalled again and again.

When Schreker first brought out his "Prelude to a Drama" in Vienna, he gave no information concerning any drama he had in mind. Later he announced that the prelude was for his own opera "Die Gezeichneten" (The Branded) which was not performed until 1918, four years after the prelude was first heard. For concert purposes this prelude is only music without a program, "absolute" music, although analysts of recent years have shown how this and that page refers to scenes in the opera. It has been said of Schreker's music in general that it is a mixture of Wagner, Puccini, Impressionism "with a Viennese tang," that "eroticism lies at the basis of his work, a half-repressed and crippled eroticism." Others find the influence of Richard Strauss of the later period, and Debussy. In this Prelude there is certainly the remembrance of Wagner, but we fail to find any reminiscences of Debussy—the more's the pity. Nor do we find sensuousness in the main theme, which is now said to typify the love of Alviano for Carlotta.

This theme is a cheap one in its line and in its obviousness. Schreker evidently thinks that in brute orchestral force there is dramatic strength. One wearies soon of the unmeaning din. When there are dynamic contrasts, there is no sudden vision of beauty in tone or in emotion.

Good old "Mazeppa"! It is as bombastic in certain passages as Victor Hugo's poem, which inspired it; but the bombast of Liszt is more entertaining, yes, more impressive than the bombast of Schreker. This tone poem should be played for a film, with the Mazeppa a woman as fair to see as Adah Isaacs Menken in the old play. Much of it is true cinema music, but as a program composition it brings out the wild ride, the Cossack, who for love of the Princess Kotchoubey, was bound by her fussy husband to the fiery, untamed steed.

Mr. Burgin conducted throughout the concert with musical understanding, dramatic and poetic comprehension (as the composition in turn demanded), with a taste that was never chilling to emotion, with natural, not occasional authority. He richly deserved the tribute paid him by the audience and his colleagues in the orchestra.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week: Carpenter, "Adventures in a Perambulator" and "Skyscrapers" (the latter for the first time in Boston); Beethoven, Symphony, No. 7.

BURGIN CONDUCTS SYMPHONY CONCERT

Globe —Dec. 3. 1927.

Albert Spalding Soloist in Brahms Concerto

Violinist's Superb Playing Proves Him an Artist

Richard Burgin, concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted yesterday's Symphony concert, and will also conduct tonight. The management has given no explanation of Mr Koussevitzky's absence. That he is not ill seems clear from the fact that notice that Mr Burgin would conduct here this week was sent to the newspapers before the New York concerts last week, at which Mr Koussevitzky conducted. Never before in the history of the orchestra have concerts in the regular Boston series been turned over to a substitute conductor except when the sudden illness of the regular leader made it necessary.

Mr Burgin was warmly applauded by yesterday's audience. An excellent musician, he led the orchestra in a fashion which showed that with experience he will develop into a notable conductor.

The superb playing of Albert Spalding as soloist in the Brahms concerto proved once more that he is an artist of the highest rank. The ovation he received from the audience was a tribute to his powers richly deserved. This concerto is a test not merely of the skill of the player but of his musicianship. It is austere, almost crabbed music, of which only the chief theme of the rondo finale is certain to please an audience.

Splendid Performance

One especially admired Mr Spalding's performance of the adagio, a movement which others have made banal in an endeavor to avoid dullness. The repose and dignity of his treatment of the chief theme did not prove incompatible with fire and sentiment. But his was in every respect a memorable performance.

Mr Zurgin, reviving Schreker's "Prelude to a Drama," which the composer describes as really the "Prelude, entr'acte music and festive procession from the opera, "Die Gezeichneten," lent clarity and warmth to a piece which one remembered from a single previous performance here in 1922 as turgid. The present orchestra is, of course, a far finer instrument than Mr Monteux then had to play on. But the superiority of the individual players could not of itself have produced so musicianly and emotional a reading.

It is said that the worth of Schreker's music has been hotly debated in Germany, where, however, many now regard him as a great composer. Too little of his work is known in this country to make a general estimate of his rank more than the merest of surmises. In these excerpts from "Die Gezeichneten" one whole-heartedly admired only the opening measures, which have an individual and notable imaginative quality. But what follows savors to strongly of Wagner and of the Italian opera of the 1890s to leave a lasting impression.

The opening number yesterday was the overture to Cherubini's forgotten opera, "Ali Baba," music which nothing short of the conducting of a Muck or a Toscanini could revivify today. One felt that Mr Burgin took much of it at too rapid a tempo, and without sufficiently combining flexibility and precision of rhythm. This piece was unfamiliar to nearly everyone in the audience. It was played at these concerts in 1881, but no record of a later Boston performance is at hand.

Liszt's "Mazeppa" proved music more suited to Mr Burgin's talents. If his reading failed to disguise the essential vulgarity of the sonorous "allegro marzaile" final section, he at least brought out the vigorous rhythms energetically, and seldom let the volume of tone degenerate into noise. This tone poem was written before the major works of Wagner. From it, as from other music by Liszt, it is clear that the composer of the "Ring" learned much to his advantage about the use of brass instruments in the orchestra, and, more significantly, about the possibilities of chromatic harmonies. The passage preceding the final martial theme certainly offered hints for "Tristan."

Next week Mr Koussevitzky will conduct a program including two suites by John Alden Carpenter, "Adventures in a Perambulator" and "Skyscrapers," and Beethoven's Seventh Symphony.

P. R.

MR. BURGIN CONDUCTS; MR. SPALDING PLAYS; VARIEGATED NUMBERS

Trans. —Dec. 3. 1927

A SYMPHONY CONCERT WITHOUT MR. KOUSSEVITZKY

Brahms's Concerto for Violin as Seldom Before—A Quaint Trifle from Cherubini —Two Romantic Pieces That Fared Not So Well—Epilogue to the Day

THE FAITHFUL public of the afternoon concerts of the Symphony Orchestra clapped Mr. Burgin warmly when he came, yesterday, to the conductor's stand, in lieu of Mr. Koussevitzky. Since Mr. Monteux's day, it has had reason to praise him as concert-master; while from time to time in concertos he has given a more personal pleasure. Now, for first occasion, he was conducting in a program of his own choosing. Fellow-members of the orchestra joined in these welcoming plaudits; while throughout the concert they did him good service. Mr. Burgin began with an overture of Cherubini to his opera, "Ali Baba," twice heard at these concerts forty-odd years ago. However it may have sounded to the Paris of 1833, it is quaint in the ears of Boston ninety-four years later. It amused the audience and hearty applause ensued. Next followed Brahms's Concerto for Violin with Mr. Spalding to play the solo-part. Within memory the piece has not received a better-proportioned or more discerning performance and the house rose to it. More modestly than his merit warranted, Mr. Burgin left Mr. Spalding to take the acknowledgements.

With the other numbers of the afternoon, the acting conductor was less fortunate. Liszt's symphonic poem, "Mazeppa," asks more detailing, keener rhythm, more vivid suggestion, than he was able to give it. In these non-romantic days such music must bite sharp and beat high or there is no vitalizing it. A huge welter of orchestral sonorities is Schreker's "Prelude to A Drama." Now and then they open that a broad melody may sing out or a dart of harmonic or instrumental color pierce through. Over hearers the Prelude must roll until they engulfed and breathless under these gid floods of sound. At Mr. Burgin ds it merely plowed on and on. he had turned admirably the light trasts of Cherubini's Overture and deiled understandingly and sympa tically the orchestral part of the Co to. These measured classics invite intelligence and competence; whil orotund romantics lay outside h ge. A discerning audience applaude ordingly; but took polite leave wit orchestra called to its feet.

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Globe ——— Dec. 3. 1927.

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P. R.

MR. BURGIN CONDU
MR. SPALDING P
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Trans. ——— Dec

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With the other numbers of the afternoon, the acting conductor was less fortunate. Liszt's symphonic poem, "Mazeppa," asks more detailing, keener rhythm, more vivid suggestion, than he was able to give it. In these non-romantic days such music must bite sharp and beat high or there is no vitalizing it. A huge welter of orchestral sonorities is Schreker's "Prelude to A Drama." Now and then they open that a broad melody may sing out or a dart of harmonic or instrumental color pierce through. Over hearers the Prelude must roll until they are engulfed and breathless under these turgid floods of sound. At Mr. Burgin's hands it merely plowed on and on. Yet he had turned admirably the light contrasts of Cherubini's Overture and modelled understandingly and sympathetically the orchestral part of the Concerto. These measured classics invite his intelligence and competence; while the orotund romantics lay outside his range. A discerning audience applauded accordingly; but took polite leave with the orchestra called to its feet.

The Concerto aside, there is no occasion to dwell upon the substance of this program. Cherubini's Overture is an entertaining trifle. In those days no intrusive Russians had lugged the Orient westward. A bright little tinkle here, a neat little whirr there, and the introduction to Ali Baba's opera is sufficiently colored. (Mozart was not remarkable when fashion bade him compose "Alla Turca"; nor did Beethoven outdo himself in the "Turkish March" in the play, "The Ruins of Athens.") For the rest Cherubini made readily enough a flowing well distributed music. . . . Schreker luxuriates in the thick musical substance, the lush harmonic and instrumental ves-

ture, of a post-Wagnerian, post-Straus
sian day. From the South he hear
Puccini calling in the breadths and fervo
of Italian song. Through his own tem
perament runs a macabre streak. Int
this "Prelude to A Drama" he stirs al
three—and it is easy to understand how
the spare, sinewy, clean-cut modernists
have displaced him with young German
and young Austria. No longer is musi
written in this fashion. . . . There is goo
Liszt and poor Liszt—in "Mazeppa" sid
by side. The measures of the "wild ride"
are still graphic and alight. Imagina
tion shapes the musical substance to nar
rating suggestion. Hand in hand run th
musical and the delineative course. The
the apotheosis—tonal fustian and roman
tic buncombe. Dr. Muck himself, wh
warmed to these symphonic poems, coul
not play it as though he believed.

Like all of us in these days, Mr. Spald
ing is converted to a songful, warm
blooded Brahms. Perhaps in the Concert
for Violin he never suspected any other
It was an elder generation of fiddlers
mostly German, who reduced the firs
movement to the filling of a form wit
"musical thoughts"; squeezed dry the sec
ond, sawed up and sawed down—more o
less rhythmically—through the third; s
did homage to "the austere and abstrus
master." Mr. Spalding, of another time
and temperament, puts by a false and
imposed tradition; prefers to heed the ac
tual page. To it he brings his keen in
sight, poised mind, deep yet measured re
sponse; seeks the golden mean at which
thought and emotion, form and progress
unite in a single whole. His sense o
musical form is clear and exact withou
a trace of hardness upon the contours.
He is aware that by motion is music
vitalized. His own spirit assures him
that feeling is the wing to thought. He
has reached the maturity that is equally
wary of poverty and excess.

The mind, temperament, understand
ing, imagination, for this Concerto of
Brahms—to curve and clarify the lines,
to preserve both the outspoken and the
underlying melody, to apportion and ani
mate the rhythmic accents, to enrich the
substance and enhance the mood; to keep
passage-work, cadenza, transitional meas
ures, all in flow. The means are as
ready to Mr. Spalding's hand—technical
readiness and sureness; a transparent,
lustrous tone, edgeless, pliant, undu
lating; a sensibility to the violin as poised
yet as ardent as the response to Brahms
himself; a quick ear for every orchestral
relation and interplay. The outcome
could be no other than such a perform
ance as hereabouts the Concerto rarely
receives—the first movement shaped and
suffused into songful speech, by light and
shadow crossed and re-crossed; the sec
ond in that clear glow and pensive
warmth which is autumnal beauty—
a beauty that Brahms cherished; the
third up-springing, finely tempered, from
bow and strings. Say, if the hearer will
that the violinist now and then lingered
over the slow measures; that the Finale
might have been more florid and glint
ing and still within the composer's "ma
non troppo vivace." None the less in the
records of the Symphony Concerts beside
Mr. Kreisler's Beethoven goes Mr. Spal
ding's Brahms.

Mr. Koussevitzky was absent from his
place, as he will be this evening, under
a clause in his contract that exempts him
from three pairs of concerts at home—a
reasonable stipulation in view of the en
ergy of his labors, the cast of his temper
ment, the stress of a hundred-odd con
certs in little more than six months. As
reasonably, a public, naturally disposed
to query and surmise, might have been
informed of this proviso. From the Higgin
sonian day, however, it has been the pol
icy of the controlling powers, to withhold
such matters from the loyal—and docile
—public that weekly frequents, and year
ly sustains, these concerts. Let it receive
what is set before it asking no needless
questions. The Symphony Orchestra is
indeed, an institution; but it is also an
institution for the present closely bound
up in the personal fortunes and the
actual presence of Mr. Koussevitzky.
As to all that concerns his relations to
the public, it may be pardonably curious.
. . . On two of these occasional absences
guest-conductors, as in seasons past,
come interestingly in his stead. For the
third the experiment of the current week
is tried. Perhaps it is best to note Mr.
Spalding's up-standing share. H. T. P.

Richard Burgin Leads the Boston Orchestra

Monitor ——— Dec. 3. 1927.

Serge Koussevitzky, having led the Boston Symphony Orchestra on conquering tours to the middle West and to New York, felt it desirable to take a holiday this week. Accordingly Richard Burgin, concertmaster, led the orchestra in the seventh program of the season, given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston. Albert Spalding played the Brahms Violin Concerto. The other numbers were Cherubini's Overture to "Ali Baba," Schreker's "Prelude to a Drama" and Liszt's "Mazeppa."

Mr. Burgin, highly regarded for his virtuosity and his musicianship, was warmly received. He was of course fortunate in having so magnificent an instrument, at the top of condition, at his command. He has himself grown in directorial authority since first he occupied the podium three years ago, at a Monday evening concert. At that time it was difficult to believe one was listening to the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Yesterday there was no such difficulty. Both the substitute conductor and the band have advanced so far that it is no longer disastrous for Mr. Koussevitzky to retire for a time to his ivory tower.

Mr. Spalding and the excellent Brahms were the heroes of the occasion, however. The soloist, one of the most satisfying violinists of our time, placed his technique at the service of the composer. He made the first movement exciting, the second charming; and he did what he could to conceal the dullness of the last. Schreker's so-called prelude had a brilliant performance, which did not, however, make us forget its length. After the five years since its first Boston hearing, it remains interesting chiefly as an exercise in orchestral virtuosity in the manner of Strauss. Cherubini's inconsequential overture was delectably performed. Liszt's "Mazeppa" seems hardly fair game for the reviewer today.

Broadcast Begins at 8:10 in W. S. Quinby Series

Richard Burgin, concert-master of the Boston Symphony orchestra since 1920, will take the baton from Serge Koussevitzky this evening to conduct the seventh of the season's Symphony concerts being broadcast over WBZ-WBZA, the New England Westinghouse station. The concert broadcast will begin at 8:10, the program being opened at the Symphony hal studios by Aidan Redmond, who is in charge of the radio presentations of Symphony this winter. These Saturday evening programs go on the air by courtesy of W. S. Quinby.

The program begins with Cherubini's overture to his opera "Ali Baba," which was first produced in 1833 in Paris. This overture is in the classical form. After the intermission the first number is the prelude to a drama by Schreker. This work aroused lively discussion on the occasion of its first performance in 1914. Some critics hailed Schreker as a new musical genius, while others saw him as an enemy and destroyer of the art. The prelude was first played in Boston in 1922. At that time interest in the work was particularly strong, since it stood as the first example of German post-war music to be performed in this country.

The orchestra will conclude its program with Liszt's musical description of the wild ride of Mazeppa. This is one of the most vivid pieces in modern music. Prof. John Patten Marshall, head of the music departments at Boston University and Holy Cross College, will tell the story of Mazeppa's ride, explaining the connection between the various themes and the text. He will also treat of the Brahms and Cherubini works. Margaret Starr McLain will assist with piano illustrations.

BURGIN AT HELM WITH SYMPHONY

Post ——— Dec. 3. 1927

Spaulding, Soloist, Plays Brahm's Concerto

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

In three seasons and a quarter Mr. Koussevitzky has made the Boston Symphony Orchestra a marvellous instrument upon which yesterday afternoon Richard Burgin, concertmaster of the band, performed with skill and taste whilst the conductor took a holiday.

The audience received the acting director with a warmth that must have gratified him, clapping him heartily on his initial appearance and at every suitable opportunity thereafter.

ALBERT SPALDING'S PLAYING

Not altogether enviable was Mr. Burgin's position yesterday, but he acquitted himself always competently, and in the Violin Concerto of Brahms, that brought Albert Spalding as soloist, with genuine distinction. In fact from every point of view the performance of this Concerto was one that many years of the symphony concerts have not equalled.

Of Mr. Spalding's playing it is impossible to speak too highly; it had breadth, dignity, nobility and poetry; it had songfulness and brilliance, tonal beauty and an exquisite purity of intonation. To an extraordinary degree it humanized a music that many have made dull and forbidding, and this without any recourse to false sentimentality or to sensationalism. By it Mr. Spalding proved himself, were such proof still needed, a violinist with but few rivals.

An Eloquent Accompaniment

Himself a violinist, acquainted with every note, sensitive to every inflection of the music in hand, Mr. Burgin yesterday gave his brother virtuoso an accompaniment beautifully proportioned, sympathetic and considerate, yet eloquent in its own right. The tone of the woodwinds in the opening of the Adagio well night equalled that of Mr. Spaulding himself. Throughout there was symphonic feeling and symphonic treatment; yet, as is not always the case, the soloist was never for a moment overborne or overweighted by the orchestra.

By no means unaware of the remarkable quality of that which had just been vouchsafed, the audience applauded Mr. Spalding with the utmost fervor, recalling him many times.

Cherubini's "Ali Baba"

To begin the concert Mr. Burgin led his colleagues through Cherubini's Overture to his opera "Ali Baba," a gay and surprisingly brilliant composition for some reason long neglected at the symphony concerts. The performance of this engaging piece was an admirable one. So, indeed, was that of Schreker's Prelude to a Drama, that followed the Concerto. But although conductor and band strove their mightiest they could not make convincing this orchestrally opulent but intrinsically empty music, previously played here at a pair of concerts by Mr. Monteux.

As for the final number on the programme, Liszt's "Mazeppa," perhaps Mr. Koussevitzky, who has a special flair for such music, could clothe these bones with living flesh, but excellent musician and capable conductor though he is, Mr. Burgin could hardly work that miracle.

"All the Way Back"

Brief Note Upon an Obvious Rivalry

THE Boston Symphony has come back—all the way back. And Leopold Stokowski's Philadelphians, now that their own miracle-worker is pursuing the Bow of Indra, will do well to watch Serge Koussevitzky. That virtuoso of the stick brought his orchestra to New York for the first of his ten concerts in Manhattan this season. He was greeted as a returning conqueror. And he made good the acclamation bestowed upon him at the outset by playing of such magnificence as to recall the days when there was no other name so magical with which to open the symphonic casements as that of The Boston Symphony. The new Boston Symphony is not the old orchestra restored. It has an entirely different personality. But its ascent from the pit into which it tumbled when Muck gave way to Rabaud has brought it back to a level where it can look proudly into the eyes of the past. [Oscar Thompson in Musical America

Trans. Dec. 7. 1927.

NOTES and LINES

By PHILIP HALE

Herald Dec. 1. 1927.

The concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in New York greatly pleased the audiences and the professional critics. All were loud in praise of Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra. Let us quote from two leading critics:

William J. Henderson of the Sun speaking of "Daphnis and Chloe":

"To give such music its adequate value nothing short of a performance combining the most brilliant instrumental technic with flawless clarity will serve. It was that kind of a performance that we heard last evening. It was a triumph of orchestral splendor, thrilling in its confidence, its accuracy, its luminosity and its verve. This playing and that of the Weber overture demonstrated that the Boston Symphony Orchestra of today sustains the historical fame of the organization. Other orchestras must look to their laurels when this one plays with such gorgeous tone and such irresistible spirit. One may shake his head, if he likes, at some of Mr. Koussevitzky's readings, but about his skill in evoking all the tonal excellence of an orchestra, as well as its bold attack and its military precision and unanimity, there can be no two opinions. The Weber overture was a veritable tumult of fiery sound and the Ravel work a sunburst. There is but one adjective for such playing—magnificent."

Lawrence Gilman of the Herald-Tribune:

"'The art of life,' wrote Mr. Santayana, 'is to keep pace with the celestial orchestra that beats the measure of our career, and gives the cue for our exits and our entrances.' It is not of record that the eminent philosopher was thinking of the Boston Symphony Orchestra when he wrote that sentence, with its shining adjective—though if one were given to higher flights of rhapsody than the sober spectacle of a New England orchestra permits, one might find the term not wholly undeserved by the luminous beauty of Mr. Koussevitzky's strings." "A remarkable orchestra." "There is, we think, no conductor who makes more provocative programs than Mr. Koussevitzky; there is no conductor at present hereabouts who is so detaining in their performance as he. It is possible that, having been detained, you do not always agree with the discourse that has laid its arresting hand upon you. But the point is you are detained. And that is nearly everything."

Mr. Chotzinoff of the World: "Mr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra gave a truly masterly performance of 'Daphnis and Chloe,' a mixture of virtuosity and understanding which brought the audience to its feet. The 7th symphony of Beethoven was an impressive climax to an unusually interesting program. Mr. Koussevitzky played it in a straightforward manner, allowing Beethoven to speak for himself."

Mr. Downes of the Times: "Mr. Koussevitzky, that singular anomaly of the virtuoso and the interpreter of genius, when he leads as he led last evening, has probably not his equal for temperament, imagination and magnetism among conductors now in this country."

Evening Post: The performance of Ravel's suite provoked "not only prolonged applause for the leader and his men, but even shouts of approval."

All the seats and the standing room at Carnegie hall last Thursday night were occupied. The World added to its remarks about the great crowd: "The anticipatory excitement that prevailed in the auditorium must have been founded on a premonition of an unusual performance by the Bostonians and their Russian leader."

The program of the Symphony concerts on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening will be as follows: Cherubini, overture to "Ali-Baba or the Forty Thieves"; Schrecker, Prelude to a Drama; Brahms, Violin concerto (Mr. Spalding); Liszt, symphonic poem, "Mazeppa."

Cherubini's overture was played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1881. It had been played here by Theodore Thomas some years before that. The opera met with little success at Paris, but it met with favor in German cities. The priggish Mendelssohn did not like the overture; he complained of "thunder clap effects" and three or four trombones "blasting away." "Mazeppa" was last heard here six years ago this month. It would be a joyous idea to have a film with some play actress, after the manner of Adah Isaacs Menken, barebacked on the famous Ukraine steed, shown while the music was playing. As for the Brahms concerto—but Mr. Spalding is a good violinist. Some think that Schrecker was rightly named for his compositions.

Mr. Albert Spalding, born at Chicago, August 15, 1888, began when he was seven years old the study of the violin with Chiti in Florence, Italy, and when he was living in New York, with Juan Buitrago. When Mr. Spalding was fourteen he passed with high honors the examination for a "professorship" at the Bologna Conservatory. In Paris he studied for two years with Lefort. His first appearance in public as a professional violinist was at the Nouveau Théâtre, Paris, June 6, 1905.

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FRANZ SCHREKER

FORTY-SEVENTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-SEVEN AND TWENTY-EIGHT

Eighth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 9, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 10, at 8.15 o'clock

Carpenter . . . . Suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator"

a. En voiture.
b. The Policeman.
c. The Hurdy-Gurdy.
d. Dogs.
e. Dreams.

Carpenter . . "Skyscrapers" (A Ballet of Modern American Life)

Soprano: CLAIRE MAGER Tenor: RULON Y. ROBISON

(First time in Boston)

Beethoven . . . . Symphony No. 7, in A major, Op. 92

I. Poco sostenuto; Vivace.
II. Allegretto.
III. Presto; Assai presto: Tempo primo.
IV. Allegro con brio.

There will be an intermission before the symphony

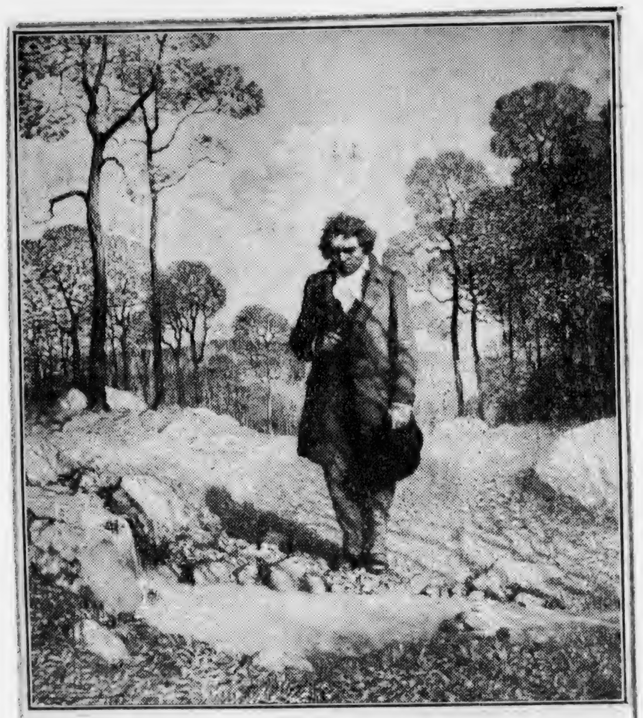
MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTES

Buescher Saxophones by courtesy of the Boston Saxophone Orchestra

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators, it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



BEETHOVEN IN THE FIELDS: *painted by* N. C. WYETH

EIGHTH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Herald Dec. 10, 1927

Carpenter's "Skyscrapers" and "Perambulator" Suite Featured

BEETHOVEN'S 7TH SYMPHONY GIVEN

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its eighth concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Carpenter, "Adventures in a Perambulator" and "Skyscrapers (a Ballet of Modern American Life)"; Beethoven, Symphony No. 7. The soprano and tenor music in "Skyscrapers" was sung by Mme. Claire Mager and Rulon Y. Robison.

If Mr. Carpenter's symphony had been played instead of Beethoven's, the concert might have been announced as "L'Apres-midi d'un Charpentier."

The juxtaposition of his "Perambulator" suite and his "Skyscrapers" was happily conceived; the former, a lyrical, contemplative, pictorial work with humorous episodes; the latter intensely contemporaneous, whereas the "Perambulator" might have been dated anywhere in the last 20 or 30 years, though as a matter of fact it was composed in 1914. "Skyscrapers," completed in 1924, was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1926.

A powerful locomotive engine, a tin-Lizzie, a football game and the landing of an aeroplane have inspired composers of our day. Mr. Carpenter wishing to "reflect some of the many rhythmic movements and sounds of modern life" bethought himself of our Towers of Babel, riveters, workmen at play, Coney Island and like places of amusement; the result is an ingenious, exciting, characteristic composition; music not of the past, but of the present and possibly of the future.

Does any one cry out against the sources of his inspiration? Deplore that his Muse chants the toil and sport of workmen, glorifies the heaven-defying buildings of American invention?

The magnificent Corliss engine at the Philadelphia exhibition of 1876 was poetic music. Kipling was not the first, nor the only one to find romance in machinery. Walt Whitman, chanting:

"Strange and hard that paradox true I give,
Objects gross and the unseen soul are one,"

did not hesitate to sing of house-building, nail-making, tin-roofing, the pump, the pile-driver, the great derrick, the coal-kiln, and the rolling mill. He invited the Muse to migrate from Greece and Ionia, to seat herself in a machinery hall. He saw her "by shrill steam-whistle undismay'd, Bluff'd not a bit" by drain-pipe or gasometer.

Or does one reproach Mr. Carpenter for portraying in tones the joyous scenes and sounds of a Coney island, with jazz skilfully designed for a symphonic orchestra, with reminiscences of negro minstrel ditties, with the rush and roar of workmen and their girls bent on making a day and a night of it? The objectors would applaud a musician for a pagan festival, a Bacchic orgy. Why shrink at the musical suggestion of gaily riotous Americans?

Mr. Carpenter has told us in music the outing of a child. One of his first compositions was a collection of humorous "Improving Songs for Children." This fondness for children as subjects for art, he shares with Victor Hugo; with Swinburne, who abandoned the shrine of Venus to sing of children's beauty and innocence—after Watts-Dunton had docked him of his rum. In the "Perambulator" there is no sentimentalism, no Sunday school address to "you, little girl with the blue sash"; but his music is as his child saw and thought, when wheeled about. He has been equally successful in catching the spirit of the skyscraper and of the builders thereof. Because he is an American, it does not necessarily follow that his music must be good. He is first of all a musician and an accomplished one, sensitive to impressions of every sort, blessed with a sense of humor, not afraid to unbend, to let himself go; but in his "Skyscraper" he is an American. We doubt if any foreigner, enamored of "jazz," endeavoring to write in this manner, playing the sedulous ape to our masters of these demoniacal rhythms, now broken, now persistent, always madding, could have even imagined "Skyscrapers."

The performance was of the virtuoso nature that has won for this orchestra international reputation. Mr. Koussevitzky, a warm appreciator of Mr. Carpenter's talent, conducted with amazing gusto; the orchestra responded in fine frenzy. The audience seemed ready to join in the delirious revelry. Enjoyment was evident; applause was spontaneous, honest, not merely complimentary, hearty. Mr. Carpenter modestly

acknowledged the tribute.

Then followed an admirable performance of the great symphony, without any attempt at surprising, sensational "readings," or italicization of Beethoven's eloquence. It would be a pleasure to speak of certain details of the performance: as the manner in which Mr. Koussevitzky built up the crescendo leading to the great climax at the end of the first movement.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week, as announced, is as follows: Liadov, "From the Apocalypse." Bax, Symphony in E flat minor (first time at these concerts). Schumann, Piano Concerto (Myra Hess). Wagner, Ovrture to "Tannhaeuser."

COMPOSER IS GUEST OF SYMPHONY

Post — Dec. 10. 1927

Carpenter's 'Skyscrapers' Ballet Wins Hearty Applause

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

One of the most notable of American composers, John Alden Carpenter of Chicago, was yesterday afternoon a guest of the Symphony Orchestra. His "Adventures in a Perambulator" made the first number on the programme; the music of his ballet "Skyscrapers" the second.

From his seat in the auditorium Mr. Carpenter acknowledged the hearty applause accorded the one. He came to the stage, and several times returned there, to receive the plaudits bestowed upon the latter.

VOICE TO THE MACHINES

Yesterday and this evening these "Adventures in a Perambulator" are making their fourth appearance at a pair of Symphony Concerts, deserved recognition of one of the mast entertaining of native compositions. "Skyscrapers," produced at the Metropolitan Opera House in Febrauary of 1926, was until yesterday known to this city only by name. As its title suggests, "Skyscrapers' is authentically American. It would portray the urban Americano both at work and at play and as the composer is on record as saying, "in this country we work hard and play hard."

Inevitably the first part of "Skyscrapers" brings to mind the later ballet of Prokofieff, the "Ballet of Steel," the music of which was introduced here by Mr. Koussevitsky at the first concerts of this season. And in the resulting comparison the advantage seems wholly on the side of the American product. Prokofieff could suggest only the physical drive and power of the machines. Mr. Carpenter gives voice to the spirit behind them.

Two Voice Parts

Not so successful in concert performance, however, is the ensuing episode, the scene in the amusement park. Here Mr. Carpenter's orchestral jazz, amusing for a time, prolonged until it palls. Heard with the distracting and illuminating action, this music is by report both effective and appropriate. But jazz for the concret-hall needs a deal of sublimating, melodically, harmonically and rhythmically. That of Mr. Carpenter, although essentially symphonic in its instrumental dress despite a trio of saxophones, in its musical substance comes close to being the genuine banal article.

The two incidental voice parts were yesterday safely entrusted to Claire Mager, soprano, and Rulon Robison, tenor.

Five Movements Played

Not all the movements of the "Perambulator" suite were played yesterday; "The Lake" was omitted. And of the five that remained it is easy today to select as the most persuasive the first three: "En Voiture," "The Policeman" and "The Hurdy-Gurdy."

But this inequality is readily forgiven in a work that offers so much of fancy and of charm, while together with such compositions as Chadwick's "Symphonic Sketches" and Converse's "Flivver Ten Million" the "Adventures" must be classed as a symbolic piece representatively American, infused with the humor that seems, after all, our most characteristic note.

To conclude the concert came a performance of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, a performance of hardly more than routine excellence none too warmly recived. After last season's glut perhaps Beethoven is not quite yet a wholly welcome guest in Symphony Hall.

Boston Hears "Skyscrapers"

Monitor — Dec. 10, 1927.

By L. A. SLOPER

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, returning from his fall vacation, conducted the eighth Friday afternoon Symphony concert of the season in Symphony Hall, Boston, yesterday. John Alden Carpenter, American composer, was honored by the inclusion in the program of two of his works, the familiar Suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator," and a concert version of his "Skyscrapers, a Ballet of American Life." The concluding number marked the first appearance this season of the name of Beethoven on a Boston Symphony program; it was the Seventh Symphony.

The transference of "Skyscrapers" to the concert hall raises once more the question of the effectiveness of ballet music without the ballet. Robert Edmond Jones, who collaborated with the composer in staging this ballet at the Metropolitan Opera House in February, 1926, conveys the impression that the action grew out of the music: "Carpenter would play the music, giving me an impression of the changing orchestration. He played each passage over and over again for hours. This would give me certain ideas of movement, for which I drew tentative designs, to be discussed with him. Countless patterns were made during six months of grueling, unremitting labor. From these we selected the final succession of designs, one growing from the other, parallel with the music."

But the average listener cannot spend six months listening while the composer plays over the same passage hour after hour. If he could, it is possible his chief idea of movement would be one to a great distance. Nor, perhaps, is the imagination of every hearer quite equal to that of Mr. Jones, an experienced stage designer, who, moreover, had the guidance of the composer.

Hearing and seeing this ballet at the Metropolitan last winter, the present reviewer found it stimulating. Yesterday memory to some extent helped perception. Nevertheless the music, deprived of the direct aid of the vivid settings and lighting of the Metropolitan's stage, seemed far less significant. In the opera house, the action so thoroughly engaged the eye that the ear failed to notice how long drawn out was the use of one of the popular tunes in the "play" scenes; yesterday we thought it never would be done with. On the other hand, some of the most important music of the last generation has been written for the ballet. And in an all but operaless town, how should we hear it if not from the platform?

The juxtaposition of Mr Carpenter's two works revealed how well he has followed the developments of recent times. The "Perambulator" Suite, written in 1914, is amiable, fanciful, charming music in the French manner. Ten years elapsed before the score of "Skyscrapers" was completed; and they were eventful years. "Skyscrapers" employs certain American tunes in the endeavor to depict the American scene, but its rhythmic pulse and its dissonances are imported from Russia.

The work is scored for a large orchestra, with saxophones, two pianos and two solo voices. It is a complicated score, and its performance was by no means impeccable. It is always an advantage when a conductor is able to devote himself uninterruptedly to his orchestra.

"SKYSCRAPERS" AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Globe — Dec. 10 1927

Suite From Carpenter's Ballet a Novelty

Chicago Composer Hears His Music Brilliantly Performed

Mr Kousevitzky, who began last season to discover that such Americans as Loeffler, Converse, and Gilbert, though practically unknown in Paris

have written interesting and modern music, turned for the first half of yesterday's Symphony program to the works of John Alden Carpenter, the well-known Chicago composer whose music Dr Muck and Mr Monteux introduced here.

He revived that spirited and amusing piece of light music, "Adventures in a Perambulator," and conducted the first Boston performance of the suite from Mr Carpenter's ballet "Skyscrapers," produced last Winter by the Metropolitan Opera. The composer, who was present, must have been pleased by the brilliant performance of both works, and by the unexpectedly cordial reception given them by the audience. The only other number was Beethoven's Seventh Symphony.

When Mr Reiner, now serving as guest conductor, introduced "Skyscrapers" a few weeks ago at the concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra "real traffic lights winked red eyes at the audience from the very front of the platform," much to the scandal of conservatives. These traffic signals had in the ballet performances served as "symbols of restlessness," of the spirit of a modern American city, which, rather than any definite story or moral, is what Mr Carpenter has sought to convey by his music. But there were no traffic signals yesterday at Symphony Hall.

Apparently the Friday subscribers have become inured to what many of them in recent seasons have obviously felt to be the horrors of modern music. Carpenter in "Skyscrapers" has borrowed some of the instruments as well as the rhythms of the jazz band. Three saxophones, a tenor banjo and obstreperous muted trumpets figured in yesterday's performance. In the score are incorporated phrases from "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground," and suggestions of "Yankee Doodle," "Dem Goo-goo Eyes" and various "vaguely remembered 'Blues.'"

Roar of Traffic

Even noises suggestive of riveting machines, the roar of traffic, and the riotous crowds at Coney Island failed to evoke any hint of protest. The applause at the end was as cordial as though a piece of Grieg had been heard. After all listeners cannot fail if exposed to enough modern music to find it good fun, and enjoy it.

Mr Koussevitzky succeeded in extorting from an orchestra of which many members neither like nor understand jazz a spirited performance One felt, of course, that Paul Whiteman and his band would have played it far more easily and spontaneously.

Mr Carpenter, as all his music shows, is not ashamed to be American. Our own popular music has always supplied him with a large share of his inspiration. He treats his material with the skill and finesse of a cultivated musician, of course, but he does not allow the superior refinement and power of the work of the leading European composers to blind him to the manifest impossibility of transplanting a musical tradition from Europe to America.

It is true, though Mr Carpenter does not write from this or any critical theory, that all great music has been merely an elaboration or refinement upon the popular music of its day and age. Of the two suites heard yesterday "Skyscrapers" seems the more vital and significant music. It is worthy of repeated hearing in the concert hall, though one would, naturally, prefer the ballet and the theatre for such a piece. Sincerity and good workmanship rather than profound originality distinguish Carpenter's music.

Seventh Symphony

The performance of the Seventh Symphony was not one of Mr Koussevitzky's best. Only the allegretto, taken for once at the proper tempo, seemed to stir him deeply. The other movements were played rather perfunctorily. The finale, in particular, taken too slowly, lacked the tremendous gusto it ought to evoke from performers and hearers. One wondered why the conductor chose to omit many of the repeats, and why he kept those that he did keep. It would seem preferable to play such a masterpiece as this exactly as the composer wrote it, without any cuts whatever. Yet despite all defects of performance, one could not but be moved by the perenially astonishing beauty and power of this symphony, which is perhaps the finest ever composed.

Next week Mr Koussevitzky now plans to perform Liadov's "From the Apocalypse"; Bax's Symphony in E-flat; the Schumann piano concerto, with Myra Hess as soloist, and Wagner's "Tannehaueser" overture P. R.

CONDUCTOR RETURNED, COMPOSER APPLAUDED, "SKYSCRAPERS" HEARD

Trans.

MATINEE OF MR. CARPENTER AND MR. KOUSSEVITZKY

Of "Trips," Consequences and a Guest—"Adventures in a Perambulator" in Singular Voice—The Ballet of American Work and American Play—Re-Appearance of Ludwig van Beethoven

FOR THE FIRST TIME in three weeks Mr. Koussevitzky returned yesterday afternoon to the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in its own city. He has made a good recovery from the fatigue that the "trips" of the band during November laid upon him. Between Oct. 31 and Nov. 6 he and it distributed seven concerts over six cities through seven days; travelled from Boston to Ithaca, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago; from Chicago to Pittsburgh; from Pittsburgh to Dayton; from Dayton to Boston again. Between Nov. 23 and Nov. 26, under less journeying, it provided New York, Brooklyn and Montclair (which is in New Jersey) with four concerts. After such exertions, in addition to five concerts at home, a conductor of Mr. Koussevitzky's mettle may claim, with reason, exemption from a week of preparation and performance; while Mr. Burgin in his stead makes ready and brings to pass three concerts in Boston and Cambridge.

It is both necessary and desirable that the conductor and the orchestra should be heard and applauded, frequently in New York, occasionally in Chicago. Thereby they gain both prestige and ambition; while they affirm and spread more widely their new-earned note. It is open to debate whether they need illumine the musical darkness of Dayton, Montclair and similar way-stations. Carefully planned as these journeys are, the time seems ripe for a fresh examination of them by the powers that be. Subjected to them, Mr. Koussevitzky rightfully asks and receives a holiday. Yet his Bostonian public misses him; otherwise it would not greet his return as it did yesterday, as it has more than once before. He has remade the orchestra and the concerts in his own image; lifted both high. At home and abroad in him are its present fortunes, and the fortunes of its immediate future,

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bound up and determined. Sooner or later the trustees may have to decide between quality in Boston and New York and quantity in accessory journeying. Sometimes it is prudent to meet an issue on the way.

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In additioon to laurels gathered, the journey westward made semi-occasion of the concert of Friday. In Chicago Mr. Koussevitzky renewed acquaintance with Mr. John Alden Carpenter. The conductor was aware of his place as composer; but in no program during his term in America had he included any of Mr. Carpenter's music. He resolved to repair the oversight forthwith. As it happened. Mr. Carpenter was soon to journey Eastward on his way to Munich for the production of his ballet, "Skyscrapers," at the State Opera. He should halt in Boston, as Mr. Koussevitzky proposed; listen to the performance of two of his pieces; receive the plaudits of the day as composer-guest. Mr. Carpenter modestly agreed; Mr. Koussevitzky chose the early Suite, "Adventures in A Perambulator," along with the concert-version of "Skyscrapers," hitherto unheard in Boston; yesterday divided the first half of the concert between them. At the end of the Suite, the conductor directed the applause toward the composer; at the end of the ballet led him forward on the stage and quickly left him there. In this fashion were the bonds of musical amity and respect once more sealed between the two cities.

—

Mr. Koussevitzky's version of the morning in the perambulator was singular, as the French say very personal. In time past in Boston Mr. Damrosch, Dr. Muck, Mr. Monteux, all set hands to the Suite. With one accord, they stressed the suggestion of Mr. Carpenteir's music, dappled it with his fanciful humor. There st pped The Nurse or s.. ly; there sounded The Policeman's heavier tread approaching or receding; along the way, slow or fast, turned the perambulator-wheels. The hurdy-gurdy slipped into its tempting waltz; over the lake the little waves and the great waves lapped amicably; the dogs padded hither and thither; dreamfully within, the perambulator departed homeward. "How very large the world is! How many things there are." With how much humor and fancy may a composer in the vein flavor even a little Suite!

It would not be truth to say that Mr. Koussevitzky missed altogether this suggestion. It was present and au i le, if the hearer followed closely and kept Mr. Carpenter's program well in mind. Unlike his predecessors, however, the conductor neither pointed the humors, sharpened the characterization, nor en-

d, he was en- d the manner s such. Here btlety or fin- ny, or of the e he would and the de- ter's motivs: rhythmic ac- clothing page ze, light and nd sweetened he adventures, baby, police- sleep-chasings usic. Beyond r. Carpenter's diness and the hand, the sen- stood clear as y Hall. Yet comparatively gnal virtue of content blos- g touch into or unfolding re ways than erformance of nature being "reading" will e others. Not Koussevitzky's listened to his vel's "Mother at turn after

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have written interesting and modern music, turned for the first half of yesterday's Symphony program to the works of John Alden Carpenter, the well-known Chicago composer whose music Dr Muck and Mr Monteux introduced here.

He revived that spirited and amusing piece of light music, "Adventures in a Perambulator," and conducted the first Boston performance of the suite from Mr Carpenter's ballet "Skyscrapers," produced last Winter by the Metropolitan Opera. The composer, who was present, must have been pleased by the brilliant performance of both works, and by the unexpectedly cordial reception given them by the audience. The only other number was Beethoven's Seventh Symphony.

When Mr Reiner, now serving as guest conductor, introduced "Skyscrapers" a few weeks ago at the concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra "real traffic lights winked red eyes at the audience from the very front of the platform," much to the scandal of conservatives. These traffic signals had in the ballet performances served as "symbols of restlessness," of the spirit of a modern American city, which, rather than any definite story or moral, is what Mr Carpenter has sought to convey by his music. But there were no traffic signals yesterday at Symphony Hall.

Apparently the Friday subscribers have become inured to what many of them in recent seasons have obviously felt to be the horrors of modern music. Carpenter in "Skyscrapers" has borrowed some of the instruments as well as the rhythms of the jazz band. Three saxophones, a tenor banjo and obstreperous muted trumpets figured in yesterday's performance. In the score are incorporated phrases from "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground," and suggestions of "Yankee Doodle," "Dem Goo-goo Eyes" and various "vaguely remembered 'Blues.'"

Roar of Traffic

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today deferred payment on th second preferred stock, upon dation of the Graham Brothe their associates own more cent of this issue. Three mo initial dividend of $1.75 was tors, however, declared the r terly distribution of $1.75 a s first preferred stock.

Directors of the Chandl Motor Car Company have om gularly quarterly dividend o on th preferred due at thi announcing this action, F. president said: "It was the fe directors that the passing of at this time would tend to i operations of the business an it dealers' organization of double that of a year ago, to plans for 1928, the compan forward to a prosperous year pany is in a strong financia having no bank loans and ness excepting a very moder of current bills."

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Continental Gas and Electri has declared an extra one-half cent dividend on its partici ferred stock.

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The Singer Manufacturing has declared an extra divide a share in addition to the re terly payment of $2.50. Bot tions are payable Dec. 31, to s of record Dec. 10.

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livened the fancies. Instead, he was engrossed with the matter and the manner of Mr. Carpenter's music as such. Here he would disclose some subtlety or finesse in the play of harmony, or of the instrumental voices; there he would make clear the relation and the development of Mr. Carpenter's motivs: adroitly redistribute his rhythmic accents. Yet again, he was clothing page after page in a tonal haze, light and iridescent, in a softened and sweetened musical speech as though the adventures, the perambulator, nurse, baby, policeman, dogs, the lake, were sleep-chasings caught into a dreamful music. Beyond doubt the felicity of Mr. Carpenter's musical invention, the readiness and the fineness of his composing hand, the sensitive surfaces of his Suite stood clear as never before in Symphony Hall. Yet humor and fancy went comparatively stilled; while it is the signal virtue of the Suite that the musical content blossoms at the understanding touch into instant characterization or unfolding mood. It is true that more ways than one are possible in the performance of every piece; yet human nature being what it is, this or that "reading" will seem more apt than all the others. Not a few listened to Mr. Koussevitzky's "Perambulator" as they listened to his first performance of Ravel's "Mother Goose"—to a version that at turn after turn slid by the point.

Better went "Skyscrapers" as concert-piece—that is to say as the full score of the ballet, less a few cuts, with the measures for negro choir confided to a single soprano and a single tenor voice—yesterday and capably Miss Mager's and Mr. Robison's. There is no need to recite afresh the scenario devised after the music was written. Enough, for the purpose of the concert-hall, that Mr. Carpenter would translate into tones two contrasts of American urban life in this present hour. The citizens toil and from their hands rise steel-fashioned skyscrapers. The citizens—and their feminine counterparts—turn to play and pleasure. They take it, being ordinary folk, in the Coney Islands of twenty cities. They dance in current steps; sing current tunes; run after side-shows; are readily caught by momentary emotion. So go work and play in alternation; while the bystander hears the beat of the contrasting rhythms; with far-stretched eyes may also see a vision. Meaningless for the concert-hall are such stage-details as traffic lights and a whistle, doorways for entrance and re-entrance, a symbolical "Coney" on the back drop. From the music at the beginning and at the end rise readily enough the ladder-like shapes, the towering pinnacles of riveted steel. Across and around them the imaginative eye may see the shadows of the hu d rs

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work, play, people, atmosphere. Alone
of American composers Mr. Carpenter
has perceived, felt and transmuted the
musical values and suggestion of this
urban life. He has done these things
with a fastidious mind, temperament
and hand. The apostles of the virilities,
the muscular Christians, so to say, of
American music, set small store by him.
In their ears, "The Perambulator" is pret-
ty; "Skyscrapers" tame; the Concertino a
pleasing nondescript. To their minds,
Mr. Carpenter's susceptibility to the
musical impulses, even the musical fash-
ions, of the passing hour, is cumulative
proof of his shallowness.

In these objections and denials they
forget. We are as God made us; even
when we write music, we must proceed
by the minds and the temperaments so
bestowed. A fastidious American com-
poser is within his rights—and maybe
his obligations, if he is so moved—when
he translates into tones his impressions
of those that rivet steel girders by day
and prance at Coney Island by night.
As likely as not he will see the
vision clearer than any realist. And
when a baby from "our best people"
takes his morning airing and yields a
suite like "The Perambulator," that self-
same composer may even add in tones
to the common fund of gracious and
amused living. Mr. Carpenter has ampli-
fied and enriched American music with
a temperament within and an impulse
from without that none of his compeers
shares. It is as desirable as, say, the
mystical fervors of Mr. Loeffler in his
sixties or the two-fisted exuberance of
Mr. Copland turning out of his twenties.
By a long shot the tabernacles of Ameri-
can music are neither too crowded nor
too various.

For the first time after the centenary
spring, Beethoven re-entered these con-
certs—with the Seventh Symphony. Mr.
Koussevitzky and the orchestra played it
with their usual rhythmic animation and
exuberance, in long flights of motivs nur-
tured into melody, vitalized, outflung, in-
tensified, cumulated, until for the moment
there is nothing in the audible world
but these floods of passioned sound. Upon
the slow movement they laid a tone that
in texture was nothing less than beauty;
while through it curved as from a sing-
er's voice each reiterant or expanding
phrase. The Scherzo leapt with snapping
feet or sang deep-throated. In the Finale
came the inevitable paradox. What ear,
at the pace to which Mr. Koussevitzky
speeds it, hears all the notes? Yet what
spirit, listening, does not dance and shout
in Beethoven's tonal whirlwind? The
pedants may con their scores under
their study-lamps. For the rest of us—
commoner clay—the excitements of Mr.
Koussevitzky's concert-hall. Fortunate
the Vienna that first knew the Seventh
Symphony—if it heard it from the likes
of him.

H. T. P.

"SKYSCRAPERS" ANEW: A CONQUEST OF JAZZ, AN AMERICAN EPITOME

Trans.

TWOFOLD DISTINCTION FOR THE COMPOSER

Mr. Carpenter Transfuses Jazz Into Symphonic Music — Mr. Gershwin and Mr. Copland in Comparison—Ballet of the Life of the Time in the Idiom of the Day—Return of Mr. Paderewski—The New "Pierian"

THE SECOND AUDIENCE at the Symphony Concerts was quick, on Saturday evening, to testify its pleasure in Mr. Carpenter's music and its regard for the composer, present before its eyes as well as ears. Mr. Koussevitzky had, indeed, a happy notion when he bade him be guest and bask in the halo of two of his more notable pieces notably played. By such devices, spontaneous rather than meditated, the conductor keeps the Symphony Concerts incessantly variegated and interesting. Out of a Russian of his temper there is always some new thing, to be impetus to a musical life otherwise so routined as that of Boston. Mr. Carpenter, moreover, deserves this homage. "The Perambulator" aside, since not all of us may agree to Mr. Koussevitzky's version, "Skyscrapers" gains, for the first time in American music, two desirable ends. It translates into the language of concert-hall and opera house the dialect of jazz; sustains the speech and the spirit, in the theater, through a ballet nearly half an hour long. It also reflects, through tones, aspects and courses of American life with comment along the way.

Jazz unalloyed loses intrinsic quality when it is transferred bodily to the higher seats of music. In its native state, only a jazz-orchestra, like Mr. Whiteman's, can play it truly, distinctively. With the best will in the world, an operatic or a symphonic orchestra fumbles it; lacks also many a device by which it is produced. Played naked to audiences accustomed to operatic or symphonic music, its limitations rather than its vitalities soon obsess the ear—repetitions, monotonies, stereotyped patterns, effects without over hollows within. Merely remember and duplicate jazz with

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H. T. P.

Alone

LIBRARY GET NOTABLE

Trust Fund Board Facilitat istration of Endowment Annual Report

By Oliver McKee, J

Special to the Transcript:

Washington, Dec. 12—A n
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Adaptation there must be. Hereabouts we have experienced Mr. Gershwin's, Mr. Copland's and now Mr. Carpenter's. In his Piano-Concerto Mr. Gershwin preserved sufficiently the original flavor and vitality; but the symphonic sauce was not too well-stirred; often proved meager; added little to the quality of the dish. Appreciably, the form and the medium were alien to Mr. Gershwin's natural bent as composer. Into his "Music for the Theater," Mr. Copland peppered jazz, but distinctly as condiment. He was writing symphonic music in the usual sense of the words. From time to time he dashed in and spread out jazz as a cook might shake his canister of allspice. The adaptive process merely fitted it into the score and adjusted it to the playing instruments. In the Finale of his Piano-Concerto, Mr. Copland went further. He tempered his jazz to no symphonic conventions; outflung it from the texture of his page; bade the players give it—if they could—an additional wallop. Miss Nancy cried out in pain; but her actual suffering had lasted but ten minutes. For no longer is Mr. Copland's tour de force.

In "Skyscrapers" there is no naked jazz, no jazz unmitigated. Devotees of the loudspeaker and the dance-hall might listen to the whole ballet and discover not a trace of the jazz dear to their ears and feet. No more in "Skyscrapers" does jazz masquerade in the thin symphonic mantle of Mr. Gershwin, or cavort, thumb at nose, through Mr. Copland's rough-and-tumble. Mr. Carpenter, as becomes his years, experience and temperament, is subtle. He writes for a full symphonic orchestra. Any composer in these nineteen-twenties might have assembled it, if it suited his purposes, even to the swarming percussion. Mr. Carpenter writes also in the modern symphonic idiom. The composer of "The Perambulator," the Concertino, the Symphony, the ballet of the Infanta, is continuing his course, quite prepared (as the fact happens to be) to follow "Skyscrapers" with a Quartet for Strings.

With reason Mr. Carpenter shuns the clichés, the freaks, the obvious ear-marks of jazz. Yet the music of Play at Coney Island is impregnated through and through with its spirit and accent as they now express phases of urban life in America. Every hearer with an ear to the sounds of his time recognizes page after page as such. Every listener with a glimmer of imagination perceives as well the tonal reflex. The people and the pastimes of a jazz-age, as the reverend clergy sometimes call it, are characterized out of their jazz into an intrinsi-

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H. T. P.

INFORMATION OBSCURED

Mr. Carpenter bids a full twenti
century orchestra sound this music
work. He plies its pulsatile pow
neither exhausting them with veheme
nor staling them with repetition. He
rhythms and counter rhythms in k
edged play, at will and need spares
with jangling keys or opposed cho
His musical matter, his orches
voices, are both vigorous and vision
He is devising no realistic tumult
clang and clatter; he adds no ste
rivetter to the instruments. Rather,
is translating an impression into tone
the intensive quality of Ameri an ur
work, its fervors, energies, the se
however vague and dim, of a visio
goal. Transitional measures in wh
earlier rhythms dwindle and k
rhythms upspring, lead into the musi
play.

Here again, Mr. Carpenter writes
realistic measures; attempts no t
definition of the Coney-Island scene; c
acterizes none of his folk; works ove
songs of the boardwalk; leads in nei
syncopation nor jazz-like instrume
tion as who should say, "Now you h
it." He is recording in tones a sec
impression—of a streaming, rather
poseless crowd turning this way or
as some new whim of diversion, s
fresh caprice of inte es , stirs it. No
is pleased with changeful tumult; pla
it likes a cheerful din. It will step
syncopated rhythm; lap up the go
a popular song. The sentiment of n
music touches its emotion; as re
are its feet to a more earthy neg
lilt. Mr. Carpenter is not to be
proached with the choice of his
means. Into music he is translating
individual reaction to American ur
play—the nervous eagerness, the fl
interest, the paltry ways, means and
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The music of work returns; but of w
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the light; below and athwart, the d
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For Mr. Carpenter, above any ot
American composer, roots his music
our urban life, from it draws his s
stance and savors. The baby of "The
ambulator" is a city baby; its entour
and experiences on that morning ride
urban. The atmosphere all about is
urban scene and course into tones refl
and transmuted. In the musical
logue of Mr. Carpenter's "Concertii
the two friends do not walk the h
they sit before the study fire. "I
zy Kat" is an urban pantomime
of the Sunday supplements. Mr.
penter's mayoral master, the Honor
William H. Thompson, could not de
to it. "Skyscrapers" is a ballet of ur
work, play, people, atmosphere.
of American composers Mr. Ca
has perceived, felt and transmu
musical values and suggestion
urban life. He has done these
with a fastidious mind, tempe
and hand. The apostles of the v
the muscular Christians, so to
American music, set small store
In their ears, "The Perambulator"
ty; "Skyscrapers" tame; the Conce
pleasing nondescript. To their
Mr. Carpenter's susceptibility
musical impulses, even the musica
lons, of the passing hour, is cum
proof of his shallowness.

In these objections and denial
forget. We are as God made us
when we write music, we must p
by the minds and the temperame
bestowed. A fastidious American
poser is within his rights—and
his obligations, if he is so moved—
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of those that rivet steel girders
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H. T. P.

Alone

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Trust Fund Board [illegible] istration of End[illegible] Annual [illegible]

By Oliver M[illegible]

Special to the Transc[illegible]

Washington, Dec. 1
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cally symphonic music. The measures
of work often proceed from the same
gins; undergo like transmutation. The
mmering rhythms, the steely clangors,
e sudden lapses into listlessness, the
harp return of blow and jangle, are born
f jazz, conveyed to the work-place, which
is the girders, and the loafing place
which is the sidewalk.

Music that utilizes negro melodies and
rhythms, that lays hand upon Indian-
material, is American only in a limited
sense. It adapts to its purposes avail-
able matter that happens to exist, ready
and waiting, upon American soil. Truer
and more significant American music ex-
presses the life of the time in which it
is written in the musical speech of that
day. Mr. Chadwick's collected "works"
contain pages that do as much in the
idiom of his prime. "Skyscrapers" does
exactly this in another period and an-
other voice, equally its own. These are
days in which the rank and file of indus-
trial Americans work as in frenzied
tread-mills. For Mr. Carpenter they build
skyscrapers. And somewhere in the
background lurks the vision of towered
magnificence, of heaven-scaling opulence
and power — the skyline of New York.
These Americans cry out for play—and
feed themselves upon the pleasures of
Luna Park from hot dogs to the Ferris
Wheel. Of such is their life and none
may gainsay it. Into the music of
"Skyscrapers" Mr. Carpenter has
wrought it out of the jazz which is its
very speech. No other American com-
poser has done such a deed; had the
will, the mind, the capacities to accom-
plish it. Through the Finale of the
Concerto Mr. Copland in his jazz screams
with and at this life. Mr. Carpenter is
older and therefore ironic; more urbane,
with a sense of the dim visioning,
somewhere, somehow, behind, beneath.

Incidents and Prospects

As intimated above, Mr. Carpenter has
ately finished a Quartet for the usual
trings—his first chamber music since the
onata of his youth for violin and piano.
Working in a fresh field, he enjoyed him-
elf as he wrote. The piece will be
layed for the first time at the Festival
the Library of Congress next April
by the Rosé Quartet from Vienna.

Mr. Paderewski, returning after long
urs of Europe and Australia, will be
ard at Symphony Hall in a concert
his own on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 19.

The Pierian Sodality of Harvard, under
new conductor, Mr. Slonimsky—for
hom it works—announces "a serious
ncert" for next Wednesday evening in
rattle Hall at Cambridge. Mendels-
hn's Overture, "Fingal's Cave"; Schu-
rt's Unfinished Symphony; the first
ovement of Brahms's Concerto for Vio-
are on the program. Miss Ippolito
will be the violinist.

H. T. P.

NOTES and LINES

By PHILIP HALE

At the Symphony concerts, to be led by Mr. Koussevitzky, Friday afternoon and Saturday evening a symphony by Arnold Bax will be performed. It has been heard only once in Boston—when it was performed in February 1926 by the visiting Cleveland orchestra. (The first performance in this country was by the Chicago Symphony orchestra.) The symphony is in three movements. It has no "program"; it's just music.

The symphony was produced in London five years ago this month. Mr. Edwin Evans then wrote of it:

"The impressions it has left are marked and powerful. The music is more robust than any Bax has hitherto given us. It is virile—in parts aggressively so—and if, at the same time, it is gloomy and oppressive, it has not the romantic gloom of the south, where passion engenders tragedy, but the far fiercer gloom of the north. One might almost, braving the composer's injunction to hear it as 'abstract music,' imagine some racial crusade against a background of sunless forests. Conflict there is assuredly, and one suspects a smoldering hatred that is as noble as hatred may be. Never before has Bax so completely relegated the gentler elements to the minor episodes. Perhaps because of this the symphony differs in every way from his earlier works. It is more stringently rhythmical, more concise and vigorous, and even the orchestral coloring is of a kind which Bax has not used before. Harshness there was in 'November Woods,' but this is something more lurid, more devastating, if one may use the word. But when a composer writes like this he does not woo the audience. He almost runs the risk of repelling it, for audiences are reluctant to dwell upon unamiable subjects unless treated with becoming pathos. Even in the slow movement, which suggests scenes suited to pathetic treatment, Bax makes no such concession to our sentimental self-indulgence. The grief is as fierce as the anger. And the brief scherzo which precedes the finale is not light of heart. This is a warlike symphony. Musically it is compellingly big. Even at a first hearing the audience was conscious of this. There was a perceptible pause at the end of each movement before the applause broke out, a sure sign that emotions had been aroused."

The audiences of the Boston Symphony orchestra have already heard Bax's "In the Faery Hills," "November Woods" and the "Garden of Fand."

The other pieces to be heard at the concerts of this week are Liadov's symphonic picture, "From the Apocalypse," in which the Russian attempted to represent the mighty angel, thundering, roaring like a lion; Schumann's piano concerto (Myra Hess, pianist), and the overture to "Tannhaeuser."

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BOSTON SYMPHONY ON THE AIR TONIGHT

Half of Program by Chicago Composer

Half of this evening's program by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, to be broadcast by Westinghouse station WBZ-WBZA, is made up of compositions by John Alden Carpenter of Chicago. These works are his ballet, "Skyscrapers" and the famous suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator." Beethoven's Seventh Symphony will be the large work of the program. Serge Koussevitzky will conduct Tonight's broadcast of the Symphony is the eighth of the current season's concerts which are being presented through the courtesy of W. S. Quinby.

In "Skyscrapers" Carpenter pictures American life as he sees it—a violent alternation of work and play. The audience is allowed to catch a glimpse of towering structures under construction, Coney Island and street scenes in an American city. The humorous "Perambulator" suite gives the impression of city life upon a child who is being wheeled about by its nurse. Then there is a policeman with his "enormous blue march," dogs, hurdy gurdies and the lake.

Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, with its ever-changing moods, will follow the intermission. Aidan Redmond, chief of the studio staff of WBZ-WBZA, will be in charge of the radio presentation. Prof. John Patten Marshall, head of the music departments of Boston University and Holy Cross College, will be assisted in his explanatory remarks and illustrations by Margaret Starr McLain, pianist. The program in full:

Carpenter:
Suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator"
I En voiture
II The Policeman
III The Hurdy Gurdy
IV The Lake
V Dogs
VI Dreams

Carpenter . . . Suite from "Skyscraper"
(A Ballet of Modern American Life)

Intermission

Beethoven:
Symphony No. 7, in A major, Op. 92
I Poco sostenuto; Vivace
II Allegretto
III Presto; Assai presto; Tempo Primo
IV Allegro con brio

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NOTES and LINES

By PHILIP HALE

Two of Mr. Carpenter's compositions will be played at the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra, conducted by Mr. Koussevitzky, Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. Beethoven's Symphony No. 7 is also on the program.

Mr. Carpenter's "Adventures in a Perambulator" has been performed here several times and enjoyed. His "Skyscrapers, a Ballet of American Life," has not been heard here. It was intended originally for Diaghilev's Ballet Russe. He had heard of Mr. Carpenter's ballet pantomime, "Krazy Kat"—it was performed here at an entertainment in aid of the Rheims music school, but with a wretched orchestra. Diaghilev saw the score and some photographs of the action. He suggested that Mr. Carpenter should write a ballet based on an American subject. The latter returning from Paris, where he had talked with the impresario, thought of a composition in which he should embody the rush and din of the United States in its association with jazz; but Diaghilev insisted that the music should not depend on any planned story; when the score was completed, he and his associates would provide a scenario.

The music was ready in 1924. Mr. Carpenter and Diaghilev met again. Diaghilev expressed himself as delighted—like Clara in the old story. The production was to be at Monte Carlo in March 1925, but there was a hitch. The Metropolitan Opera House made a bid for the ballet; Gatti-Casazza invited Mr. Carpenter to follow his own ideas about the mounting of the work. Robert Edmond Jones was chosen to aid him. As the dancing would be of an unusual nature as far as that opera house was concerned, Samuel Lee, a Broadway producer, was called in to regulate the evolutions of the dancers. The ballet was produced in New York on Feb. 19, 1926. As a concert piece it has also been performed, as in Chicago on Nov. 5-6, 1926.

The pianoforte arrangement of the ballet includes argument:

"'Skyscrapers' is a ballet which seeks to reflect some of the many rhythmic movements and sounds of modern American life. It has no story, in the usually accepted sense, but proceeds on the simple fact that American life reduces itself essentially to violent alternations of work and play, each with its own peculiar and distinctive rhythmic character. The action of the ballet is merely a series of moving decorations reflecting some of the obvious external features of this life, as follows:

"Scene 1—Symbols of restlessness.

"Scene 2—An abstraction of the skyscraper and of the work that produces it—and the interminable crowd that passes by.

"Scene 3—The transition from work to play.

"Scene 4—Any 'Coney Island' and a reflection of a few of its manifold activities—interrupted presently by a 'throw back,' in the movie sense, to the idea of work, and reverting with equal suddenness to play.

"Scene 5—The return from play to work.

"Scene 6—Skyscrapers."

It has been said of the music that Mr. Carpenter's jazz and semi-jazz are not "bald incorporations of cabaret tunes . . . not literal jazz, but jazz as it has filtered through the mind of a musician who thinks in terms of art, whose purpose was to write an art work, not merely to add to America's store of popular music."

In the ballet there were singing negroes. The music contained a few phrases of "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," a fleeting suggestion of "Yankee Doodle," "Dem Goo-Goo Eyes" and "various vaguely remembered Blues."

And for the production at the Metropolitan the orchestration called for three saxophones, two pianofortes, a tenor banjo, celesta, drums of all kinds, wood block, tam-tam, anvils, glockenspiel, cylinder bells, xylophone in addition to a great symphony orchestra of strings, woodwind and brass.

Mr. Carpenter's symphony, pianoforte concertino, and ballet "The Birthday of the Infanta" have already been performed here at symphony concerts.

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Ninth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 16, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 17, at 8.15 o'clock

Liadov . . From the Apocalypse, Symphonic Picture, Op. 66

Bax . . . . . Symphony in E-flat minor

I. Allegro moderato e feroce.
II. Lento solenne.
III. Allegro maestoso; Allegro vivace.

(First time at these concerts)

Schumann . . . . Concerto in A minor for Pianoforte and Orchestra, Op. 54

I. Allegro.
II. Adagio.
III. Allegro non troppo.

Wagner . . . . . Overture to "Tannhäuser"

SOLOIST

MYRA HESS

STEINWAY PIANO USED

There will be an intermission after the symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators, it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

MYRA HESS

NINTH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Herald Dec. 1st 1927.

Bax's E Flat Minor Played for the First Time by Orchestra

MISS HESS GIVEN SEVERAL ENCORES

By PHILIP HALE

The ninth concert of the Boston symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Liadov, "From the Apocalypse," symphonic picture; Bax, symphony in E flat minor (first time at these concerts); Schumann, piano concerto (Myra Hess, pianist); Wagner, Overture to "Tannhaeuser."

Liadov, good man, attempted to portray in tones a vision seen by John on Patmos, lonely isle: The vision of a mighty angel, clothed with a cloud, a rainbow on his head with face like the sun, setting his right foot on the sea, his left foot on the earth, crying with a voice as when a lion roareth. Seven thunders answered his cry.

The Russian's attempt reminds us of a drama written by "Jake" Fisher, a reporter on the staff of the N. Y. Herald in times of yore and in years gone by. The title of this play was "The Last Judgment." Fisher said his drama was of a spectacular, thrilling nature, requiring a great cast. "I sent it to a manager in San Francisco, for I knew him," he told his colleague, Harry Macdona; "and do you know, the beggar says he can't produce it. He wrote that he could have a company for me, but his stage wasn't big enough for the last act."

The symphony by Bax was played here for the first time by the visiting Cleveland orchestra early in 1926. The Boston Symphony orchestra has performed his symphonic poems "In the Fairy Hills," "November Woods" and "The Garden of Fand," all works that belong to the Neo-Celtic movement in the arts, for though Bax was born in London, he is of Irish stock. In these tone-poems he showed a delicate, fancy, imagination; his technical ability was never displayed in a pedantic way; his orchestration, full of color, was eloquent; these works, with all their excellent qualities, were rather diffuse. There were pages that disappointed, because, as Mr. Cecil Gray puts it, one expected so much.

In this symphony he has left the Irish hills behind him, forgotten the tunes of fairy pipers—though there is a vague suggestion of one in the middle of the first movement; he has lost sight of the Island of Fand; the woods in which he once found inspiration are now naked except for the icy coating of the boughs.

He was always a serious composer in his more important works, but never so persistently serious as in this symphony. He was wont to search for beauty. In the symphony beauty is austere, the beauty of Egdon Heath, of the amphitheatre at Truro on the cape. Never bidding for popularity, he now seems, and defiantly, to despise it.

In his own analysis of the symphony he dwells on the idea of strife expressed in the first movement. In almost every symphony from the time of Beethoven, there is a strong contrast between the heroic first theme and the lyric second, each desirous of triumph. His own chief themes, he calls them mottoes, are not so impressive as to speak with arresting authority, while the development is not so continuous—there are puzzling interruptions with violent outburst of brass and drums—as to be easily followed by an audience.

The second movement, with its mystical, sombre spirit, is the most striking portion of a work which, however enigmatical it may be in certain respects, is not without interesting ideas and unusual, skilful expression of them. This is the movement that reminds one the most vividly of Bax, the seer of visions, the dreamer of dreams. The finale is in his later manner. Does one wish that in future he would be again in fairyland, or does this symphony give the promise of greater works to come, works of universal, not insular, perhaps limited significance? For Bax is to be reckoned with as a composer. We do not believe that he has left his inspiration in the hills haunted by spirits benignant, mischievous or evil.

Miss Hess was heard yesterday in music that one gladly associates with her peculiar talent. She gave a poetic interpretation of Schumann's concerto, for which Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra provided so beautiful an accompaniment that the audience realized the sympathy and rhythmic perfection, the entrancing euphony and, after Miss Hess had left the platform—she was recalled several times insisted that leader and players should acknowledge the applause that was justly due them. A stirring performance of Wagner's overture brought the end.

MYRA HESS

NINTH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Herald Dec. 14, 1927.

Bax's E Flat Minor Played for the First Time by Orchestra

MISS HESS GIVEN SEVERAL ENCORES

By PHILIP HALE

The ninth concert of the Boston symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Liadov, "From the Apocalypse," symphonic picture; Bax, symphony in E flat minor (first time at these concerts); Schumann, piano concerto (Myra Hess, pianist); Wagner, Overture to "Tannhaeuser."

Liadov, good man, attempted to portray in tones a vision seen by John on Patmos, lonely isle: The vision of a mighty angel, clothed with a cloud, a rainbow on his head with face like the sun, setting his right foot on the sea, his left foot on the earth, crying with a voice as when a lion roareth. Seven thunders answered his cry.

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Globe — Dec 17. 1927.

Myra Hess Is Soloist in Schumann Concerto

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For the second week in succession, Mr Koussevitzky last night gave place of honor in his program to a living composer of the Anglo-Saxon race and made a notable step towards redressing a balance which has perhaps leaned too heavily in other directions. Last week an American occupied half of the program; yesterday it was an Englishman, Arnold Bax, whose E flat symphony formed its apex and left the most vivid memory.

Bax received his formal musical education at the Royal Academy of Music, in London, but afterwards went to live in Ireland, became associated with its new group of race-conscious writers and artists and seems to have become impregnated with their characteristic poetic mysticism. The Celtic mists pervade much of his work, in which tunes savoring of the Irish peat-bogs swim in a magical haze of shifting chromatic harmonies, or send melancholy echoes into the empty distance.

But of such elusive matter symphonies may not be made, though "tone-poems" may—and are. Bax has made his E flat symphony of sterner stuff. Powerful rhythms and rough-hewn thematic material have built it. Atmosphere is there but also a structure as bold and as solid as a medieval fortress.

Miss Hess Scores Triumph

"Allegro moderato e feroce" is the first movement. The second, "Lento solemne," might, with its lamenting cellos and basses, its muted trombones and tuba, its mournful drum, depict the funeral rites of a hero. In the third movement, "Allegro maestoso," the note of exulation is sounded, rising finally to an overpoweringly brilliant and majestic climax of triumph.

The performance of this remarkable and moving work, which has admirable structural unity, both thematic and rhythmic, was brilliant and dramatic, though in the emphasis given to its powerful outlines much of its interesting internal detail seemed to have received too little attention.

Myra Hess, appearing for the first time in a concert of the Symphony's regular series, scored a veritable triumph. Schumann's popular A minor concerto, with its characteristic intimacy, its pleasant, contemplative lyricism and light scoring, could hardly fail to seem pallid by contrast with the brilliant orchestration, the stormy passions and violent rhythms of the preceding work.

But Miss Hess, by the consummate artistry of her playing, lent it cohesion and cumulative force. By declining to linger unduly in sentimental dalliance in those numerous places of the concerto where the temptation lurks; by giving musical shape and direction to those parts of the movement which are often made to sound interminably dull and long, she achieved a performance unusually dynamic and intelligent, one which moved irresistibly from beginning to end.

Program Next Week

Perhaps there might have been a more vividly varied scale of tone coloring in Miss Hess' playing. In Symphony Hall a certain exaggeration in that direction would seem to be acoustically necessary.

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Liadov's ingenious symphonic picture, "From the Apocalypse," a tour de force of orchestral painting and story-telling, received a remarkably vivid performance at the hands of Mr Koussevitzky and of his orchestra. The "Tannhauser" overture, which closed the concert, also received characteristically dramatic treatment.

Next week the program will consist of Bach's Concerto No. 2, in F major, for violin, flute, oboe and trumpet, Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony and Florent Schmitt's setting of the 147th Psalm, for orchestra, organ, chorus and solo voice, op 38. The Cecilia Society and Nina Koshetz, soprano, will assist.

AN INCIDENT, A SYMPHONY, A PERSONAGE

MR. KOUSSEVITZKY, BAX AND MISS HESS

Audience and Conductor, Spontaneously — Music of Wartime That Is Also Music of Power—The Virtuosa and Schumann's Concerto—"Fillers" to Begin and End

THE OLDEST FREQUENTER of the Symphony Concerts might not remember the like. Plaudits for the conductor are to be expected when he comes first to his place. Once, even twice, as the program unfolds, piece and performance may provoke ardent clapping. Usually an "assisting artist" may count upon an applausive house. Yesterday the circumstances were different. The concert had run three-quarters of its course. Miss Hess had finished her Concerto; Mr. Koussevitzky was returning for the final number. Usually these re-entrances stir a ripple of applause. Now, from no discoverable cause except spontaneous impulse, the ripple rose to a wave, from every corner of the hall upswelling. Arrived at his stand, the conductor made the gesture that pours plaudits upon the orchestra as well. Again the clapping beat hard until both stood in the usual crescent. The applause was just desert not only for the concert then ending but for eight predecessors. Seemingly it had no particular occasion but was general expression of pleasure, good will and confidence in the conductor as he is, his forces as they are, his programs as they pass. Whatever the incitement, the incident was unique in twenty years' experience of the Symphony Concerts. In the crush of departure, Miss Hess herself was second on the chattering tongues.

Evidently Mr. Koussevitzky thinks well of Liadov's tone-picture of the Angel of the Apocalypse. He played the piece two years ago; repeated it yesterday—on each occasion to an audience mildly impressed and courteously applauding. There are plangent sonorities in the music; an overlay of thick harmonic and instrumental color; the atmosphere of the

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For final number, Mr. Koussevitzky took down the Overture to "Tannhäuser." Once in so many years, usually four, it reappears at the Symphony Concerts. The orchestra plays it as men who from youth upward have known every bar. The audience stirs to the entering song of the pilgrims; stirs again when it returns to beat down the sensual measures of the Venusberg. Surely it seemed a good tune when an audience of Dresdeners heard it, "for the first time anywhere," in October of 1845. Eighty years of repetition have hallowed it until to the general imagination it incarnates tonally the victory of the spirit over the flesh. Not until Wagner expanded and intensified the Venusberg music for the sinful men of the Opéra in Paris was the balance redressed. The Overture to "Tannhäuser" has become the voice of the hymning pilgrims. On another shelf is the Bacchanale, "Paris Version." True, the middle measures of the Overture hint broadly at the pleasures of Frau Venus; the clarinet even sings in her honor. Without as much, the final triumph of choral righteousness would be incomplete. . . . Mr. Koussevitzky accepted the universal notion. He stressed Wagner's pilgrims, as they passed and chanted, as they returned proclaiming. Mr. Mengelberg himself is not more sonorous with impassioned horns. Between stands Mr. Koussevitzky's very own version of the Venusberg. Relentless Wagnerians call it Russian.

Into the intermediary pieces the afternoon resolved itself—the Concerto of

Schumann, with Miss Hess to play the piano-part; the Symphony of Bax for the first time under Mr. Koussevitzky's hand. With the one, the music, the performance, the pianist, raised the audience to at least the fifth heaven: before the other it sat coldly by. Miss Hess and her piano were both in the vein; the conductor and the orchestra as susceptible. All concerned agreed that Schumann's music must not be taken too imposingly. Even in a Concerto he wrote as one speaking from the heart to intimates. They perceived also that as such romantic measures recede, they become less faded than gentle and remote. To the composer's generation—and two or three afterward—the finale seemed a "whirligig of breathless syncopation." Eighty years on, we take pleasure in the brightness, vivacity, dexterity—especially when a tone like Miss Hess's sets the facets glinting and a hand like hers speeds the motion. Yet in many a hearer it breeds no more personal emotion than does a rondo of Mozart. To the ears of the eighteen-forties, sixties, eighties, the slow movement sang with emotion. Nowadays we note how adroitly Miss Hess shapes and spaces the melody, with what suave euphonies and graceful arabesques the assisting instruments embroider it.

A music that to its time contained "repressed passion" becomes to another century a music of charm. The audience to whom Clara Schumann played the Concerto in wifely pride found the first movement "speaking nobly of the soul." The romantic Robert strode the heights, looked into the depths; and "Excelsior" was on his banner. They heard (as they believed) a music writ large and sweeping. Yesterday we listened to Miss Hess and Mr. Koussevitzky and discovered in it tenderer beauties, gentler ardors, softer lights and shadows—all through the crystal of Miss Hess's tone. When Schumann's measures beat high, as they do toward the close, they sang no more than silvery. For better or for worse, across Symphony Hall, from orchestra and piano, we insist upon the Schumann who mused and dreamed and occasionally skipped light-hearted. Miss Hess and Mr. Koussevitzky, being also of this time, might hardly give us any other. It is the pathos—and the charm—of distance that now enwrap such a romantic.

In contrast Bax's Symphony is a very present music. The hearer if he will, may fit it to a "program" of war-time sensations. There sounds the rage of

...ess relentless will. The ...ess descends. Measures ...y out and are tortured. ...erces fitfully the vision ...fighters, being imagina... endure. . . . The second ...ge for the fallen, mourn... them; for they have ... What are the hurry... ...he sudden modulations, ...ces of the third but the ... alight? At the end the ...into climax upborne, pro... his public outgivings, his ...ondon and elsewhere, will ... Drum-rhythms or no ...stark fifths and octaves ... notwithstanding, here is ...e, no "Armistice Night." ...nusic is this Symphony in ...Intrinsically it must pre...

..., to a music generated ...ut, stripped motivs, with ... to unify beginning and ...rst division they are harsh ...ed. They expand into curt ...etuously rhythmed, darkly ...e in impact, sombre of ...near the close are these ...lurid. The finale begins ... Nervous, energetic, sharp... runs the course. At the ...otto-themes" returning—the ... of massed tone tense. Be...elf-contained the threnody—...bic mourning and heroic vis...g sombre depths, scaling ...rching out the astringent ...rief, about them weaving a ...lo. Through all three divi...er-handed, surer-voiced, more ...l composer than the Bax of ...-poems out of Irish legend ...h scene—a composer intensi...nt, fierce, gloom-struck. Van... the plenteous wastrel, the ...mong Celtic twilights. As ... music this Symphony in E ... may hold high its head. Yet be... ask, the war-time aspect per... war-time voice cries loud. Here ...t's Sinfonia de Bello Britanni... ...ed in the crucible of imagina... ...d by the fires of creation. In ...s it has no peer. Remember ... is long, Mr. d'Indy's hapless

H. T. P.

SYMPHONY IN TOP FORM AT CONCERT

Post — Dec. 17, 1927.

Myra Hess at Piano Plays as Inspired Master

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

At the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon Myra Hess, with Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra to second her, had given to Schumann's Piano Concerto, a performance of all-surpassing beauty, and for it had been loudly applauded and repeatedly recalled.

Then, when the applause for the soloist had subsided, Mr. Koussevitzky returned to the platform, only to have it break out afresh. Modestly he pointed to the now silent piano, but the audience would not take that for an answer; the clapping continued until the conductor finally summoned the deserving players to their feet, a just recognition of their part in a notable whole.

RECREATES THE MUSIC

Regarding Miss Hess' performance of yesterday many paragraphs of rapture and rhapsody might be written. But to what avail? Suffice it to say that the piece received from her, and no less from a conductor and orchestra inspired by her eloquence, a performance that was as a glorious improvisation, in turn tender, impassioned, wistful or charged with fiery energy; a performance that was a veritable recreation of the music. If perchance the composer dreamed of such perfections, such wealth and warmth of expression, seldom enough can this vision have been fulfilled.

To begin an otherwise engrossing concert Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra played, in a manner to exalt it far above its inherent theatricality and commonplaceness, Liadov's symphonic picture "From the Apocalypse," and the concert came to an end with a rarely brilliant and effective performance of Wagner's Overture to "Tannhauser."

The symphony of the day was that in E-flat minor of the Britisher, Arnold Bax, previously heard here only at the hands of the Cleveland Orchestra. If he could throughout have sustained himself on the level that he reaches in the second movement and in much of the third, Bax would have created here a modern masterpiece. As it is he has given us a symphony that, despite its unevenness of inspiration, compels by its burning sincerity and frequent power.

Written under the influence of the late war's aftermath (though the composer would have us hear it as absolute music), the symphony is in the first movement, now warlike, now gravely consoling; in the second it gives forceful expression to a grief that ranges from black despair to frenzied lamentation; and in the finale it is sombrely, savagely exultant. The performance yesterday, into which Mr. Koussevitzky threw himself with his usual ardor, was one to make the utmost of the music's potentialities. A pity that the composer himself could not have heard it.

Boston Symphony; Flute Players; Music for Movies

By L. A. SLOPER

MYRA HESS, artist extraordinary, was the center of interest for those who listened to the ninth program of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, presented yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston. The Schumann Concerto, which she elected to play, is neither the most thrilling nor the most novel of all the compositions that have been written for pianoforte and orchestra, but Miss Hess, with the exquisite lyricism of her style, made it sound fresh, if not new. Given such tone, such phrasing, the vehicle becomes a minor matter. Mr. Koussevitzky was deference itself in his accompaniment.

Schumann, with Miss Hess to play piano-part: the Symphony of Bax the first time under Mr. Koussevit hand. With the one, the music, performance, the pianist, raised the a ence to at least the fifth heaven: be the other it sat coldly by. Miss and her piano were both in the vein; conductor and the orchestra as sus tible. All concerned agreed that S mann's music must not be taken imposingly. Even in a Concerto he w as one speaking from the heart to mates. They perceived also that as romantic measures recede, they bec less faded than gentle and ren To the composer's generation—and or three afterward—the finale seem "whirligig of breathless syncopati Eighty years on, we take pleasure in brightness, vivacity, dexterity—espec when a tone like Miss Hess's sets facets glinting and a hand like speeds the motion. Yet in man hearer it breeds no more personal tion than does a rondo of Mozart. the ears of the eighteen-forties. six eighties, the slow movement sang emotion. Nowadays we note adroitly Miss Hess shapes and sp the melody, with what suave eupho and graceful arabesques the assis instruments embroider it.

A music that to its time contained pressed passion" becomes to another tury a music of charm. The audi to whom Clara Schumann played Concerto in wifely pride found first movement "speaking nobly the soul." The romantic Robert st the heights, looked into the dep and "Excelsior" was on his lan They heard (as they believed) a sic writ large and sweeping. terday we listened to Miss Hess Mr. Koussevitzky and discovered i tenderer beauties, gentler ardors, sc lights and shadows—all through crystal of Miss Hess's tone. When S mann's measures beat high, as they toward the close, they sang no r than silvery. For better or for wo across Symphony Hall, from orche and piano, we insist upon the Schun who mused and dreamed and occasio skipped light-hearted. Miss Hess Mr. Koussevitzky, being also of this might hardly give us any other. the pathos—and the charm—of dist that now enwrap such a romantic.

In contrast Bax's Symphony is a very present music. The hearer if he will, may fit it to a "program" of war-time sensations. There sounds the rage of conflict; there goes relentless will. The flints cut; darkness descends. Measures swirl and beat, cry out and are tortured. Through them pierces fitfully the vision by which these fighters, being imaginative, go forth and endure. . . . The second movement is dirge for the fallen, mourning and exalting them; for they have kept the faith. . . . What are the hurrying rhythms, the sudden modulations, the rough surfaces of the third but the crowd astir and alight? At the end the whole gathered into climax upborne, proclaimed. Bax in his public outgivings, his spokesmen in London and elsewhere, will not have it so. Drum-rhythms or no drum-rhythms, stark fifths and octaves to the contrary notwithstanding, here is no war no dirge, no "Armistice Night." An "absolute" music is this Symphony in E-flat minor. Intrinsically it must prevail or fail.

Agreed, then, to a music generated from terse, taut, stripped motivs, with "motto-themes" to unify beginning and end. In the first division they are harsh and rough-edged. They expand into curt measures, impetuously rhythmed, darkly colored, fierce in impact, sombre of voice. Only near the close are these gleams less lurid. The finale begins scherzo-like. Nervous, energetic, sharp-edged, abrupt, runs the course. At the close—the "motto-themes" returning—the upward surge of massed tone tense. Between and self-contained the threnody—music of heroic mourning and heroic vision, plumbing sombre depths, scaling heights, searching out the astringent moods of grief, about them weaving a darkling halo. Through all three divisions a stouter-handed, surer-voiced, more concentrated composer than the Bax of earlier tone-poems out of Irish legend and English scene—a composer intensified, vehement, fierce, gloom-struck. Vanished is the plenteous wastrel, the dreamer among Celtic twilights. As "absolute" music this Symphony in E flat minor may hold high its head. Yet behind the mask, the war-time aspect persists, the war-time voice cries loud. Here strides Bax's Sinfonia de Bello Britannico, passioned in the crucible of imagination, heated by the fires of creation. In the species it has no peer. Remember, if memory is long, Mr. d'Indy's hapless adventure.

H. T. P.

SYMPHONY IN TOP FORM AT CONCERT

Post — Dec 17, 1927

Myra Hess at Piano Plays as Inspired Master

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

At the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon Myra Hess, with Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra to second her, had given to Schumann's Piano Concerto, a performance of all-surpassing beauty, and for it had been loudly applauded and repeatedly recalled.

Then, when the applause for the soloist had subsided, Mr. Koussevitzky returned to the platform, only to have it break out afresh. Modestly he pointed to the now silent piano, but the audience would not take that for an answer; the clapping continued until the conductor finally summoned the deserving players to their feet, a just recognition of their part in a notable whole.

RECREATES THE MUSIC

Regarding Miss Hess' performance of yesterday many paragraphs of rapture and rhapsody might be written. But to what avail? Suffice it to say that the piece received from her, and no less from a conductor and orchestra inspired by her eloquence, a performance that was as a glorious improvisation, in turn tender, impassioned, wistful or charged with fiery energy; a performance that was a veritable recreation of the music. If perchance the composer dreamed of such perfections, such wealth and warmth of expression, seldom enough can this vision have been fulfilled.

To begin an otherwise engrossing concert Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra played, in a manner to exalt it far above its inherent theatricality and commonplaceness, Liadov's symphonic picture "From the Apocalypse," and the concert came to an end with a rarely brilliant and effective performance of Wagner's Overture to "Tannhauser."

The symphony of the day was that in E-flat minor of the Britisher, Arnold Bax, previously heard here only at the hands of the Cleveland Orchestra. If he could throughout have sustained himself on the level that he reaches in the second movement and in much of the third, Bax would have created here a modern masterpiece. As it is he has given us a symphony that, despite its unevenness of inspiration, compels by its burning sincerity and frequent power.

Written under the influence of the late war's aftermath (though the composer would have us hear it as absolute music), the symphony is in the first movement, now warlike, now gravely consoling; in the second it gives forceful expression to a grief that ranges from black despair to frenzied lamentation; and in the finale it is sombrely, savagely exultant. The performance yesterday, into which Mr. Koussevitzky threw himself with his usual ardor, was one to make the utmost of the music's potentialities. A pity that the composer himself could not have heard it.

Boston Symphony; Flute Players; Music for Movies

By L. A. SLOPER

MYRA HESS, artist extraordinary, was the center of interest for those who listened to the ninth program of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, presented yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston. The Schumann Concerto, which she elected to play, is neither the most thrilling nor the most novel of all the compositions that have been written for pianoforte and orchestra, but Miss Hess, with the exquisite lyricism of her style, made it sound fresh, if not new. Given such tone, such phrasing, the vehicle becomes a minor matter. Mr. Koussevitzky was deference itself in his accompaniment.

The symphony was that of Arnold Bax in E flat minor, played for the first time "at these concerts," although it was presented two seasons ago in Boston by the Cleveland Orchestra, under Nikolai Sokoloff. A second hearing left the definite impression that this symphony must be regarded as program music, in spite of the composer's reported desire that it be considered as absolute music. At all events, once the association of the three movements with war and post-war times has been established, it is difficult to free oneself of it. The conductor cleverly assisted Bax at the expense of Liadoff, whose absurdly theatrical "From the Apocalypse" preceded the symphony in the first half of the program. A well conceived work, this symphony, well woven and brilliantly performed; is it imperishable? The "Tannhäuser" Overture was the closing number.

Flute Players' Club

Among the musical events of the week was the first concert of the season by the Boston Flute Players' Club, given Sunday afternoon at the Boston Art Club. This organization, which for several seasons has been dispensing some of the rarest musical delights of the town, is under the direction of Mr. Georges Laurent, first flutist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. From that orchestra are drawn perhaps a majority of the artist-hosts of these musical feasts.

The principal item of the program under review was the group of Chansons Madécasses by Ravel, sung by Mme. Olga Avierino to the accompaniment of Mr. Laurent, Alfred Zighera, cellist, and Leon Vartanian, pianist. The three songs, which effectively combine French clarity and restraint with what one presumes to be the authentic atmosphere of the tropical East, were expressively rendered. Other items were some piano pieces by Ravel and Mompou, sympathetically played by Mr. F. Motte-Lacroix; a Turina Trio, in which Mr. Gaston Elcus joined Mr. Motte-Lacroix and Mr. Zighera, and Professor Tovey's Variations on a Theme of Gluck, for flute and string quartet (Samuel Lebovici, violin; Jean Lefranc, viola).

Arnold Bax, Irish Tenor, with Symphony Concert Tonight

The novelty of the ninth concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra this evening will be the performance of the Symphony in E flat by Arnold Bax, modern Irish composer. It will be the first audition of this symphonic piece under the baton of Serge Koussevitzky, although it was done here previously by the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra.

Tonight's concert, at 8.10, will be broadcast by WBZ WBZA of the New England Westinghouse Company, and is presented through the courtesy of W. S. Quinby Company of Boston. The program will be radiocast from the Symphony Hall studio of WBZ, under the direction of Aidan Redmond, chief announcer. Professor John Patten Marshall, head of the music departments of Boston University and Holy Cross College, will explain the program in detail with the assistance of piano illustrations by Margaret Starr McLain.

Opening the concert is a Symphonic Picture "From the Apocalypse," by Liadov, a Russian composer, who died at the outbreak of the World War. The other work by the orchestra is Wagner's Overture to Tannhaeuser. Earlier this season Mr. Koussevitzky played the Venusberg music from this music-drama.

An interesting supporting feature during Symphony this evening will be an orchestral group, under the conductorship of Augusto Vannini, during an intermission which precedes the Wegnerian overture.

Tenth Programme

THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 22, at 8.15 o'clock

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 23, at 2.30 o'clock

Bach . . . . . Concerto No. 2 in F major, for Violin, Flute, Oboe and Trumpet (Edited by Felix Mottl)

(Messrs. BURGIN, LAURENT, GILLET, MAGER)

I. Allegro moderato.
II. Andante.
III. Allegro.

Mendelssohn . . . . Symphony in A major. "Italian," Op. 90

I. Allegro vivace.
II. Andante con moto.
III. Con moto moderato.
IV. Saltarello: Presto.

Schmitt . . . . . Psalm XLVII, for Orchestra, Organ, Chorus and Solo Voice, Op. 38

(First time at these concerts)

Cecilia Society, MALCOLM LANG, Conductor

Soprano Solo: NINA KOSHETZ

There will be an intermission after the symphony

A lecture on this programme will be given by Mr. Richard G. Appel on Wednesday, December 21, at 5.15 o'clock, in the Lecture Hall, Boston Public Library

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

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MENDELSSOHN

SYMPHONY IN 10TH CONCERT

Gives Remarkable Rendering of Mendelssohn's 'Italian' Score

Dec. 23. 1927

ORCHESTRA REPEATS PERFORMANCE TODAY

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its 10th concert last night in Symphony Hall. The program comprised Bach's Concerto, No. 2, F major, for violin (Mr. Burgin), flute (Mr. Laurent), oboe (Mr. Gillet) and trumpet (Mr. Mager); Mendelssohn's, "Italian" symphony; Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade."

Florent Schmitt's "Psalm 47" had been announced for performance. As the orchestral parts had not arrived, the performance was postponed. "Scheherazade" was substituted at so late a day that an uncorrected and abbreviated description of that Suite was hurriedly inserted in the Program Book at the printing office.

The concert was a remarkable one, even for this orchestra and its leader. It is the fashion in some quarters to sneer at Mendelssohn, although radical French composers now speak of him respectfully, perhaps to irritate those who bow before certain German idols—Wagner and Brahms. No doubt Mendelssohn would have been a greater composer if he had known poverty; if the way had not been made smooth for him from his boyhood; if he had not been so smug and genteel as man and composer; if he had seen the seven stars and heard the chimes at midnight. The last movement of the "Italian" symphony is a remembrance of a Roman carnival he once saw, where, as he wrote, a young Englishwoman threw confetti at him—the shameless hussy! —"So I became quite desperate and catching the confetti, I flung them back bravely." From his portrait—especially the one by Aubrey Beardsley—it is hard to fancy this man with the large stickpin in his ruffled shirt, the man who was shocked by Zerlina in "Fra Diavolo" undressing before the looking glass, shocked by the rising of the nuns from their graves in "Robert the Devil," becoming "desperate." He was intolerant in his opinions, often unjust towards other composers, envious no doubt, but he wrote the overture the "Hebrides," the "Italian" symphony and the "First Walpurgis Night"; works still heard with pleasure. Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretation of this symphony was a miracle of fine, poetic taste, exquisite in its proportion, its treatment of detail, its choice of tempi; its understanding and appreciation of the composer's state of mind and musical purpose. The orchestra responded with the utmost sympathy and euphony to every nuance indicated by the conductor.

"Scheherazade" has been said to reek of benzoin, of all Eastern gums "strewn by swart kings when they wax amorous." One might as well say that Mendelssohn put on white kid gloves to sit down at his desk after he had washed his hands in scented soap. "Scheherazade" sums up in music the wildness, the splendor, the gorgeousness, the fascination of "The Thousand Nights and a Night." It is in music what Sir Richard Burton's eulogy of the famous tales is in prose. The performance was oriental in its sensuous luxuriousness, its glitter, its startling dramatic strokes.

Such is the versality of Mr. Koussevitzky's musical nature that it would be hard to say from his interpretations last night whether Bach, Mendelssohn, or the Russian is dearer to him. The lively movements of the concerto were played with rhythmic virility, in expression of the joy in living, while the middle movement had the tenderness, one might say the wistfulness, found not too often in Bach's orchestral writings. The solo players—virtuosi all.

The audience was enthusiastic. The concert will be repeated this afternoon. The program of Thursday evening and Friday afternoon is thus announced: Tchaikovsky, "Romeo and Juliet"; Tansman, second concerto for piano and orchestra (Mr. Tansman, pianist); Schmitt, "Psalm 47" for orchestra, organ, Chorus (The Cecilia), and solo voice (Nina Koshetz).

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE

Herald Dec. 24. 1927.

The Symphony concert of Saturday will be given this week and next week on Thursday night. The Friday afternoon concerts will not be transferred.

The program of the concert Thursday night of this week comprises Bach's concerto for violin, flute, oboe and trumpet; Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony, and Florent Schmitt's "Psalm 46" (47 in the

King James version). The Psalm is composed for solo voice, chorus, organ and orchestra. The chorus on this occasion will be the Cecilia, which has been prepared by Malcolm Lang, its conductor. The solo singer will be Nina Koshetz.

The Psalm will be performed for the first time at a Symphony concert. The Cecilia brought it out when Arthur Mees was its conductor. Marie Sundelius sang the soprano solo. This was the first performance in the United States.

The work calls for a large orchestra and capable singers. Florent Schmitt, born in 1870, was awarded the grand prix de Rome. The Psalm was composed in that city, and with other works was the fourth "envoi." (Recipients of the prize are required to send compositions to Paris at stated times.)

Schmitt is not unknown to audiences of the Symphony concerts. His "Tragedy of Salome" has been performed at least twice, and his "Music for the Open Air" and "Reves" have been heard. We believe his name first appeared on a program in Boston when that admirable English pianist, Winifred Christie, now Mrs. Emmanuel Moor, played "The Passing Bell." His "Viennese Rhapsody" was brought out at one of Mrs. R. J. Hall's orchestral concerts; his "Songs for Four Voices" were first heard here at a Sunday orchestral concert at the Boston Opera House when the opera singers were accompanied by two pianists—one of them, Mr. Straram, has been for some seasons conducting orchestral concerts in Paris; his "Lied and Scherzo" for double quintet of wind instruments, one a solo horn, was performed at a Longy Club concert; his Polish and Viennese Rhapsodies for two pianos were played by Messrs. De Voto and Mason at a Cecilian concert; his "Chant de Guerre," we believe, has been heard here, also his piano quintet.

One of his latest compositions is music for a film representation of Flaubert's "Salammbo." Neither one of his suites from the incidental music for a French version of Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra" has been heard here, though other American cities have been more fortunate. Nor has the Symphonic Etude, "The Haunted Palace," been played here, although it is over 20 years old and is reckoned among his best works.

According to all reports, Schmitt is personally a singular character. Brusque, even rude, a "ferociously" solitary person, he has been called "The Wild Boar of Ardennes." Let us hope that at the coming concert no one will spell "boar" differently.

Though he was born in Lorraine, he is of Alsatian parentage. His father was a musician, especially interested in music of the church, violently opposed to Wagner. The boy's teachers at Nancy were Henri Hess and Gustave Sandre; at the Paris Conservatory, Dubois, Lavignac, Massenet, G. Faure. After his military service, he took the prix de Rome. He traveled, after he left Rome, in Germany and Austria, Turkey and North Africa. In 1914 he was called to the French colors; after the war he was appointed director of the Lyons Conservatory. It is said that as a director, he shirked responsibility, preferring to spend most of his time in Paris, gruff, impatient at Lyons toward his pupils.

Nina Koshetz, who will sing the solo music in the Psalm this week, was heard in Boston at a Symphony concert on March 3, 1922, when her selections were an air from Rimsky-Korsakov's "The Bride of the Tsar," Prokofieff's "Song Without Words" and Parasha's Reverie and Dance from Moussorgsky's "The Fair of Sorotchinsk."

She was born at Moscow. Her father was a tenor in the Imperial Opera of that city. At the age of 4 she began to study the piano, and at 9 she gave a recital. When she was 11 she entered the Moscow Conservatory to study with Safonov and Igoumenev. When she was 18, she took vocal lessons of Masetti, and studied composition with Taneiev. At Paris she was coached by Felia Litvenne. Her first engagement in opera was at Moscow, where her repertoire included Russian, Italian and French operas. She appeared as a "guest" at the imperial Opera House in St. Petersburg (now Leningrad). After the upheaval, she escaped from Russia and came to the United States.

She sang for the first time in the United States at a lecture recital of the Schola Cantorum at the house of Mrs. Vincent Astor in New York, on Dec. 16, 1920. In 1921 she sang at a concert of the Schola Cantorum songs by Russian composers, and at a recital in that year songs by Handel, Mozart, Lalo, Brahms, Debussy, Scriabin, Barlow, Bibb and Prokofieff. On Dec. 30, 1921, in Chicago, as a member of the Chicago Opera company, she "created" the role of Fata Morgana, the witch, in Prokofieff's opera, "The Love for Three Oranges" (sung in French), and took that role when the opera was performed at the Manhattan Opera House in New York on Feb. 14, 1922.

OLD ACQUAINTANCES, RENEWED PLEASURES, ASSEMBLED ABILITIES

Trans, Dec. 23, 1927

A SYMPHONY CONCERT OUT OF COURSE

Bach, Mendelssohn and Rimsky-Korsakov Fill a Familiar Program — Five Virtuosi from the Orchestra Itself—The Italian Symphony, "Scheherazade" and Workmanship

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THE OCCASION belied the anticipation. Most of those "who should know" had predicted an audience at Symphony Hall as full of rifts as the company at a charity-concert for which many have taken tickets and half as many stayed at home. Of such was to be the tenth Symphony Concert set back from Saturday to Thursday evening in the midst of Christmas cares. In fact surprisingly few seats were empty; while a box-office man could not have better distributed them to avoid the dreaded rifts. Evidently, most subscribers had noted the shift from Saturday to Thursday; while holiday preoccupations may not be quite as numerous and absorbing as seasonable ballyhoo likes to make them. There are those who would listen to agreeable symphonic music on Christmas Eve itself—to say nothing of an evening forty-eight hours away.

Beyond question Mr. Koussevitzky's program was agreeable. Down the wind had gone the frenzied Psalm of the Alsatian Parisian Monsieur Florent Schmitt, shouting to Jehovah with several tribes of Israelites. Instead, Rimsky-Korsakov's pictorial "Scheherazade"; before that cherished Suite Mendelssohn's "Italian Symphony" and the second Brandenburg Concerto of Bach. Through four seasons in Boston the conductor had arrayed no more comfortable program. Nothing was louder than Rimsky's brasses in the finale to "Scheherazade"; everything was familiar. Jazz reared not its ugly head; neither atonality nor polytonality troubled the public peace. Into the dark closets all those troublesome modernistic youngsters had been shut and did not once kick the door. The golden age had returned—for one week only—to the Symphony Concerts. "Old folks' night" said a smart youth from the University; but he smiled as he spoke.

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ndelssohn, as we all know who read rogram-book, was a gentleman who lled in Italy; walked abroad; looked of his window; returned to Berlin sundry pages of an "Italian Sym-y" smooth and neat in his portfolio. London Philharmonic Society civilly ed him one hundred guineas for In the "great rooms" in Hanover re, it was played in May, 1833. In mber, 1927, it is still good to hear—not for what the scholarly call its nt. Mendelssohn's subjects—again e learned say—do not lay hold upon ar: no more do they feed and fire ination. The development says oo much musically; upon the most ptible hearer weaves no spell of . Only with the Saltarello at the does one say "What a good tune!" th the Andante whisper "What a neat

Through the first movement and cherzo the listener is more minded y compliments to Mr. Koussevitzky the orchestra—for light, flowing, ng tone, for accents and shadings are touch and go, for a gentleman-exhilaration at which Felix himself d have bowed and smiled.

e secret of this "Italian Symphony," the hymn says—and hymns are seasonable—"Count the blessings, you may." In the first place five nguished members of the orchestra d solo-parts in Bach's Concerto: Burgin on the violin; Mr. Laurent e flute; Mr. Gillet on the oboe; Mr. r on the trumpet; very nearly in the movement, though the program did specify him, Mr. Bedetti on the ncello. The violinist was bright of and keen of accent; the flutist transcy and suavity themselves. The t's euphony with his fellows charmed ar; the modernists long since left Mager armed and well prepared for rumpetings of Bach; while certainly violoncellist was co-equal voice in owing measures, Andante. In turn, omposer himself and the conductor s side materially contributed. The mic liveliness, the propulsive y, of the first movement were ing to hear. Into the ink Bach his pen; on the music-paper the flew; Handel himself was not more aster of an elegant gusto. In the what flourishes for every one con-, for the trumpet most of all; in gay Bach before he had a choir and church cantatas, once in so to repress a natural exuberance. more he must have written this rto; con amore, with a deal of dis-ent as well, Mr. Koussevitzky set e. Between whiles a slow move-pensive with a half-smile, prefer-grace to depth, divided never so between the four voices. Yes: in his courtier-time could write music.

INFORMATION OBSCURED

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According to all reports, Schmitt is personally a singular character. Brusque, even rude, a "ferociously" solitary person, he has been called "The Wild Boar of Ardennes." Let us hope that at the coming concert no one will spell "boar" differently.

Though he was born in Lorraine, he is of Alsatian parentage. His father was a musician, especially interested in music of the church, violently opposed to Wagner. The boy's teachers at Nancy were Henri Hess and Gustave Sandre; at the Paris Conservatory, Dubois, Lavignac, Massenet, G. Faure. After his military service, he took the prix de Rome. He traveled, after he left Rome, in Germany and Austria, Turkey and North Africa. In 1914 he was called to the French colors; after the war he was appointed director of the Lyons Conservatory. It is said that as a director, he shirked responsibility, preferring to spend most of his time in Paris, gruff, impatient at Lyons toward his pupils.

Nina Koshetz, who will sing the solo music in the Psalm this week, was heard in Boston at a Symphony concert on March 3, 1922, when her selections were an air from Rimsky-Korsakov's "The Bride of the Tsar," Prokofieff's "Song Without Words" and Parasha's Reverie and Dance from Moussorgsky's "The Fair of Sorotchinsk."

She was born at Moscow. Her father was a tenor in the Imperial Opera of that city. At the age of 4 she began to study the piano, and at 9 she gave a recital. When she was 11 she entered the Moscow Conservatory to study with Safonov and Igoumenev. When she was 18, she took vocal lessons of Masetti, and studied composition with Taneiev. At Paris she was coached by Felia Litvenne. Her first engagement in opera was at Moscow, where her repertoire included Russian, Italian and French operas. She appeared as a "guest" at the imperial Opera House in St. Petersburg (now Leningrad). After the upheaval, she escaped from Russia and came to the United States.

She sang for the first time in the United States at a lecture recital of the Schola Cantorum at the house of Mrs. Vincent Astor in New York, on Dec. 16, 1920. In 1921 she sang at a concert of the Schola Cantorum songs by Russian composers, and at a recital in that year songs by Handel, Mozart, Lalo, Brahms, Debussy, Scriabin, Barlow, Bibb and Prokofieff. On Dec. 30, 1921, in Chicago, as a member of the Chicago Opera company, she "created" the role of Fata Morgana, the witch, in Prokofieff's opera, "The Love for Three Oranges" (sung in French), and took that role when the opera was performed at the Manhattan Opera House in New York on Feb. 14, 1922.

OLD ACQUAINTAN RENEWED PLEA ASSEMBLED A

Trans. — Wee.

A SYMPHONY CONCERT COURSE

Bach, Mendelssohn and Rin kov Fill a Familiar Prog Virtuosi from the Orchestra Italian Symphony, "Scheher Workmanship

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THE OCCASION belied pation. Most of th should know" had pr audience at Symphon full of rifts as the company at concert for which many have ets and half as many stayed Of such was to be the tenth Concert set back from Saturday day evening in the midst of cares. In fact surprisingly were empty; while a box-office not have better distributed ther the dreaded rifts. Evidently, scribers had noted the shift fr day to Thursday; while holida pations may not be quite as and absorbing as seasonable likes to make them. There who would listen to agreeable s music on Christmas Eve itsel nothing of an evening forty-eig away.

Beyond question Mr. Kouss program was agreeable. Down had gone the frenzied Psalm of tian Parisian Monsieur Florent shouting to Jehovah with sever of Israelites. Instead, Rimsk kov's pictorial "Scheherazade" that cherished Suite Mendelssoh ian Symphony" and the second burg Concerto of Bach. Throu seasons in Boston the conductor rayed no more comfortable Nothing was louder than brasses in the finale to "Schehe everything was familiar. Jazz re its ugly head; neither atonality n tonality troubled the public peac the dark closets all those trou modernistic youngsters had bee and did not once kick the doo golden age had returned—for on only—to the Symphony Concerts folks' night" said a smart youth University; but he smiled as he s

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Mendelssohn, as we all know who read the program-book, was a gentleman who travelled in Italy; walked abroad; looked out of his window; returned to Berlin with sundry pages of an "Italian Symphony" smooth and neat in his portfolio. The London Philharmonic Society civilly offered him one hundred guineas for it. In the "great rooms" in Hanover Square, it was played in May, 1833. In December, 1927, it is still good to hear—but not for what the scholarly call its content. Mendelssohn's subjects—again as the learned say—do not lay hold upon the ear: no more do they feed and fire imagination. The development says not too much musically; upon the most susceptible hearer weaves no spell of mood. Only with the Saltarello at the end does one say "What a good tune!" or with the Andante whisper "What a neat one!" Through the first movement and the scherzo the listener is more minded to pay compliments to Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra—for light, flowing, glinting tone, for accents and shadings that are touch and go, for a gentleman-like exhilaration at which Felix himself would have bowed and smiled.

The secret of this "Italian Symphony," As the hymn says—and hymns are now seasonable—"Count the blessings, while you may." In the first place five distinguished members of the orchestra played solo-parts in Bach's Concerto: Mr. Burgin on the violin; Mr. Laurent on the flute: Mr. Gillet on the oboe; Mr. Mager on the trumpet; very nearly in the slow movement, though the program did not specify him, Mr. Bedetti on the violoncello. The violinist was bright of tone and keen of accent; the flutist transparency and suavity themselves. The oboist's euphony with his fellows charmed the ear; the modernists long since left Mr. Mager armed and well prepared for any trumpetings of Bach; while certainly the violoncellist was co-equal voice in the flowing measures, Andante. In turn, the composer himself and the conductor by his side materially contributed. The rhythmic liveliness, the propulsive energy, of the first movement were inspiriting to hear. Into the ink Bach dipped his pen; on the music-paper the notes flew; Handel himself was not more the master of an elegant gusto. In the finale, what flourishes for every one concerned, for the trumpet most of all; in sum a gay Bach before he had a choir school and church cantatas, once in so often, to repress a natural exuberance. Con amore he must have written this concerto; con amore, with a deal of disinvolture as well, Mr. Koussevitzky set it free. Between whiles a slow movement, pensive with a half-smile, preferring grace to depth, divided never so nicely between the four voices. Yes; Bach in his courtier-time could write spoken music.

the secret of all Mendelssohn's surviving pieces—outside the choral societies—is workmanship. Whoever writes words, whoever writes musical notes, sees in vision that halycon day in which his means shall exactly suit his ends. He may have much, or little, or next to nothing, to say; but how aptly, how beguilingly, will he then say it. Every stroke shall be as clear as the day; fall in the exact place at the due moment; arise from its predecessor, give birth to its successor; whet every perceptive faculty in reader or hearer; leave single unescapable impression. Not one shall exceed; not one fall short; not one be wasted, uncertain, obscure. Before so flawless a medium, there shall be no occasion to consider the matter. Let time and fashion gnaw at it, as they surely will. Upon the crystal glaze of the workmanship they merely blunt their teeth.

This is the perfection of the Mendelssohn of the better overtures, the Italian and the Scotch Symphonies, the music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The hearer sits holden before transparencies and euphonies, shadings measured to the breadth of a hair, accents fine and clean as a rapier-edge, phrases never once unshapen, unerring choice of voices be they fiddles, flutes or drums; the intuition—as it seems— by which all these miracles are accomplished. Mendelssohn may be as empty as his worst detractor would have him; often he is by no means such. His workmanship will gild the void—as irresistible in the nineteen-twenties as it was in the eighteen-thirties. Odds on, our children's children will also know the spell.

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Workmanship is no less the pleasure of Rimsky's Arabian Nights. For what, after these many repetitions, are most of us listening? For the violin that is Scheherazade's luxuriant voice; for the bassoon that tootles out the Kalendar's tale; for the clarinet of the Young Prince and the Young Princess at their petting; for the thunderous orchestra of the sea and Sinbad's ship and the statue of the Bronze Warrior. Now Rimsky's rhythms are a tingling fascination. Again he is juggler with harmonies whose hand and ear rarely slip. Next he is the conjurer of sonorities out of Bagdad festal, out of the sea upsurging; from the garden of amorous princelings, from the laps of squatted Kalendars. There are those who find invention and imagination only in subject-matter and the thematic development of music; to nothing else will they permit such august terms. They deceive themselves as the French, literally translated, has it. Without invention and imagination Rimsky could not have achieved the manifold c 'orings of "Scheherazade"; manipulated ms, ordered his sonorities. He e lacked musical thoughts but ded in musical textures. We do Titians and Rubenses to the wall hey are not like unto Michael or Durers.

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Globe — Dec. 24, 1927

Bach Concerto for Violin, Flute, Oboe and Trumpet

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The 10th program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, yesterday afternoon, differed from that originally announced by the substitution of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade" for Florent Schmitt's choral setting of the 47th Psalm, now transferred to next week's program. There was little obvious dissatisfaction with the change. There can have been few in this audience, except the inquisitive or captious, who did not welcome the familiar delights of Rimsky-Korsakoff's opulent Orientalism in place of the unknown and uncertain outcome of a living Frenchman's labors. Thereby, too, the program, reaching Rimsky from Bach via Mendelssohn, acquired an accidental character of logical, historical progression illustrative of changing orchestral manners and modes, while, last, but not least, it provided Mr Koussevitzky with a work eminently suited to his characteristic gifts as conductor.

Bach's second Brandenburg concerto in F major opened the concert. It was written for violin, flute, oboe and trumpet, accompanied by strings and harpsichord, to which Motti, in the version used, added wood-wind instruments and horns. Messrs Burgin, Laurent, Gillet and Mager played the unusual group of solo instruments excellently, it need scarcely be said. Mr Mager's virtuosity upon the trumpet, which here converses fluently with the more naturally agile violin, flute and obos, drew most attention. This phenomenally active and high-pitched trumpet part, despite Motti's efforts at simplification, must still tax the skill of the player, and it is remarkable that so musical a result was attained.

The work itself is a charming one, displaying Bach's best qualities in many veins. His healthy, bustling vigor is there, the freedom and expressive quality of his flowing counterpoints were rarely more beautifully and daringly exemplified than in the andante and there is an abundance of humor in the exchanges between the solo instruments and in the interventions of the accompanying orchestra.

The violin-flute-oboe-trumpet combination proved particularly well adapted to contrapuntal music. The instruments are sympathetic to one another but preserve their individuality in combination instead of tending to blend, as do the instruments of the string quartet, into a homogeneous paste of sound.

An excellent performance of Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony, op.90, in A major, must have done much to dispel, or at least to qualify, the prejudice that has grown up against the composer and all his works. Impeccable urbanity merging into saccharine gentility, a too easy fluency owing much to repetition of obvious cliches of construction and cadence, all this and more does undoubtedly spoil a great deal that Mendelssohn wrote. Yet in the best of his works the virtues to which these vices correspond have not degenerated. The Italian symphony is one of these.

Its easy mastery of form and orchestral technique are applied here to significant, though not ponderous, material. Its graceful fluency is balanced by rhythmic vivacity; triviality is not entirely absent, but it is rare and soon past. Its expressive andante is completely free from sentimentality. The perfection and delicate variety of its orchestration is a delight.

In "Scheherazade," whose colorful episodes brought the concert to its conclusion and climax, the orchestra at last emerged in its modern function of painting the scene, establishing the legendary atmosphere, the racial quality, and telling the story—and, here, the stories within the story.

In this marvellous tour de force the story is told, the play enacted, with the decorative formalism, in line and color, of an ancient Persian miniature. With admirable restraint, an extremely limited thematic material is adhered to and gives unity and character to the work. The orchestration, despite its gorgeous variety, remains always in the oriental, semi-barbaric character of the Arabian Nights tales upon which the suite is founded.

Mr Koussevitzky and the orchestra were at their best in a finely conceived and executed performance of this work. Mr Burgin, for his excellent playing of the solo violin theme symbolizing Scheherazade, the legendary raconteuse, shared in the applause.

SYMPHONY CONCERT IN A MOOD OF JOY

Post — Dec. 23, 1927

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In workmanship, as among the blessed saints, there are also kinds and degrees. Mendelssohn sat in a sleek study at Berlin and wove impeccable tonal webs out of a musical past inherited, a musical cultivation inbred, a temperament that transmuted scholarship into sensibility; a journey to Italy, a voyage to Scotland, Oberon and his fairy court. Bottom and his horny-handed crew. Rimsky worked at a professor's job in the Petersburg of the Tsars; taught himself how to handle his tools; acquired in travail his own musical culture. Then, looked East and into music made the voluptuous, scented, cruel, laughing, monstrous Orient of The Arabian Nights; looked north and south and into operas prisoned old Russia and its legends—over weening Tsars and dreamful virgins, a magic city and the cask in which an exiled princess rode the seas, kings in their halls of painted wood, the daughter of the snows melting before the sun-god. Mendelssohn's workmanship is gracefully slender and Mr. Koussevitzky outlines it. Rimsky's workmanship is rich and glowing. The conductor sets it pulsing.

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evening, took place last evening instead, while the Friday afternoon concert falls today, according to its customary schedule. Next week, too, in deference to New Year's Eve, a similar exchange of dates will take place.

"SCHEHERAZADE" INSTEAD

For the concerts of this week Mr. Koussevitzky had intended a performance of Florent Schmitt's Psalm 143, with the Cecilia Society assisting as chorus. But Christmas mails delayed the orchestral parts in their journey from over-seas, and at the last moment Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade' was put in its stead. The rest of the programme, too, consisted of music already performed in the Koussevitzkian regime; namely, Bach's Second "Brandenburg" Concerto, for violin, flute, oboe and trumpet, and the "Italian" symphony of Mendelssohn. Specifically none of these pieces is exactly seasonal yet in that each is predominantly joyous in mood they made a wholly acceptable holiday programme.

Of performances of these compositions, all heard here more or less recently, it is not necessary to speak in detail. As on its previous hearing Bach's Concerto provided Messrs. Burgin, Laurent, Gillet and Mager with abundant opportunity to display their individual mastery over violin, flute, oboe and trumpet respectively, with the rest of the orchestra meeting them more than half-way. Upon the four virtuosi last evening's audience heaped applause, and they were forced to bow their acknowledgements repeatedly, with the rest of the band in time following suit.

With Mendelssohn's Symphony, so it seemed, Mr. Koussevitzky had a somewhat lighter hand than before. There was not so apparent an attempt to force an emotional note foreign to this outwardly innocent but intrinsically artful music, less of an effort to transform Mendelssohnian brightness into Berliozian brilliance. The performance was, indeed, a delightful one, causing the piece, which now nears its centenary, to sound with a remarkable freshness, spontaneity and buoyancy.

As for Rimsky-Korsakov's marvellous tonal translation of the "Arabian Nights," what other orchestra and what other conductor could give such a performance? Had this version of Rimsky's masterpiece or that last week of Wagner's Overture to "Tannhauser" been presented to a city hitherto unacquainted with our orchestra, it is safe to say that something close to a riot of enthusiasm would have ensued, such as that with which the Chicagoans are reported recently to have greeted the "Daphnis and Chloe" Suite of Ravel. But we of Boston now receive as a matter of course these breath-taking feats of orchestral virtuosity, applauding them with tempered enthusiasm for a few moments as though they were—as in fact they are—merely the order of the day.

Eleventh Programme

THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 29, at 8.15 o'clock

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 30, at 2.30 o'clock

Bloch . . . . . Four Episodes for Chamber Orchestra

I. Humoresque Macabre
II. Obsession
III. Calm
IV. Chinese

(First time in Boston)

Tansman . . . . . Second Concerto for Piano and Orchestra

I. Allegro risoluto.
II. Scherzo.
III. Lento e Finale.

(First performance)

Brahms . . . . . Symphony No. 4 in E minor, Op. 98

I. Allegro non troppo.
II. Andante moderato.
III. Allegro giocoso.
IV. Allegro energico e passionato.

SOLOIST

ALEXANDER TANSMAN

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

There will be an intermission before the symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898.—Chapter 3, relating to the covering o the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstruct the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

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Alexander Tansman

11TH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Bloch's Suite Exhibits Composer in New and Delightful Vein

TANSMAN CONCERTO HERE FIRST TIME

By PHILIP HALE

The 11th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place last night in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Bloch, Four Episodes for Chamber Orchestra. Tansman, Concerto No. 2 for piano and orchestra (Mr. Tansman, pianist). Brahms, Symphony, E minor, No. 4.

Bloch's Suite (Humoresque Macabre, Obsession, Calm, Chinese) was performed for the first time in Boston. It was submitted for Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" which had been announced. The Suite, written originally for piano, string quintet, flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon and horn, was awarded the Carolyn Beebe N. Y. Chamber Music Society Prize and first performed at New York.

The music would naturally have had a different effect last night if it had been played in its original form. The piano, which is treated in a remarkable, often novel manner, would not have been covered at times by the great body of strings; the proportion designed by the composer was necessarily destroyed. We understand that Mr. Koussevitzky obtained Mr. Bloch's permission to use the whole string section of the orchestra. (Composers are eager for performances in any form.)

While we should like to hear this music as it was written, it was a pleasure to hear it as it was performed, even in a swollen manner. Mr. Bloch having forsaken for the time Sinai and Jerusalem, has written a suite delightful by its spirit and humor; music original in conception and expression; frank as far as three movements are concerned. The one that is more involved, a little labored, is charged with fine poetic feeling. It was at one time feared that Mr. Bloch would persist in being an exponent of racial music. His Concerto and this Suite show that he can write in a broader vein music that is not inspired by creed and dogma, admirable as it may be as an expression of the Hebraic mind; but music that makes its appeal without thought of the past glory, the persecutions, the prophetic visions, the persistent faith of Israel.

Mr. Tansman's concerto, which was performed for the first time, is more closely knit, with more continuity of thought, a firmer control of technical resources, and a sense of warmer color than were displayed in the works previously heard at these concerts. No doubt he bestowed the greatest pains on the first movement, which seemed, as played last night, the least striking, the least interesting section. The Scherzo, not so pretentious, is freer, more spontaneous, fascinating by its character of "perpetual movement" for the piano, while the trio with its wavering tonality and its suggestion of Polish melodic origin has an emotional feeling that is not to be readily found in the opening Allegro.

But the cradle-song built on a long sustained pedal has true beauty, a simplicity that is not affected, while the rhythmic treatment of this whole introduction to the Finale has an exotic charm that should be of universal appeal. Mr. Tansman and his Concerto were heartily applauded. It is needless to say that Mr. Koussevitzky, who has long been interested in Mr. Tansman, had carefully prepared the performance, which was brilliant.

The fourth symphony of Brahms is evidently dear to Mr. Koussevitzky's heart, for since his arrival here he has put it several times on his programs, yet this symphony is to some granitic, with pages in which Brahms is seen treading water until he can again strike out thematically; a work that as the perplexed man in "Great Expectations" said to the actor who asked him what he thought of his portrayal of Hamlet is "massive and concrete."

The concert will be repeated this afternoon. The next concerts will be on Friday afternoon, Jan. 13, and Saturday evening, Jan. 14. Maurice Ravel will conduct, as guest, these compositions by him "Couperin's Tomb" (suite in four movements); Ravel's orchestration of Debussy's Sarabande and Dance; the Spanish rhapsody; "Scheherazade" (three poems for voice and orchestra, Lisa Roma, singer); "The Waltz."

Tansman's Second Concerto

By L. A. SLOPER

ALEXANDER TANSMAN is a modernist with a classical background and a romantic temper. Versed in the learning of the schools, he is also fluent in the idiom of the musical rebels. It has been claimed for him that he discovered "les accords Tansman" before he was aware that experimenters elsewhere had been violating the laws of tonality, too; just as it has been said that Bartók preceded Stravinsky in taking rhythmic and harmonic liberties. But this is of little import. What is of interest is that Tansman, while speaking the language of the "advanced," is able to employ the historical forms.

Some of the young revolutionaries find the fashionable dissonances of great assistance in concealing the absence of construction in their work—a reckless venture, since as the ear becomes accustomed to the new speech, the chaos is pitilessly revealed. But Tansman can sharpen the edges of the scholar's tools with the modernist's emery wheel, and still use them with the most facile virtuosity, never once giving himself a scratch. Another distinguishing characteristic of Tansman is his unashamed love for melody. Like Chopin, he is a Pole who lives in Paris. It is not astonishing, then, that he should not only possess, but proclaim, lyricism.

These features of the "art Tansman" had already been revealed to us by his Sinfonietta, his "Sorceress' Dance," his Sonatine for flute and piano, and his Symphony in A minor. The impression made by those compositions was strengthened by a hearing of his second piano concerto, which had its first performances at the eleventh pair of Boston Symphony concerts, given again this week, on account of the holiday, on Thursday evening and Friday afternoon. The composer was at the piano.

This concerto is neither a solo with orchestral accompaniment, nor yet an orchestral composition in which the piano is merely one of the voices. Rather, the piano does much of the expository work, and stands by with a helping hand while the orchestra discourses. The first movement is in sonata form, and uses the devices of development, counterpoint and canon; but superimposed tonalities bring it up to date. The Scherzo is clever and rhythmically varied, and the Trio is apparently in the mood of a Polish folk tune. There is a charming Berceuse to open the third movement, which breaks unexpectedly into a jazzlike theme which brings an effective conclusion. Not a work to mark a turning point in musical history, perhaps, but an ably made composition, agreeable to hear.

The same program contained another novelty, four "Episodes" for chamber orchestra, by Ernest Bloch, which had won the Carolyn Beebe chamber music prize and had been performed once before in New York. These pieces were written for piano, string quartet and five wind instruments. For some reason Mr. Koussevitzky had elected to play them with his full string sections, and with the wind doubled. It seems hardly possible that the balance of the composition could have been preserved in this rendition. Yet perhaps the impression was sufficiently approximate. The "Episodes" are called "Humoresque Macabre," "Obsession," "Calm" and "Chinese," and their nature is described by their titles. They are quite unlike Bloch, the fervid apostle of the Hebrew race. According to Mr. Roger Sessions, who may be called his semi-official spokesman, they mark the composer's development into an "objective" style. But is not this taking them too seriously? Are they not rather the exercise of a highly accomplished musician, off duty?

The symphony was the Fourth of Brahms, and both audiences made it abundantly clear that this was the music they enjoyed. Credit for this cannot be allowed entirely to the admirable composer. The interpretation and the playing were galvanic. It was possible for once to forget that here was a learned discourse from a musical pundit for the benefit of his fellow-professors. The score came alive; one sat up and paid strict attention. It was an application of paprika to roast beef medium.

TANSMAN PLAYS AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Globe Dec. 31, 1927

Appears as Soloist in His New Piano Concerto

New Pieces by Bloch Also Played and Brahms Symphony

Novelty, which has been so frequent a feature of Mr Koussevitzky's Symphony programs, claimed completely the first half of yesterday's concert, Alexander Tansman's second concerto for piano and orchestra received its first performance, and Ernest Bloch's "Four Impressions for Chamber Orchestra" which are still in manuscript, were heard for the first time in Boston. In succession, these works and their respective subdivisions formed a group that held attention in thrall by its variety but had none of that irritating conflict of styles which that part of the program that precedes the intermission sometimes displays. Between Bloch and Tansman lies no great gulf such as that dividing the latter from Tschaikowsky—a gulf which would have had to be leaped had the last of several discarded forecasts of the present program materialized.

Tansman's concerto, in which the composer himself played excellently the pianoforte part, created in general a very pleasant impression. Its material and structure are well defined and interesting, and there is a self-confident mastery of the technical resources of the composer's craft which is not surprising in one who, though only in his 31st year, began to compose at the age of 9 and has already an imposing list of works in many genres to his name. Here is none of the senile facetiousness that have characterized so much that has come from the younger European writers. The harmonic scheme is "modern," but there is no striving after the bizarre and shocking.

The movements which pleased most were the delightful scherzo and trio and the very beautiful slow movement, based, like other parts of the work, upon a theme which had much of the character of a folk song. The first movement had vitality and cohesion, though its composer has not perhaps to an outstanding degree the symphonic mind that can give a broad, universal significance to a musical idea, building it up from its nucleus to a vast shape full of emotional significance. His climaxes lack cumulative power. The final allegretto grazioso, with its jazz rhythms, seemed an inconclusive and insignificant ending to the concerto. The pianoforte part, as in most modern works in this form, was treated generally as an instrument of the orchestra, often adding decorative embellishments. Where it stood alone, its somewhat thick and close harmonization dulled the lines of its music.

Ernest Bloch's four pieces proved extremely enjoyable. Entitled respectively "Humoresque Macabre," "Obsession," "Calm" and "Chinese," they lived up to their titles. As illustration they were uncannily clever, but the means employed were purely musical and the pieces remained of great interest viewed from the angle of the material employed and the varied and fanciful skill with which it was developed and given shape and beauty.

A powerfully dynamic performance of Brahms' 4th symphony, in E minor, concluded the concert. Mr Koussevitzky's way with Brahms removes much the calm and classic beauty which is one of its characteristics, but it is undeniably moving and exciting.

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Koussevitzky has changed the program of the Symphony concerts for Thursday evening and Friday afternoon of this week. Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" has been thrown overboard—more's the pity!—and an unfamiliar, recent suite by Bloch has been substituted. Tansman's Second Concerto for piano and orchestra will have its first performance, with the composer playing the piano. The symphony will be the fourth by Johannes Brahms. (Was there ever a baptismal name better suited to a surname? Suppose Brahms had been named Claude, Cecil, Percy, or the German equivalent.) Mr. Koussevitzky conducted this symphony in 1924, and twice in 1926. By this time the orchestra should be fairly acquainted with it.

Mr Tansman is not unknown here. His sinfonietta, "Dance of the Sorceress," and symphony have been conducted by Mr. Koussevitzky in Boston. The composer was born at Loda, Poland, in 1897. He is at home in Paris. In 1919 he was awarded in competition the Grand Prix de Pologne for musical compositions. It was in 1920 he made Paris his dwelling place.

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SYMPHONY PERFORMS NEW MUSIC

Post —— Dec. 30. 1927

Tansman's Concerto Heard for First Time

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Once more the normal order of the Symphony concerts has been reversed. This week, as last, the Saturday evening concert has fallen upon Thursday evening, with that of Friday afternoon to follow at its regularly appointed time. But whereas a week ago Mr. Koussevitzky in making a holiday programme forswore all novel music, last evening and this afternoon the hitherto unknown is present in abundance.

FIRST PUBLIC HEARING

To begin the programme, came for the first time in Boston, Four Episodes for Chamber Orchestra by Ernest Bloch, and the ensuing piece was the Second Concerto for piano and orchestra by Alexander Tansman, played last evening, with the composer at the piano, for the first time anywhere. Brahms Fourth Symphony brought the end.

The successful entry in a competition sponsored by the Chamber Music Society of New York, Blochs Episodes were written for a piano, a quintet of strings and five wind instruments. Last evening Mr. Koussevitzky with, it is said, the composers sanction, saw fit to perform them with the full body of strings, thus inevitably upsetting to some degree the balance of string and wind tone intended by the composer. In these unpretentious pieces a somewhat unfamiliar Bloch is revealed, one who seeks not depths and heights but surface charm, and gains that end with mastery of means and with no little distinction. It would be interesting to hear them in their original form.

To Mr. Koussevitzky Alexander Tansman may well feel himself indebted. This Pole, whose present home is in Paris, has been made known to us by him through a Sinfonietta, a Symphony, a fragment from a ballet, and now this Concerto, all of them plainly the work of a sound and sane musician, possessed of a not inconsiderable melodic gift and happily aware that modern harmonic methods are not incompatible with the older musical structure. Of the three movements of the Concerto of last evening the second, an engaging Scherzo, and the last, an ingenious and exhilarating example of semi-jazz with a slow introduction of marked character, made the strongest impression. The first, less forthright in content, seemed also too heavily scored. Mr. Tansman, a tall, slender, pale young man, played his own difficult music efficiently and effectively and was several times recalled.

In the early days of our orchestra a Symphony of Brahms was certain to all but empty the old Music Hall. Virtually to a man last night's audience stayed to applaud loud and long Mr. Koussevitzky's eloquent version of that in E minor. If only the conductor would discern in the first movement less of turbulence and passion and more of the autumnal serenity that is its characteristic note, his reading of this master-work would be quite beyond praise, even though the hard-shelled Brahmsites, those arch-Puritans of music, might find it as a whole too emotional, too exciting, too beautiful even, and hence in their eyes wrong.

Tansmanic Matinee

Upon the little stage of the Art Club Sunday afternoon, Mr. Tansman, who is tall, loomed as large as did his music upon the program of The Flute Players. Hitherto Boston has heard him only as composer of symphonic pieces, with one incidental dance for the theater. Now he emerged thrice as composer in the smaller forms—a Quartet for Strings played by Messrs. Burgin, Gundersen, Lefranc, Bedetti, from Symphony Hall; a Sonata Rustica for Piano played by the composer himself; a Sonata quasi una Fantasia for Violin and Piano, played by Mr. Burgin and Mr. Tansman. One upon another, all three pieces confirmed current impressions of the guest. Mr. Tansman is modernistically brief—not one of the eleven movements was long enough to pall. He is fond, likewise, of the modernistic ending, abrupt and without cadence. In this vicinage it still upsets elderly ears. Like all the younger men, he has a pocketful of contemporary ways and means—the play of one key over another which is polytonality; jazz-rhythms and jazz-colorings for "pep"; linear counterpoint, loose rhythmic flow. On the other hand he exhibits these jewels not in the manner of the mother of the Gracchi or of a boy exposing his "glass alley" to admiring and envious eyes. Rather he uses "modernisms" incidentally, politely, ingratiatingly. It is, indeed, credibly reported that our most conservative dowagers, learning that Mr. Tansman uses these devices and remembering that they did not fly into a fury at the sound of them, regard him as no better than a trickster.

The truth probably is that by nature the Parisian Pole is lyrical, even romantic, composer. In Quartet, Sonata, Fantasia, scarcely a movement lacked songful motivs and semi-songful development. Only in the Vivace of the Quartet and the Scherzo of the Fantasia was Mr. Tansman busy with more or less fanciful juggleries, modernistic style. The learned may say in what degree his melodies are born of Polish folk-music; but akin to folk-song and folk-dances many of them sound. Naturally, they are frankly and agreeably such in the Rustic Sonata. Once and again, when he is grave, Mr. Tansman also remembers Chopin, less in imitation than in kinship of substance and mood, filling, for ple, a formally orthodox slow move- with romantically intensive song. ntic, too, he can be—modern style— e energy of his rhythms. Romantic, . is the exuberant readiness with he seems always to write. sic outpours from Mr. Tansman. as his dexterities for every form every purpose. Two things more eedful—a more individual invention, ch more rigorous selection and re- from his teeming faculties. As it ned he seemed less easily expert the processes of chamber-music with those of symphonic composi-

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Music outpours from Mr. Tansman. He has his dexterities for every form and every purpose. Two things more are needful—a more individual invention, a much more rigorous selection and rejection from his teeming faculties. As it happened he seemed less easily expert with the processes of chamber-music than with those of symphonic composition. In the quartet he was not too apt with individualized instruments and the play of timbres. The Sonata was a pleasingly frank and boyish music, quick with memories of Polish fields and villages; let go at that. The Fantasia—to keep the best for the last—was mature work in comparison, ampler textured, deeper tinctured, wanting an individual stamp. That nuisance, conscience, bids the listener be severe with Mr. Tansman—and on the instant his high spirits avert chastisement. As soon snap at an exuberant boy in his final teens. Yet in his actual thirties Mr. Tansman may not bide too long in this attractive youth. In the harvest of the forties a composer who remains "amusant," may also be a composer manqué.

"The Burgins" read off Mr. Tansman's Quartet with the aptitude of practiced musicians, quick to the staves before them, at ease and confident with each other. Mr. Tansman again proved himself an unprofessional pianist of ability; while Mr. Burgin was surprisingly warm of tone, ample of phrase, incisive of rhythm in the middle movements of the Fantasia. For once, by himself he deployed the qualities with which he enriches the string choir of the Symphony Orchestra. "The Burgins," moreover, outdid themselves in the Quartet of Haydn—D major, Op. 64, No. 5—that ended the afternoon. Their tone was exhilaratingly warm, bright and flowing; the music came limpid from bows and strings; not a phrase was mishandled, not an accent fell loosely, not a figure or an arabesque missed grace. The pace was apt; the interplay of the four voices flawless; the style seasoned Haydn's simplicity and spontaneity with his deftness of means and process. The season through a Bostonian audience has not heard such quartet-playing.

Twelfth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 13, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 14, at 8.15 o'clock

MAURICE RAVEL will conduct these concerts

Ravel . . . "Le Tombeau de Couperin" (Suite for Orchestra)

I. Prelude.
II. Forlane.
III. Menuet.
IV. Rigaudon.

Debussy . . . . . Two Dances (Orchestrated by Ravel)

a. Sarabande. (First performance in Boston)
b. Dance.

Ravel . . . . . Rapsodie Espagnole

I. Prélude à la Nuit.
II. Malagueña.
III. Habanera.
IV. Feria ("The Fair").

Ravel . . . "Shéhérazade," Three Poems for Voice and Orchestra, to the Verses of Tristan Klingsor

I. Asia.
II. The Enchanted Flute.
III. The Indifferent One.

Ravel . . . . . "La Valse," Choregraphic Poem

SOLOIST

LISA ROMA

There will be an intermission after the "Rapsodie Espagnole"

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898.—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators, it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

ARTICLE INCOMPLETE

Maurice Ravel

12TH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Maurice Ravel, as Guest Conductor, in Charge of the Program

AUDIENCE SHOWS KEEN ENTHUSIASM

By PHILIP HALE

Maurice Ravel, as a guest, conducted the 12th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was made up of these compositions, all by Ravel, including his orchestration of Debussy's Sarabande and Dance. They were in this order: "Couperin's Tomb," Suite in four movements (Prelude, Forlane, Menuet, Rigaudon); Orchestration of Debussy's piano pieces Sarabande and Dance; Rapsodie Espagnole (Prelude to the Night, Walaguena, Habanera, The Fair); Scherazade, three poems for voice and orchestra—Asia, The Enchanted Flute, The Indifferent One (Lisa Roma, singer); The Waltz, Choregraphic Poem.

When Mr. Ravel came on the platform the orchestra rose from the seats, so did the great audience, though timidly, hesitatingly at first. This audience was enthusiastic throughout the concert; not merely out of courtesy to a distinguished stranger, whose orchestral music has been appreciated here for 14 years. The enthusiasm was provoked by the music itself and the sight of the composer conducting the superb orchestra.

Some may have wondered why Ravel chose "Le Tombeau de Couperin" for the opening number.

When it was first played here seven years ago The Suite did not make a marked impression. Perhaps some thought that he now chose The Suite for sentimental reasons. The six movements which composed this composition, originally written for the piano, were dedicated, each, in memory of friends killed in the world war. (When he orchestrated The Suite, he dropped the Fugue and the Toccata). Perhaps some questioned his judgment in his first selection, remembering that Milton preferred "Paradise Regained" to "Paradise Lost"; that an author often has a weakness for a novel or poem that the world has judged not wholly worthy of him.

But the performance yesterday justified the choice, for the music sounded fresh; the ideas had character; the harmonic and orchestral expression of them fascinated; music that did not need a program to disclose the author's name.

The Sarabande was performed here for the first time. In this instance the gilding of pure gold was not superfluous, not an impertinence. -The stately Spanish dance, a dance not without solemnity, not without pathos, was the more impressive by Ravel's use of the instruments in, at times, unusual combinations. The other selections were familiar.

It is not necessary to discuss again the Rapsodie or "the waltz." It was a pleasure to hear again the three songs in which Ravel is even more poetic than their author, Tristan Klingsor; songs which are charged with the splendor and the amorous languor of the Orient. Miss Roma who sang them yesterday did not efface, did not equal the interpretation given them by Vera Janacopulos at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra four years ago. Miss Roma has an agreeable voice, but the songs carefully sung by her were not sufficiently differentiated in sentiment. One might say the singer lacked imagination.

Few composers are capable conductors of their own works. They are temperamentally unfitted for they have not had the requisite experience; or, intoxicated by the thought of hearing their music, they give the reins to the players, who dawdle, stumble or galop at their own sweet will. Mr. Ravel does not pretend to be a virtuoso conductor, but he knows what he wants and is able to express his wishes and gain the effects he desires. And so his interpretation of his music was interesting; his ability to maintain melodic lines, to stress what was important, to emphasize ravishing harmonies and yet preserve the due proportion; nor when hesitate to call on the players for full strength and fury. There was always his worship of beauty, not as vague, abject idolatry; the worship of an artist who knows that beauty may have at times the wild irregularity of which Bacon speaks.

We are asked in these days to bow down before strange gods; the old deities, it is trumpeted, have been torn from their pedestals. Rhythm is the supreme god; atonality has the adjoining altar. Nude beauty is no longer the radiant goddess. Yet there are still worshippers in the Temple of the Muse, who while they welcome well-graced young composers of eloquent speech, have in their grateful minds certain names: Handel, Mozart, Chopin, Debussy, Ravel.

Mr. Ravel will conduct the concert

RAVEL AT HELM WITH SYMPHONY

Great Composer Leads List of Own Pieces

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Since 1913 not a year has passed without the performance at our Symphony Concerts of one or more compositions by Maurice Ravel, a record, as it happens, that no other living maker of music can equal. Yesterday afternoon the public of these concerts was brought face to face with the composer himself, now on his initial visit to America, as he led the orchestra through a programme devoted to his own works and to his orchestration of a brace of piano pieces by his late compatriot, Claude Debussy.

BY HIS OWN METHOD

A smallish man, nervously quick of movement, is Mr. Ravel, with hair almost white though his years are but 52. When he stepped briskly upon the stage yesterday afternoon orchestra and audience rose in greeting and in merited tribute to one who holds a place of dominating importance in contemporary music.

Of Mr. Ravel's conducting it may be said, and in no spirit of carping criticism, that he conducts as a composer. The writing of music, not the directing of performances of it, is his job, and he is in fact but little practiced in the latter art.

But at least Mr. Ravel knows what he wants of an orchestra and he goes after it and obtains it, sometimes in ways all his own. In reposeful passages he is as sparing of gesture as the most self-contained of conductors but in moments of excitement he threatens, as the saying goes, to "turn himself inside out." Long versed in the pieces of this programme, save only Debussy's Sarabande, the orchestra yesterday could and did do its share and more, and the performances, with one exception presently to be noted, were of a nature to do full justice to the music.

From Piano Pieces

For beginning to this very personal programme came the suite, "The Tomb of Couperin," music in which the ancient forms are given a modern twist and each one of the four divisions of which bears a dedication to some one of the composers, comrades-in-arms, who lost their lives in the late war. These delightful pieces were, in fact, written first for the piano, but in his orchestration of them Mr. Ravel was as happy as in his version of the Sarabande and Dance of Debussy which followed them yesterday or that of Moussorgsky's "Pieces at an Exhibition," made for Mr. Koussevitzky and made known to us by him.

For close to the first half of the programme came the "Rapsodie Espagnole," a relatively early work and not everywhere comparable to the composer's more recent efforts, albeit music of charm and distinction. For Mr. Ravel, be it said, never wrote a commonplace measure.

Miss Roma at Disadvantage

Following the intermission Miss Lisa Roma came forth to sing the difficult and exacting soprano-part in Ravel's Oriental triptych "Scheherazade." No doubt in a small auditorium, with a piano for accompaniment, Miss Roma would make a most agreeable impression, but for the pieces of yesterday, with their rich orchestral background, Miss Roma's voice is far too light, and these fascinating compositions were, in consequence, not heard to advantage.

Taken by and large, the music of Maurice Ravel is delicate and intimate rather than broad and vigorous, but he can write with a superb breadth and vigor, as witness his music to "Daphnis and Chloe" so familiar to the Symphony concerts and the choreographic poem "La Valse" that brought the concert of yesterday to an exciting conclusion. Of the intoxication and the seductiveness of this piece the orchestra missed nothing, and the enthusiasm which it aroused yesterday was sufficient to return the conductor and composer several times to the stage and finally to cause him to bid the players rise to share with him the plaudits.

MAURICE RAVEL AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

French Composer Appears as Guest Conductor

Program Filled by His Works—Lisa Roma as Soloist

Maurice Ravel, making his American debut as guest conductor, was cordially welcomed by the audience at yesterday's Symphony concert. Orchestra and audience stood to greet him at his first entrance. Every number on a program filled by his works was received with applause in which none of the hostile demonstration that until recently was probable at Paris performances of his music mingled. Ravel is no longer an ultra-modernist. Now that he has passed the half century mark, he is almost a classic.

The soloist, Mme Lisa Roma, making her Boston debut, sang the three number in Ravel's "Sheherezade" with musical intelligence, revealing a fine and well cultivated voice.

The fact that none of the numbers on yesterday's program was new to Boston may be taken as proving that Ravel's fame is now world wide. His suite "Le Tombeau de Couperin," his transcriptions of Debussy piano pieces, his "Rapsodie Espagnole," "Sheherezade" and "La Valse" admirably illustrate the various phases of his genius. It is characteristic of the men that one seeking to arrange a different program of his works for orchestra would find few other pieces than those heard yesterday to draw upon. Besides the "Mother Goose" suite, and the two suites drawn from the ballet "Daphnis and Chloe" he has indeed written almost nothing more for orchestra.

Fine Harmonic Sense

Ravel is reported by the interviewers he encountered in New York the other day on landing to have said that he now intended to refrain for a while from composition in order to study his "mitier," his trade. It is hard, especially after hearing yesterday's concert, to see what Ravel now has to learn about composition. The workmanship of each of his pieces seems flawless.

What music old or new is scored for orchestra with greater subtlety, more delicacy, more sonority at climaxes than Ravel seems always to have at command? What modern writer has a finer harmonic sense than Ravel's? Who has written in this century melodies more delicately modeled than those of the "Prelude" from the "Rapsodie Espagnole," or the "Enchanted Flute?"

But overanxiety about workmanship, and an unwillingness to allow emotions to speak out with the naive lyricism of a Schubert or the selfabsorbed dramatic urge of a Wagner characterise Ravel. He has always been a worker in miniatures, a polisher of chiselled surfaces, a man prone to seek refuge from sentiment in irony. Yet it would be easy to follow the example of too many of Ravel's interpreters and see in his music only its aristocratic delicacy.

Yesterday his own interpretations of his work showed that when occasion demands strongly marked simple rhythms working up to orchestral outbursts triple fortissimo, Ravel believes in them. He made the orchestra beat out the rhythm of the "Forlane" in "Le Tombeau de Couperin," with a monotony suggesting popular dance orchestras. "La Valse," for all its irony masking pathos and sentiment, was played throughout "in the rhythm of a Viennese Waltz," quite as though Johann Strauss had written it. There was exuberance of rhythm and of orchestral sonority in "The Fair," which conclude the "Rapsodie Espagnole." Yet somehow one felt through it all that Ravel has never been able to let himself go emotionally. Like the poet in Matthew Arnold's phrase, Ravel has never "spoken out."

Ravel's Conducting

Ravel's conducting reminded one of the descriptions of Beethoven's. He is a small man physically, short and almost fragile, with thick, gray hair crowning a face with heavily marked, yet delicate features. His one concern while leading the orchestra is to convey to the players every necessary direction. His gestures are few and not graceful, but perfectly clear indications of his musical wishes. When he wants a sudden crescendo he crouches down and springs suddenly to his full height of perhaps five feet three. His foot much of the time was unconsciously beating out the rhythm, as well as his baton. There is not a trace of pose, self consciousness or insincerity in Ravel's attitude before an audience. Of how many musicians can this be said?

Ravel does not claim to be a great orchestral conductor. He has had little experience in that field. Yet yes-

terday, with the eager and intelligent cooperation of the orchestra, he achieved a series of memorable and brilliant performances of his own works. The concert left one with the conviction that Ravel's place in musical history as a composer of genius is secure, if only because he has attempted nothing not well within his powers.

Next week Sir Thomas Beecham, as guest conductor, will lead a program including a suite from Handel, short pieces by Delius and Berlioz, a Mozart symphony in C major (K. 338), and Strauss' "Ein Heldenleben." P. R.

IN PRESENCE HIS QUALITY AND EXAMPLE

RAVEL COMES TO THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Warm Welcome for the Conducting Composer—A Freer, More Confident Hand —Arrayed Pieces and Distinctive Traits —Our Ways and His Ways

THE AUDIENCE in Boston renewed the greetings of the audience in Cambridge when Monsieur Ravel appeared, yesterday afternoon, at the Symphony Concerts. It rose—a bit perfunctorily; clapped—much more eagerly; after its habit buzzed with curiosity over the aspect and manner of the illustrious guest. Since the program comprised the five pieces heard the evening before in Sanders Theater, five times at Symphony Hall did the applause wax warm. There were no tumults inasmuch as neither Monsieur Ravel nor his music invites them. There was, however, no lack of reciprocal pleasure and regard. As for the conductor-composer, he seems rather in the vein by day than by night. He led with more freedom, more energy, with an occasional hint of vehemence as he crouched for an instant while the orchestra sprang; then flung back head and shoulders with a prideful sense of the moment—and the mastery—achieved.

Performance, in turn, gained by the ripening acquaintance of conductor and orchestra. The Suite from "La Tombeau perin" emerged in cameo-like g. The Saraband and the Dance bed from Debussy gained desirmth. Now the "Spanish Rhapas an etched music; again, as in t division, it beat high with life and and tonal glow. "The renewed the sensual or the savzies by the composer-conductor ed. Only the three songs of azade" fell short. Unfold the al background as Monsieur Rat, the singer lacked the quality which should be rich and dark; , which should be sensitive and he imagination which should ardently, visually, exotically. such abilities the songs are less alf themselves. How Monsieur came to be saddled with this isa Roma, it would be informing

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The extremists at one end of the æsthetic tether like to say that music is a speech of emotion, or else it perishes. The extremists at the other end are as sure that it is a speech of reflection and calculation, of forms and symmetries, or else "it gets nowhere." Put by the geniuses who are laws unto themselves—a Mozart, a Beethoven, a Wagner, at his utmost even a Debussy. Consider the abilities— for in that category Ravel belongs—and the truth lies midway between these extremes. There is no music without emotion, but there are many sorts of mood. The most casual hearer will perceive the emotional "urge" (as our youngsters call it) in such pages as "Shéhérazade," enkindled by sensuous visions. He will discover it no less in the semi-voluptuous, semi-sardonic "poem" of "The Waltz." In the desire to set new wine glinting through old bottles, it permeates, as truly, "Le Tombeau de Couperin." It is easy to dismiss the Spanish Rhapsody as an exercise in tonal pointillage, an adventure in rhythm and color stimulating to a composer at the turn into the thirties. But what of the lassitude that infiltrates the Habanera, the excitement remembered that animates the Finale? They are emotional impulses. . . . From the other point of view, it is the flawless adaptation of means to ends, of form to substance, of outer progress to inner import, that makes these pieces so complete, contained, unmistakable. Call the process reflection or intuition, it is the logical, the structural, element in music.

Monsieur Ravel passes for a detached, objective composer, who receives sensations; considers them, transfuses them into music with thought, care and pains. Klingsor's lover, in the second poem of "Shéhérazade," flutes in words. In the second song, Ravel gives him his very tones, in motion. Past the door in the third poem wends the youth of the drooping gait. The girl upon the threshold, a ess in her face, may not detain him. e poet is word-picturing. Into rhythm vel turns the gait; through a music t measure by measure wanes, fades, ishes, goes the stranger indifferent, arting. The idea of "The Waltz" stirs vel's ironic moods, and the "choreophic poem" is written with sardonic sion. The Spain of his youth lingers quickening memory—and the recoltion shades into the colors and ves to the rhythms of the Spanish apsody. With pleasure Monsieur vel turns the pages of Couperin; twenh century for seventeenth, he will go l do musically likewise. Franc-No- proffers him an opera book teeming h ironic wit and fantasy, and the edy in music, "l'Heure Espagnole," is tten in the closest mating of verbal l tonal accents. The classifiers, the aloguers are ill at ease. What in all s many-sidedness is the composer be- d? Possibly, probably, only a man of sibility and fertility that thirty-odd rs of working life have not exhausted; o has finished before he produced; who made his way by deserts only, and without controversy.

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Performance, in turn, gained by the ripe ing acquaintance of conductor and or chestra. The Suite from "La Tombeau de Couperin" emerged in cameo-like chiselling. The Saraband and the Dance transcribed from Debussy gained desirable warmth. Now the "Spanish Rhapsody" was an etched music; again, as in the last division, it beat high with rhythmic life and and tonal glow. "The Waltz" renewed the sensual or the savage frenzies by the composer-conductor unleashed. Only the three songs of "Shéhérazade" fell short. Unfold the orchestral background as Monsieur Ravel might, the singer lacked the quality of voice, which should be rich and dark; the skill, which should be sensitive and sure; the imagination which should range ardently, visually, exotically. Without such abilities the songs are less than half themselves. How Monsieur Ravel came to be saddled with this Mme. Lisa Roma, it would be informing to know.

Presumably, the guest chose his program—with characteristic discretion. "Le Tombeau de Couperin" has not been heard at these concerts since Mr. Monteux produced the Suite in 1920. It is example, as well, of Monsieur Ravel's ability—rarely exercised—to adapt to ancient forms a quasi-modern content. At relatively long intervals has the Spanish Rhapsody been played in Symphony Hall —representative piece, besides, of the composer's earlier orchestral manner. "The Waltz," which seemed in anticipation a hackneyed number superfluously included, became revelation under Monsieur Ravel's own hand. If "Shéhérazade" miscarried both in Cambridge and Boston, the fault was not the conductor-composer's. Twice at least the triptych was sung to the full when Madame Janacopulos visited the Symphony Concerts in 1924 and proved herself born to sing it. The transcriptions from Debussy disclosed the composer at a task in which he is unexcelled. To include them was to recall, also, the composer whom many minds both associate and contrast with Monsieur Ravel. Yet in lieu of them, it would have been pleasure to hear the orchestral version of his own "Noble and Sentimental Waltzes"—once played under Mr. Monteux—or of "Alborada del Gracioso" as yet unknown to Symphony Hall. "Mother Goose" and the suites from "Daphris and Chloë" are specialties of Mr. Koussevitzky; with natural and courteous reason Monsieur Ravel put them by.

Over seventeen years, from 1903 through 1920, stretched the chosen pieces. However haphazard they seemed in the succession of the program, the composer's distinctive qualities pervaded them. The just, the exact note he seemed always to set, in the just and exact place, upon his staves. He had searched until found; rejected as often as accepted; with an equal discernment shunned both parsimony and superfluity; with reason bridled impulse. By such virtue Monsieur Ravel writes a music of unfailing clarity, precision, economy, [illegible]sic. songs of "Shéhérazade" a[illegible]ns vision by poetry stimulated out a blur upon structure o[illegible] "The Waltz" is music of ima[illegible]ily, a[illegible]t passion withal, as the compos[illegible]sired; [illegible]o but never once does continuity [illegible]STuly end to end it upsprings, unfo[illegible]LL[illegible] itself. There is not a dry s[illegible]fu wreath for Couperin's tomb; [illegible]adult leaf is finely, minutely, cut. T[illegible]wealth in the Spanish Rhapsody se[illegible]ton 06 point after tonal point; they m[illegible]LL none the less, and they are [illegible]near t rhythm. Recall the tumult of [illegible]ers. eral Dance" at the end of "Da[illegible]LL Chloë." It is not unshapen; ne[illegible]w merely welter in rhythm and c[illegible]ness 1051-X

The extremists at one en[illegible]LI æsthetic tether like to say that [illegible]B a speech of emotion, or else it [illegible]WT The extremists at the other en[illegible]L sure that it is a speech of refle[illegible]a calculation, of forms and symm[illegible]lium else "it gets nowhere." Put by [illegible]UI iuses who are laws unto them[illegible]consi Mozart, a Beethoven, a Wagne[illegible]nishe utmost even a Debussy. Cons[illegible]excep abilities— for in that categor[illegible]give belongs—and the truth lies mid[illegible]reply tween these extremes. There is n[illegible]tc without emotion, but there ar[illegible]AU sorts of mood. The most casua[illegible]front will perceive the emotional "urge"[illegible]oppor our youngsters call it) in such [illegible]befor as "Shéhérazade," enkindled by sensu[illegible] visions. He will discover it no le[illegible] in the semi-voluptuous, semi-sardonic "poem" of "The Waltz." In the desire to set new wine glinting through old bottles, it permeates, as truly, "Le Tom beau de Couperin." It is easy to dismiss the Spanish Rhapsody as an exercise in tonal pointillage, an adventure i[illegible] and color stimulating to a com the turn into the thirties. But the lassitude that infiltrates th era, the excitement remembered mates the Finale? They are impulses. . . . From the other view, it is the flawless adap means to ends, of form to s of outer progress to inner im makes these pieces so compl tained, unmistakable. Call th reflection or intuition, it is th the structural, element in music

Monsieur Ravel passes for a objective composer, who recei tions; considers them, transfuse to music with thought, care Klingsor's lover, in the second "Shéhérazade," flutes in word second song, Ravel gives hi tones, in motion. Past the third poem wends the youth of ing gait. The girl upon the

[illegible]ess in her face, may not detain him. [illegible]e poet is word-picturing. Into rhythm [illegible]vel turns the gait; through a music [illegible]t measure by measure wanes, fades, [illegible]vanishes, goes the stranger indifferent, departing. The idea of "The Waltz" stirs Ravel's ironic moods, and the "choreographic poem" is written with sardonic passion. The Spain of his youth lingers in quickening memory—and the recollection shades into the colors and moves to the rhythms of the Spanish Rhapsody. With pleasure Monsieur Ravel turns the pages of Couperin; twentieth century for seventeenth, he will go and do musically likewise. Franc-Nohain proffers him an opera book teeming with ironic wit and fantasy, and the comedy in music, "l'Heure Espagnole," is written in the closest mating of verbal and tonal accents. The classifiers, the cataloguers are ill at ease. What in all this many-sidedness is the composer behind? Possibly, probably, only a man of sensibility and fertility that thirty-odd years of working life have not exhausted; who has finished before he produced; who has made his way by deserts only, and not without controversy.

An end to this sermonizing, since there is none of Monsieur Ravel's wit to lighten and point it. Yet, as the preachers say, one word more. After the concert of today, the guest will go his way from Boston westward over America; return in the spring to France. Again he will be but the name on the right hand of the program, opposite some more or less pleasurable piece. Yet now that we have looked upon him and, in measure, surveyed his work, a memory may linger [illegible]t should also be a moral. In the arts [illegible]Americans are reluctant to reflec[illegible]. To be choice is too long, too ardu[illegible], too self-denying. Why take endless [illegible]ns when all things come by nature and may be put to paper slap-dash? No doubt in those same arts, detachment has its virtues and rewards. No doubt we should turn such sensibility as we have upon many objects; upon them refine, intensify, assort it. Yet how much easier it is to sputter and gabble and "create" (as we fondly call it) out of our inner and overflowing souls. Any artist with the gift o' the gab can be subjective after his fashion. The creating eye on the object is another and more difficult matter. Humor is an American blessing in and out of the arts; but wit, irony, the sardonic vein are "high-hat," Continental, un-American. So go our blither and blather. In Monsieur Ravel—mind, spirit, life, work—these delusions are dispelled, these confusions rectified. Our public of the arts will see and hear him, clap and "meet" him—and think not twice of the qualities that are the warrant for their admiration and his presence.

H. T. P.

Ravel's American Début

By L. A. SLOPER

MAURICE RAVEL appeared for the first time in America as conductor at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Sanders Theater at Harvard College, Cambridge, on the evening of Jan. 12, and in Symphony Hall, Boston, on the afternoon of Jan. 13. The program played on those occasions, which will be repeated this evening in Symphony Hall, was made up from the guest conductor's own works: "Le Tombeau de Couperin" Suite, the orchestrations of a Sarabande and a Dance of Debussy, the "Rapsodie Espagnole," the "Schéhérazade" song group and "La Valse."

With the exception of the Debussy-Ravel Sarabande, these works were all familiar to Boston concert goers. But the interest of the occasion lay chiefly in the presence of the famous composer and in the manifestation of his compositions under his own baton.

Symphony audiences always are glad to welcome distinguished guests. Afterward, very often, when they have regained their calm, they reflect that while it is a charming experience to applaud the author of works they have long admired, the performance of those works usually pays the composer a higher honor under the direction of a professional conductor.

But this is not the impression that remains on the present occasion. We have heard from Mr. Koussevitzky and his predecessors some enchanting Ravel interpretations, some performances that had perhaps a higher technical excellence than these of the composer. But Mr. Ravel has indicated that he does not desire his works to become imbedded in traditional readings. Possibly he realizes them afresh each time he leads them. In any event, on Friday he not only revealed their clarity, their elegance and their lyricism, which we already knew, but in "La Valse" at least he released a vitality and exposed a unity which had not been apparent. The significance of Mr. Casella's phrase, "the apotheosis of the waltz," became clear for the first time.

Ravel the satirist here appears to have betrayed the essential corruption that underlay the polish of the vanished Imperial society. It can no longer be supposed that musical pravity is the discovery of the jazz writers, or musical primitivism the exclusive property of Stravinsky. With a somewhat sardonic mien, but with perfect nonchalance, Ravel seems to be hinting that the informed were already aware of these elements, though they were perhaps too polite to speak of them. "La Valse," it is apparent, is not so far removed from the "Tzigane" for violin and pianoforte as we had supposed.

For the rest, there was no comparably startling revelation. Ravel of course is not of the race of conductors. His baton technique is frugal; principally a sharp, definite beat, with the stick usually pointed at the musicians whose entrance is due. The left hand is used little; a lifted forefinger sometimes calls to attention. With these sparing means the composer drew some eloquent playing from an orchestra already, of course, wrought to rare responsiveness by Mr. Koussevitzky. Here and there appeared a new limpidity, a rhythm previously unrealized; for the most part, the familiar Ravel.

Nor was the course of the composer's development to be traced through the periods of the various works presented. The program was cleverly arranged to give contrast and climax to a list of works from one hand. But the composer's style evidently sprang full formed from his youthful genius. His sense of form is his classic heritage. His logic and his wit are of his Gallic nature. He mastered orchestral coloring without sacrificing his Apollonian restraint. Yet he can build a climax of impressive power.

Madame Lisa Roma performed sympathetically the not too rewarding task of singing the words of the "Schéhérazade," while the composer painted in the exquisite background.

Bostonian Greeting to a Visitor Come at Last, and Welcome, Into the House of His Friends— From Past to Present

WHEN Monsieur Ravel appears upon the stage of Symphony Hall tomorrow as guest-conductor of the orchestra, he will face his audience not as a newcomer, but as an old and tried friend. For his orchestral works, from the songs with orchestra "Schéhérazade," the Spanish Rhapsody, "Ma Mère l'Oye," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," the "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales," the suites from "Daphnis et Chloë," the transcribed "Alborada del Gracioso" to the dynamic "La Valse," have long been in the repertory of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This agreeable process began in the days of Dr. Muck, was continued by Mr. Rabaud, and with particular zeal by Mr. Monteux, who first conducted "Daphnis et Chloë" in Paris; with no less ardor and sympathy by Mr. Koussevitzky. Outside the Symphony Concerts, the Longy Club, the Flute Players' Club, under Mr. Laurent, have produced Ravel's piano-pieces, the "Introduction et Allegro" for harp, wind instruments and string quartet, the "Poémes de Mallarmé" and, more recently, the "Chansons Madécasses." The Flonzaley Quartet has represented Ravel on its programs; local and visiting pianists and singers have included his music in recitals, and only lately Miss Jelly d'Aranyi played the "Tzigane" in dazzling fashion. To this long and profitable acquaintance with his music is now to be added a welcome glimpse of the man.

If the facts of Ravel's career are too familiar to require re-statement, a few details may be given emphasis. Such, for instance, as the recurrence in his music over a considerable period, of the atmosphere of his native Ciboure near the frontier of Spain, despite a boyhood passed mainly in Paris, and a musical education gained in that stronghold of French musical tradition, the Paris Conservatoire. It is also worth recalling that Gédalge, the masterly teacher of counterpoint and fugue, whose part in the upbuilding of French music during the past fifty years is scarcely recognized outside of France, and Fauré, the delicate stylist and inimitable creative artist, were determining factors in equipping Ravel as a composer with the thoroughness with which Europe (not America, alas, as yet) envisages the problem. It is worthy of note, also, that as a student, Ravel early developed an ironic vein which proved an efficient barrier to scholastic distinction. No wonder that his authoritative biographer, M. Roland-Manuel, dwells with unction upon Ravel's sardonic setting of an impossibly mawkish cantata text to voluptuous slow waltzes in competing for the Prix de Rome. While the non-musical members of the jury were in ecstasies over this interpretation of the feeble poetry, the Conservatoire authorities were malignantly clairvoyant. The historic quarrel in 1905 over the arbitrary exclusion of Ravel from again competing for the Roman Prize was fomented by his already not inconsiderable success as a composer. That he did not win the award was no loss to Ravel or to the world, since as a rule (Berlioz and Debussy are instances) French composers have submitted to exile at the Villa Médicis largely in order to draw the Government allowances. Their creative expansion began when they re-crossed the Italian border.

As a student, Ravel gave evidence of an independence and originality which were far from being acknowledged by the critics of his native land until many years later. Thus, the "Habanera" for two pianos, afterwards included in the "Spanish Rhapsody," bearing the characteristic traits of Ravel's mature individuality, was composed at the age of twenty. Furthermore, it preceded Debussy's first attempt in a Spanish subject ("La Soirée dans Grénade") by eight years. A song of the following year, "Sainte," on a poem by Mallarmé, prophesies and attains the lyric vein of Ravel's later songs. The "Epigrammes de Clément Marôi" (1901) show that it occurred to Ravel to search French poets of the sixteenth and seventeenth century several years earlier than Debussy. This was not realized at

the time of a bitter controversy between Henri Gauthier-Villars and Pierre Lalo, after the production of Ravel's "Histoires Naturelles" in 1907. ("La Pintade," from this collection, as sung by Eva Gauthier, is a favorite with American audiences.) In this discussion Ravel's originality was called in question. For some critics, and many an amateur, regarded Ravel only in the light of an esthetic hanger-on of Debussy. M. Gauthier-Villars demonstrated the fallacy of this judgment, and M. Calvocoressi further analyzed Ravel's harmonic style and his method of composition, and proved their dissimilarity from Debussyan procedure. What thought, pen and ink somewhat laboriously outlined has been more satisfactorily and finally accomplished by the mere lapse of time.

It is now obvious to the analyst that certain general features of Debussy's style reacted upon Ravel (we must also not forget Chabrier, Satie and even Fauré), but the traits of his musical personality were independent from the start. Even Ravel's admiration for the older French musicians had a basic cause remote from Debussy, who had the same leanings. With the ebb of the insidious influence of Wagner, who was too fundamentally Teutonic for Gallic assimilation, French musicians began to examine their own past. Louis Diémer, expert teacher of piano playing at the Conservatoire, was also harpsichordist by avocation. He edited and played Couperin, Rameau, Daquin and many others of less note. Charles Bordès and the "Chanteurs de Saint-Gervais" explored the older French and Flemish choral music as well as Palestrina. D'Indy at the "Schola Cantorum," establishing the policy of historical concerts, turned to Destouches and Rameau as well as to Monteverdi and Sebastian Bach. Fauré in certain of his settings of Verlaine reincarnated the mood of the eighteenth century and of "Fêtes Galantes" in tone as surely as Watteau fixed the epoch in paint. When we recall that Debussy's "Pour le Piano" of 1901 contained a "Sarabande" in which the spirit of the ancient dance merged into harmonies of the dawning twentieth century, we think of him as a pioneer in this respect. But Erik Satie composed three "Sarabandes" for piano in 1887, and Ravel had abashed his fellow students in the Conservatoire harmony class by playing them these pieces —before their teacher arrived. Satie had here used "radical" sequences of "seventh" and "ninth" chords in an illuminating and fertilizing manner. Ravel's steady recurrence to musical archaism was at once the outcome of his personal taste and the reflection of a general trend among composers. A further demarcation between Debussy and Ravel may be noted in the former's rela-

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Happily, Ravel is not in a position where a survey of his achievements, together with a search for their cause, is equivalent to a valedictory. Ravel has presumably many years of activity before him. A retrospect over his career amply explains the eagerness of Mr. Koussevitzky and the trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to welcome him to their concerts, not only a leading French composer, but one of the most distinguished musical figures in Europe.

EDWARD BURLINGAME HILL

MAURICE RAVEL

Joseph Maurice Ravel was born in Ciboure, in the Département ...the Basses-Pyrénées, on March 7, 1875. When he was about ...elve years old, his parents decided that he should be a musician. ...is said that as a boy he discovered the major seventh chord, ...ich he in later years employed in a distinctive manner. He ...died the pianoforte, harmony, and composition. He was enthu...stic over Chabrier's "Romantic Waltzes" for two pianofortes; ...r he became acquainted with the eccentric Satie, whose inci...tal music to Sar Péladan's drama "Le Fils des Étoiles," broad...d his harmonic schemes. Roland-Manuel, a pupil of Ravel, says ... when his teacher entered the Paris Conservatory in 1889—...hiome's preparatory class for the pianoforte—he shocked his ...ates in Pessard's harmony class by playing Satie's "Sara...es" and "Gymnopédies." In 1891 he was awarded a first medal. ...he Conservatory he studied the pianoforte in the class of ...es Wilfrid de Bériot; harmony with Hector Pessard; counter... and fugue with André Gédalge. From 1897 onward, Gabriel ... was his teacher in composition. In 1901 Ravel was awarded ...cond *grand prix de Rome* for his cantata "Myrrha."

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dive aloofness towards and unready acceptance of the "sonata form"; while to the latter it presented an still offers a medium sympathetic to his creative individuality.

In a special Ravel number of La Revue Musicale for April, 1925, Mme. Colette Willy, the witty and delicately imaginative author of the text of "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," Ravel's latest dramatic work, expressed her regrets to the editor-in-chief, Dr. Henry Prunières, that ill-health and pressure of theatrical engagements prevented her from preparing a contribution in honor of her collaborator. She hints that she would have portrayed him as a squirrel—whether in crayon or with words is not quite clear. It is not to be supposed that she perceived in Ravel the counterpart of the squirrel's bushy tail, his downy gray fur, or his black beady eyes. And yet, the idea is stimulating. Ravel's preternatural alertness and agility of mind, his phenomenal capacity for fusing paradoxically opposed qualities into a logical and consistent whole, partake of aerial dexterity. These traits stand apart in a generation devoted (as must happen now and again) to restless and not altogether conclusive experiment. This legerdemain of achievement or to re-phrase it, these soaring and precise leaps to a goal, rest fundamentally upon Ravel's stylistic distinction. To be sure, one expects lucidity, exactness and method in French music. These traits arise from the mental make-up of the French nation, the directness and thoroughness of their system of education, and their insistent view of life as an art. While composers of all races are concerned with fitness of style, the French artist, whether writer, painter or composer, strives above all to balance manner and substance. Of a race of stylists, Ravel attains this symmetry to a striking degree. He never fails to recognize the problems and limitations inherent in the form he undertakes; nor has he missed illuminating both.

Apart from the originality of his pianistic idiom and the intrinsic charm of the piano pieces "Jeux d'Eau," "Pavane pours une Infante Défunte," the "Sonatina," the "Miroirs," "Gaspard de la Nuit," "Ma Mère l'Oye," the "Valses et Sentimentales Nobles," and "Le Tombeau de Couperin," each has sprung from the nature of the piano and its immutable capacity for musical expression.

After Fauré, Debussy, Chausson and Charles Bordès, the path of the French writer of songs is not easy, yet Ravel has here also attained success through stylistic perception. In "Schéhérazade," the "Histoires naturelles," the "Poémes de Mallarmé" and also in the "Chansons Madécasses," Ravel has found a delicate adjustment between mood, clarity of declamation and appropriate harmonic sug-

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Ravel is admittedly a born orchestral colorist. For to a Gallic sense of "values" he adds an adroit assimilation of the Neo-Russian "chemistry of timbres." Here nothing is left to chance; his orchestral music "sounds" because it was deftly calculated to this end. But whether in the fantastic and whimsical "Spanish Rhapsody", in the vital and stimulating pages of "Daphiis et Chloë," or in the well-nigh orgiastic "La Valse" Ravel never loses control over his sense of sonorous fitness. He uses the instruments as is requisite to define his expresive purpose, and no more. His transcriptions of his piano works for orchestra further illustrate the finesse of his stylistic virtuosity. It seems incredible that the composer of "La Valse" and of the "General Dance" which concludes "Daphnis" having revelled in the power of the entire orchestra, could so far subdue his temperament as to paint the delicate miniatures of "Ma Mère l'Oye," the more lyric of the "Valses" or the prelude to "Le Tombeau de Couperin". Anything else would have been repugnant to Ravel's sense of esthetic economy.

The problems of chamber-music, involving classic structure, coloristic limitation, reticence, seem of a world apart from the glamour and boundless scope of the orchestra. Yet Ravel's String Quartet, the "Introductio et Allegro" for harp, wind instruments and string quartet, the Trio, and the Sonata for violin and violoncello show a well-nigh equal sympathy with and mastery over these very problems. This is due to the same fundamental stylistic instinct.

That a composer of palpable attainments in fields perilously near to self-exclusion, should also possess the "sens de théâtre," is a final instance of Ravel's paradoxical characteristics. Yet, "L'Heure Espagnole" with which the Chicago Civic Opera has acquainted Bostonians, unites Ravel's skill in vocal and orchestra media to an obvious dramatic perception, a faculty for delicate innuendo and telling humor which belong to the born composer of operas. "Daphnis et Chloë" holds its preëminence among ballets by French composers through its astounding invention, its atmospheric verity and its specialized ability to suggest mood and still provide incentive and stimulus to plastic movement.

While "Daphnis et Chloë" is termed Ravel's masterpiece, "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," a lyric fantasy in two parts, is known in this country only through its piano score. That Mme. Colette's

text would appeal to the composer of "Ma Mère l'Oye" is indubitable. A study of the music, bearing in mind the necessary attenuation of an arrangement for voices and piano, reveals, in many respects, the most ingenious and picturesque distillation of Ravel's imaginative power. To vitalize a story of such fanciful unreality, in which armchairs, teapots and cups dance and talk; in which animals and insects torment a disobedient and wilful child, and are finally moved to pity by his succoring of a wounded animal, and help to restore him, repentant, to his mother is surely a crowning achievement. A work of such fantastic and yet human imagination cannot be justly estimated until the illusion of stage, scenery, action and orchestral color complete its totality of effect.

Ravel, having arrived at artistic maturity is nevertheless still susceptible to new technical resources. As Debussy responded to "ragtime" as may be seen in "Gollywog's Cake-Walk," "Minstrels" and "General Ravine," so Ravel is not insensible to the lure of jazz. In "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges" the Wedgwood teapot and tea-cup sing and dance to a Ravellian fox-trot, while the second movement of his recently published Sonata for piano and violin is actually entitled "Blues." What may not be expected from the contact of the composer with jazz in its native haunts!

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Thirteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 20, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 21, at 8.15 o'clock

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM will conduct these concerts

Handel . . . . . a. Overture to "Teseo"
b. Musette from "Il Pastor Fido"
c. Bourrée from "Rodrigo"
(First time in Boston)

Delius . . . . Intermezzo, "The Walk to the Paradise" from "A Village Romeo and Juliet"
(First time in Boston)

Berlioz . . "Royal Hunt and Tempest, Descriptive Symphony," from "The Trojans"

Mozart . . . Symphony in C major, No. 34 (Koechel No. 338)
I. Allegro vivace..
II. Andante di molto.
III. Finale: Allegro vivace.

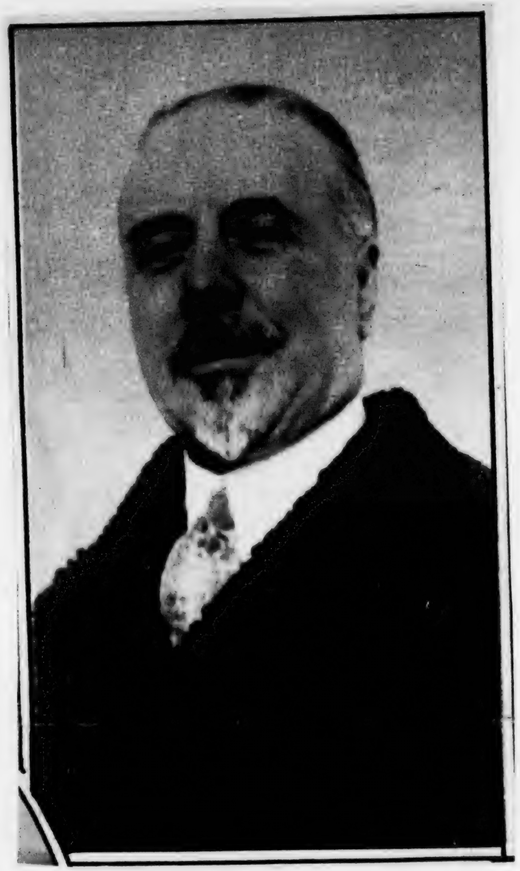
Strauss . . "Ein Heldenleben" ("A Hero's Life") Tone Poem, Op. 40
The Hero—The Hero's Adversaries—The Hero's Helpmate—
The Hero's Battlefield—The Hero's Works of Peace—
The Hero's Escape from the World, and the Completion.

There will be an intermission after the symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators, it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



Sir Thomas Beecham, noted English conductor and director of the Imperial Opera League, arrives in New York on the S. S. Aquitania. He is to conduct the Philharmonic orchestra at Carnegie Hall, New York, and later will go to Philadelphia and Boston. (Keystone)

SYMPHONY IN 13TH CONCERT

Sir Thomas Beecham, Guest Conductor, Leads with Notable Skill

MOZART, STRAUSS, HANDEL ON PROGRAM

Herald Jan. 21, 1928

By PHILIP HALE

Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart., conducted, as a guest, the 13th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall.

The idle looker-on, the man of eyes, not ears, might call Sir Thomas a violent wooer of the Muse but the goddess does not shrink back, startled, from his gestures and advances. She knows that there is tenderness in true virility. Rejoicing in his strength, she yields herself gladly to his honeyed speech, his irresistible caresses.

Sir Thomas conducts, like Safonov, when he was in this country, without a baton. He conducts from memory. Not as one beating the air in spectacular fashion and trusting a well drilled orchestra to see him through. In this instance every gesture has significance. Hands can be informing; they can also be eloquent.

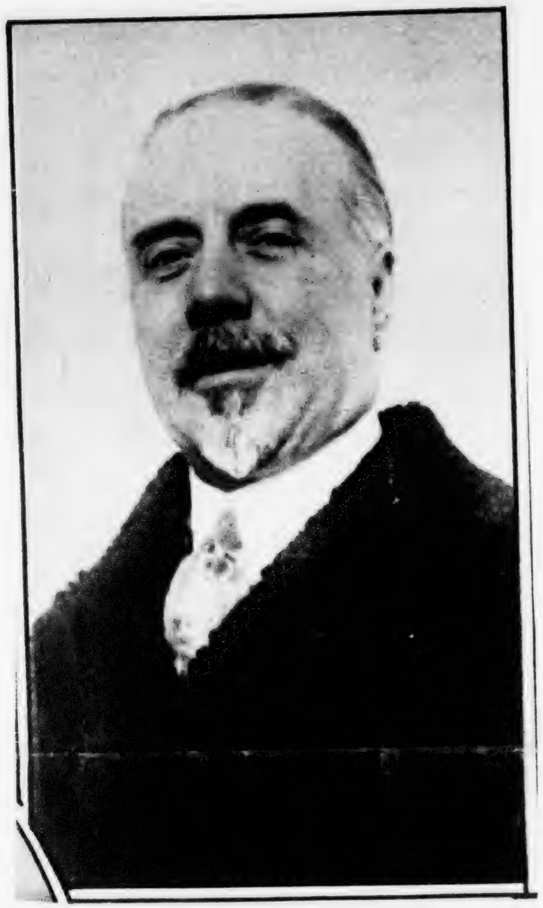
The program arranged for the concert was an unusual one. Some, reading the order for the performance, might wonder at Mozart's Symphony (the one in C major without the minuet, K 338) coming immediately after the excerpt from "The Trojans," ending the first part, and coming before Strauss's "Heldenleben"; in the concert this symphony was admirably placed. The "great machine" of Strauss should not have been preceded by any work of sumptuous orchestration, much less by music of storm and stress.

The concert began with a suite arranged by Sir Thomas from three of Handel's operas; the magnificent opening of the overture to "Teseo," a charming musette from "Il Pastor Fido," and an energetic, bustling bourree from "Rodrigo." Sir Thomas has made several suites from Handel's forgotten operas, which are a vast store house of arias and instrumental numbers. Has any composer equalled for strength with tenderness the giant Handel? In the performance yesterday the strength was not unduly exerted; the simple, appealing tenderness was not sentimentalized. Here it may be remarked that Sir Thomas does not give way to sentimentalism. This was also shown in the beautiful interpretation, a flowing continuous song, of Mozart's andante; and note the manner in which the lyrical measures in "The Royal Hunt and Tempest" from Berlioz's "Trojans" were sung with classic simplicity and warmth.

The Suite from Handel's operas was performed here for the first time; so was the Intermezzo, "The Walk to the Paradise" from Delius's opera "A Village Romeo and Juliet. The musical idiom of this composer has baffled many of us; seeming to some the expression of a singular aloofness; music of one almost detached from humanity; music indifferent to effects of glowing color, now pale and drab; not without a touch of acerbity; music of a thinker free from passion. This Intermezzo reveals another Delius. Seldom does one hear for the first time music that is so enchanting, music so charged with poetic emotion. One is confident that admiration and enjoyment would grow with repeated hearings; that a first impression would only be confirmed and enlarged. It is true that to Sir Thomas the performance of this Intermezzo was a labor of love, for he, always a staunch friend to Delius, brought out this opera in London and revived it only seven years ago. Admirable as was the performance yesterday, the music itself was there, calling only for a skilful and sympathetic interpreter.

From his conducting of music by Handel, Delius, Berlioz, Mozart, and the results he obtained, it was plain that Sir Thomas is not a "specialist," but a man acquainted with schools ancient and modern, realizing that old music of the finest quality is modern, yes contemporaneous with us, while much modern music, even music of recent years, is hopelessly old-fashioned. The reading of Mozart's symphony was delightful, so frank, so well-proportioned, without the taint of exaggeration or perverted reading in the vain search after modernization.

Strauss's "Heldenleben" filled the second part of the concert. Are not the heroic sections of this musical autobiography growing less and less heroic; are not many pages now commonplace? Where is the freshness the surprising invention, the dazzling orchestration revealed in "Till Eulenspiegel," and the



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BEECHAM CONDUCTS SYMPHONY

Uses No Baton or Score, Yet Gives Eloquent Readings

Post — Jan. 21, 1928

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Visualize a cheer-leader with the lineaments and figure of a British man of affairs, faultlessly tailored besides; have him face, not a grandstand gone wild, but a symphony orchestra, playing as a hundred men possessed, and you will have a fair notion of the external effect, at certain moments during the concert, of Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon.

better pages of "Don Juan" and "Don Quixote"? The "Battle" is no longer even amusing. In the section where thematic material from Strauss's earlier works are quoted, the "Don Juan" motive stands out in welcome relief from the verbiage of too many pages. It is chiefly in the contemplative sections that one hears the better Strauss, the Strauss who more than once has written nobly, as in the Recognition scene in "Elektra." Nor was it the fault of the conductor that "Ein Heldenleben" no longer seemed great and enduring. Sir Thomas, as a finely equipped and imaginative conductor, was enthusiastically applauded by audience and orchestra.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, will be as follows: Beck Symphony No. 3 for strings (first performance); Dukas, "The Peri"; Liadov, eight Russian folk songs for orchestra op. 58 (first time at these concerts); Sibelius, Symphony No. 1 E minor.

GESTURES FULL OF MEANING

Like Toscanini, Sir Thomas conducted yesterday without a line of printed music. Before him was not even an empty stand, and he dispensed as well with the customary baton. To his men, then, Sir Thomas addresses himself directly, without distraction or obstruction, and his gestures are his own. If he sees fit he will be almost immobile. If the occasion demands he will give an excellent imitation—unconscious, of course—of the cheer-leader aforesaid. But whether minatory or persuasive, inciting or subduing; his gestures are eloquent if now and then a bit distracting to watch and, what is far more to the point, his conducting is eloquent as well.

Guest-conductors have become a mid-winter custom at the symphony concerts. In most cases they have proved themselves leaders of ability, but hardly of the stature of the English baronet, heir to one of the largest fortunes in the United Kingdom and variously an impressario, a patron and a practitioner of the art to which he devotes his abounding energies.

A Strauss Specialist

If a guest-conductor is not heard to the best advantage he has but himself to blame. He need only prove himself master of the music that especially appeals to him. Sir Thomas is by way of being a specialist in the music of Mozart and of Strauss, hence in yesterday's concert a lesser, C major Symphony from the one and the heaven-storming "A Hero's Life," from the other. He cherishes—perversely, as some would think—the music of Delius, so place was found for an excerpt from that composer's opera, "A Village Romeo and Juliet." For Handel he cares greatly, so his opening number was a suite collated and arranged by himself from three of that master's operas. Sir Thomas has a special inclination toward the conducting of opera, and his unquestionable dramatic sense found full play yesterday in the "Royal Hunt and Tempest," from Berlioz's "The Trojans."

Of the performances of these pieces only unstinted praise may be written, while that of Strauss' "Ein Heldenleben" may be fitly described only in hyperbole.

Music Made for Him

This music seems to have been made for the conductor, and the conductor made for the music. As for Mr. Burgin on whom, as concertmaster, falls so heavy a burden throughout the work, he was heard yesterday as one truly inspired, lifted above even his usual excellent self, and so far as performance is concerned, measures more beautiful than the closing episode could hardly be heard by mortal ears.

The pieces of Handel and of Delius were yesterday new to Boston. The former are good to hear; the latter, outside its fine climax, proved, like most of Delius' music in the ears of this reviewer, static, amorphous, stickily chromatic. In the performance of yesterday Berlioz's music was made triply vivid; Mozart's entrancingly played, aroused a storm of enthusiasm. From first to last, for that matter, enthusiasm was yesterday the watchword. The distinguished guest was received with the applause of expectation, and at the end that of listeners deeply stirred returned him to the stage again and again.

GUEST CONDUCTOR AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Sir Thomas Beecham in First Boston Appearance

Novelties by Handel and Delius Prove Interesting

Globe — Jan. 21, 1928

Sir Thomas Beecham made his first Boston appearance as guest conductor at yesterday's Symphony concert, and justified his reputation for musicianship and personality. He was applauded with exceptional warmth by audience and orchestra at every break in a long and individual program which included a suite he has arranged of fragments from forgotten Handel operas, an intermezzo from Delius' opera "A Village Romeo and Juliet," an intermezzo from Berlioz' opera "The Trojans," a Mozart symphony, and Strauss' "Ein Heldenleben." Only the Handel and Delius numbers, both of which proved interesting, were absolute novelties here, but none of the pieces was very familiar.

Sir Thomas conducts without score or baton. His gestures are unlike those of any other conductor, yet apparently always easy for the players to follow. He is not an especially acrobatic conductor, nor is he of the self conscious "prima donna" type.

Stares at Late Comers

Heavily built, of medium height, with thick, smooth dark hair, just going gray, and a neat graying Vandyke beard, he looks as much like a successful banker as like a musician. He has a dignity and poise of manner which is shaken at times by his irrepressible energy. He does not approve of latecomers, and stares them out of countenance, rather like a schoolmaster reproving small children.

The three fragments from as many different Handel operas which Sir Thomas has arranged as a suite, and rescored judiciously for modern orchestra, proved once more what wealth of beauty is buried in the hundred odd volumes of the complete edition. Sir Thomas gave a remarkably fine and sympathetic interpretation of these Handel pieces, in a style which was grand without being either pompous or dull. Handel, more than most composers, has suffered from mediocre and tasteless interpreters, owing to the vogue of his oratorios with unwieldly amateur choruses.

Another of Sir Thomas' enthusiasms is Delius, the only living Englishman of whose compositions he approves, if New York reporters may be trusted for accurate quotations. Delius has figured prominently on Boston programs. But, except Dr Muck, nobody had hitherto done his music anything like justice. The intermezzo from his opera, "A Village Romeo and Juliet," seemed yesterday a notable bit of music, romantic in the profounder sense of a much-abused word. How different it is from the saccharine platitudes of Gounod's opera! Delius has based his work, not upon Shakespeare, but upon the novel by Gottfried Keller.

New View of Mozart

One marveled again yesterday at the beauty of Berlioz' "Royal Hunt and Tempest' from the great opera of his later years, "The Trojans." This music was intended to suggest the setting for the parting of Dido and Aeneas. Surely Berlioz was among the greatest of composers, though a posterity as grudging as the majority of his contemporaries hesitates to place him there.

Sir Thomas Beecham is not one of those who believe that Mozart wrote cool, crystalline, tinkling music, delicately wrought, but quite soulless! He has, as his excellent interpretation of an early symphony in C (No. 338 in Koechel's catalog), showed imagination enough to perceive that there are depths of feeling and an intensity and humanity in Mozart far greater than those in most so-caled "romantic" works. Mozart can be rough, even wild, as well as tender and graceful. This Sir Thomas perceives and conveyed to those with ears to hear among yesterday's audience.

With Strauss' "Heldenleben," Sir Thomas was successful in giving a clear yet emotional reading of a score that has sometimes seemed dry and turgid. Throughout the concert he showed an unusual intuitive grasp of

very different styles of music; a sympathy with many men in many moods that is all too rare among interpreters.

Inspiring Conductor

It is of course hardly possible to give any general judgment on Sir Thomas' powers as a conductor after hearing him at but one concert. Plainly, he is a conductor of high rank, with many excellences. His career has been that of the amateur of genius. He never went through the usual severe and thorough musical education of the professional musician, though he has had periods of study under various masters. But Sir Thomas Beecham, the amateur of genius, makes a conductor far more inspiring than the mediocre "Kapellmeister."

It seemed yesterday hardly too much to claim for his conducting to say that with opportunities for gaining experience comparable to those long enjoyed by such men as Toscanini and Mengelberg Sir Thomas would become a conductor of their unsurpassed prowess.

Next week Mr Koussevitzky will conduct a program including a new piece by Beck, a young Parisian unknown here; Dukas' "La Peri," some Russian songs arranged for orchestra by Liadov, and Sibolius' First Symphony.

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SIR THOMAS TO VITALIZE MANY MUSICS

MATINEE OF BEECHAM HUMANLY VARIOUS

Trans. Jan. 21, 1928

Conductor Who Mimes His Pieces—Handel Pensive and Handel Gay—Mozart, Gallant and Romantical—Berlioz for Nothingness, Delius for Beauty — Strauss New-Tempered—And a Missing Prelude

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Otherwise Sir Thomas is agreeably free from idiosyncrasies. So far as there was revelation yesterday, he passions himself for no extremes of pace, either slow or swift. He is no searcher for "inner voices," neglected details, undiscovered significances. He is never bizarre, never ostentatious. With quality of tone, his ear is acute, his mind quick; but he would neither effeminize the orchestra sensuously nor turn it crass with sound and fury. He does not disdain the tradition—or defer to it; still less does he court an irritable originality. Rather, he conducts with a mind, hand and ear bent upon the characterizing and vitalizing of each several piece. The fragment of the Overture to "Theseus," shall sound in Handelian state and splendor; the Musette from "Il Pastor Fido" turn the glass upon Handelian charm and melancholy; the Bourrée from "Rodrigo" serve Handelian gayety and homeliness. If it were possible to make Berlioz the withered, sound grandiloquent in 1928, Sir Thomas would have turned the trick. His version of the first movement in Mozart's Symphony in C major (1780) restored, as by no other conductor within memory, the "gallant style" of the period, ornate, glinting, courtly, the silken surfaces, the silvery flourishes, of musical sound. The Andante followed—from the Mozart of sentiment, fantasy, romance, molded into the classic form, touched with the classic graces, a shaping and a chiselling to make a paradox of loveliness.

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Again example tempts. The fragment from the Overture to "Theseus" is one more instance of the stately, heroical Handel outstripping his eighteenth-century compeers of theater, court and cathedral, Handel in his most familiar guise in twentieth-century concert-halls. Sir Thomas freshened his aspect, enlarged his march. A Handel rejuvenated shone out of the graceful Musetta, the gay Bourré. After all, he was not, we need not be, sodden with oratorios. Again Sir Thomas was all for the humanities. Berlioz's music of the royal hunt of Dido, the storm that drives her cavernward and to Aeneas's arms, the woodland welter murmuring with warning voices, is perilous stuff for a concert in 1928. It was indeed written in "The Trojans at Carthage," lyric drama Virgil modeled; but add the rhapsodic program of an exuberant biographer and the scheme resembles nothing so much as a "presentation" for the pictures. Sir Thomas with his clear outlines, carved surfaces, subdued colors, sought the Virgilian mood. His more frivolous listeners sat before a "classic" movie. Homer, as some say, should go to the screen why not Virgil and with him Berlioz?

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Again example tempts. The fragment from the Overture to "Theseus" is one more instance of the stately, heroical Handel outstripping his eighteenth-century compeers of theater, court and cathedral, Handel in his most familiar guise in twentieth-century concert-halls. Sir Thomas freshened his aspect, enlarged his march. A Handel rejuvenated shone out of the graceful Musetta, the gay Bourré. After all, he was not, he need not be, sodden with oratorios. Again Sir Thomas was all for the humanities. Berlioz's music of the royal hunt of Dido, the storm that drives her cavernward and to Aeneas's arms, the woodland welter murmuring with warning voices, is perilous stuff for a concert in 1928. It was indeed written in "The Trojans at Carthage," lyric drama on Virgil modeled; but add the rhapsodic program of an exuberant biographer and the scheme resembles nothing so much as a "presentation" for the pictures. Sir Thomas with his clear outlines, curved surfaces, subdued colors, sought the Virgilian mood. His more frivolous listeners sat before a "classic" movie. If Homer, as some say, should go to the screen why not Virgil and with him Berlioz?

Mozart aside, with an Interlude from Delius's opera, "Romeo and Juliet in the Village," Sir Thomas most prevailed. It is brief; it had neither premises nor sequence for most hearers, the only background was a stripped program-note. Yet upon their ears fell a music gentle and tender, piteous and poignant, in young wistfulness upspringing, to young ecstasy unfolding, by young woe pierced. From it, with the light joy of the program-book, emerged the boy and the girl, crossed by wrangling elders and gossipping neighbors, walking embraced and dreamful to the paradise that was disillusion. Yet to the end illusion caressed them. Twenty-odd years ago Delius wrote this Intermezzo. It is the flowering of his subtle hand and sensitive spirit, the bitter-sweet of his fable into haunting harmonies distilled—a phantom-music by Sir Thomas given breath and body, gait and mien.

This evening, Sir Thomas, if he takes leave of Boston as he took leave of New York, may say a word of thanks to audience and orchestra. Yet conductors express themselves best in music; while by all accounts his version of the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger," heard in New York and Providence, was as vitalizing as his Handel, Mozart, Delius. And what a piece for farewelling is this same Prelude! But Symphony Concerts go by prescription, not surprise. H. T. P.

ENGLISH CONDUCTOR TO TALK ON MUSIC TODAY

Sir Thomas Beecham, distinguished English conductor, and guest conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra this week, will lecture this afternoon at the Boston Public Library, Copley square, on "The Present State of Music in England." The lecture, arranged by Richard Appel of the music division of the library, will start at 5:15 P. M., in the lecture hall, reached by the Boylston street entrance and is free to the public.

The period has been given over by Prof. Marshall of Boston University who is giving a weekly lecture explanation on the concerts held at Symphony hall. Prof. Marshall will be chairman at today's meeting and will introduce Sir Thomas. Jan. 18. 1925.

GUEST LEADER OF SYMPHONY ARRIVES

Sir Thomas Beecham Stormy Petrel of British Music

[Special Dispatch to The Herald]

NEW YORK, Jan. 4—Sir Thomas Beecham, leader of the London Symphony Orchestra and for years the foremost benefactor of opera in England, arrived on the Aquitania today to take up his duties as guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic and later of the Boston Symphony and the Philadelphia Orchestra. He has been in the United States before, but this is his first visit on a musical mission—his first "musical Odyssey," as he put it today.

He came with a doleful account of the state of music in England, deploring the lack of permanent musical institutions like firmly-established opera companies and orchestras.

Both interviews he gave today—one on shipboard and one in his suite at the Hotel Plaza—bore out his reputation as the stormy petrel of British music. Yet in his appearance and in his manner this soft spoken mouse-like little Englishman seemed to belie his own vigorousness of thought and his vivid, almost turbulent career as the heir of the Beecham liver pill millions who became Britain's foremost director of music.

"English music today, he said, "is in that extraordinary state of perpetual promise. It is perhaps the nearest approach to perpetual motion we have, for it goes on promising and promising and has done so for three hundred years. In fact, it might be said to be one gigantic promissory note."

As for musical standards in the United States, the average Englishman has definite convictions of the utmost respect, said Sir Thomas.

"There is a widespread idea in England," he said, "that America has now a collection of the 10 or 12 finest orchestras in the world. We realize that what is probably the flower of orchestral genius is now to be found on your side of the Atlantic."

Beecham and the B. S. O.

By L. A. SLOPER

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, knight of British opera, brought his musical and histrionic equipment to Boston for the thirteenth pair of concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's season, the first of which was given in Symphony Hall on the afternoon of Jan. 20. Sans score, sans desk, sans even baton, he led the virtuoso band through a program culled from Handel, Delius, Berlioz, Mozart and Strauss.

Serge Koussevitzky, whose many motions on the stand have been deprecated by a section of the musical public, will seem hereafter a most staid director. As an entertainer for the eye, Sir Thomas surpasses even Miss Leginska. We do not recall having had music sketched for us upon the air with greater clarity. He was received with joy by the dignified Friday afternoon audience.

But of course the diversion of the spectator is not the main object of conducting. An audience by definition consists of listeners. Now we know from this conductor's own words (if Mr. Beverley Nichols is an accurate reporter) that his arresting behavior on the platform is not due to his being "carried away" by the music. He is quite cool and calculating all the time, he assures us; he has to be in order to keep control. Nor is it possible to believe that Sir Thomas would set himself, by the use of head, arms and body, to deceive our innocent ears. Without doubt, his movements are directed to the attention of the players.

Well, a conductor must be judged by his results, not by his methods. So considered, Sir Thomas Beecham was justified in Friday's performance, a truly musical representation of the several items, with full regard for their individual qualities and for their various styles. Handel's Overture to "Teseo," Musette from "Il Pastor Fido" and Bourrée from "Rodrigo" are characteristic excerpts. Delius' Intermezzo from "A Village Romeo and Juliet," while containing much of its author's flavor, discovers the influence of Wagner more clearly than other of the Englishman's works with which we are familiar. After Berlioz's theatrical tour de force, the "Royal Hunt and Tempest" from the "Trojans," it was pleasant to hear a sympathetic rendering of Mozart's Symphony No. 34 in C major. Strauss's Own Story of a "Hero's Life" was vividly and thrillingly told.

Yes, Sir Thomas Beecham is a musicianly and a masterful and a stimulating conductor. But in order to get the best effect of his work it is necessary to keep one's eyes off him; and that is not easy.

An amusing novelty was introduced by Ernest Schelling at the first of his annual series of orchestral concerts for young people, resumed on the forenoon of Jan. 14, in Jordan Hall. This was an enormous thermometer, which registered the lecturer-conductor's critical opinion of the quality of the audience's singing. In past years the young people have shown some diffidence in joining in the singing which always constitutes one item of the program. This new stimulus proved effective. Having pursued a progressive course for three years, Mr. Schelling has now begun all over again, probably in order to initiate a new group of young listeners. Assisted by an orchestra made up of members of the Boston Symphony, he devoted his opening lecture and program to the strings, with illustrations drawn from Handel, Corelli, Rossini, Tchaikovsky and so on.

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, Bart., conductor and operatic impresario, was born near Liverpool on April 29, 1879. As a boy he had lessons in composition from Dr. Sweeting, and at Wadham College, Oxford, a few lessons from Dr. Varley Roberts. In 1889 he founded an amateur orchestra at Huyton, and at a concert given by his father he took the place of Hans Richter, who was indisposed. In 1902 he conducted a touring opera company. He then studied composition for twelve months, and composed three operas (MS). In 1905 he gave his first orchestral concert in London. The next year he founded the New Symphony Orchestra, leaving it in 1908 for the Beecham Symphony Orchestra. In 1910 he gave operas at Covent Garden, among them Strauss's "Elektra." At a second season he produced "Salome" and "Pelléas et Mélisande." In 1911 he conducted the Beecham Symphony Orchestra, the London Symphony, and other orchestras. Early in 1913 he produced operas largely by Strauss and Wagner, and in 1913–14 was associated with his father, Sir Joseph, in giving operas and ballets. In 1915 he conducted opera, also in 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920. Since then he has conducted orchestral concerts in London and Manchester.

He was knighted in 1914, and inherited the baronetcy in 1916.

His Natural Self

Sayings of Sir Thomas Beecham, Conductor, to the Reporters in New York

CONTRARY to a popular idea, in England I have always found that those most genuinely interested in music inhabit the boxes and best seats.

English music today is in its normal state of perpetual promise. It is perhaps the nearest approach to perpetual motion we have; for it goes on promising and promising and has done so for three hundred years. In fact, it might be called one gigantic promissory note.

Part of the public, a minority, likes to know everything; but the greater part of the public likes to be mystified. My most successful season of opera in London was in Russian. No one understood a word of it.

The influence of radio on concert audiences leads me to look forward to a nation of Englishmen who will never get out of bed. Soon they are going to have their business as well as their music broadcast to them.

MUSICAL GUESTS

Modest Maurice Ravel, as one unconscious of his fame as a composer, conducted the Boston Symphony orchestra concerts of Jan. 13 and 14. Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart., who has much to say about music in general and English opera conditions in particular—he is one that "speaks right out in meetin' "—conducted our orchestra last Friday and Saturday. Two "guest" conductors in as many weeks.

Conductors before Mr. Koussevitzky have not been so generously disposed toward famous leaders visiting this country. When Major Higginson wished to bring here four or five conductors who were then leading the Philharmonic Society of New York, Mr. Gericke objected strenuously, on the ground that the orchestra would thus "lose discipline," i. e. his own ideas about interpretations. And so Major Higginson abandoned the idea. Mr. Gericke was undoubtedly sincere in his view. To have intimated at the time that professional jealousy prompted his refusal could have come only from those who knew not the man.

Those who would agree with Mr. Gericke in saying that the importation of conductors works injury to an orchestra argue as follows: The new conductor, even with a few rehearsals, cannot be intimately acquainted with the players. They, on the other hand, will be unable to follow his direction as quickly as they should. His program will contain music that they have learned under their permanent leader. The ideas of the two will probably be at variance. The violinists may be asked to bow in a different manner from that to which they are accustomed. The phrasing of certain passages will be different. The result will be a performance that will work injustice to the visitor and the orchestra.

These objections will not hold good in the case of an orchestra so admirably trained, so responsive, so elastic as the body of virtuosi led by Mr. Koussevitzky. The public also should be considered. Why should it not become acquainted with the methods of other conductors? No one objected to John Barrymore playing Hamlet because E. L. Davenport, Fechter, Booth, Rossi had portrayed the Prince of Denmark, each according to his conception of the moody man, each with his own reading of the text. So with the readings of conductors. One differeth from another in glory. The importation arouses an interest that is not merely idle curiosity. And often, one may say as a rule, after the guests have departed, the greater is the confidence in the permanent conductor, the greater is the enthusiasm that his interpretations awaken.

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FORTY-SEVENTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-SEVEN AND TWENTY-EIGHT

Fourteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 27, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 28, at 8.15 o'clock

Brahms . . . . . "Academic Festival" Overture, Op. 80

Liadov . . . . Russian Popular Songs for Orchestra, Op. 58

a. Christmas Song.
b. Lament.
c. Comic Song, "I danced with a gnat."
d. Legend of the Birds.
e. Lullaby.
f. General Dance.

(First time at these concerts)

Dukas . . . . . "La Péri, Poème Dansé"

Sibelius . . . . . Symphony No. 1 in E minor, Op. 39

I. Andante ma non troppo; Allegro energico.
II. Andante ma non troppo lento.
III. Allegro.
IV. Finale (Quasi una Fantasia): Andante; Allegro molto.

There will be an intermission before the symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898.—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators, it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.

Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

SYMPHONY IN 14TH CONCERT

Herald — Jan. 28. 1922

Performance of Sibelius No. 1 in E Minor Intensely Dramatic

FOLK SONG SPIRIT IN RUSSIAN GROUP

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Koussevitzky conducted the 14th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Brahms, "Academic Festival," Overture; Liadov, Six of "Eight Russian Folk Songs," orchestrated op. 58 (first time at these concerts); Dukas, "The Peri," a danced poem; Sibelius, Symphony No. 1 in E minor.

There is a marked difference between the mood and the orchestral expression of this first symphony and those of the composer's fifth and seventh: Sibelius was not young in years when he wrote the first—he was 34—but this symphony was the work of one musically young. It is seldom that a first symphony is resting on firm foundations architectonically planned, logically continuous in flow of musical thought, as is the first symphony of Brahms, who had written much chamber music before he ventured into the symphonic field.

The musical thoughts of a symphonic composer meditating his first work of long breath are many; they are often yeasty in their exuberance. There is not yet in the joy of composing the ability to eliminate. There is so much to say; all of it is thought important, essential.

Yet this exuberance when it expresses itself in a fantastical manner is not displeasing. Better wild irregularity, barbaric force than the smug aping of orthodox and approved predecessors.

Much has been said of Sibelius being the musical voice of his Finland. Rhapsodists with purple phrases have written of inspiring bleak landscapes, stormy seas, shrieking gulls, and the legends in the "Kalevala." Would not Sibelius, composer of symphonies—we do not speak of his admirable symphonic poems deliberately illustrative of the "Kalevala"—have written in his individual manner even if he had made Vienna his dewelling place after his studies there?

His "individual" manner. In the first symphony he did not escape the influence of Tchaikovsky, an influence shown particularly in the second movement. But the voice of Sibelius himself speaks in no uncertain tones; a virile voice that has new things to say: is not ashamed of screaming outbursts, sudden contrasts; the voice of one heroically melancholy; not a whining egoist, not a despairing pessimist; a strong soul not disturbed by the sensuous charm of woman.

And so this symphony is more than conventionally interesting. It is dramatic, as if Sibelius had had a drama in his mind, perhaps one of his own life. The music is free, outspoken. It is without the fear of the learned professor at the Conservatory. One might say of the symphony one hears this music and is in the mighty presence of a man.

The performance was, as it should have been, intensely dramatic. There was no softening of defiant measures; no introduction of incongruous prettinesses; no roaring as that of Bottom before the ladies. Sibelius had his way, and Mr. Koussevitzky knew this way.

A pleasant feature of the concert was the group of Russian folks songs skillfully orchestrated by Liadov—"skilfully" i. e. discreetly, with a preservation of the folk song spirit; not so if Liadov had said to himself, "I'll make something out of these little things."

Although one Hamilton addressed the House of Commons several times he is now known to us as "Single-speech Hamilton." It is not possible that Dukas will be known for some years to come as the composer of "The Sorcerer's Apprentice"? As Mascagni , and will be, the composer of "Cavalliria Rusticana." The symphony audience is well acquainted by this time with the "Peri."

It is not so inevitably associated with the stage action for which it was written that one can not judge of it as music pure and simple. Naturally the repetition of certain measures might be suitd to varied scenes on the stage, but even so they do not seem of much significance in themselves. It is unjust to say that the technical skill displayed here by the composer is more conspicuous than his invention of musical ideas? Is not the "Peri" a case of music made conscientiously to order?

The "Academic Festival" of Brahms is always welcome; "always" when it was performed at it was yesterday. Brahms affected a light opinion of this overture: "A very jolly potpourri on students's songs a la Suppe." What would Brahms have replied if some one had said this to him? Johannes was not inclined to think small beer of any one of his works; he could be atrociously rude in speech.

SYMPHONY AGAIN LED BY MASTER

Post —Jan. 28. 1928.

Koussevitzky's Wizard Hand Guides Concert

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

After an absence of three weeks, a period during which the orchestra had been led by such notable visitors as Maurice Ravel and Sir Thomas Beecham, Mr. Koussevitzky returned yesterday to the Friday afternoon Symphony Concerts, rested, refreshed, reinvigorated, and was heard at the summit of his powers.

SIBELIUS' FIRST

Indeed it seems that the Symphony Orchestra grows steadily in eloquence and in tonal splendor, its leader in stature. What matter if, as in Brahms' Academic Festival Overture yesterday, the interpretation is one here and there at variance with the spirit of the music, or if, as in Liadov's orchestration of six Russian popular songs, the music played is of small moment? Enough there will be to make the afternoon or evening memorable.

Yesterday to offset a somewhat theatricalized if superficially most effective version of Brahms' sturdy paraphrase on student songs and the amiable inconsequentialities of Liadov, there came a performance of Dukas' danced poem, "The Peri," that heightened the beauty of every sonority in a score that for sheer opulence has hardly a rival even in these days of super-orchestration, and a performance of Sibelius' First Symphony overpowering in its dramatic force, its emotional intensity.

For the one-hundred-per-cent Finns this First Symphony is too Tchaikovskian: nevertheless there is a deal more of Finland in this music than of Russia. And whatever its ancestry, it remains, after nearly 30 years, an absorbing, often thrilling tonal document. Not before had Mr. Koussevitzky conducted here this Symphony, and certainly not since the days of Dr. Muck—although comparisons over a lapse of years are always treacherous—had a Boston audience heard a performance of it so vital and so stirring, one that laid a more persuasive hand on the lovely melody of the Andante, that drew more of passion from the broadly ascending second theme of the Finale, that found in the music as a whole more of the wildness and bitter melancholy of the North.

It would be a pleasure to add that this performance received from the audience the full recognition that was its due, but the company of Friday is ever in too great haste, it seems, to linger over-long applauding. To be sure, Mr. Koussevitzky was returned to the stage, but there was not sufficient applause to prompt the ceremony of bringing the players to their feet, a tribute seldom more richly deserved than yesterday. This evening there will, no doubt, be a different story to tell.

KOUSSEVITZKY TO SPEAK

Trans. —Jan. 28. 1928

Symphony Orchestra Leader Will Be Guest of State Federation of Music Clubs at Luncheon on Tuesday in Hotel Somerset

Mrs. Mary G. Reed, president of the Massachusetts Federation of Music Clubs, announces the second luncheon of the season, to take place in Hotel Somerset, on Tuesday. The principal speakers are to be Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Judge Frederick P. Cabot. Other prominent guests include Mrs. Alvan T. Fuller, Mrs. Theodore Thomas and Mrs. Koussevitzky.

Music is to be provided by Miss Hazel Hallett, pianist, and James R. Houghton, baritone, both State and national winners in the National Federation of Music Clubs' contest. Mrs. Bernice Fisher Butler, soprano, also will assist on this program. Reservations may be made by writing to Mrs. H. C. Estes, 14 Speakman street, Wollaston.

The Federation announces a bridge party and tea in the Roman Room of Hotel Metropolitan, on Wednesday, Feb. 15, from 2.30 to 4.30 P. M. Mrs. William D. M. Howard, 45 Islington road, Auburndale, has the tickets.

VARIEGATED NUMBERS, APATHETIC AUDIENCE, RETURNED CONDUCTOR

Trans —Jan. 28. 1928

COOL MATINEE AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Mr. Koussevitzky Resumes the Reins—Brahms Mistook—Russian Miniatures—Dukas Sensuous and Subtle—Sibelius's Firstling—The Changeful Orchestra

THOSE that dislike the visits of guest-conductors will attribute it to two such within the past fortnight. Less prejudiced observers will regard it as mere chance of the day, and of human nature. Certain, however, it was that no such apathetic audience as that of Friday afternoon has assembled the season through at a Symphony Concert. Nothing could awake it from indifferent listening and that labored, perfunctory applause politely called courtesy. Neither the nonest Teutonic candors of Brahms's "Academic Overture," nor the jewelled surfaces and the subtle imaginings of Dukas's dance-poem, "The Peri," much pleased it. With a cold hand, it clapped Liadov's orchestral transcriptions of six Russian folk-songs. A warm-blooded and richly colored version of Sibelius's Symphony in E minor stirred it to no responsive heats. Through three weeks, it had not heard or seen Mr. Koussevitzky; yet from a Friday to a Friday it has welcomed him more heartily to his place. As for the orchestra it sat firmly in its chairs througnout the afternoon save when, in the routine of the concert, it scattered for the intermission.

Quite so will say the mistrustful of guest-conductors and guest-conductor-composers. "Pep up" the same audience with Monsieur Ravel one week and Sir T. Beecham the next, and it is bound to be apathetic when it returns, in the third, to relative routine. And what is to be expected of an orchestra that helped the Parisian over one Friday and Saturday; while seven days later it was following the gesticulated urges of the London-er? More than seven days are necessary to make it Koussevitzkian again. Since audiences are what they are, it is hard to believe that the circumspect Ravel, or the vibrant Sir Thomas, haunted many nories. The Frenchman, ill at ease his own scores, the Englishman dising sundry specialties, hardly altered voice of the orchestra in three con-s and as many rehearsals. Moreover, Dukas's Poem it was as sensuous and -fingered, in Sibelius's Symphony as brous and glowing, as ear could wish. of us like to justify our prejudices find reason for our dislikes. Probaies are well on the side of the milder othesis. In six months of Symphony certs, a weekly audience may reason-y have off-days when no program, no formance, no composer, no conductor, provoke it to one single thrill.

esides, that self-same audience was e excusable. Usually Mr. Koussevky stirs all within earshot when he ertakes the music of Brahms; but erday he was as strange and farhed with the "Academic Overture" as sometimes is with Wagner. Where e the familiar contours of the Fresh-Song, or the uprolling sonorities of udeamus Igitur."? In a music put to er in 1880, those piercing twentiethtury trumpets were never intended ound the hymn-like entrance of "Wir en gebauet ein stattliches Haus." y personal and curiously distorting to iliar measures were Mr. Koussevitzpace, phrasing, even his distribution Brahms's modest tonal coloring. Only word of the learned "programist" sured some that the well-worn overwas actually passing before their .

sually, ties of race between conducand composer are a mere accident in ormance. Mr. Toscanini can put fifty mans to rout with Beethoven; Mr. ssevitzky outdo a hundred Frenchwith Ravel; Mr. Weingartner flesh and blood upon the dry s of Berlioz. Now and again, Mr. Koussevitzky has taught us Chaikovsky's Symphonies, comes usic in which racial instinct in the uctor must meet halfway racial temment in the composer. Brahms's lent-tunes in the "Academic Over-" are in the German blood; by nd nature a German conductor charrs and releases them. Nearly every eigner" takes thought and turns nered.

or did Liadov's orchestral arrangeit of six Russian folk-songs overpt the ear. The workmanship was t, adept, fanciful harmonically, disly colorful. Take sundry measures the folk-tune; develop them to e and point; spread the orchestral ting not too thick—for every piece the flavoring. The lullaby for muted gs no sooner charmed than faded.

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Post Jan. 26. 1928.

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Yesterday to offset a somewhat theatricalized if superficially most effective version of Brahms' sturdy paraphrase on student songs and the amiable inconsequentialities of Liadov, there came a performance of Dukas' danced poem, "The Peri," that heightened the beauty of every sonority in a score that for sheer opulence has hardly a rival even in these days of super-orchestration, and a performance of Sibelius' First Symphony overpowering in its dramatic force, its emotional intensity.

For the one-hundred-per-cent Finns this First Symphony is too Tchaikovskian: nevertheless there is a deal more of Finland in this music than of Russia. And whatever its ancestry, it remains, after nearly 30 years, an absorbing, often thrilling tonal document. Not before had Mr. Koussevitzky conducted here this Symphony, and certainly not since the days of Dr. Muck—although comparisons over a lapse of years are always treacherous—had a Boston audience heard a performance of it so vital and so stirring, one that laid a more persuasive hand on the lovely melody of the Andante, that drew more of passion from the broadly ascending second theme of the Finale, that found in the music as a whole more of the wildness and bitter melancholy of the North.

It would be a pleasure to add that this performance received from the audience the full recognition that was its due, but the company of Friday is ever in too great haste, it seems, to linger over-long applauding. To be sure, Mr. Koussevitzky was returned to the stage, but there was not sufficient applause to prompt the ceremony of bringing the players to their feet, a tribute seldom more richly deserved than yesterday. This evening there will, no doubt, be a different story to tell.

KOUSSEVITZKY TO SPEAK

Trans. —— Jan. 28. 1928

Symphony Orchestra Leader Will Be Guest of State Federation of Music Clubs at Luncheon on Tuesday in Hotel Somerset

Mrs. Mary G. Reed, president of the Massachusetts Federation of Music Clubs, announces the second luncheon of the season, to take place in Hotel Somerset, on Tuesday. The principal speakers are to be Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Judge Frederick P. Cabot. Other prominent guests include Mrs. Alvan T. Fuller, Mrs. Theodore Thomas and Mrs. Koussevitzky.

Music is to be provided by Miss Hazel Hallett, pianist, and James R. Houghton, baritone, both State and national winners in the National Federation of Music Clubs' contest. Mrs. Bernice Fisher Butler, soprano, also will assist on this program. Reservations may be made by writing to Mrs. H. C. Estes, 14 Speakman street, Wollaston.

The Federation announces a bridge party and tea in the Roman Room of Hotel Metropolitan, on Wednesday, Feb. 15, from 2.30 to 4.30 P. M. Mrs. William D. M. Howard, 45 Islington road, Auburndale, has the tickets.

VARIEGATED APATHETIC RETURNED

Trans. ——

COOL MATINEE AT CONCE

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THOSE that dis guest-conductor to two such wi night. Less ers will regard it as m day, and of human nat ever, it was that no su ence as that of Frid assembled the season t phony Concert. Nothin from indifferent listen ored, perfunctory called courtesy. Neithe tonic candors of Bra Overture," nor the and the subtle imagin dance-poem, "The Peri, it. With a cold hand dov's orchestral trans Russian folk-songs. and richly colored vers Symphony in E minor responsive heats. Throu it had not heard or s vitzky; yet from a Frida has welcomed him mor place. As for the orches in its chairs througnou save when, in the rout cert, it scattered for the

Quite so will say the guest-conductors and composers. "Pep up" th with Monsieur Ravel on T. Beecham the next, an be apathetic when it third, to relative routine to be expected of an orche the Parisian over one Fr day; while seven days lat ing the gesticulated urges er? More than seven da to make it Koussevitzki audiences are what they to believe that the circ or the vibrant Sir Thomas

memories. The Frenchman, ill at ease in his own scores, the Englishman dispensing sundry specialties, hardly altered the voice of the orchestra in three concerts and as many rehearsals. Moreover, in Dukas's Poem it was as sensuous and fine-fingered, in Sibelius's Symphony as vigorous and glowing, as ear could wish. All of us like to justify our prejudices and find reason for our dislikes. Probabilities are well on the side of the milder hypothesis. In six months of Symphony Concerts, a weekly audience may reasonably have off-days when no program, no performance, no composer, no conductor, can provoke it to one single thrill.

Besides, that self-same audience was twice excusable. Usually Mr. Koussevitzky stirs all within earshot when he undertakes the music of Brahms; but yesterday he was as strange and far-fetched with the "Academic Overture" as he sometimes is with Wagner. Where were the familiar contours of the Freshman Song, or the uprolling sonorities of "Gaudeamus Igitur."? In a music put to paper in 1880, those piercing twentieth-century trumpets were never intended to sound the hymn-like entrance of "Wir hatten gebauet ein stattliches Haus." Very personal and curiously distorting to familiar measures were Mr. Koussevitzky's pace, phrasing, even his distribution of Brahms's modest tonal coloring. Only the word of the learned "programist" reassured some that the well-worn overture was actually passing before their ears.

Usually, ties of race between conductor and composer are a mere accident in performance. Mr. Toscanini can put fifty Germans to rout with Beethoven; Mr. Koussevitzky outdo a hundred Frenchmen with Ravel; Mr. Weingartner lay flesh and blood upon the dry bones of Berlioz. Now and again, as Mr. Koussevitzky has taught us with Chaikovsky's Symphonies, comes a music in which racial instinct in the conductor must meet halfway racial temperament in the composer. Brahms's student-tunes in the "Academic Overture" are in the German blood; by second nature a German conductor characters and releases them. Nearly every "foreigner" takes thought and turns mannered.

Nor did Liadov's orchestral arrangement of six Russian folk-songs overtempt the ear. The workmanship was neat, adept, fanciful harmonically, discreetly colorful. Take sundry measures from the folk-tune; develop them to taste and point; spread the orchestral frosting not too thick—for every piece the recipe served. With the gnat humor was the flavoring. The lullaby for muted strings no sooner charmed than faded.

The "Complainte" whispered melancholy, the flute and the clarinet caressed it away. The dance-tune at the end sported with bright rhythms. With the nicest of lips and fingers, the orchestra played these pieces. Even the triangle had its moment. Old lavender, may be, fragrant from a long-closed Russian drawer—but Symphony Hall is a big evaporative place.

Many hear Dukas's tone-poem of "The Peri" with answering emotion. To as many more it is illusionless. Once and again, as though the composer had suddely bethought himself of dancer and mime, the music condescends to the Parisian theater of the nineteen-tens: half as often utilizes in a passing instant for modulation or for color some formula now dead and gone. Elsewhere it remains sensuous, evocative, conceived in imagination, conducted and adorned with manifold craft. More than once mystery haunts it; at climatic moments it burns full and deep. An ineffable desire throbs within it—the desire that may not be gained or stilled. The end is descending darkness. Pages more subtly voluptuous have not been written in our time—the glows of vision, the tr mors of longing, the Prince who at the edge of the world would find the Flower of Immortality; sees it in the white Peri's hand; and straightway as he loves, so is it consumed. Dukas's music is like an incantation—from a magician's fingers, whose every touch is a new curving or a new lustre upon a velvet surface. The ears swim in this rarefied imagery become tones . . . . Seldom has the orchestra sounded more sensuous or Mr. Koussevitzky more artfully blended his colors and jewelled his surfaces. Only with the intrusive theater-measures was his hand too heavy. Yet languors these upon an apathetic afternoon. Rather too expectant of power and brilliance becomes this matinée audience.

Not even Sibelius of the Symphony in E minor could bring the desired stir. Mr. Koussevitzky's Slavic sensibilities and intensities serve it well. Out of the slow movement he draws a poignant beauty—the sadness of remembered, haunting things; midway the more stressful measures gnaw. He would have the Scherzo fitful as clouds wind-driven, opening into light, closing into shadow. He beats hard and abrupt through the first movement; would have the Finale ascend ruggedly, restlessly, piercing through the tonal darkness, broadening, brightening to the end. Not too often does a softer hand, a more sentimental temperament in the conductor betray the composer.

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Mr Koussevitzky's rhymthmic sense vitalized the performance of the familiar Brahms overture, though he overemphasized every one of the salient points in the music and failed to make the orchestra play without muddiness of tone quality. But rehearsal time must have been scant for this number.

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Much has been written about the effect of the natural scenery of Finland on Sibelius' music. The composer himself said that "It is true that I am a dreamer and a poet of nature. I love the mysterious sounds of the fields and forests, water and mountains." Beethoven, as everyone knows, might have said the same. Yet nobody talks of the peculiarly Austrian or Viennese quality of Beethoven's work.

Sibelius is too big a man, too genuine a musician, to be explained away as a Finn expressing Finland musically. Like all composers, he uses the musical language of his own day, and is obviously indebted to other musicians. This E minor Symphony would have been impossible, for example, without Grieg and Tschaikowsky. It is, none the less, an original and moving piece of work, though inferior to several of his later symphonies in power and distinction of style.

Next week the orchestra goes on tour. The program now announced for Feb 10 and 11 includes Beck's "Symphony for Strings," an air from Borodin's "Prince Igor," and two numbers for chorus and orchestra, Holst's "Ode to Death" and Florent Schmitt's 47th Psalm. The Cecilia Society, trained by Malcolm Lang, and Nina Koshetz, soprano, will assist. P. R.

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Mr. Koussevitzky is quick as well to Sibelius's ways and means. He hears the sharpened strings, the wood winds dropping away in heavy chords, the glint of the harps, the brass rending its way into the tonal texture, the drums in frenzied beat or roll. In these earlier days Sibelius was more chromatic, less spare and frugal. Yet in this First Symphony abide his pungency of sound, his poignancy of speech, the darkling moods, the straining course, the sudden tearing of the web as though a spirit pent and fierce would fling through in outcry. It is time to put by Sibelius evoking music out of Finnish landscape and Northern skies. Much more he evokes it out of a temperament singular and puissant in an alien day. Nineteen-twentieths of the course Mr. Koussevitzky goes with him in this First Symphony. Then in that other twentieth who creeps in—under temptation of the chromatics—but the alien Chaikovsky? In the later, bleaker Sibelius, as the conductor has twice proved, there is no such snare. H. T. P.

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The overture and the symphony received highly colored performances. The conductor had perhaps returned from his period of recreation minded to infuse new vitality into these pieces. He is a tremendous driver, who often achieves overwhelming effects. But there is a point beyond which effects are attained at the expense of euphony and musical significance. This point was passed yesterday in these two compositions. The attacks were not always impeccable, tonal quality was sacrificed and several of the brasses were at times insecure. These shortcomings doubtless helped to give the impression of an episodic rather than an organic interpretation of these two works.

It was in the Dukas that the real quality of the orchestra appeared. The Gallic composer offers fewer temptations to the conductor with a tendency to exaggerate. The German and the Finn, under a heavy-handed driver, easily "break" and become unmanageable; their even pacing is dissolved into a "clumpity-clump." But the Frenchman, who would be demoralized by similar treatment, escapes it by virtue of his obvious fragility. No one attempts to turn a "Pelléas" into a "Tristan." Thus Dukas' inventiveness, the restrained wealth of his orchestration, his delicate coloring and his poetic imagery were revealed in all their chaste charm. These qualities, it is true, do not provoke loud applause so readily as do the more startling manifestations of sound: nevertheless, they stand well at the court of Euterpe.

12TH BROADCAST OF SYMPHONY TONIGHT

Koussevitzky Is Back After Fortnight's Absence

Koussevitzky's return, after a fortnight of guest conductors at Symphony hall, will be signified this evening in the 12th broadcast of the Boston Symphony orchestra by nationalistic music of three modern composers. The program at 8:10 will go on the air through Westinghouse station WBZ-WBZA. The broadcast of this series is presented by courtesy of W. S. Quinby.

Brahm's "Academic Festival" overture opens tonight's program. This work was composed in place of the conventional thesis when the University of Breslau conferred on him a doctor's degree. The overture, based on several convivial student songs, is on the whole his most genial composition for orchestra and has won a deserved popularity the world over.

The major work by the orchestra is Symphony No. 1, by Sibelius, national spokesman for the Finns, and a gifted composer. In Sibelius's works are found the wild sweep of the wind and all of the unchained forces of nature, portrayed in their virile strength and grim dignity. Complementing these works is the dance poem, "La Peri," by Dukas, a French modern, who is remembered by Symphony listeners for his symphonic poem, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." A group of eight Russian folksongs, arranged by Liadov, completes the program.

Tonight's program, in full:

Brahms. "Academic Festival," Overture, Op. 80.

Liadov. Russian popular songs for orchestra (Op. 58). Christmas Song, Lament, comic song, "I Danced with a Gnat," Legend of the Birds, Lullaby, General Dance.

Dukas. . . . . "La Peri," "Poeme Danse"

INTERMISSION

Sibelius. Symphony No. 1 in E minor, Op. 39. Andante ma non troppo; Allegro Energico, Andante ma non troppo lento, Allegro, Finale (Quasi una Fantasia); Andante; Allegro molto.

CONCERT-CHRONICLE

Russian Fragments Trans. Jan. 26. 1925

ONCE again the week at Symphony Hall has brought a change of program. When first announced, the list of pieces to be played at the concerts of tomorrow and Saturday began with a symphony for strings by the twenty-six-year-old Swiss composer Conrad Beck. According to present plans, this symphony has been postponed to the concerts of Feb. 10 and 11. In its place on the current program now stands Brahms's familiar "Academic Festival" Overture.

The other novelty retains its place for this week-end: Liadov's "Eight Russian Popular Songs," for orchestra, Op. 58. These short pieces were published by Belaiev at Leipsic in 1906. Though by no means as slight as the pieces of Webern, played last year, they are nevertheless true orchestral miniatures. The composer's method has been to take a single phrase—seldom more than four or eight measures—from a Russian folk song, develop it ever so slightly, make with it a single point, as it were, speedily come to a conclusion. By no means do all the eight of them use the full orchestra, not even the same orchestral combination. The composer has observed a wise economy and a judicious variety in the use of his palette of tone colors.

These are the titles of the eight songs so treated: 1, Religious Song; 2, Christmas Song; 3, Lament; 4, Comic Song; 5, Legend of the Birds; 6, Lullaby; 7, Round; 8, General Dance. The Comic Song bears the inscription "I danced with a gnat." When this set of pieces was played in London in the summer of 1926 a reviewer, commenting on the shortness of the pieces, quoted the lines of the baby who is supposed to have said,

> If I was so soon to be done for
> I wonder what I was ever begun for.

1.—Religious Song—A solemn phrase of eight measures is played quite without accompaniment or harmonization. Development leads to climactic statement of the tune, after which an equal diminuendo. An orchestra of strings, woodwinds in pairs and four horns plays the music.

Christmas Song—The indication Al- o gives cue to the cheerful natures theme. Piccolo and trumpet are to the orchestra. The scheme in l is the same as the preceding, on a somewhat larger scale.

Lament—A lovely plaintive tune is nced by a 'cello. For accompani- 'cellos are divided into four parts. first violins take up the theme a lone clarinet and a lone flute ider their bit of decoration. Not hirty-four measures runs this little

Comic Song—This airy little Alle- begins with trills in muted violins. sing a sprightly theme to a grace- unterpoint by first violins. A pic- peats, the trills of the introduction she resumed together with short es of the theme, and—'tis done. s the song about dancing with a

Legend of the Birds—This is frank- criptive. There are chirpings in all inds while an English horn and a lternate with a theme. It is one most extended of the eight.

Lullaby—This little gem of twenty- measures for muted strings is one of the most lovely of the set. measure motif is repeated over over again at several different s. The harmonization, though is exquisite. The piece grows and softer as the music seeks and higher range. The very ony of the repetitions seems calcu- to produce a delicious drowsiness. than likely Liadov intended a Lul- for his audience rather than for imaginary child.

Round—For the London perform- above mentioned the title of this vas translated "Dancing Song." In ore the French has it "Ronde," the n "Tanzlied." Strings and piccolo amburino" begin the general mer- . There is as much humor in the tration as in the tune. But this dance seems no more than prepara- or

General Dance — The tempo is " and a full orchestra is used. piece is the longest of them all. movement of general jolliness and humor. It furnishes climax for hole. In brightness of coloring vidness of rhythm it gives well bal- close to so interesting a group of miniatures.

A. H. M.

ous or melancholy little tunes, they are merely repeated once or twice and then dropped. Several of them —as "I Danced with a Gnat" and "General Dance"—might make good encores for the "Pop" concerts, along with the "Music Box." We were not persuaded that their simplicity was that of profound inspiration.

The overture and the symphony received highly colored performances. The conductor had perhaps returned from his period of recreation minded to infuse new vitality into these pieces. He is a tremendous driver, who often achieves overwhelming effects. But there is a point beyond which effects are attained at the expense of euphony and musical significance. This point was passed yesterday in these two compositions. The attacks were not always impeccable, tonal quality was sacrificed and several of the brasses were at times insecure. These shortcomings doubtless helped to give the impression of an episodic rather than an organic interpretation of these two works.

It was in the Dukas that the real quality of the orchestra appeared. The Gallic composer offers fewer temptations to the conductor with a tendency to exaggerate. The German and the Finn, under a heavy-handed driver, easily "break" and become unmanageable; their even pacing is dissolved into a "clumpity-clump." But the Frenchman, who would be demoralized by similar treatment, escapes it by virtue of his obvious fragility. No one attempts to turn a "Pelléas" into a "Tristan." Thus Dukas' inventiveness, the restrained wealth of his orchestration, his delicate coloring and his poetic imagery were revealed in all their chaste charm. These qualities, it is true, do not provoke loud applause so readily as do the more startling manifestations of sound; nevertheless, they stand well at the court of Euterpe.

12TH BROADCAST OF SYMPHONY TONIGHT

Koussevitzky Is Back After Fortnight's Absence

Koussevitzky's return, after a fortnight of guest conductors at Symphony hall, will be signified this evening in the 12th broadcast of the Boston Symphony orchestra by nationalistic music of three modern composers. The program at 8:10 will go on the air through Westinghouse station WBZ-WBZA. The broadcast of this series is presented by courtesy of W. S. Quinby.

Brahm's "Academic Festival" overture opens tonight's program. This work was composed in place of the conventional thesis when the University of Breslau conferred on him a doctor's degree. The overture, based on several convivial student songs, is on the whole his most genial composition for orchestra and has won a deserved popularity the world over.

The major work by the orchestra is Symphony No. 1, by Sibelius, national spokesman for the Finns, and a gifted composer. In Sibelius's works are found the wild sweep of the wind and all of the unchained forces of nature, portrayed in their virile strength and grim dignity. Complementing these works is the dance poem, "La Peri," by Dukas, a French modern, who is remembered by Symphony listeners for his symphonic poem, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." A group of eight Russian folksongs, arranged by Liadov, completes the program.

Tonight's program, in full:

Brahms, "Academic Festival," Overture, Op. 80.

Liadov, Russian popular songs for orchestra (Op. 58), Christmas Song, Lament, comic song, "I Danced with a Gnat," Legend of the Birds, Lullaby, General Dance.

Dukas.....,"La Peri," "Poeme Danse"

INTERMISSION

Sibelius, Symphony No. 1 in E minor, Op. 39, Andante ma non troppo; Allegro Energico, Andante ma non troppo lento, Allegro, Finale (Quasi una Fantasia), Andante; Allegro molto.

CONCERT-CHRONI

Russian Fragments Trans.

ONCE again the week at Hall has brought a cha gram. When first ann list of pieces to be played at of tomorrow and Saturday b symphony for strings by the year-old Swiss composer Co According to present plans, phony has been postponed certs of Feb. 10 and 11. on the current program Brahms's familiar "Academ Overture.

The other novelty retains this week-end: Liadov's "Ei Popular Songs," for orchest These short pieces were p Belaiev at Leipsic in 1906. no means as slight as th Webern, played last year, th theless true orchestral min composer's method has bee single phrase—seldom more eight measures—from a song, develop it ever so sl with it a single point, as it ily come to a conclusion. do all the eight of them us chestra, not even the sam combination. The comp served a wise economy an variety in the use of his p colors.

These are the titles of th so treated: 1, Religious Song Song; 3, Lament; 4, Co Legend of the Birds; 6, Lull 8, General Dance. The Com the inscription "I danced When this set of pieces London in the summer of 19 commenting on the shor pieces, quoted the lines of is supposed to have said,

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1.—Religious Song—A of eight measures is played accompaniment or harmo velopment leads to clima of the tune, after which a uendo. An orchestra of winds in pairs and four h music.

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2.—Christmas Song—The indication Allegretto gives cue to the cheerful natures of the theme. Piccolo and trumpet are added to the orchestra. The scheme in general is the same as the preceding, though on a somewhat larger scale.

3.—Lament—A lovely plaintive tune is announced by a 'cello. For accompaniment 'cellos are divided into four parts. Soon first violins take up the theme while a lone clarinet and a lone flute embroider their bit of decoration. Not over thirty-four measures runs this little piece.

4.—Comic Song—This airy little Allegretto begins with trills in muted violins. Flutes sing a sprightly theme to a graceful counterpoint by first violins. A piccolo repeats, the trills of the introduction which she resumed together with short snatches of the theme, and—'tis done. This is the song about dancing with a gnat.

5.—Legend of the Birds—This is frankly descriptive. There are chirpings in all woodwinds while an English horn and a horn alternate with a theme. It is one of the most extended of the eight.

6.—Lullaby—This little gem of twenty-eight measures for muted strings is surely one of the most lovely of the set. A two measure motif is repeated over and over again at several different pitches. The harmonization, though slight, is exquisite. The piece grows softer and softer as the music seeks higher and higher range. The very monotony of the repetitions seems calculated to produce a delicious drowsiness. More than likely Liadov intended a Lullaby for his audience rather than for some imaginary child.

7.—Round—For the London performance above mentioned the title of this song was translated "Dancing Song." In the score the French has it "Ronde," the German "Tanzlied." Strings and piccolo and "tamburino" begin the general merriment. There is as much humor in the orchestration as in the tune. But this short dance seems no more than preparation for

8.—General Dance—The tempo is "Vivo," and a full orchestra is used. The piece is the longest of them all. It is a movement of general jolliness and good humor. It furnishes climax for the whole. In brightness of coloring and vividness of rhythm it gives well balanced close to so interesting a group of miniatures.

A. H. M.

Sidelight on Brahms

Some Notes on His Letters to Clara Schumann

THE name of the translator of the recently published correspondence between Brahms and Clara Schumann is not given, nor do I know the work in the original. I can therefore only take the translation on trust. A few errors are obvious even without a knowledge of the German: and one could wish that the translator had attempted to convey, in the English, something of the difference between Clara's style and that of Brahms. But the version reads well in its own way. The most serious objection to it is that the translator has omitted certain passages of the correspondence relating to the revision of Schumann's works for the collected edition. He (or she) has opined that these passages would be of slight interest to the English reader. On the contrary, most people would regard them as being more interesting than the tittle-tattle about purely domestic affairs that takes up so much of the space of the volumes.

The correspondence is not complete, as the two friends agreed in 1886 to return each other's letters, and a number were destroyed on each side. We have particular cause to regret Brahms's hastiness in throwing the bundle of his own returned letters into the Rhine, for about the man Brahms we still know too little. The Clara that we see in the correspondence is the Clara whom we have already got to know so well from Litzmann's biography of her and from other sources. Judgment of her is necessarily tempered by our knowledge of the hard fight she had to wage with the world after Schumann's death; and the splendid courage with which she faced her difficulties. She was left with seven young children, to be supported almost entirelly by her piano playing. Of the sons, one developed consumption in early manhood; another followed his father into an asylum. Misfortune seemed to pursue Clara relentlessly till near the end; even her grandchildren had rather more bad luck than was their rightful share. But Clara fought through all her sorrows, with many a complaint, indeed, but never with the least failure of pluck; and it is pleasant, for an English reader, to see her becoming year by year more at home in England, and looking more and more to the devotion of the English public for consolation in her trials.

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Of Brahms, in these letters as in all his others, we get only tantalising half-glimpses. We are always being told that he was often a sore trial to Clara. That may well have been the case in personal intercourse, where his bluntness of speech and his "unsociability" may have caused many a breeze, especially with anyone so touchy as Clara about. But the letters show us no such Brahms. The Brahms we see in them is a man of infinite friendliness and tenderness, always respectful to Clara in spite of their occasional differences of opinion, always helpful, generous and even tactful—a thoroughly good fellow in every way. He talks so little about himself as an artist that the lights we get on his attitude to music and the arts and literature in general are few and comparatively faint. His rare self-revelations are therefore all the more precious. We know that altogether he did not share Clara's fanatical detestation of Wagner and indeed admired some parts of his great rival's work, he was temperamentally out of tune with Wagner's mind as a whole and incapable of recognising the vastness of his achievement. But when he discusses other music and musicians for a moment he shows himself broad-minded and discerning.

Of all Berlioz's works he liked "The Flight Into Egypt" the best (he knew nothing, of course, of "The Trojans"), and he sensibly pointed out that when a composer has always been associated in the popular mind with the bizarre and the vehement, as Berlioz was, "one is too prone to stigmatise as affected or coquettish" the "sort of simplicity" shown in the "Flight." Of Scarlatti he was not over fond, owing to "the similarity of his pieces (in form and character)." The A minor violin concerto of Viotti was "a particular favorite" of his: "it is a remarkable work showing great facility of invention." Joachim's "Hamlet" and "Henry IV." overtures he thought "distinctly mediocre." To the music of his friend and admirer Herzogenberg he could never be induced to give a single word of praise. Bruckner, apparently, he declined to take seriously.

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Trans. Jan. 21

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She was as typical of her race, her class, and her epoch as any other figure of the time. Her qualities and her defects were those of the solid German bourgeoise of the nineteenth century. Her outlook upon art was the correlative of her outlook upon the world; she narrowed each of them down to herself and her immediate environment, reduced both art and life to a few simple propositions, and then went soberly and steadily ahead with the business of doing her duty in each sphere as she conceived it. The more evidence we get in connection with her the more apparent do her limitations as an artist become. Her hatred of Wagner and Liszt is so intense, so irrational, as to be finally comic; she reminds us, by her outbursts whenever these names are mentioned, of the people who become hysterical when they discover there is a cat in the room. Clara had no doubt whatever that Wagner was a charlatan who was ruining the art; she even turned indignantly away from concerts of the classics if anything of Wagner's happened to be in the program. As to her piano playing I cannot speak at first hand, for I never had the good fortune to hear her; but I take it that it must have had something unique about it, though few people will be able to accept the anonymous translator's assurance that she "has probably never been surpassed as a virtuoso." There are two points of view possible on this as on all other subjects. It was the little foible of the Brahmins and the Schumannikins to plume themselves on being the only true repository of the genuine classical spirit. But Wagner, who, after all loved and understood his Beethoven, poured vitriolic scorn on Brahm's Beethoven playing as compared with Liszt's, while Liszt once remarked that "If you want to know how Schumann's music should not be played, listen to Clara."

But however great Clara may have been as a pianist, these letters alone would be sufficient evidence as to the narrowness of her general culture and even of her musical understanding. She seems to have been kept so persistently at the drudgery of piano practice in her early years that her musical education in other respects was neglected; we even find her, in one letter, asking Brahms the meaning of "mesto." Schumann, after their marriage, had to teach her what a fugue really is, though presumably she had played Bach's fugues for years. She confesses again and again that she cannot make anything of an orchestral score; even the score of a string quartet perplexed her somewhat. She had difficulty, indeed, even with new piano or vocal music until, by assiduous practice of it at the piano, she had slowly learned through the ear the secrets of style and expression that evidently only half revealed themselves to her in the notes as she saw them on paper. Her musical sensibility, her powers and her outlook were all exceedingly limited; perhaps it was by intensive concentration on the small field that was her natural own that she attained to such distinction in it.

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Timely Word to Those That Make Orchestral Programs

IT is possible to insist overmuch on a symphonic grandeur bound at times to seem a little too fine and good for human nature's weekly food. A living musical culture, after all, is generous and never merely didactic; it will see to it that the full man is served in all his moods and fancies. No style of music, however noble, can afford to get itself standardized; there is no form of Philistinism so dangerous as that which springs from exclusiveness in the arts. There is something for all of us in music. Even Brahms, who once was served out to us in forbidding chunks of austerity, could unbend and give us the Liebeslieder Waltzes. Music is prevented from drifting apart from life as we know it every day when a conductor s es to it that Johann Strauss is played with as fine an art as the best of the "classical" men. [The Manchester Guardian

Fifteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 10, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 11, at 8.15 o'clock

Beck . . . . . Symphony No. 3, for String Orchestra

I. Vivo.
II. Andante.
III. Allegro vivace.
IV. Allegro energico.

(First Performance)

Holst . . . "Ode to Death," Poem by Walt Whitman, Set to Music for Chorus and Orchestra, Op. 38

(First time in Boston)

Rimsky-Korsakov . . . . Overture to the Opera, "A Night in May"

(First time at these concerts)

Borodin . . . . . Aria from the Opera "Prince Igor"

(First time at these concerts)

Schmitt . . . . . Psalm XLVII, for Orchestra, Organ, Chorus and Solo Voice, Op. 38

(First time at these concerts)

CECILIA SOCIETY, MALCOLM LANG, Conductor

SOLOIST

NINA KOSHETZ

There will be an intermission after the Aria of Borodin

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898,—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators, it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.

Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

Conrad Beck

Mr. Koussevitzky Presents a New Composer

15TH CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Herald Feb. 11. 1926

Assisted by Mme. Koshetz, Soprano, and the Cecilia Society

PRINCE IGOR ARIA IS WARMLY APPLAUDED

By PHILIP HALE

The 15th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The orchestra was assisted by Mme. Nina Koshetz, soprano, and the Cecilia Society, which had been rehearsed for the concert by Malcolm Lang, its conductor. The program was as follows: Conrad Beck, Symphony No. 3 for strings (first performance); Holst, "Ode to Death" (poem by Walt Whitman) for chorus and orchestra (first time in Boston); Rimsky Korsakov, overture to the opera, "A Night in May" (first time at these concerts); Borodin, Jaroslavna's Aria from "Prince Igor" (first time at these concerts); Florent Schmitt, Psalm 47 for orchestra, organ, solo voice and chorus (first time at these concerts).

It is said that Conrad Beck of Zurich is about 26 years old; that he is a pupil of Honegger and spends much of his time in Paris. It has been said that this symphony is "rather severe in character and concise in structure." It may be concise on paper, but the first movement as heard yesterday seemed long-run, must it be said of a young man's work?—decidedly uninteresting. Youth in the case of a composer is not an atrocious crime, but one expects from a man, rejoicing in his youth, liveliness, freshness—in these days, a certain audacity; one would welcome from him exuberance even if it were extravagant. Beck's symphony has only technical qualities. An audience cannot live by technical display alone. It is hardly worth while to inquire into Beck's scholastic ability or proficiency. If he set for himself merely a task, let him reserve the result for the criticism of his teacher or for a jury of learned professors; he must not expect a miscellaneous audience to exude joy from every pore.

That an "Ode to Death" immediately followed this symphony was peculiarly fitting.

Rimsky-Korsakov's overture had not been performed at one of these concerts before yesterday. This is not surprising. The overture was composed before Rimsky had found himself; before he, having acquired an intimate knowledge of the orchestral methods of Berlioz and Liszt, prepared his own palette of glowing colors. The overture with its banal themes, its inconsequential padding, its absence of national feeling, might have been written by any second-rate Italian composer of the 50s or 60s. It should be remembered that in the earlier musical years of Russia the influence of Italian composers was strong; that Italians were invited to Russia to compose operas as well as to sing in them.

Mme. Koshetz sang the aria from "Prince Igor" with artistic understanding; not transferring the dramatic emotions of the opera house to the concert hall, yet giving expression to the loneliness and fears of Jaroslavna mourning the absence of her spouse. Her voice had beautiful quality; she sang freely and with eloquent diction. No wonder that she was warmly applauded.

Gustav Holst was a brave man when he set out to add music to the famous excerpt from Walt Whitman's "When Lilacs last in the Dooryard Bloom'd," or "President Lincoln's Burial Hymn," a title perhaps more familiar. There are poems that mock the efforts of composers; yet Bantock presumed to write music for the choruses in "Atalanta in Calydon" and neither Shelley nor Keats has escaped the ambitious endeavors of British composers. No one will deny that there are poetic and impressive passages in Holst's music—as when he came to "the huge and thoughtful night." The music for the lines beginning "Dark Mother always gliding near" is poetically imagined; there are impressive climaxes of a quiet nature; there is a largeness to "The night in silence," but on the whole, in spite of certain pages emphasizing Whitman's thought, the Ode is of uneven merit. One turns to Whitman's rapt song and finds it the more imaginative, the more musical.

We have not heard any orchestral work by Florent Schmitt that was completely satisfying. One recognizes gladly his technical equipment, his sense of the picturesques, his artistic purpose, his dislike of the obvious and the sensational, but does he ever fulfil his own laudable ambition? Take this Psalm for example, a work of large dimensions, with a subject that calls on all the resources of a composer richly endowed by nature.

After the frenetic jubilation, the

tumult and the shouting in adoration of the Lord most high, the great King over all the earth, what section of the score remains gratefully in the memory of the hearer? Only the pages, semi-Oriental in character beginning with a violin solo, the music for "He shall choose our inheritance for us, the excellency of Jacob whom He loved." Here, while the solo voice sings exotic measures, interrupted by the murmurs of the chorus, while the orchestration works a sensuously Oriental charm, one finds true tonal poetry. On the other hand, although the chorus and the instruments may cry to heaven their praise, one misses the intense racial spirit, the Hebraic fanaticism with which the Jewish music of Ernest Bloch is charged.

When the difficulties presented by the composers of these two choral works are taken into consideration, the performance by the chorus was creditable. The singers showed greater security and courage in the Psalm than in the Ode. It is to be regretted that the effect of the Psalm was impaired at the end by many leaving the hall. The smell of smoke from a building outside led them to fear fire in the hall.

Mr. Koussevitzky conducted with his customary brilliance and magnetism, but even he could not give life to Beck's Symphony and Rimsky's Overture.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Schumann, Overture to "Manfred"; D. G. Mason, Symphony in C minor; Bella Bartok, Concerto for piano and orchestra (Mr. Bartok, pianist); Rimsky-Korsakov, Introduction and March from "Le Coq d'Or."

NOTES and LINES

By PHILIP HALE

Several unfamiliar works will be performed at the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra this week. There will be a symphony for strings by Conrad Beck. His name is unknown to the latest English, German and Italian compilers of musical biography, or they do not think him of sufficient prominence for even a paragraph. It is said by those a little better informed that he is Swiss; that his home is in Zurich, but he spends much time in Paris; that he is a pupil of Honegger. One of his three string quartets has been played in Paris; last year it was performed at a Frankfort music festival. Other music by him has been performed in Paris, but it apparently excited little attention. The symphony to be heard this week is No. 3. It is published; we do not know whether the two remaining are in manuscript.

Rimsky-Korsakov's overture to the opera "A May Night," added at a late hour to the program, will be performed for the first time at the Friday and Saturday concerts. The opera was the second in order of his works for the stage, but it was the first of the fantastical series in which Rimsky used legends of pagan Russia, rites which found their way into Christian observances, for musical inspiration. "A May Night" is based on Gogol's story of the same name, in which that great writer expresses, as an enthusiastic admirer puts it, "the aroma of the balmy air, the soothing warmth of spring, and the caressing glow of the silvery moon in the blessed Ukraina." The overture was performed by the Russian Symphony Society of New York in 1904.

Russia will also be represented this week by an aria from Borodin's "Prince Igor," to be sung by Nina Koshetz. Jaroslavna bewails the absence of her spouse, Prince Igor, who has gone to the war. The air was sung here at a pension fund concert in 1922 by Mme. Slobodskaja of the Ukranian chorus. Mme. Koshetz first sang here, and at a Symphony concert, in March, 1922.

The Cecilia Society, rehearsed by Malcolm Lang, its conductor, will take part with the Symphony orchestra in the performance of Gustav Holst's "Ode to Death," and Florent Schmitt's "47th Psalm." The latter was produced here by the Cecilia in 1913 when Arthur Mees was the conductor. Marie Sundelius then sang the solo music. The text of Holst's "Ode to Death"—the title is of his own invention—is taken from Walt Whitman's noble poem, entitled at first "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd"; later, "President Lincoln's Burial Hymn," also, "Memories of President Lincoln." Holst is evidently an admirer of Whitman, for one of his first works was an overture, "Walt Whitman," which, to the best of our knowledge, has not been published or performed; he has also set music to "The Mystic Trumpeter," for soprano solo and orchestra, and "Dirge of Two Veterans," for male voices and brass.

The text of Holst's "Ode to Death" was used before him by Villiers Stanford. His title was "Elegiac Ode."

Holst is known to the Symphony audiences by his orchestral suite "The Planets." Some of his "Hymns from the Rig-Veda" have been performed in Boston.

It will be interesting to compare Florent Schmitt's expression of the Hebrew jubilation with Bloch's psalms, breathing out sadness and defiance, sung here at a Symphony concert with thrilling effect by that incomparable interpreter, Povla Frijsh. Florent Schmitt, whose "Legend of Salome," "Music for Out Doors" and "Reves" have been performed at our Symphony concerts is an untamed person, who has been described as "the wild boar of the Ardennes." The last we heard of him he was at the head of the Lyons Conservatory but spending most of his time in Paris. It is said that as director of a conservatory he made teachers and pupils extremely uncomfortable, but the good man may have been slandered. It might be asked with regard to many composers, singers, fiddlers, pianists, conductors, directors: "In heavenly minds can such resentment dwell?"

SYMPHONY LIST DULL AND FLABBY

Post Feb. 11, 1928

Schmitt's Psalm and Holst's Ode Fail to Interest

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Toward the end of the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon a smell of smoke, with overtones of burning rubber, afflicted the nostrils of the audience. Some sitting near the doors made their escape; others followed and then more, until a general exodus seemed imminent. Then, as suddenly as it had begun, the disturbing odor vanished and the Symphony Orchestra and the chorus of the Cecilia Society, which, led by an oblivious Koussevitzky, had kept steadily at its performance of Florent Schmitt's Psalm XLVII., brought that work to its resounding conclusion.

SCHMITT DULL

The cause of this widespread alarm was, as it proved, altogether trivial: nothing more, in fact, than the wafting into the hall by the over-zealous ventilating fans of the smell of burning rubbish from across the way.

Even those who remained in their seats necessarily received yesterday a somewhat confused impression of the closing section of Schmitt's Psalm. Yet making due allowances, it is still possible to express with some assurance the opinion that this work, previously heard here at one of the Cecilia's own concerts, is not music of extraordinary quality. Schmitt does achieve, to be sure, the appropriate suggestions of a half-barbaric people in an ecstasy of jubilation, though in this respect his music is considerably tamer than the Psalms of Ernest Bloch for solo voice and orchestra.

The orchestral Pastorale that serves as middle section makes an undeniable appeal. But the final impression is that the composer did not quite realize that which he had set out to do.

"Ode to Death" Flat

This Psalm is, however, a veritable masterpiece beside the dull and ineffective "Ode to Death" by the Englishman Holst heard earlier in the concert and for the first time in this city. "the Door-Yard Bloom'd," in which the words of the poet are weighed down and stifled rather than illuminated by the music of the composer. Only the serenely musing Epilogue has character and substance. In the Psalm the chorus trained by its conductor, Malcolm Lang, did well with the difficult task laid upon it; in Holst's piece it was as colorless as the music it sang.

To make beginning to the concert came a dry and unfertile Symphony No. 3, for string orchestra, by a young Swiss composer, Conrad Beck, a piece full of the ultra-modern counterpoint in which no novice cares what the rest are doing. The performance of this symphony yesterday was the first anywhere.

Two Relieving Pieces

After Beck and Holst, the Overture to Rimsky-Korsakov's early opera of Russian legend, "A Night in May," unaccountably absent from the Symphony concerts until yesterday, must have come as balm to many an ear. The remaining piece was an air from Brodin's opera "Prince Igor," likewise new to these concerts, in which Nina Koshetz, herself not unknown here, was the singer. The music of this air has not the interest of more familiar portions of the opera.

Mme. Koshetz sang it sympathetically, but with a voice inclined to quavering in its upper reaches. She was also heard as soloist in Schmitt's Psalm, and here her voice proved hardly adequate to the heavy demands placed upon it.

CHORAL PROGRAM AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Globe — Feb. 11, 1928

Cecilia Society Heard in Schmitt's Psalm XLVII

Nina Koshetz, Soprano, Sings Air From "Prince Igor"

Mr Koussevitzky, whose interest in conducting choral music in now well known, enlisted the cooperation of the Cecilia Society for yesterday's Symphony concert. The chorus was heard with the orchestra in Holst's beautiful setting of Whitman's "Ode to Death," and in Florent Schmitt's "Psalm XLVII." Nina Koshetz sang the soprano solo in the psalm, and was also heard in an air from Borodin's opera, "Prince Igor."

The orchestra played a little symphony for string orchestra by Conrad Beck, a young Swiss musician now living in Paris, for the first time anywhere. Rimsky-Korsakov's overture to his opera "A Night in May" had been added to the program to lengthen it since last week's announcement. None of this music had been previously performed at these concerts.

Beck's "Third Symphony for Strings" did not make a deep impression on the listener's imagination. It is carefully written music, modern in idiom, austere in tone, with but a hint of lyricism in the andante. The finale is a fugue, though not a very orthodox one, particularly in its harmonies. The composer is careful to state that there is no program to his work. The days of program music are clearly over, for the time being. No young and forward-looking composer will now admit that his inspiration has any nonmusical source.

"Ode to Death"

Holst's "Ode to Death," opus 38, is a finely written and deeply moving setting for chorus and orchestra of verses from Whitman's "President Lincoln's Burial." The verses are perhaps the poet's finest. The music is not unworthy of them. It confirmed one's impression that the composer is a man sure of permanent fame, and strenthened one's regrets that so little of Holst's music has been heard in Boston. The performance of this very taxing music showed the skill of the chorus, and reflected credit on Malcolm Lang, its regular conductor, as well as on Mr Koussevitzky.

The overture to "A Night in May" will not add to Rimsky-Korsakov's reputation with admirers of his Scheherezade" and "Coq d'Or." It is dull, perfunctory music, often banal melodically. Even the scoring for orchestra lacks the composer's usual skill. One wondered why it was revived at this late date, as one always wonders when the minor works of dead and gone composers are unexpectedy exhumed from the library shelves.

Mme Koshetz, who was first heard at these concerts in 1922, proved herself an intelligent and experienced musician in the Borodin air. Her voice lacks warmth and steadiness of tone, but is not inexpressive. She sang the solo of Schmitt's "Psalm" in intelligible English, instead of French.

The performance of Schmitt's long and sonorous work might have been more heartily relished by the audience had it not been disturbed by the unexpected departure of a number of nervous women alarmed by a strong odor of burning rubber wafted into the hall through the ventilators. Many of them, discovering as soon as they got into the corridors, that there was no danger, came back into the hall and stood near the exits till the end of the program. Nine-tenths of the audience remained seated, and Mr Koussevitzky appeared not to notice what was happening. But the disturbance had broken the spell of the music on the listeners.

Eloquent Music

Florent Schmitt is one of the most original figures among modern French composers. His style is wholly his own, without obvious traces of any single musical influence. This Psalm, Composed 20 years ago, and first heard here from the Cecilia Society in 1913, is eloquent music, not devoid of pomposity. Chorus, orchestra, conductor, and soloist labored hard to do it justice. But it seemed too long, and for the most part too loud. One wondered whether Mr Koussevitzky was doing Schmitt full justice in putting so little contrast into the performance.

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An All-Novelty Program

By L. A. SLOPER

WHATEVER may be said of the program submitted by Serge Koussevitzky for the season's fifteenth pair of Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts, no one can complain that it lacked variety or novelty. Not an item on it had ever been heard before "at these concerts." The opening number, Conrad Beck's Third Symphony, had its first performance anywhere. Holst's "Ode to Death" was heard for the first time in Boston. The other items were Rimsky-Korsakoff's Overture to "A Night in May," the Arioso of Jaroslavna from Borodin's "Prince Igor" and Schmitt's "Psalm XLVII." Nina Koshetz was soloist in the last two numbers. On the whole, a rather odd succession of pieces, with more contrast than unity, and demanding both devotion and agility of the listeners.

Conrad Beck is a young Swiss who has enrolled himself in the Honegger school. A quotation in the program book said: "This work is rather severe in character and concise in structure." Also, it might have been added, it is dull in conception and tedious in execution. We have been assured by a distinguished musician that in this work the composer has been remarkably successful in what he set out to do. His aim was, it appears, to write linear counterpoint in which no triad should be allowed to occur. Very interesting, very clever, very skillful—as a mathematical exercise, or a musical puzzle. Doubtless it deserves a place in every musical schoolroom in the world. But why impose it on a concert audience?

Holst's Ode is a setting for chorus and orchestra of Walt Whitman's poem, "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed," written in memory of Lincoln. The musical expression is as Holstian as the verses are Whitmanesque. The underlaying is expert, the technical economy characteristic. The opening and the close are extraordinarily effective in their restraint. Yet the intervening measures, while sufficiently atmospheric and appropriately acidulous, somehow fell a little short of the impressiveness one had anticipated. The Chorus of the Cecilia Society, trained by Malcolm Lang, acquitted itself creditably of its difficult task.

Rimsky's early overture came as a breath of fresh air into a stuffy atmosphere. Simple, tuneful, ingratiating, it cheered up the audience—and at least one of the reviewers—enormously, and prepared the way for the Borodin aria. Mme. Koshetz, although she employs the method of tone production peculiar to Russian singers, gave a thoroughly dramatic performance of the lament.

Schmitt, most German of Frenchmen and least Hebraic of Psalm-setters, supplied the robustious element which is calculated to overwhelm hearers. A strange reflection, that this music was written by a Frenchman. No wonder he is called the "wild boar of the Vosges." Its emancipation bears witness to the independence and individuality of its author. For though it seems more German than French, yet it could not be described as an echo of Wagner. It is aware of Wagner, as it is aware of Debussy, but it speaks for itself. Also, it speaks at some length, and one is not sure at a first hearing of its plenary inspiration. But mastery, individuality and force—all these it has, and probably greater familiarity would show us more of its beauties.

NOVEL COMPOSER, CHORAL NUMBERS, DUBIOUS OUTCOME

SYMPHONY CONCERT FOR MIXED MATTER

Disturbing Incident as Well—Mr. Koussevitzky's Liking for Orchestra and Choir—Holst's Ode and Schmitt's Psalm Come Poorly Off—Russian Interlude—Beck's Notable Music

IT WAS not a fortunate afternoon at the Symphony Concert. Even outside Symphony Hall chance was against it. Within, at a quarter past four, orchestra and chorus were attacking the climax to Schmitt's setting of Psalm XLVII. Over the way—in St. Stephen Street, it was said — someone was also burning rubber. Ventilators drew the odor into the hall. In the balconies it was pungent; elsewhere distinctly perceptible; too like the smell of smoke for ease of mind. Little by little an orderly exodus began. Soon half, if not two-thirds, of the galleries were afoot; while departures from the floor swelled a mild confusion. Perhaps widespread impatience with music and performance contributed. Mr. Koussevitzky, not so much as turning his head, kept his sang-froid. The orchestra followed his beat, outwardly unperturbed.. The less accustomed choir from The Cecilia was audibly upset. The Psalm limped to a close; semi-bewildered, what remained of the audience made its way to the doors. More hastily than usual the stage emptied. For once a Symphony Concert ended with hardly a crackle of applause. A crowd-impulse may be orderly. It also spreads and prevails.

From the start, however, circumstances conspired against the concert. It began with the Third Symphony, for strings only, of Conrad Beck, one of the rising youth in Paris to whom—often with reason—the conductor plays godfather. It proved a piece to interest the connoisseurs and the musically curious; to the general ear it must have sounded dull and footless. Next ensued the first item in a choral afternoon, setting by Holst of a hymn to death—the composer calls it an ode—written by Whitman to the memory of President Lincoln. The music for mixed chorus and orchestra was not impressive. The performance neither illuminated it. Ears fol- nertly; while eyes and minds, printed word, were in spell to beauty and sonority of an in- is also dirge.

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ussevitzky has added sym- ces with incidental chorus ertory at Symphony Hall— riabin's "Prometheus," the s from "Prince Igor," and, in the centenary festival, Ninth Symphony. He has hearing pieces divided be- s and orchestra, like Proko- ric imprecation, "They are them he has achieved the he forces in hand; laid hold arers; enlarged the scope of . He has not been as for- choral or semi-choral pro- grams. One contained a Psalm of Liszt, not to the composer's greater glory. A larger assortment last year—Glinka, Delius, Wolf, included—left jumbled impression. Yesterday, the residue was often boredom.

Agreed that symphonic pieces with incidental chorus should be part and parcel of the repertory. Agreed also that in it such a tour de force as "They Are Seven" should have place. Admit that Boston hears little choral music outside the exercises of the Harvard Glee Club, necessarily limited, and the well-worn "classics" of the Handel and Haydn Society. Naturally, Mr. Koussevitzky cherishes a conductor's power; would outpour it upon orchestra and chorus in mass commingled. At the back of his head may be the European custom that attaches a permanent chorus to a permanent orchestra, both of the first rank. Again, performances of Brahms's "Requiem," Beethoven's "Solemn Mass," Handel's "Messiah," have justified him —all outside the regular course of the Symphony Concerts. Within it his choral or semi-choral programs have usually missed the mark. As often as not the pieces, primarily choral, have seemed ill chosen. More than once performance has suffered from the limitations of the assisting choir. Not always can the conductor turn to Dr. Davison's valiant youth, to the Handel and Haydn Chorus new-edged by Mr. Thompson Stone. He must content himself with The Cecilia; while, with the best will in the world, Prokofiev, Borodin, Delius, Schmitt, exceed its present power. It fails to yield the necessary sonorities; contends unequally with the orchestra; with audible labor and uneasiness makes head against the composer's vocal exactions. Try as it may The Cecilia cannot shout as loud and free as Prokofiev or Borodin or Schmitt would have it.

Certainly the choral outcome of yesterday was flat, barren, unprofitable. Holst's "Ode to Death" was produced in a triennial festival at Leeds in the British provinces. It is the sort of music such occasions engender—appropriate to the text in hand; well-made chorally and orchestrally; product of diligence at the worktable. It gains by Holst's directness of approach to any subject-matter. Occasionally it upturns the well-invented page of a resourceful composer. Before the attentive ear and the waiting imagination, it passes as the better stuff of musical commerce—on its way to oblivion from a day in Leeds. Once more Whitman evades the music-makers.

Schmitt's setting of a frenetic Psalm [illegible]iming the tribal Jehovah as the of power and dominion, might and ry, may mount from shout to shout; off fierce phrases; beat to wild hms; take breath in Semitic lan- s; quest for contrasting beauty in excellency of Jacob"; hammer, ly, at high heaven itself. These gs, as some say, are written upon the ic-paper. They did not come to pass 913 at Symphony Hall. No more, most ears, were they disclosed yesay. Have they been revealed anyre in the rare performances of the m? Possibly they are things of a ductor's imagination, beyond the er of mortal orchestra and mortal us. Schmitt himself may have imled them, beyond release, in measures i-articulate. Page after page was ic to stir Mr. Koussevitzky's powers; Cecilia strove manfully and woman- y; but not once did the communicatfire leap from stage to auditorium. Psalm will surely "come off" next , the disappointed listener says to self. It never does—unless this eveprove the triumphant exception.

he good memory of the afternoon was Beck's little Symphony for a single estral choir. Plainly it is the "cere- l music" that many a young composer cultivates—the fruit of thought and ess rather than impulse and emo- . As nearly as the ear could detect, prings from a single theme and coun- theme. It curves in and out of ngeful tonalities. It winds through tle and singular dissonances. In the lante it takes occasional melodic pe. The rhythms never beat hard; e sinuous than propulsive is the mo- . The range of harmonic and instrutal color is narrow and subtle—both ningly by choice and purpose. At outset, the Symphony seems a music middle grayness; lean and juiceless, deliberately to close confines. Yet in those bounds gradually appear it inflections, artful shadings, a rare- exercise of tonal sensibility and tonal t, fascinating in itself. Music could lly be more expressionless of what it e custom to call mood; or more redo- of mental action and reaction in the of sound. There is not an emotion bar; but the brief pages teem with t the doctrinaires name "musicality." n first to last it is as though the abctions of tone had become concrete ges upon the ear. A sign of the s is Mr. Beck's Symphony. With usual divination, Mr. Koussevitzky ws it to us.

H. T. P.

NOVEL COMPOSER, CHORAL NUMBERS, DUBIOUS OUTC

SYMPHONY CONCERT FOR M MATTER

Disturbing Incident as Well—Mr. K vitzky's Liking for Orchestra and —Holst's Ode and Schmitt's Psalm Poorly Off—Russian Interlude— Notable Music

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Then—for no apparent reason—the concert shifted Russia-ward. The orchestra played Rimsky-Korsakov's overture to his early opera, "May Night." There were measures of sensuous warmth, measures also that twined into melody; but the whole effect was of a music whence life had departed. By western standards Rimsky and his brethren of "The Five" were relatively untutored. Into musical composition each made with travail his individual way. Rimsky himself looked back upon the music of "May Night" as gradual expansion and clarifying of his operatic bent. No doubt he gained in the overture a welcome transparency of tone, a new freedom of motion; but process and outcome were more interesting to him in the Petersburg of 1880 than to us in the Boston of 1928. Next Mme. Koshetz—first singer permitted a detached air in Mr. Koussevitzky's four seasons in Boston—was heard in a soliloquy from Borodin's opera, "Prince Igor." The mood is remote and dolorous; Mme. Koshetz's tones enlarged and deepened it; yet as so much song they were neither edgeless, free nor firm-set. With Russian singers in this Bostonian day all things are forgiven and most things applauded. Not so long ago a men's quartet was heard. . . . Finally, and evidently to crown the concert, came from Paris Schmitt's setting of a Psalm of triumphant and rejoicing Israel. With or without the disturbing incident, it fell as flat as it did when the Cecilia, in Dr. Mees's day, first adventured it, fourteen years ago.

Mr. Koussevitzky has added symphonic pieces with incidental chorus to the repertory at Symphony Hall—notably Skriabin's "Prometheus," the tribal dances from "Prince Igor," and, for climax in the centenary festival, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. He has brought to hearing pieces divided between chorus and orchestra, like Prokofiev's barbaric imprecation, "They are Seven." In them he has achieved the music with the forces in hand; laid hold upon his hearers; enlarged the scope of the concerts. He has not been as fortunate with choral or semi-choral programs. One contained a Psalm of Liszt, not to the composer's greater glory. A larger assortment, last year—Glinka, Delius, Wolf, included—left jumbled impression. Yesterday, the residue was often boredom.

Agreed that symphonic pieces with incidental chorus should be part and parcel of the repertory. Agreed also that in it such a tour de force as "They Are Seven" should have place. Admit that Boston hears little choral music outside the exercises of the Harvard Glee Club, necessarily limited, and the well-worn "classics" of the Handel and Haydn Society. Naturally, Mr. Koussevitzky cherishes a conductor's power; would outpour it upon orchestra and chorus in mass commingled. At the back of his head may be the European custom that attaches a permanent chorus to a permanent orchestra, both of the first rank. Again, performances of Brahms's "Requiem," Beethoven's "Solemn Mass," Handel's "Messiah," have justified him —all outside the regular course of the Symphony Concerts. Within it his choral or semi-choral programs have usually missed the mark. As often as not the pieces, primarily choral, have seemed ill chosen. More than once performance has suffered from the limitations of the assisting choir. Not always can the conductor turn to Dr. Davison's valiant youth, to the Handel and Haydn Chorus new-edged by Mr. Thompson Stone. He must content himself with The Cecilia; while, with the best will in the world, Prokofiev, Borodin, Delius, Schmitt, exceed its present power. It fails to yield the necessary sonorities; contends unequally with the orchestra; with audible labor and uneasiness makes head against the composer's vocal exactions. Try as it may The Cecilia cannot shout as loud and free as Prokofiev or Borodin or Schmitt would have it.

Certainly the choral outcome of yesterday was flat, barren, unprofitable. Holst's "Ode to Death" was produced in a triennial festival at Leeds in the British provinces. It is the sort of music such occasions engender—appropriate to the text in hand; well-made chorally and orchestrally; product of diligence at the worktable. It gains by Holst's directness of approach to any subject-matter. Occasionally it upturns the well-invented page of a resourceful composer. Before the attentive ear and the waiting imagination, it passes as the better stuff of musical commerce—on its way to oblivion from a day in Leeds. Once more Whitman evades the music-makers.

Schmitt's setting of a frenetic Psalm aiming the tribal Jehovah as the of power and dominion, might and ry, may mount from shout to shout; off fierce phrases; beat to wild hms; take breath in Semitic lan- s; quest for contrasting beauty in excellency of Jacob"; hammer, ly, at high heaven itself. These gs, as some say, are written upon the ic-paper. They did not come to pass 913 at Symphony Hall. No more, most ears, were they disclosed yes- ay. Have they been revealed anyre in the rare performances of the m? Possibly they are things of a uctor's imagination, beyond the er of mortal orchestra and mortal us. Schmitt himself may have imled them, beyond release, in measures i-articulate. Page after page was ic to stir Mr. Koussevitzky's powers; y; but not once did the communicatfire leap from stage to auditorium. Psalm will surely "come off" next e, the disappointed listener says to self. It never does—unless this eveprove the triumphant exception.

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H. T. P.

NOVEL COMPOSER, CHORAL NUMBERS, DUBIOUS OUTC

SYMPHONY CONCERT FOR M MATTER

Disturbing Incident as Well—Mr. K vitzky's Liking for Orchestra and —Holst's Ode and Schmitt's Psalm Poorly Off—Russian Interlude— Notable Music

IT WAS not a fortunate afterno the Symphony Concert. Ever side Symphony Hall chance against it. Within, at a q past four, orchestra and chorus we tacking the climax to Schmitt's s of Psalm XLVII. Over the way— Stephen Street, it was said — so was also burning rubber. Vent drew the odor into the hall. In th conies it was pungent; elsewher tinctly perceptible; too like the sn smoke for ease of mind. Little by an orderly exodus began. Soon h not two-thirds, of the galleries afoot; while departures from the swelled a mild confusion. Pe widespread impatience with musi performance contributed. Mr. sevitzky, not so much as turnin head, kept his sang-froid. The orc followed his beat, outwardly turbed.. The less accustomed choi The Cecilia was audibly upset. Psalm limped to a close; semi-bewi what remained of the audience ma way to the doors. More hastily usual the stage emptied. For c Symphony Concert ended with hi crackle of applause. A crowd-in may be orderly. It also spread prevails.

From the start, however, circum conspired against the concert. It with the Third Symphony, for only, of Conrad Beck, one of the youth in Paris to whom—often wi son—the conductor plays godfath proved a piece to interest the c seurs and the musically curious; general ear it must have sounde and footless. Next ensued the firs in a choral afternoon, setting by Holst of a hymn to death—the composer calls it an ode—written by Whitman to the memory of President Lincoln. The music for mixed chorus and orchestra was not impressive. The performance neither enforced nor illuminated it. Ears followed both inertly; while eyes and minds, reading the printed word, were in spell to the passion, beauty and sonority of an invocation that is also dirge.

Then—for no apparent reason—the concert shifted Russia-ward. The orchestra played Rimsky-Korsakov's overture to his early opera, "May Night." There were measures of sensuous warmth, measures also that twined into melody; but the whole effect was of a music whence life had departed. By western standards Rimsky and his brethren of "The Five" were relatively untutored. Into musical composition each made with travail his individual way. Rimsky himself looked back upon the music of "May Night" as gradual expansion and clarifying of his operatic bent. No doubt he gained in the overture a welcome transparency of tone, a new freedom of motion; but process and outcome were more interesting to him in the Petersburg of 1880 than to us in the Boston of 1928. Next Mme. Koshetz—first singer permitted a detached air in Mr. Koussevitzky's four seasons in Boston—was heard in a soliloquy from Borodin's opera, "Prince Igor." The mood is remote and dolorous; Mme. Koshetz's tones enlarged and deepened it; yet as so much song they were neither edgeless, free nor firm-set. With Russian singers in this Bostonian day all things are forgiven and most things applauded. Not so long ago a men's quartet was heard. . . . Finally, and evidently to crown the concert, came from Paris Schmitt's setting of a Psalm of triumphant and rejoicing Israel. With or without the disturbing incident, it fell as flat as it did when the Cecilia, in Dr. Mees's day, first adventured it, fourteen years ago.

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The good memory of the afternoon was Mr. Beck's little Symphony for a single orchestral choir. Plainly it is the "cerebral music" that many a young composer now cultivates—the fruit of thought and process rather than impulse and emotion. As nearly as the ear could detect, it springs from a single theme and counter-theme. It curves in and out of changeful tonalities. It winds through gentle and singular dissonances. In the Andante it takes occasional melodic shape. The rhythms never beat hard; more sinuous than propulsive is the motion. The range of harmonic and instrumental color is narrow and subtle—both seemingly by choice and purpose. At the outset, the Symphony seems a music of middle grayness; lean and juiceless, held deliberately to close confines. Yet within those bounds gradually appear adroit inflections, artful shadings, a rarefied exercise of tonal sensibility and tonal craft, fascinating in itself. Music could hardly be more expressionless of what it is the custom to call mood; or more redolent of mental action and reaction in the play of sound. There is not an emotion in a bar; but the brief pages teem with what the doctrinaires name "musicality." From first to last it is as though the abstractions of tone had become concrete images upon the ear. A sign of the times is Mr. Beck's Symphony. With his usual divination, Mr. Koussevitzky shows it to us.

H. T. P.

Beck is unknown to the editors of the latest musical encyclopædias. We are told that he studied with Arthur Honegger; that while his home is in Zurich, he spends much time in Paris.

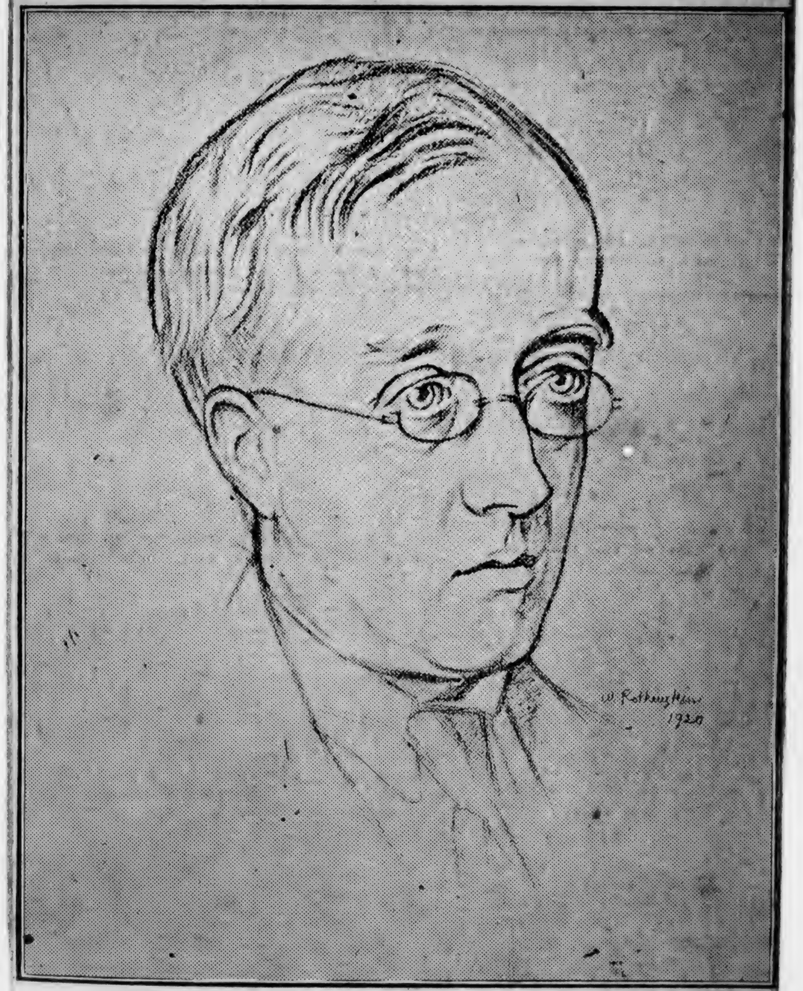
"Conrad Beck, the young Swiss musician, twenty-six years of age, lives in Paris and belongs to the circle of musicians grouped about Arthur Honegger. The personal qualities of his work, his creative force, and the mastery of his writing, have enabled him quickly to acquire a place in the advance guard of the younger school; and his works, notably his Third String Quartet, are frequently performed in Europe.

Mme. NINA KOSHETZ was born at Moscow. Her father, Paul Koshetz, was a tenor in the Imperial Opera of that city. She began to study the pianoforte at the age of four. When she was nine she gave a recital. At eleven she entered the Moscow Conservatory where she studied with Safonov and Igoumenev. When she was eighteen she took lessons in singing of Masetti and in composition with Taneiev. Later she was coached in Paris by Felia Litvinne. Her first operatic engagement was at Moscow, where her repertoire included Russian, Italian, and French operas. She appeared as a "guest" at the Petrograd Imperial Opera. After the Bolshevik upheaval, she escaped from Russia and came to the United States.

She sang in New York for the first time at a lecture recital of the Schola Cantorum at the house of Mrs. Vincent Astor on December 16, 1920. At a concert of the Schola Cantorum in New York on January 12, 1921, she presented a programme of songs by Russian composers from Glinka to Scriabin. She gave a recital in New York on March 27, 1921, when her programme included songs by Handel, Mozart, Lalo, Brahms, Debussy, Scriabin, Barlow, Bibb, and Prokofieff's "Jewish Cradle Song" without words. On December 30, 1921, in Chicago, as a member of the Chicago Opera Company, she "created" the part of Fata Morgana, the witch, in Prokofieff's opera "The Love for Three Oranges" (sung in French), and took that rôle when the opera was performed at the Manhattan Opera House, New York, on February 14, 1922.

Her first appearance in Boston was at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on March 3, 1922: Air from "The Tsar's Bride," Prokofieff's Song without words (written for her), and Parasha's Reverie and Dance from Moussorgsky's "Fair of Sorotchinsk."

And Thinking Makes It So



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From a Drawing by Rothenstein

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And Thinking Makes It So

Holst the Composer

From a Drawing by Rothenstein

Sixteenth Programme

RIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 17, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 18, at 8.15 o'clock

Rimsky-Korsakov . . . . Introduction and March from "Le Coq d'Or"

Bartók . . . . Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra

I. Allegro.
II. Andante.
III. Allegro molto.

(First performance in Boston)

Tchaikovsky . . Symphony No. 6 in B minor, "Pathetic," Op. 74

I. Adagio; Allegro non troppo.
II. Allegro con grazia.
III. Allegro molto vivace.
IV. Finale; Adagio lamentoso.

SOLOIST
BÉLA BARTÓK

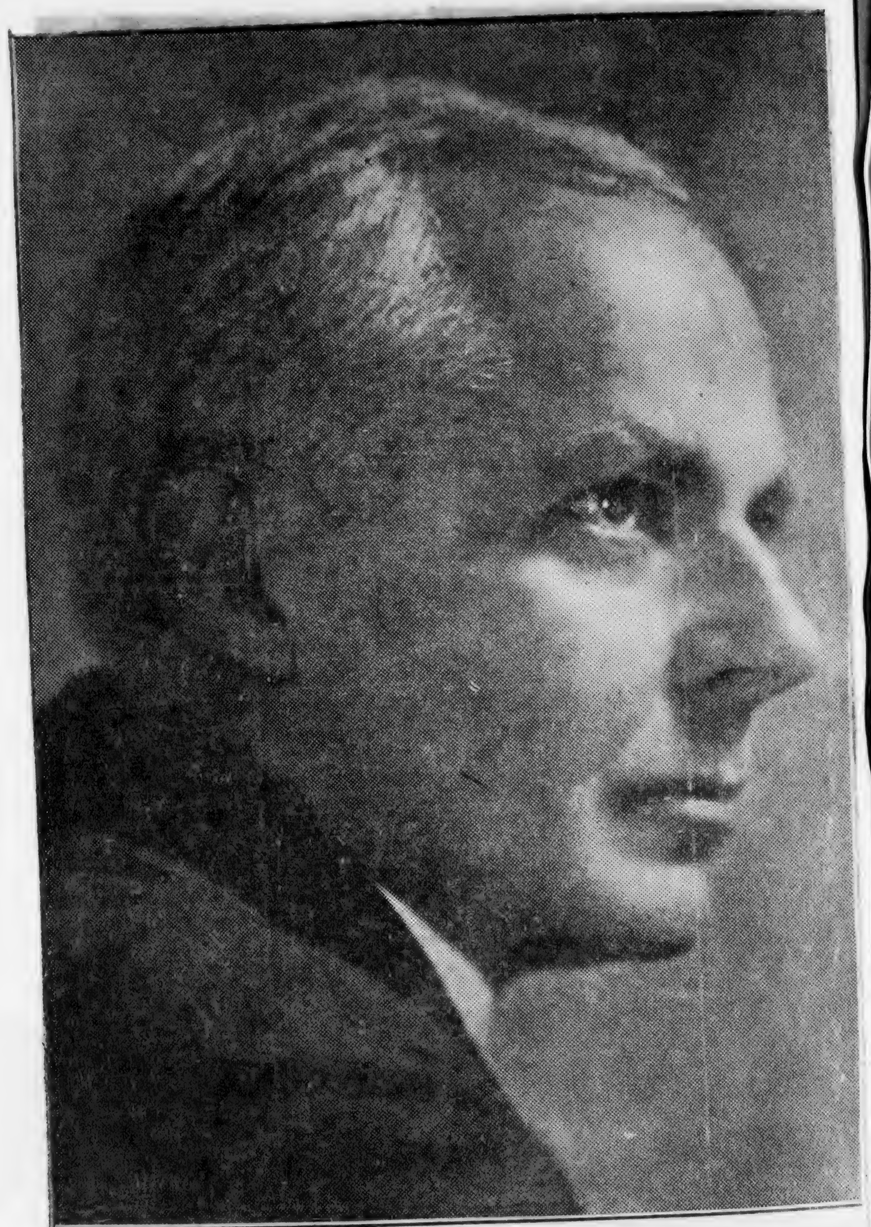
BALDWIN PIANO USED

There will be an intermission before the symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898.—Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators, it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.
Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



Bela Bartok

Guest Tomorrow and Saturday at the Symphony Concerts

SYMPHONY IN 16TH CONCERT

Herald ——— Feb. 18. 1928

Rimsky-Korsakov, Tchaikovsky and Bartok on Program

LATTER COMPOSER AT THE PIANO

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its 16th concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Bela Bartok was the pianist. The program was as follows: Rimsky-Korsakov, Introduction and March from "Coq d'Or." Bartok, concerto for piano and orchestra. Tchaikovsky, Symphony No. 6, B minor, "Pathetic."

Mr. Bartok's concerto, produced at the Frankfort Music Festival in July, 1927, was played by him with the Cincinnati orchestra visiting New York, a few days ago. The performance yesterday was the first in Boston.

For over 20 years Mr. Bartok has been devoting himself to the study of Hungarian folk music. His own compositions, of late years at least, show the results of this study. Nor are Rumanian folk tunes and even Arabian outside of his attention. It would hardly be right to say that he is a local composer; he is decidedly a racial one, and for this reason it is doubtful whether his music will make a universal appeal. Smetana was intensely Bohemian, and in a cycle of symphonic poems glorified his country. As he was of an emotional nature, writing from his heart, and with no mean skill, not exclusively from his head, his music passed beyond the national boundaries and was welcomed.

It is a question whether Mr. Bartok will in the end gain or lose by following the path he has chosen. A musician of indisputable talent and technical equipment, he does not sacrifice to tonal sensuousness, but pursues his sternly logical methods. Mere tonal beauty apparently does not interest him. If he is emotional by nature, he seems to shrink from a display of feeling; either in themes, the treatment of them, or in his peculiar orchestration.

The concerto, heard yesterday, will not for some years to come, if then, be popular outside of Slav countries. If it were immediately popular, he would probably think little of the work and say to himself: "Why did I do this thing?" As a skilfully constructed work built out of what to our public would seem scanty, if not impossible material, the concerto deserves respect, even admiration. It cannot justly be classed with what are known as ultra-modern, flagrantly dissonant compositions; nor is it wildly irregular in form. In a large measure it accepts structural traditions, though here and there it is rhapsodic. His repeated use of a three-note motive tossed to various sections of the orchestra, is inexorable; his answering of a phrase for the piano by snorts from brass instruments, or from taps of drums is peculiar, at times disturbing. (Seldom is a side-drum so busied in a symphonic work of any kind.) Mr. Bartok shows his mastery of technic especially in the second movement where four melodies, each for a wood-wind instrument, all four in different keys, are contrapuntally treated; this page is undoubtedly the one at present that will attract the favorable attention of a miscellaneous audience. The concerto in certain respects, unusual as it is, was well worth hearing, worthy of study.

Not long ago the overture to Rimsky-Korsakov's second opera was heard here at a symphony concert, an opera written in 1870-2. It is a feeble, ordinary composition. Yesterday one heard gorgeous music from his last opera, "Coq d'Or," composed in 1907, and produced in 1909 (not in 1919, a typographical error in the program book). What a contrast! Who could have believed 50 years ago that Rimsky would become a master of instrumentation? This Introduction with March is not so conspicuous for its musical ideas—pleasing as they are—as for the fascinating and dazzling orchestral dress.

We all have heard Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony many times since Mr. Paur brought it out in Boston over 30 years ago, when the late William Foster Apthorp called this music "obscene," prophesied that it would not have a long life and thus provoked letters of indignant protest. The symphony still lives; still shakes the souls of men and women by its emotional quality, by the sadness broken only by thoughts of past and fleeting happiness, by the mighty lamentation over the end of all desire. Yes, we all have heard this symphony many times, but never was the music so overpowering, so appealing, so compellingly eloquent as it was yesterday, played incomparably by the superb orchestra, led by the poetic, imaginative, magnetic Serge Koussevitzky, the Russian interpreter of a fellow Russian.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program for next week will be as follows: Handel, Concerto, F major, for strings and two wind orchestras; Stravinsky, "Oedipus Rex," opera-oratorio, text by J. Cocteau after the tragedy of "Sophocles." The orchestra will be assisted by the Harvard Glee Club, trained by Dr. Davison; Mme. Matzenauer, mezzo-soprano; Arthur Hackett, tenor; Fraser Gange, baritone; Paul Leyssac, narrator. This will be the first performance in the United States.

MUSIC OF FUTURE BY SYMPHONY

Post Feb. 15, 1928

Bartok's Concerto Is Grim; Tchaikovsky's Pathetic Welcomed

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The list of notable composers who have appeared at the Symphony concerts as conductors, performers or guests of honor grows apace. To it was added yesterday the name of Bela Bartok, the outstanding musical figure in present-day Hungary, who with the orchestra introduced to Boston his Piano Concerto, first heard at the Frankfort Festival of last summer.

GRIM AND RELENTLESS

Mr. Bartok is not a composer who seeks the applause of the multitude. His music is pervadingly grim, relentless, uncompromising, and the Concerto of yesterday is no exception. To be sure, piece and composer were applauded, but it is safe to say that these hand-clappings were probably more the recognition due a celebrity than a spontaneous expression of keen enjoyment like those which later (after the March-like third movement), broke in upon Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony and those which recalled Mr. Koussevitzky at the close of that work.

And yet for all its severities and asperities, its scorn not merely of lusciousness, but of euphony as ordinarily understood, it was possible to find Bartok's Concerto a music singularly provocative, a music even of fascination, and to long for further and deeper acquaintance with it—a wish seemingly unlikely of fulfilment since the ordinary virtuoso would hardly select a piece musically so austere and so unrewarding from the virtuoso-standpoint.

Last Movement Most Appealing

Of the Concerto's three movements the last, with its arresting although highly intricate rhythms, its franker thematic content, made the most immediate appeal. In the other two the thread of the composer's discourse was in general harder to follow. Hearing them it was at times as though the veil that shuts off the future had been for the moment lifted. For Bartok's idiom, so unsparingly dissonant yet withal so logically employed, must in the course of time become but a phase of the musical norm. Musical evolution points no other way.

As is Bartok's music, so is the man himself: wholly without pose or parade, much in earnest. The years with which he is credited are but 46; his hair, almost white and somewhat sparse, adds at least another 10 to his appearance. In stature he is by no means tall, in figure slight. He is grave of countenance. He plays without ostentation, but with perfect security. Quite evidently Bela Bartok has himself well in hand.

Enjoyable Contrasts

To such forbidding music a conductor must provide sufficient foil. At the end of yesterday's concert this contrast was abundantly furnished by the "Pathetic" Symphony, in its last two and today its most compelling movements superbly played.

At the beginning came the delightful Introduction and March from Rimsky-Korsakov's opera "Le Coq d'Or," heard here some eight years ago under Mr. Monteux. Yesterday's performance, a brilliant one, admirably caught the spirit of this pictorial music, Rimsky at his artfullest. Nor should the obvious pains, the unsparing diligence that conductor and orchestra had brought to bear upon Bartok's Concerto go unrecognized.

BARTOK AND HIS CONCERTO WITH RUSSIANS MATED

Trans. Feb. 15. 1928

NOTABLE DAY AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

The Composer and the Scene—Music That Arrests the Ear and Pierces the Imagination—Naked Staves in Incessant Motion — Pomps of Rimsky-Korsakov — Chaikovsky of "The Pathetic" Variously Frenzied

AT TEN MINUTES to three o'clock yesterday afternoon, there came upon the stage of Symphony Hall a middle-aged man of slender figure and medium height, walking with a quick step and a preoccupied air toward the pianoforte. His features were aquiline; his hair (in his forty-seventh year) already white; his shoulders slightly stooping as of one who bends long and often over keyboards and writing tables. He looked straight before him until, at the courteous welcome of the audience, he turned his head toward it to make the quick short bow of Central Europeans. Then the observer noted the brightness of his eyes, the sensibility of his countenance, the hint, in his half-smile, of an ironic temperament. With lithe motion, like a boy turning a corner, he slipped around the piano, and over the conductor's stand; seated himself in a pianist's chair; with scarcely a pause, with no show of fuss or feather, glanced up at Mr. Koussevitzky (who had followed him) in sign that he was ready to begin. The conductor looked down as gravely; signalled to the orchestra. From drums, brass and piano, all repressed and dour, sounded the first measures of Béla Bartók's Concerto in E; pianist, the composer.

From the first rehearsal the orchestra took a fancy to Mr. Bartók—not merely because he was generous with praise, but because he knew his business so thoroughly and was so unobtrusive with this mastery. Neither in Frankfurt nor in [York—he passed the word among [en—had his music been read so [y and surely; so clearly and sym[ically given voice. Mr. Koussevit[o less, warmed to it. The multi[rhythms, quicksilver transitions, savors, unusual colorings, stirred Through such music he delights to [t, sparing not a jot of his powers. rchestra, yesterday, answered as [ly. Nearly hidden behind the Mr. Bartók played the solo-part crisp, clean touch; bright, pene[, finely tempered tone; instant in[for rhythm; sensitive ear and hand to his place in the ensemble. Never before, probably, he Concerto been so revealingly With reason the composer turned [ful eye to the orchestra, shook the [tor's hand in honest warmth. [or the audience, while it listened [y, it applauded apprehensively, n the pause after the first move[and at the close. As soon as the rs discovered that there were r brickbats nor hisses in the air, plucked up courage, and thrice [d Mr. Bartók, finally with Mr. evitzky restraining the nervous [ser from too modest a retreat. By [natter in the lobby, the timid had [one themselves in heralding the rto as a direful disturber of the al peace. As for the "wild Hun[" alleged to have writen it, he in aspect and manner have been eadmaster of a high school in any [r New England city, shy as well unexpected compliments.

Bartók writes a universal music, [ble and played, though not so often should be, in the capitals of Europe America. He writes also a music [in Hungarian race, soil and h. He has absorbed his own land—[ok, the feel, the sound, the temper —gives it out, consciously and uncon[sly, in the notes he sets to paper. [nate before the Concerto, the few [could return some slight response in In the busy idleness of summer may have wandered the by-roads rners of Central Europe; drank the [of the countryside from the wooden [s before the taverns; stood in cor[of the village churches at the Sun[r the feast-day Mass. Walking the , they have watched the gray, black, [shot sky like a dome across the ex[e of bare plateau; looked to right [o left over empty fields with here [here a white farm house to under[the solitude. Then of a sudden [f distance unforeseen has risen from [e voices, lightening the work of day, the rude measures, sharp

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program for next week will be as follows: Handel, Concerto, F major, for strings and two wind orchestras; Stravinsky, "Oedipus Rex," opera-oratorio, text by J. Cocteau after the tragedy of "Sophocles." The orchestra will be assisted by the Harvard Glee Club, trained by Dr. Davison; Mme. Matzenauer, mezzo-soprano; Arthur Hackett, tenor; Fraser Gange, baritone; Paul Leyssac, narrator. This will be the first performance in the United States.

MUSIC OF FUTURE BY SYMPHONY

Post Feb. 18, 1926

Bartok's Concerto Is Grim; Tchaikovsky's Pathetic Welcomed

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The list of notable composers who have appeared at the Symphony concerts as conductors, performers or guests of honor grows apace. To it was added yesterday the name of Bela Bartok, the outstanding musical figure in present-day Hungary, who with the orchestra introduced to Boston his Piano Concerto, first heard at the Frankfort Festival of last summer.

GRIM AND RELENTLESS

Mr. Bartok is not a composer who seeks the applause of the multitude. His music is pervadingly grim, relentless, uncompromising, and the Concerto of yesterday is no exception. To be sure, piece and composer were applauded, but it is safe to say that these hand-clappings were probably more the recognition due a celebrity than a spontaneous expression of keen enjoyment like those which later (after the March-like third movement), broke in upon Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony and those which recalled Mr. Koussevitzky at the close of that work.

And yet for all its severities and asperities, its scorn not merely of lusciousness, but of euphony as ordinarily understood, it was possible to find Bartok's Concerto a music singularly provocative, a music even of fascination, and to long for further and deeper acquaintance with it—a wish seemingly unlikely of fulfilment since the ordinary virtuoso would hardly select a piece musically so austere and so unrewarding from the virtuoso-standpoint.

Last Movement Most Appealing

Of the Concerto's three movements the last, with its arresting although highly intricate rhythms, its franker thematic content, made the most immediate appeal. In the other two the thread of the composer's discourse was in general harder to follow. Hearing them it was at times as though the veil that shuts off the future had been for the moment lifted. For Bartok's idiom, so unsparingly dissonant yet withal so logically employed, must in the course of time become but a phase of the musical norm. Musical evolution points no other way.

As is Bartok's music, so is the man himself: wholly without pose or parade, much in earnest. The years with which he is credited are but 46; his hair, almost white and somewhat sparse, adds at least another 10 to his appearance. In stature he is by no means tall, in figure slight. He is grave of countenance. He plays without ostentation, but with perfect security. Quite evidently Bela Bartok has himself well in hand.

Enjoyable Contrasts

To such forbidding music a conductor must provide sufficient foil. At the end of yesterday's concert this contrast was abundantly furnished by the "Pathetic" Symphony, in its last two and today its most compelling movements superbly played.

At the beginning came the delightful Introduction and March from Rimsky-Korsakov's opera "Le Coq d'Or," heard here some eight years ago under Mr. Monteux. Yesterday's performance, a brilliant one, admirably caught the spirit of this pictorial music, Rimsky at his artfullest. Nor should the obvious pains, the unsparing diligence that conductor and orchestra had brought to bear upon Bartok's Concerto go unrecognized.

BARTOK AND CONCERT RUSS

Trans.

NOTABLE DAY AT CONCE

The Composer and the Arrests the Ear and nation—Naked Staves tion — Pomps of Rt Chaikovsky of "The P Frenzied

AT TEN MINUTES yesterday a came upon th phony Hall a of slender figure and walking with a quick occupied air toward the features were aquiline; forty-seventh year) alr shoulders slightly stoo who bends long and boards and writing tal straight before him un teous welcome of the au his head toward it quick short bow of Ce Then the observer note of his eyes, the sensibi tenance, the hint, in h an ironic temperament. tion, like a boy turni slipped around the pia conductor's stand; sea pianist's chair; with with no show of fuss o up at Mr. Koussevitzl lowed him) in sign th to begin. The condu as gravely; signalled From drums, brass a pressed and dour, soun ures of Béla Bartók pianist, the composer.

From the first rehe took a fancy to Mr. because he was genero because he knew his oughly and was so un mastery. Neither in New York—he passed the word among the men—had his music been read so quickly and surely; so clearly and sympathetically given voice. Mr. Koussevitzky, no less, warmed to it. The multifarious rhythms, quicksilver transitions, exotic savors, unusual colorings, stirred him. Through such music he delights to conduct, sparing not a jot of his powers. The orchestra, yesterday, answered as valiantly. Nearly hidden behind the piano, Mr. Bartók played the solo-part with crisp, clean touch; bright, penetrating, finely tempered tone; instant instinct for rhythm; sensitive ear and supple hand to his place in the whole ensemble. Never before, probably, has the Concerto been so revealingly heard. With reason the composer turned a grateful eye to the orchestra, shook the conductor's hand in honest warmth.

As for the audience, while it listened intently, it applauded apprehensively, both in the pause after the first movement and at the close. As soon as the clappers discovered that there were neither brickbats nor hisses in the air, they plucked up courage, and thrice recalled Mr. Bartók, finally with Mr. Koussevitzky restraining the nervous composer from too modest a retreat. By the chatter in the lobby, the timid had overdone themselves in heralding the Concerto as a direful disturber of the musical peace. As for the "wild Hungarian" alleged to have writen it, he might in aspect and manner have been the headmaster of a high school in any smaller New England city, shy as well under unexpected compliments.

Mr. Bartók writes a universal music, playable and played, though not so often as it should be, in the capitals of Europe and America. He writes also a music rooted in Hungarian race, soil and speech. He has absorbed his own land—the look, the feel, the sound, the temper of it—gives it out, consciously and unconsciously, in the notes he sets to paper. Fortunate before the Concerto, the few that could return some slight response in kind. In the busy idleness of summer they may have wandered the by-roads in corners of Central Europe; drank the wine of the countryside from the wooden tables before the taverns; stood in corners of the village churches at the Sunday or the feast-day Mass. Walking the roads, they have watched the gray, black, gold-shot sky like a dome across the expanse of bare plateau; looked to right and to left over empty fields with here and there a white farm house to underscore the solitude. Then of a sudden out of distance unforeseen has risen from coarse voices, lightening the work of the day, the rude measures, sharp

rhythms, uncouth intervals of a folk-song. At first the sound irritates, next excites; finally possesses.

Or as these wanderers rested before some tavern, in the modest corner and the semi-silence becoming strangers in a strange land, from a table of the native-born, well stocked with the native wine, have sounded wild whoops of song—and the swift passion, the dark brooding of it stilled every other impression. Or on Sunday, between the mottle of the candles within and the glow of the sunshine without, they have heard these same voices praising God and His Son and Mary, the Mother of Jesus, gustily from shrill throats and eager hearts. Listening more closely, in the soberer measures of the holy hymn, they have caught the old churchly modes—to them hitherto something in books or in studious imitation of an ancientry. To such listeners—and there may have been a few yesterday in Symphony Hall—Mr. Bartók's Concerto was a memory-wringing music. From it, stinging upon ears and minds, sprang these very rhythms, progressions, dissonances, modes; that piercing, winding, outflinging song, now transmuted into a music for pianoforte and orchestra across a Bostonian concert hall in the full tide of the urban season. Not often in a lifetime may they experience so acute and enthralling a sensation, like magic in the bright-eyed conjurer from these Ruralia Ungarica evoking it.

Not upon these reactions does the virtue of Mr. Bartók's Concerto depend. To recite them indeed is to set forth an intrinsic limitation haunting much more of his work. The composer must write as mind and heart prompt; but what may stir hot blood in Budapest or Bratislava may fall cold and remote in Manhattan and Boston. By purely musical quality does the Concerto give reason for being and for pleasure. The life of the music is its rhythm. Persistently, often irresistibly, it pulses. If for a moment it relaxes, at the next Mr. Bartók's implacable drums are re-asserting it. For the while another interest may possess the ear—the darkling color, the shreds of melody intertwined in unrelated keys. Again like a sword-thrust the rhythm cuts though these preoccupations; to it the ear is again a-tingling. The changes from rhythm to rhythm are incessant, but neither arbitrary nor displayful. Some inner emotion, some quickening impulse, directs them—not to be gathered in a single hearing of a strange music and a rare temperament. Again the measures seem to beat out a kind of rhythmic counterpoint, also discoverable, though it be blasphemy to write as much, in the music of Mr. Gershwin who has many different keys, sing-voiced, with a delicate insinuating melancholy agination. For once the s, briefly but tenderly. ame slow movement, the the percussion instru-s solo-voices, often with persuades and fascinates here the orchestra sudden-sharp outburst as quickly y the transfusion of the ngarian folk-song into a concert-hall. Or the piano ssession and whips out its h the penetrating shrillness muted—of the peasant voices. s Mr. Bartók's tonal color-and austere. Through page the harmonies pucker upon r yet once more with fascin-d. There are jets of feeling erverse sensuousness of the gular tenderness, an instant hen the leap of the rhythm ood has flared away. Gaunt forward drives the music.

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The other pieces of the afternoon gave far more pleasure to the audience. Mr. Koussevitzky preceded the Concerto with the orchestral introduction to Rimsky-Korsakov's opera, "The Golden Cockerel," and the March that is burlesque pageant-music to the royal progress of besotted old King Dodon and his Orient-queen. Incidentally, freaks attend them. The introduction dresses a few scant motivs with the riches of Rimsky's harmonies and timbres in his later years; evokes his piping mockeries of old legend, the sensuous curve and thrill of his spiralling melody from the East. The March drives rhythms harder and harder, piles sonority upon sonority; swells finally into tumid burlesque. In sum, music of the theater; across the concert-hall opulent, urgent, glowing.

The conductor followed the Concerto with his intensive and Slavic version of Chaikovsky's "Pathetic Symphony," unmatched hereabouts in these days and with an orchestra become his very voice and image. Suffice it to say, on the one hand, that the audience added to the frenzies of the march-movement, its own unrestrainable fervors of applause. On the other, that Mr. Koussevitzky draws from the deeper pages of the Symphony the "lamentation large et souffrance inconnue," which some profess to discover therein. Nowhere does the conductor debase the composer to the mere tonal twiddler, in public and for music-making, of a neurotic temperament. By so much there is light and leading. . . . For the insatiable devourers of music wrested from the bowels of our own time, Bartók was the day.

H. T. P.

BARTOK SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Hungarian Composer in His New Concerto

Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic Symphony" Brilliantly Performed

Bela Bartok, distinguished Hungarian composer, now making his first visit to the United States, played the piano part in his new concerto as soloist at yesterday's Symphony concert. Mr Bartok's music proved original and powerful. An unusually brilliant per-

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Bartok, a small, delicately-built ith finely modeled features, has race of the vanity and ostenta-the usual virtuoso pianist. His lf-possession and the extraordi-till with which he played were thy.

Bartok concerto is one of the nteresting and important new presented here in recent sea-The composer is not one of the sts who delight in annoying tive listeners. He interweaves uses what seems to most ears ssonance, and startling per-ffects, goes, in short, his own ically without regard to con-and traditions.

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melodies in as many different keys, sing-
ing at first low-voiced, with a delicate
acerbity, an insinuating melancholy
piercing the imagination. For once the
composer lingers, briefly but tenderly.
Through this same slow movement, the
soft pulsing of the percussion instru-
ments, often as solo-voices, often with
subtle accents, persuades and fascinates
the ear. Elsewhere the orchestra sudden-
ly lunges into sharp outburst as quickly
stilled—possibly the transfusion of the
whoops of Hungarian folk-song into a
music of the concert-hall. Or the piano
takes brief possession and whips out its
measures with the penetrating shrillness
—again transmuted—of the peasant voices.
Almost always Mr. Bartók's tonal color-
ing is sombre and austere. Through page
upon page, the harmonies pucker upon
the ear, bitter yet once more with fascin-
ation haunted. There are jets of feeling
—a queer perverse sensuousness of the
mind, an angular tenderness, an instant
brooding. Then the leap of the rhythm
—and the mood has flared away. Gaunt
and rasping, forward drives the music.

Like or dislike the Concerto, think
upon it or push it away, it remains the
expression of a singular mind, tempera-
ment and skill, moving athwart an ab-
sorbed and pervasive background. The
staves are not charged with thought.
They release hardly an emotion as the
word goes with the romantic composers.
They are as strange to the luminous mat-
ter, the gracious forms, the lyric im-
petus that it is the custom to label clas-
sic. Rather call the Concerto a music
of intensive motion, beat after beat of
rhythm; a music of swift impulses dart-
ing across the creative mind; a music
that wills its bareness because it would
strip itself to the stinging quick. It is
also the music of a composer who finds
his means where he will, applies them as
he will, for no other reason than their fit-
ness to his designing and expressive pur-
pose. Mr. Bartók is an "ist" of all kinds
and of none—modernist, atonalist, chrom-
aticist, what the hearer will. Above and
beyond the sects, the theorists and the
"show-offs" he remains a maker of music
who would release the spirit within him,
choosing by his own lights the achieving
means, bearing witness to the environ-
ment into which fate has cast him. In
no musical time have such abounded.
surely no Hungarian prepossessions. The
life of music is its beat and motion. Mr.
Bartók's Concerto rarely relaxes them.

There is much else to arrest the ear, to
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Globe — Feb. 15, 1928

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Symphony" and two brief excerpts
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Coq d'Or" filled the rest of the concert.

Although Bartok's reputation as one
of the foremost of living composers is
now firmly established, Boston has
heard but little of his music. A few
piano pieces, an early string quartet
and a dance suite for orchestra are
the only items from the long list of his
works which have been performed in
Boston prior to yesterday's concerto.
One wonders at this neglect of the
music of so notable a man, and hopes
to hear much more Bartok in future
years.

The concerto heard yesterday was
produced at the Frankfort Festival last
July. It was announced and with-
drawn on account of insufficient re-
hearsal time by both the New York
Philharmonic and the Philadelphia
Orchestras earlier in the present sea-
son. The first American performance
was given last Monday in New York
by the Cincinnati Orchestra. The
rhythmic complexities of the music
exact a great deal from both pianist
and orchestra.

Mr Bartok, a small, delicately-built
man, with finely modeled features, has
not a trace of the vanity and ostenta-
tion of the usual virtuoso pianist. His
quiet self-possession and the extraordi-
nary skill with which he played were
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The Bartok concerto is one of the
most interesting and important new
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conservative listeners. He interweaves
rhythms, uses what seems to most ears
harsh dissonance, and startling per-
cussion effects, goes, in short, his own
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ventions and traditions.

In the popular music of Hungary, of
which he has long been a careful stu-
dent, he has found scales other than
the too familiar major and minor,
which he uses in producing strange,
yet beautiful themes. He has solved
the problem, always a stumbling
block in the past, of making a solo
pianoforte blend with an orchestra,
with a skill almost uncanny. He dis-
penses in the slow movement with the
strings in the orchestra. Throughout
his use of the percussion instruments,
suggested presumably by Hungarian
peasant orchestras, is original.

The texture of Bartok's music is
coherent. Its emotional and dramatic
power comes largely from his mastery
of the architecture of music. He
builds up his piece measure by meas-
ure, page by page, always with the
whole composition in mind. He writes
with the sincerity, authority and
imaginative power of a master, not
with the perverse freakishness of the
clever youth seeking to startle the

conventional bourgeois listener. The audience, however, seemed rather baffled by the genuine originality of Bartok. There was cordial and prolonged applause, but it almost all came from a small minority of those present.

Mr Koussevitzky strove to make the introduction and march from "Le Coq d'Or" barbaric, oriental, magnificent. A rather turgid performance won hearty applause. Why play scraps from well-known operas at these concerts? If these Russian operatic excerpts deserve to be heard there, so do many a familiar page from Gounod, Massenet, Verdi and Puccini. These things are best saved for the Pops.

The reading of Tchaikovsky's symphony was the finest one remembers hearing. Mr Koussevitzky excels in such music, and yesterday the orchestra surpassed itself. Yet the insistent reiterated commonplace of most of the music, particularly after the beautifully wrought concerto of Bartok, was annoying.

Next week Stravinsky's opera-oratorio "Oedipus Rex" will be performed for the first time in America, with the assistance of the Harvard Glee Club and distinguished soloists. The only other number announced is a Concerto Grosso by Handel. P. R.

Béla Bartók Plays His Piano Concerto in Boston

Monitor Feb. 16. 1928

On the sixteenth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra season, played yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston, the principal item was the new Piano Concerto of Béla Bartók, with the composer at the piano. The only previous performance of this concerto in America was that by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Reiner conducting, in New York on Jan. 13. The work was produced at the Frankfort Festival last year. It already has been commented on twice in these columns.

Among contemporary compositions this concerto is conspicuous for its restraint. Its careful avoidance of anything that might resemble romantic beauty, either melodic or harmonic, its rhythmic restlessness, its introduction of four themes sounding simultaneously in four different keys—these are no more than was to be expected of a composer writing in the third quarter of the twentieth century. Its employment of folk tunes based on the ancient modes is characteristic of its author, but not of him alone among the composers of southeastern Europe. Its percussive pulsations connote the primitive, its gamy harmonies the modernist sophistication. But it never assaults the ear; that is its individual mark.

Bartók's choice of the concerto form for his latest work obviously does not imply a "return" to classicism. For if this work does not scream at the hearer, neither does it curtsey to him. Here is no grace, no charm, no amiability. One does not listen with a feeling of comfort. Underneath the forced calm of the music surges unmistakably a volcanic fury. This never breaks out, but one never knows when it will. There is more of Beethoven than of Mozart in the Bartók concerto. But it is chiefly Bartók.

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OUT OF HUNGARY THE WILD MUSIC OF BELA BARTOK

TO BOSTON COMES A REMARKABLE VISITOR

A Composer Whose Work Is Like No Other's—Nationalist, Modernist, Individualist — Early Backgrounds — The Wanderings and the Folk-Pieces—Later Phases

ON Friday afternoon and Saturday evening the audience at the Symphony Concerts will behold in the flesh one of the most remarkable personalities in the musical world of our time—no less a personage than Béla Bartók, the eminent Hungarian composer, a modernist of modernists, who is also, they say, a pianist of parts. He comes among us to play, for the second time in America, his new concerto for piano, and to make us better acquainted, no doubt, with his personality as a composer, pianist and lecturer—for this brilliant Magyar has more than one string to his bow.

Béla Bartók, a small, slight man, prematurely gray (he is not yet forty-seven), looks like the most retiring of tonal pacifists, and writes music unequaled in our day for harsh austerity and brutal strength. For this gentle little man, with the face of translucent sensibility and the quiet modesty of bearing, is one of the hard-boiled Neo-Primitives of contemporary music, one of that strange clan of sophisticated tonal cavemen whose parent was the Stravinsky of "Le Sacre du Printemps," although Bartók has gone far beyond that once forbidding score in his unyielding attitude toward the soft pleadings of Euterpe. His music, in the later phase of the Concerto, exhibits an intellectual and imaginative integrity, a stylistic coherence, a ferocious honesty, beside which the music of Stravinsky, engrossing and remarkable though it often is, seems vacillating, derivative and unintegrated. For all its apparent harshness of exterior, this is music of wild beauty —a beauty often somber, bitter, puckering, but beauty none the less; music of brooding, a strange tenderness, of ordinary power.

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Bartók—continues Mr. Lawrence Gilman, writing in the New York Herald Tribune and in the program-book of the Philadelphia Orchestra—is a complex and many-faceted personality, and his music has never been an easy nut for audiences to crack. Bartók has not only grown progressively audacious in the weaving of dissonantial textures—at a certain point the impending Concerto combines four themes in four different keys—he has become correspondingly more austere and angular and uncouth. There was a note of sensuousness in his earlier music; the harsh and sharp exterior was not without aberrations of charm and sweetness. In his time, he has also been a sharp-edged musical wit, a comedic ironist. He was not only a poet, a revolutionist in his art, but a satirical humorist, a master of grotesquerie.

The Bartók of today is still a poet, still a lover of grotesquerie; but these moods become less and less characteristic of his procedure. His speech is graver, sterner, harsher than it was. The native wildness, the peasant rudeness with its odd flavor of sophisticated subtlety, are grim even in phases of unbuttoned and riotous exuberance. The rankness of an immemorial soil, saturated with a dozen conflicting influences, permeates the music of this modern and richly cultivated primitive, who has traversed the styles of Brahms and Strauss and Debussy and Stravinsky, and has landed at last in the welcoming arms of his ancient Hungarian forebears. For in Bartók's music of today we have what is virtually a recrudescence of the spirit of the Magyar folk-music of centuries ago.

Bartók and his compatriot Kodály have demonstrated to us by their researches that the genuine traditional folk-music of Hungary is a far different thing from the comparatively modern gipsy-music exploited by Liszt and by popularizers much less admirable than he. And Bartók at least has steeped his own compositions in the somberness and wildness of this ancient, authentic music of the Hungarian peasantry, which derives largely from the old ecclesiastical modes, and betrays surprising affiliations with the rhythmic peculiarities of the age of Bach and Handel—this authentically Hungarian music which is as different from the showy "Hungarianism" of Liszt as soil and sun are different from tinsel and footlights. Thus the past of his nation lives again in Bartók, amazingly sophisticated and metamorphosed, but charged with the old power and raciness and savor.

PASTE OVER

187

Bartók's life has not been striking
exterior eventfulness. His father, di
tor of an agricultural school and a g
amateur musician, died when the
was eight, and Bartók's mother
obliged to seek her living as a teache
the elementary schools. Young B
went with her to various parts of H
gary, and so laid the foundations of
later knowledge of the folkways of
people. His mother had given him
first music-lessons at the age of six.
the age of nine he began to comp
small piano-pieces, and in his tenth y
he appeared in public as pianist and c
poser. Two years later he and
mother settled in Bratislava (Pressbu
the most musically enlightened of
Hungarian cities of that period. Th
he studied the piano, heard much mu
orchestral, operatic, chamber, stee
himself in the classics and in Brah
and wrote music of his own, which, w
ly they say, he has never published.

In 1899, at the age of eighteen, Bar
left Bratislava and, upon the advice
Dohnányi (his senior by four years) w
to Budapest and entered the Royal H
garian Musical Academy. There he
mained until 1903. During this period
escaped from the suffocating embra
of his former idol, Brahms; turned
comfort to Liszt and Wagner; fo
them dust and ashes; with a glad sh
discovered Richard Strauss. But h
like Zarathustra, Bartók found only
lusion, and he reverted, oddly enough
Liszt. "When at the Budapest Acaden
he has said, "I did not realize the
nificance of Liszt's work with regard
the further evolution of music; I s
nothing but the externals. After 190
was fascinated for awhile by Stra
whose 'Zarathustra' impressed me
foundly. But I soon reverted to Li
and, studying his music afresh, especi
the less known works, such as the '
nées de Pélerinage,' the 'Harmo
Poétiques et Religieuses,' the 'Fa
Symphony,' the 'Danse Macabre'
others, I was led to discover, bey
many externals for which I had l
liking, the very gist of the matter
understood at last Liszt's true sig
cance. I acknowledged in him a ge
far greater than Wagner's or Strauss

Shortly after this Bartók's atten
was drawn to the study of Hunga
folk-music. Desperately poor, sustai
only by a scholarship that he had la
won, he started out in 1905 upon a de
mined investigation of the music of
race. It is said that while spendin
week with a friend in the country
heard a servant singing at work a t

quite different from the hybrid gypsy airs which pass as currency for Magyar music in Hungary and elsewhere. "He managed to conceal himself, and, day after day, while the servant worked, he recorded a number of songs whose primitive character he at once recognized. With this impetus he embarked on a tour that lasted over two years, as long as his money held out. While on his journeys among the peasants he met Kodály, who had set out on a similar task of research. Without previous inkling of each other's aims they proceeded together, recording the ancient songs of the Magyars in that compilation which has since become famous.

"It was an heroic task, far more taxing than that of other explorers in folk-music. For it should be understood that no people on earth are as unmusical as the Magyars. Meeting in a convivial spirit they do not sing; they whoop it up. No one in Hungary has ever heard peasants singing quietly, much less in harmony. Each voice improvises its own variations. Every air is differently interpreted by different people. It requires a rare knack indeed, and courageous labor, to trace one's way through this muddle of melody."

Bartók investigated with indomitable enthusiasm not only the folk-music of the Magyar peasantry, but also the music belonging to the Roumanian and Slovak regions. "The genuine Hungarian peasant music," he has written, "was all but unknown at that time. A store of peasant music was unearthed, out of which several thousand melodies were noted down within a few years, a collection of immense musical value. In the most valuable part of it, the oldest Hungarian peasant melodies, the material was at last discovered that was destined to serve as the foundation for a renaissance of Hungarian art music. The appropriate use of this folk-song material is not, of course, limited to the sporadic introduction of imitation of these old melodies, or to the arbitrary thematic use of them in works of foreign or international tendencies. It is rather a matter of absorbing the means of musical expression hidden in this treasury of folktunes, just as the most subtle possibilities of any language may be assimilated. It is necessary for the composer to command this musical language so completely that it becomes the natural expression of his own musical ideas."

Bartók had accepted the post of piano-teacher at the Royal Hungarian Musical Academy in 1907, but he relinquished this position in 1912 in order to devote himself to composition and to continue the study of folk-music. The war put an end to his expeditions outside his own land. "Cut off as he was from the outer world," writes Kodály of his colleague, "and living in a country where desperate conditions prevailed, he became more and more reserved, more of a recluse." It was not until 1917 that Bartók's countrymen awoke to the fact that they possessed one of the most extraordinary of contemporary music-makers. The production at the Budapest Opera House in that year of his ballet-pantomime, "The Wooden Prince" (composed in 1914-'15), brought him immediate recognition; and in 1918 the citizens of Budapest, proceeding backward through Bartók's works, discovered and performed his earlier one-act opera, "Bluebeard's Castle" (composed in 1911). But the new generation of music-loving Hungarians received his later works also with enthusiasm. In 1922 Bartók visited England, and stirred up there a thick cloud of controversial dust. In America his advent is consequential. There is reason to suspect that the music of this retiring little man, who looks like a struggling poet with a bad case of inferiority, is one of the major products of modern art.

Bartok's Creed

The Faith of a Composer Who Has Been Uncompromisingly Himself

I BELIEVE that I should hold to tonality, in spite of earlier tendencies to the contrary. I do not care to subscribe to any of the accepted contemporary musical tendencies, for instance those which may be considered as objectively impersonal, or consisting of a solely polyphonic or solely homophonic nature. My ideal is a well measured balance of these elements. I cannot conceive of music that expresses absolutely nothing.

I consider it inadvisable to devote oneself rigidly to a certain definite tendency in music, so that one becomes dominated by set rules. This attitude of mine is dictated in part by a natural reaction against any outcropping of "romanticism," which too is an exaggerated form of a definite tendency. [As quoted in Musical America

COMPOSER PLAYS OVER WBZ TONIGHT

Herald ——— Feb. 16, 1928

Bela Bartok Appears with Boston Symphony Orchestra

Bela Bartok, leading Hungarian composer and pianist, will play the solo part in his concerto for piano and orchestra which is to have its first performance by the Boston Symphony Orchestra this evening over WBZ-WBZA. Serge Koussevitzky will conduct the concert. The program opening at 8:10 is presented by courtesy of W. S. Quinby.

Bartok's concerto received enthusiastic acclamation when it was introduced at the International Music Festival in Frankfort last June. The composer was born at Nagyszentmiklos, Hungary, in 1881. His early musical education was directed by his mother, who later gave him into the care of Laszlo Erkel at Pressburg.

Tschaikovsky's sixth or Pathetique Symphony, which the composer regarded as his greatest achievement, and the most popular of the larger Russian orchestral works, will follow intermission, occupying the entire second section of the program. The introduction and march from "Le Coq d'Or," Rimsky-Korsakov's opera, will complete the 14th concert in the present Quinby series.

Aidan Redmond, chief announcer of WBZ-WBZA, will conduct the radio presentation, the technical direction of which is in charge of G. William Lang.

Opportunity

Mr. Koussevitzky, the Symphony Orchestra and Bartok's Concerto

PLAINLY the hour of the Boston Orchestra has struck. Bartok, the eminent Hungarian composer—illustrious figure in the music of this immediate time—is making a round, as guest, of the principal orchestras in the United States. Last week the Philharmonic Society of New York bade him to a pair of concerts. At them Bartok wished to play the piano-part in the concerto, recently composed, which he believes his most mature and characteristic work. Mr. Mengelberg and the orchestra found it too difficult to prepare in a few rehearsals and put it by. Instead, Bartok played the piano-part in a Rhapsody from his youngest years. Next week, he will be guest of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Again he proposed the piano-concerto; again it was declined as beyond the powers of an orchestra that Mr. Stokowski used to lead from conquest to conquest. On a second occasion the composer will play a substituted piece.

At the concerts of March 2 and 3, Bartok will be guest of the Boston Orchestra with the piano-concerto, in all probability, still in his portfolio. At last, however, unless precedent goes by the board, he will find responsive hosts. The Boston Orchestra is able to prepare the concerto and free to rehearse it until it is ready for performance. No conductor is keener than Mr. Koussevitzky for the notable music of this day, while Bartok's concerto is undeniably such. When it sounds across Symphony Hall, conductor and orchestra will once more affirm a prestige re-established. And before the piano will sit the modest, simple-minded, gentle-spoken Hungarian who wonders why a piece that Frankfort heard, played and applauded readily enough last June, should daunt the "great" orchestras of New York and Philadelphia. H. T. P.

Illustrious Guests

Bartok Comes to America and to Boston

THE MOMENT is ripe to hail a distinguished visitor. Last evening in New York, at the concert of the Philharmonic Society, Belá Bartok, Hungarian composer, modernist in musical faith and practice, pianist in his own pieces, was heard in person for the first time in America. Yesterday afternoon, word came from Symphony Hall that he will be guest of the Boston Orchestra at its concerts of March 2 and 3. He will then play the piano-part in his own recent concerto, which Mr. Mengelberg put by in New York as too exacting for hasty preparation. In all probability one or another of Bartok's symphonic pieces will also stand on the program.

A winter that brings Ravel from the elder composers, brings Bartok from the generation next behind. The man and the composer is rooted in his native Hungarian soil; from its folk-music upsprings his own. His orchestral pieces, his string-quartets, his pages in every genre, are alive with rhythm; written at white-hot intensity, often with breathless brevity; sparing no necessary violences, stark and sinewy, with accents and in colors all his own. As yet Boston has heard little of Bartok's work—a string-quartet or two; one orchestral piece from Mr. Koussevitzky; occasional items in pianists' recitals. There is reason to hear more, since in it speaks a puissant and highly individualized composer, an illustrious figure in the music of our time, with Stravinsky and Schoenberg changing its shape, substance, sound. Simple and modest, Bartok asks no honors. The more should he receive them.

H. T. P.

Seventeenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 24, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 25, at 8.15 o'clock

Handel . . . Concerto Grosso No. 5 in D major for String Orchestra (Edited by G. F. Kogel)

Solo Violins: R. BURGIN, J. THEODOROWICZ
Solo Viola: J. LEFRANC Solo Violoncello: J. BEDETTI

I. Introduction; Allegro.
II. Presto.
III. Largo.
V. Allegro.

Stravinsky . "Œdipus Rex," Opera Oratorio in Two Acts (Text by J. Cocteau, after the Drama of Sophocles)
(First time in America)

Œdipus . . } ARTHUR HACKETT, Tenor
The Shepherd }
Jocasta . . . MARGARET MATZENAUER, Mezzo-Soprano
Creon . . . }
Tiresias . . } FRASER GANGE, Baritone
The Messenger }
Speaker . . . *PAUL LEYSSAC
Chorus . . . THE HARVARD GLEE CLUB,
DR. ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON, Conductor

PROLOGUE: Speaker

Act I.

Œdipus; Chorus
Speaker
Creon; Œdipus
Speaker
Chorus; Tiresias; Œdipus

Act II.

Speaker
Jocasta; Œdipus
Speaker
Chorus; Messenger; Shepherd; Œdipus
Epilogue; Speaker; Messenger; Chorus

There will be an intermission after the first act of Stravinsky's "Œdipus Rex"

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

*By courtesy of Miss Eva Le Gallienne, Civic Repertory Theatre, New York

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

Opportunity

Mr. Koussevitzky, the Symphony Orchestra and Bartok's Concerto

PLAINLY the hour of the Boston Orchestra has struck. Bartok, the eminent Hungarian composer—illustrious figure in the music of this immediate time—is making a round, as guest, of the principal orchestras in the United States. Last week the Philharmonic Society of New York bade him to a pair of concerts. At them Bartok wished to play the piano-part in the concerto, recently composed, which he believes his most mature and characteristic work. Mr. Mengelberg and the orchestra found it too difficult to prepare in a few rehearsals and put it by. Instead, Bartok played the piano-part in a Rhapsody from his youngest years. Next week, he will be guest of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Again he proposed the piano-concerto; again it was declined as beyond the powers of an orchestra that Mr. Stokowski used to lead from conquest to conquest. On a second occasion the composer will play a substituted piece.

At the concerts of March 2 and 3, Bartok will be guest of the Boston Orchestra with the piano-concerto, in all probability, still in his portfolio. At last, however, unless precedent goes by the board, he will find responsive hosts. The Boston Orchestra is able to prepare the concerto and free to rehearse it until it is ready for performance. No conductor is keener than Mr. Koussevitzky for the notable music of this day, while Bartok's concerto is undeniably such. When it sounds across Symphony Hall, conductor and orchestra will once more affirm a prestige re-established. And before the piano will sit the modest, simple-minded, gentle-spoken Hungarian who wonders why a piece that Frankfort heard, played and applauded readily enough last June, should daunt the "great" orchestras of New York and Philadelphia. H. T. P.

Illustrious Guests

Bartok Comes to America and to Boston

THE MOMENT is ripe to hail a distinguished visitor. Last evening in New York, at the concert of the Philharmonic Society, Belá Bartok, Hungarian composer, modernist in musical faith and practice, pianist in his own pieces, was heard in person for the first time in America. Yesterday afternoon, word came from Symphony Hall that he will be guest of the Boston Orchestra at its concerts of March 2 and 3. He will then play the piano-part in his own recent concerto, which Mr. Mengelberg put by in New York as too exacting for hasty preparation. In all probability one or another of Bartok's symphonic pieces will also stand on the program.

A winter that brings Ravel from the elder composers, brings Bartok from the generation next behind. The man and the composer is rooted in his native Hungarian soil; from its folk-music upsprings his own. His orchestral pieces, his string-quartets, his pages in every genre, are alive with rhythm; written at white-hot intensity, often with breathless brevity; sparing no necessary violences, stark and sinewy, with accents and in colors all his own. As yet Boston has heard little of Bartok's work—a string-quartet or two; one orchestral piece from Mr. Koussevitzky; occasional items in pianists' recitals. There is reason to hear more, since in it speaks a puissant and highly individualized composer, an illustrious figure in the music of our time, with Stravinsky and Schoenberg changing its shape, substance, sound. Simple and modest, Bartok asks no honors. The more should he receive them.

H. T. P.

Seventeenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 24, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 25, at 8.15 o'clock

Handel . . . Concerto Grosso No. 5 in D major for String Orchestra (Edited by G. F. Kogel)

Solo Violins: R. BURGIN, J. THEODOROWICZ
Solo Viola: J. LEFRANC
Solo Violoncello: J. BEDETTI

I. Introduction; Allegro.
II. Presto.
III. Largo.
V. Allegro.

Stravinsky . "Œdipus Rex," Opera Oratorio in Two Acts (Text by J. Cocteau, after the Drama of Sophocles)
(First time in America)

Œdipus . . } ARTHUR HACKETT, Tenor
The Shepherd }
Jocasta . . . MARGARET MATZENAUER, Mezzo-Soprano
Creon . . . }
Tiresias . . } FRASER GANGE, Baritone
The Messenger }
Speaker . . . *PAUL LEYSSAC
Chorus . . . THE HARVARD GLEE CLUB,
DR. ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON, Conductor

PROLOGUE: Speaker

Act I.

Œdipus; Chorus
Speaker
Creon; Œdipus
Speaker
Chorus; Tiresias; Œdipus

Act II.

Speaker
Jocasta; Œdipus
Speaker
Chorus; Messenger; Shepherd; Œdipus
Epilogue; Speaker; Messenger; Chorus

There will be an intermission after the first act of Stravinsky's "Œdipus Rex"

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

*By courtesy of Miss Eva Le Gallienne, Civic Repertory Theatre, New York

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

MARGARET MATZENAUER
Prima-Donna Contralto
Metropolitan Opera Company

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'OEDIPUS REX' IN SYMPHONY HALL

Herald — Feb. 25. 1928

Orchestra Gives Splendid Performance of Stravinsky's Work

CONCERT WILL BE REPEATED TONIGHT

By PHILIP HALE

Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex," an opera oratorio in two acts, text by Jean Cocteau in French, translated into Latin by J. Danielou, was performed for the first time in this country yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, Mme. Matzenauer, mezzo-soprano, Arthur Hackett, tenor, Fraser Gange, baritone, the Harvard Glee Club, which had been trained by its conductor, Dr. Davison. The text of the Narrator was spoken by Paul Leyssac through the courtesy of Eva La Gallienne, director of the Civic Repertory Theatre, New York.

This extraordinary composition was composed in 1926-27. The first performance was at an entertainment of Diaghilev's Ballet Russe, at the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt, Paris, on May 30, 1927. That performance was wholly inadequate, according to the testimony of those who heard it. The chorus was like the conies mentioned in Holy Writ, a feeble folk; the tenor who took the part of Oedipus was grossly incompetent; Mr. Stravinsky made the mistake of conducting his work.

Cocteau based his story on the tragedy of Sophocles. Stravinsky, who had in his head the idea of an opera in Greek, decided that Greek is a "too dead" language and is bady pronounced, so he decided on Latin. Is it not possible that he thought his opera-oratorio would thus find a public in countries where French would not be so easy for singers? The words of the Narrator he kept in French. It is the task of this Narrator to remind step by step the audience of the old tragedy; "to spare you from straining your ears and cudgelling your brains." It may here be said that Mr. Leyssac yesterday in the performance of this task was dramatic without being unduly theatrical. His mere statement of facts as well as his declamation, more impassioned, as the horror of the story unfolded itself, was, indeed, eloquent.

Strange to say, librettist and composer chose an intensely dramatic theme for a concert work that, wholly without action, as far as the eye is concerned, is sung by the characters without the aid of scenery and costumes. The action was to be in the music itself, but not in operatic form. Stravinsky had been fascinated, as Andre Coeuroy puts it, by "the ideal of static art" attained in the great oratorios of Handel. It is hardly necessary to add that Stravinsky did not write in 1926-27 with Handelian formulas in mind. Although with the two of them harmony is more important than counterpoint in arriving at this ideal, the aria, pathetic or florid, was not for Stravinsky's characters. He adopted for the most part a singular form of recitative, not bald and prosaic; at times almost venturing into the arioso; not avoiding now and then cadenza-like measures. Only for Jocasta did he give a semblance of what was once known as the aria of the grand style; only for her did he invent melodic figures, as melody is understood by the people. It would seem that for other characters he had chiefly in view the declamatory sentences of the Italians in the early years of operas.

And in his choice of this style, Stravinsky was artistically far-seeing. To have given set arias, traditional duets to the chief singers would have cheapened tragedy, even it it had not brought undue attention to the characters as singers, not as the playthings of the gods on high. Here was no room for melodious, sensuous strains for measures of dazzling brilliance. So, too, with the music for the chorus—from its wild appeal to Oedipus, to the sorrowful expulsion of the once-loved King from the city he had freed from the danger of the Sphinx; so, too, with the orchestration, which, without extravagance, but by choice of instruments, by strange coloring, produced when necessary a peculiarly sinister effect, followed the despair of the people. The questioning, the awful revelation, the final tragedy.

In this work we find another Stravinsky from the man that having composed the barbaric "Sacredu Printemps" made the experiment of "going back to Bach." To us this "Oedipus Rex" is Stravinsky's greatest work in the conception of the whole piece, in the continuity and crescendo of horrified interest, in effects of detail, in the classic simplicity of the ending. There are pages that incite immediate admiration—the music that accompanies the entrance and first speech of Creon

the muttering chorus, curious yet in dread of answer; the jubilant welcome of the appearing Jocasta; her rebuke of the contending princes and contempt for oracles; the music for the Messenger, the chorus of expulsion, in short the whole of the second act. How incisive the musically dramatic strokes! Stravinsky's greatest composition? Is it not more than this? Is it not the most important work that has appeared since "Pelleas et Melisande"? The old form of opera with its conventionalities, its formulas, its absurdities is passing. Will the successor be in the form of ballet-opera, or will composers look toward Stravinsky as the forerunner of those who, taking courage, will profit by his example?

Mr. Koussevitzky should be heartily thanked for acquainting the audience with this superbly tragic work. The difficulties in performance are great and unusual; they were largely overcome. Praise is due the chorus, which had been well prepared by Dr. Davison. Mme. Matzenauer, mistress of the music, knowing it without the need of the printed page, was dramatic not only through her glorious voice, but by her natural and trained intelligence. Mr. Hackett's task was not an easy one; but is his the voice for the King Oedipus? Did he know the soul of the proud, perturbed solver of riddles, driven to self-torture, madness? Mr. Gange, often sang with due effect, but for the music of Tiresias a true bass would have furnished a needed contrast.

The concert opened with Handel's Concerto Grosso No. 5 in D major for strings, an excellent prelude to the "Oedipus Rex"; noble music of Handel, nobly conducted, nobly played.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week: Walton, Sinfonia Concertante, for orchestra and piano (Mr. Zighera, pianist). Prokofieff, Scythian Suite. Brahms, Symphony No. 1, C minor.

NOTES and LINES

By PHILIP HALE

Stravinsky's opera-oratorio "Oedipus Rex" will be performed at the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra this week. This will be the first performance in the United States of the remarkable work.

It was produced in Paris by Diaghilev's Ballet Russe on May 30, 1927. The performance was said to be a poor one. The chorus and the tenor who took the part of Oedipus were inadequate, according to report; Stravinsky was not an authoritative conductor. The public naturally expected to see something in the nature of a ballet—Stravinsky's "Fire Bird" was also performed—and when it saw singers seated on the stage dressed as for a concert, many in the audience left in bad humor.

Jean Cocteau prepared in French a libretto based on the tragedy of Sophocles. Stravinsky thought at first of having the text in Greek, but as he feared for the pronunciation, the French of Cocteau was translated into Latin by a more or less ingenious Frenchman. And so chorus and the singers who take the parts of Oedipus, Creon, Tiresias, the Messenger, the Shepherd and Jocasta sing in Latin while a narrator speaks in French. It is the task of this narrator to tell the audience what it may expect to hear. He speaks in the prologue and at intervals in the course of the drama. He begins:

"Ladies and gentlemen: You are going to have a version of 'Oedipus Rex,' Oedipus the King. It is in Latin. That you may be spared the effort of using your ears and cudgelling your brains, and as this opera-oratorio does not offer anything more than a monumental generalization of the story, it is my purpose to remind you, step by step, of the tragedy as Sophocles wrote it.

"Not knowing it, Oedipus is at loggerheads with the Powers that constantly observe us from the other side of death. From the moment of his birth they have been busy in preparing a snare for him; you will presently see him caught in it. Here is the drama: Thebes is in an evil plight. First the Sphinx, then the Pestilence. The Chorus entreats Oedipus to save the city. He has already overcome the Sphinx. Oedipus gives his promise."

Would a Narrator in Boston find the audience ignorant of the horrible story of unconscious parricide and incest?

The tragedy has already been performed here three times: in Greek with George Riddle as Oedipus and with John K. Paine's music; in the French version by Lacrois when Mounet-Sully and his company were seen, in 1894—music by Membree; Gilbert Murray's translation was produced by Martin Harvey at the Boston Opera House late in 1923 with music by Hudson and Nilson.

Widely differing opinions have been expressed about the merits of Stravinsky's work. Leading French critics have pronounced it to be the most important of all his compositions. Others who have before this recognized the great talent of Stravinsky find "Oedipus Rex" a "paradoxical" work in which "the pleasing formulas of the old opera give rise directly to a species of religious emotion, where the sublimity of the subject comes less from itself than from the genius of the composer who treats it almost without respect."

The recitatives and airs of Oedipus, Creon, Tiresias and the others are interrupted by the male chorus. This chorus will be the Harvard Glee Club, which has been rehearsed by its conductor, Dr. Davison. The solo singers will be Arthur Hackett, Fraser Gange and Mme. Matzenauer. The words of the Narrator will be spoken by Paul Leyssac, one of Eva Le Gallienne's Repertory Theatre company, who is known not only as an actor, but as the admirable translator into French of stories by Hans Christian Andersen.

As it has been said by those close to Stravinsky that he is greatly impressed by Handel, by the oratorio form, "in lyric creations based on dramatic subjects in which the action never hinders the musical development," it is meet and proper that the only work to be on the program with "Oedipus Rex" is by Handel: his Concerto for strings and two bands of wind instruments.

If Stravinsky had known that his "Oedipus" would be performed in Boston he might have taken for his libretto the translation into Irish written by the Rev. Dr. P. Browne of Maynooth, published there by the League of St. Columba. The translation is in blank verse, "in Gaelic—the most rhymeful (if the word is permissible) of languages."

"Œdipus Rex" Given in Boston

By L. A. SLOPER

WHERE Stravinsky is heading has been one of the preoccupations of music lovers for some years now. One cannot lightly, at the age of 30, set the musical world by the ears; it is difficult thereafter to maintain the position thus achieved. Some of Stravinsky's faithful admirers profess to see that his course throughout has been steadily progressive. But to many of us, since the "Noces," he has appeared to be wandering somewhat aimlessly, perhaps in bewilderment, now this way, now that, but always in the general direction of the rear.

Naturally, everybody is interested in his last latest work. "Œdipus Rex," it had been hoped, would furnish the clue, so long awaited, to its composer's aims. This "opera oratorio," first produced in Paris by M. Diaghileff last spring, had its first American performance at the seventeenth Friday afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Symphony Hall, Boston, yesterday. The orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conducting, was assisted by the Harvard Glee Club (trained by Dr. Archibald T. Davison) and by distinguished soloists. Of course, we could not have, in Symphony Hall, the benefit of M. Diaghileff's settings. But since Stravinsky deliberately renounced action in this stage piece, and preferred, we are given to understand, to let the music tell the story, was not this apparent deprivation conceivably an advantage?

A Synthesis of Styles

One hearing of this work unfortunately leaves us more in doubt than ever about Stravinsky's intentions. It may be that he is attempting to set up a new art form, employing for the purpose all the best features of the old ones. His chorus he uses, for example, something in the manner of the chorus of the ancient Greek drama, for descriptive commentary. Even in the theater, where the pictorial appeal was retained, action was abolished. As for the music, this score appears to be a synthesis of all musical styles, from musical prehistory to Verdi. Handel is reported to have been the model, but you may hear also the voices of the ancients; of Monteverde, Palestrina—and Sir Arthur Sullivan. Yes, Jocasta's "Oracula, Oracula!" is nothing but the "Ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra" of the courageous Policemen going into action against the fearsome Pirates.

Yet despite the confusion caused by this incomplete synthesis of styles, "Œdipus Rex" is something to be heard, and Mr. Koussevitzky deserves thanks for giving us the opportunity. It is not his fault if Stravinsky leaps across centuries in a few minutes. Nor is the work itself without interest or merit. In spite of the handicap its author has imposed on himself, he has achieved some impressive pages. The aria given to Jocasta is realy a masterpiece of the Italian lyric style. The impression it made was not due entirely to the splendid interpretation given to it by Margaret Matzenauer.

Intensely Dramatic

This interpretation, besides being vocally satisfying, was intensely dramatic. So were many of the passages for chorus, and some of those for the other soloists. Thus, if Stravinsky, in abandoning stage action, meant also to exclude emotion from his music, he has failed. But this is a fortunate failure, for what would "Œdipus Rex" be with the tragic element extracted?

Mme. Matzenauer's superb presence, finished vocalism and dramatic power were enhanced by the fact that she had learned her part as if it had been an operatic rôle, and sang without notes, and apparently without being aware that a conductor was at hand to guide her. She needed no guidance. She triumphed over the absence of setting, and, without trying to hint at the forbidden stage action, achieved vocally her dramatic impersonation. Her colleagues, Arthur Hackett and Fraser Gange, were in good voice; perhaps if they had been free also from dependence on the vocal score, their efforts would have been more illusive. The chorus did its part well. An occasional slight raggedness in attack was evidently due to eagerness.

Paul Leyssac, lent for the occasion by Eva Le Gallienne's theater in New York, was the speaker. He obeyed faithfully the direction that his lines should be delivered in a "grandiose and mock-heroic manner." This did not add to the solemnity of the occasion. But when a Greek tragedy has been adapted into a French text, which then has been turned into Latin, while an English version is supplied to the speaker, it is not easy to know whether we are expected to take the matter seriously.

As a curtain raiser to Stravinsky, Mr. Koussevitzky called on the composer's latest reported model, Handel, offering the Concerto Grosso No. 5 in D major. This was very appropriate, but it is not so clear that it was altogether a kindness to Stravinsky. Handel had a style of his own. His charming music was performed with that astonishing smoothness and perfection of detail that sometimes perhaps we take too much for granted with this orchestra.

ORATORIO SUNG WITH SYMPHONY

Post — Feb. 25. 1928

Harvard Glee Club and Noted Soloists Take Part

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

In that it is the latest major work of Igor Stravinsky, a composer with a notable past if a relatively meager present, the first American performance of the Russian's opera-oratorio "Oedipus Rex" that filled most of the Symphony concert of yesterday afternoon must be accounted one of the more important events of the Koussevitzkian regime.

OF DULL SIMPLICITY

And although the music itself failed for the most part greatly to interest, the performance by the orchestra, the Harvard Glee Club, the solo singers, Margaret Matzenauer, Arthur Hackett and Fraser Gange, and the reader, Paul Leyssac, was of a high order of excellence.

Of late years Stravinsky has been seeking simplicity. It was he who inaugurated the contemporary neo-classical, back-to-Bach movement, and in "Oedipus Rex" he has in this respect gone his best previous efforts one better. The music of this curious hybrid, that is neither opera nor oratorio but something in the limbo that lies between, is singularly stark, forthright, unelaborate. We are here leagues away from the highly organized complexities of the "Rite of Spring." There is even a striking absence of dissonance, in the later use of that terms.

Choruses Effective

The complaint that many will urge against "Oedipus Rex" is not at all that it was ear-lacerating, as was the "Sacre" when first heard, but that it is through long stretches flat, dull, characterless. Music may be simple and at the same time tremendously impressive if—and it is a big "if"—the ideas set forth are themselves of musical significance. But the simplicity of "Odeipus" has in the main no such saving grace.

In style this music is eclectic. The listener is reminded now of Handel; now of Plain Song; in one passage, in the music of Jocasta, of Massenet; and in the chorus that tells of the horrors of the Queen's death and of Oedipus' self-maiming, of Verdi.

The text of "Oedipus", a condensed version of the drama of Sophocles, is the work of Jean Cocteau. At Stravinsky's behest it was rendered into Latin, and in Latin it was sung yesterday. To set forth details of the story not made clear by the scanty dialogue a reader is needed, and employed. The chorus, as in a Greek drama, both takes part in and comments on the action, and for it Stravinsky has written the most effective portions of his music. Its opening appeal to Oedipus for aid against the plague is in fact of powerful effectiveness, and its sorowful Epilogue is by no means unimpressive.

Barren indeed is much of the music that Mr. Hackett, as Oedipus and the Shepherd, and that Mr. Gange as Creon, Tiresias and the Messenger, had yesterday to sing, although Mr. Gange especially did excellently with the opportunity afforded him. More grateful, at times almost moving, is the music of Jocasta, and Mme. Matzenauer sang it superbly, bringing to it now and then, it is possible to believe, an eloquence not wholly its own.

A Concerto Grosso of Handel (No. 5, in D major), a composer whom Stravinsky avowedly would imitate but who yesterday dwarfed him by comparison, began the concert. It, too, was finely played and liberally applauded. The prolonged applause at the end of the concert was undoubtedly intended even more as a tribute to chorus, orchestra and singers than to the music of Stravinsky.

"OEDIPUS REX" AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Globe — Feb. 25. 1928.

Stravinsky Oratorio in First Performance Here

Harvard Glee Club and Soloists Assist Orchestra

Stravinsky's opera-oratorio, "Oedipus Rex," was sung for the first time in America at yesterday's Symphony concert. The Harvard Glee Club, Margaret Matzenauer, mezzo-soprano; Arthur Hacket, tenor; Fraser Gange, baritone, and Paul Leyssac, speaker, assisted the orchestra. Mr Koussevitzky conducted. Dr A. T. Davison, who trained the Harvard Glee Club in the very exacting choral part, deservedly shared in the applause at the end of the performance. A Handel concerta grosso in D major, edited by G. F. Kogel, was the only other number on the program.

"Oedipus Rex," with a text based by Jean Cocteau on the tragedy by Sophocles, and translated into Latin by J. Danielou, was first performed at Paris, May 30, 1927, by the Diaghilev ballet, in concert form. This performance seems to have been vocally inadequate, so that yesterday's was in a sense the first ever given of what seems likely to prove one of the most notable works of our generation.

The Latin text set by Stravinsky is a condensation of the tragic story of Oedipus, who unknowingly fulfills the decree of the gods that he is to kill his father and marry his mother. A "speaker," whose delivery becomes particularly grandiose as his lines lapse into triteness or colloquialisms, tells the audience from time to time what it is all about.

"Grand Tragic Style"

Mr Leyssac, following Cocteau's directions, read the speaker's part yesterday in an amusing parody of what used to be the "grand tragic style" of elocution. But one wished that there had been no speaker, and no hint of the facile irony so beloved by present-day young intellectuals the world over. Perhaps the real function of the speaker is to provide breaks between the musical subdivisions of the work, as A. H. Meyer has very acutely suggested.

Stravinsky's music differs wholly from any previous work of his heard here. It is scored for orchestra with the utmost restraint, ingenuity and effectiveness. The solo numbers for Oedipus, Creon, Jocasta, Tiresias, the Shepherd, and the Messenger suggest admirably the rhythms and intonations of speech. We do not know how Greek tragic actors rendered their parts, except that they did not speak them. One wondered if Stravinsky, like the Florentines of the 16th century who originated opera, was conciously, trying to recreate the style of Greek tragedy. The solo parts suggest Russian church music rather than anything else one has heard, but they do not closely resemble anything within one's musical experience.

The chorus of men's voices has the most dramatic and expressive music in the oratorio. The confused wailing plea of the suppliant Thebans to Oedipus to stop the plague, with which the work begins; the comments on the events that bring home to Oedipus his guilty fate, the homage to Jocasta at her entrance, and the great outcry of lament and scorn, which gradually dies away, at the end have each tremendous emotional power.

One regretted the division into two acts, foreign, of course, to Greek tragedy. The effect of "Oedipus Rex" is cumulative. The whole tale is soon told. Why pause in the middle of it, when a complete performance without a break would be far shorter than many of the single acts in Wagnerian music dramas?

Harmonic Element

Much has been made by commentators of the influence of Handel upon Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex." The use of a libretto based on Greek tragedy, the clearly marked division into arias, duets, and choruses, and the fact that the harmonic element in the music is as essential as the polyphony, do recall Handel and the type of opera prevalent before and during his life. But the Handelian influence here is much less marked than that of Bach upon Stravinsky's piano concerto and sonata. "Oedipus Rex" has the powerful originality and distinctiveness of style that is the mark of the masterpiece.

Yesterday's performance was a triumph for Mr Koussevitsky, the Harvard Glee Club, the Boston Symphony, and Mme Matzenauer, whose superb delivery of Jocasta's solos, which she had taken the trouble to memorize, quite eclipsed the earnest but rather perfunctory efforts of Messrs Hackett and Gange to read their parts from the printed music accurately.

The audience listened with close attention, and applauded with more warmth than one would expect for a work so new and in some ways so baffling to the casual listener. Impressive as "Oedipus Rex" proved in the concert hall, one was inclined to think that the settings and costumes it would receive in the opera house would make it even more compelling in its power.

Next week a new Sinfonia Concertante by William Walton, Prokofieff's "Scythian Suite," and Brahms' C-minor Symphony will fill the program, according to present plans.

P. R.

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eturn to the Saturday audience. every whit as absorbed and ex- y Mr. Koussevitzky's version of athetic Symphony" as were the lis- of Friday—but it played the game ke no rules. By incessant goad- pace and accent, by rhetorical at moments of suspense, the con- sustains the March-scherzo as f frenzy. At the end on Friday ience could no longer contain t- ipping into loud applause. On y scarcely a hand stirred—then y amid the surrounding silence. lose of the Symphony came the ating tumult.

interstices one of those same rs re-named the piece. It was "Pathetic," but the "Emotional" ay. Chaikovsky had stripped flung his every emotion—as the nostalgic melody and the lap of the First Movement as thering doom of the Finale; no he furious March than in the haunted by the ceaseless drum- ooding up from the audience answering emotions and Sym- ll is tense with tonal and aural t. By all odds the "Emo- nphony." Not so, cut in Rollo, l. Rather, the "Melodramatic y," since to it reticence and re unknown, "high spot" after t," a "thriller" from the nine- was time for the reviewer of ble newspaper to flee the scene. he turned to the title-page. as still "The Pathetic." Pub- all authors know—are a tribe.

TO BOSTON FALLS A MUSICAL EVENT OF LARGE MOMENT

"ŒDIPUS REX," FIRST TIME IN AMERICA

Stravinsky's Opera-Oratorio from Mr. Koussevitzky's Forces in Merit and Shortcoming — Lightsome Handelian Preface — Music of Power, Illusion, Emotion, Masterfully Written, Widely Ranging—Models, Methods, Procedures —The Achieving Conductor

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the early twenties could return. As plainly Stravinsky—theories aside—asks for operatic speech and manner in his solo-singers. Possibly he asks also for a rougher-coated, more sombre tenor than is Mr. Hackett's. He had Œdipus's high tones; but more than once they sounded too light and bright.

Nor has Mr. Gange, admirable declamatory singer though he is, that operatic largeness to be acquired only in the theater, there becoming second nature, Mme. Matzenauer possesses it—to magnificence. Her voice still keeps the darksome splendors of full maturity. She had been at the pains—she was German-bred in Munich—to memorize Jocasta's pages. She could, therefore, sing the Queen's measures unhampered—in great sweeps of tone through text and music; with the opulence that sets sustained song a-glowing, with the freedom that gives vocal ornament life and motion; with the passion beneath the stripped words, within the formalized phrases and progressions. To her went the vocal laurels of the afternoon. With justice the audience saluted an illustrious singer enriching a difficult task with the powers of prime.

As for Mr. Leyssac in the part of The Speaker, he was far from the "voix passive d'un conférencier" enjoined by Stravinsky and Cocteau. Rather he declaimed his speeches in the orotund manner, with the expressive rhetoric, of the French tragic and romantic theater. He left scarcely a sentence uncolored, unaccented; nowhere did he miss the significant pause. Having chosen his course, he accomplished it, as the French say, magisterially. He did not follow the prescriptions; for in them, as it happens, those precious theorizers, Messieurs Stravinsky and Cocteau, deceive themselves. Without impact of emotion, no mortal may write, no mortal may hear, the tragic fate of Œdipus, King of Thebes, unwitting the slayer of his father, unwitting the spouse of his mother, out of the loyalties and energies of a prince to his people, spinning the threads of his doom; from them departing by his own hands blinded into the scant peace of the Colonian groves.

These fortunes and this fate in the matchless Sophoclean telling pierced minds and wrung hearts across the Athenian theater. To this day they do hardly less when they sound from Reinhardt's stage in Berlin, from the Comédie-Française in Paris. Even through Sir J. Martin-Harvey they have driven home to English-speaking audiences. We mortals still remain the sport of heartless fates; under dooms ordained to the shades go down. Cocteau may strip and concentrate his text as he will; prattle shrilly about "a few monumental scenes;" descend occasionally with "Le

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kindled imagination. Again there is the eternal legend to sting them.

Under these impressions, it is of secondary moment to inquire into Stravinsky's methods and procedures. "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." Decidedly, it is of tertiary moment to recite Stravinsky's theories and with them to test "Œdipus Rex" as music of opera-oratorio. Monsieur Igor, like the rest of us, plays his games of doctrine. Who does not love his own self-delusions? Or who—to press the questioning—cons the "prose works" of Wagner as preparation for the hearing of "Tristan and Isolde?" . . . Stravinsky has utilized sundry Handelian formulas, structures, accents, but bending them to his present purpose and impregnating them with his own spirit. He defers to the plan and logic of Handelian oratorio; but again with a hand and ear single to his own engrossing design. He harks further back. There are measures in the stark, blunt manner of Plain Song, of the churchly chant in the earliest days of music as a conscious art. Again such rude matter suits his ends; again he himself—the Stravinsky of full maturity—seeps into it, exhales from it.

In scholarly details these recourses and "throw-backs" have been described in this place. They are, moreover, scrutinies and reflections of the study-table, not sensations, except in passing impress, on the concert-hall. Far too much, they leave out of account the concentration, the economy, the driving force, the graphic imagery of Stravinsky's orchestral voices. By them, above and beyond his formulas, logics, ancientries, he directs power, achieves illusion, evokes emotion. To the symphonies of Sibelius the mind leaps for an equal starkness and puissance. And the instrumental facture of the two composers is as different as their nature and their purpose.

To end there is only to hail a capital event in the records of music in Boston and to salute as the author and finisher of it—next to Stravinsky himself—Serge Koussevitzky, conductor and animator of an occasion not without lustres. If report goes truly, he made possible the immediate publication of "Œdipus Rex;" conveyed the score to America—according to its custom once in a hysteria of plaudits for Stravinsky, of late as infatuate in its contempt; prepared the way for performance in Boston; infused into his co-workers his clear insight and devoted ardors. (With reason they flocked about him, Friday, when performance was at last achieved.) Here was music and text that he could dramatize to the full; that bade him to persistent power; that wrought upon his

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New: From Stravinsky

His "Œdipus Rex," for the First Times in America at the Symphony Concerts of Feb. 24-25

THE DATES are set; the arrangements made; the rehearsals of the chorus proceeding. At the Symphony Concerts of Friday afternoon, Feb. 24, and Saturday evening, Feb. 25, Stravinsky's "Œdipus Rex" will be heard for the first times in America, from the Symphony Orchestra, a chorus from the Harvard Glee Club, Mme. Matzenauer, Mr. Arthur Hackett and Mr. Fraser Gange as solo-singers—all with Mr. Koussevitzky conducting. As present plans go, the performance will not be repeated in New York.

"Œdipus Rex," originally produced in Paris last June, is Stravinsky's newest piece of large dimensions. It is opera-oratorio, since it can be set on the stage with settings, costumes, action, or unfolded more nakedly in the concert-hall. In Europe the German theaters are claiming it as opera; Mr. Koussevitzky, mingling choice and necessity, prefers the oratorio-form. Jean Cocteau, the modernist poet, drew a stripped text from parts of Sophocles's familiar tragedy. Clothing it with music, Stravinsky returned—after his own fashion—to the Handelian style. Nothing that he has written in recent years has been so generally and warmly praised. Since the performance of "Noces" in New York in 1925, no considerable work from his hand has come new to America.

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Nor does the First Act fall too far below this wealth of power. The final chorus, hail upon hail for the entering Jocasta, surges across the vocal heavens. The rugged petitioning of the beginning beats hard and edgy. Œdipus enters and is graphically charactered; his music twists and turns to signify at each reentrance. Soon the sense of fate encompassing streaks it. In bold strokes the primitive Stravinsky hews out Creon's measures. Tiresias is an abstraction—the truth both veiled and opened. The music that defines him, vague, monotonous, suspended as in a void, is a masterpiece of Stravinskian imagination. The chorus gropes to the high gods for enlightening and wisdom and pity, to Apollo, to Athena, to Dionysos, and the pages murmur with mystery and entreaty. From "The Firebird" through "The Serenade," in the whole compass of his music hitherto, Stravinsky has not ranged so widely and variously. He asks only—as he has a right to ask—that hearers listen with alert ears and kindled imagination. Again there is the eternal legend to sting them.

Under these impressions, it is of secondary moment to inquire into Stravinsky's methods and procedures. "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." Decidedly, it is of tertiary moment to recite Stravinsky's theories and with them to test "Œdipus Rex" as music of opera-oratorio. Monsieur Igor, like the rest of us, plays his games of doctrine. Who does not love his own self-delusions? Or who—to press the questioning—cons the "prose works" of Wagner as preparation for the hearing of "Tristan and Isolde?" . . . Stravinsky has utilized sundry Handelian formulas, structures, accents, but bending them to his present purpose and impregnating them with his own spirit. He defers to the plan and logic of Handelian oratorio; but again with a hand and ear single to his own engrossing design. He harks further back. There are measures in the stark, blunt manner of Plain Song, of the churchly chant in the earliest days of music as a conscious art. Again such rude matter suits his ends; again he himself—the Stravinsky of full maturity—seeps into it, exhales from it.

In scholarly details these recourses and "throw-backs" have been described in this place. They are, moreover, scrutinies and reflections of the study-table, not sensations, except in passing impress, on the concert-hall. Far too much, they leave out of account the concentration, the economy, the driving force, the graphic imagery of Stravinsky's orchestral voices. By them, above and beyond his formulas, logics, ancientries, he directs power, achieves illusion, evokes emotion. To the symphonies of Sibelius the mind leaps for an equal starkness and puissance. And the instrumental facture of the two composers is as different as their nature and their purpose.

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To end there is only to hail a capital event in the records of music in Boston and to salute as the author and finisher of it—next to Stravinsky himself—Serge Koussevitzky, conductor and animator of an occasion not without lustres. If report goes truly, he made possible the immediate publication of "Œdipus Rex;" conveyed the score to America—according to its custom once in a hysteria of plaudits for Stravinsky, of late as infatuate in its contempt; prepared the way for performance in Boston; infused into his co-workers his clear insight and devoted ardors. (With reason they flocked about him, Friday, when performance was at last achieved.) Here was music and text that he could dramatize to the full; that bade him to persistent power; that wrought upon his

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Eighteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 2, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 3, at 8.15 o'clock

Walton . . . . Sinfonia Concertante, for Orchestra with Pianoforte (quasi obbligato)

(Piano: BERNARD ZIGHERA)

I. Maestoso; Allegro spiritoso; Allegretto.
II. Andante commodo.
III. Allegro molto.

(First time in Boston)

Prokofieff . . . . . Scythian Suite, Op. 20

I. The Adoration of Veles and Ala.
II. The Enemy God and the Dance of the Black Spirits.
III. Night.
IV. The Glorious Departure of Lolly and the Procession of the Sun.

Brahms . . . . . Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68

I. Un poco sostenuto; Allegro.
II. Andante sostenuto.
III. Un poco allegretto e grazioso.
IV. Adagio; Allegro non troppo, ma con brio

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

There will be an intermission before the symphony

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

SYMPHONY IN 18TH CONCERT

Herald — Feb. 3, 1928

Sinfonia Concertante by Walton Is Feature of Program

PROKOFIEFF, BRAHMS WORKS ALSO GIVEN

By PHILIP HALE

The 18th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Walton, Sinfonia Concertante, for orchestra with piano (quasi obligato). Prokofieff, Scythian Suite. Brahms, Symphony No. 1, C minor. Bernard Zighera of the orchestra was the pianist.

William Turner Walton was made known to the Symphony audience a little over a year ago by his overture "Portsmouth Point," lusty English music of the roast beef-ale-Rule Britannia order. This overture pleased by its honest, joyous spirit, music without great variety of color, with little finesse in harmonic schemes or in the orchestration. Plays of this sort are commonly characterized as "wholesome."

His concerto is much more ambitious. It is in three movements with the piano used chiefly as an orchestral instrument, seldom in solo work, though a singular cadenza is given to it shortly before the end. Walton does not show the marked influence of any composer, preceding or contemporaneous. This concerto is melodically as individual—one might add, peculiar—as it is in other respects. There is an absence of sensuousness, emotion, passion, but it is not on this account dry; on the contrary, it is interesting by its very peculiarities. From one of his chief themes, one would say that there was Irish blood in this composer's veins. The treatment of this musical idea, expressed in turn by different sections of the orchestra, is fascinating in a way, as is the devil-me-care liveliness of the finale. An English critic found the "atmosphere" of the middle movement "devotional." If this is true, if one does not substitute "contemplative" or "ruminative," and can find any suggestion of ecclestiastical rites or communion with the Infinite, the hearer is in a dissenting chapel. Certainly not in that musical Church of England, the Royal Academy. The "Old Guard"—Parry, Villiers Stanford, the noble army of Mus. Docs. would have shaken their heads and groaned in anguish. The Concerto is post-war music. One may enjoy—as we enjoyed—this composer's independent, audacious spirit—and even the occasional crudities— preferable to conventional smugness—and then say to himself: "Walton has not yet wholly found himself."

Has not the element of surprise something to do with the immediate acceptance of an unfamiliar work? When Prokofieff's "Scythian" suite was played here for the first time in 1924, the finale with the high pedal for violins, the mighty ascending crescendo to a climax in which it seemed as if all the instruments reached the limit of their dynamic power, was something not heard, not thought of in one's long musical life: the effect was overwhelming. Yesterday there was the remembrance, there was eager anticipation; the performance was as superb: but the effect was in a measure discounted. If there are compositions that gain in beauty or grandeur by repeated hearings, are there not compositions of indisputable worth that should be heard only once—granted an admirable performance—by any epicure in sounds?

We do not know where Prokofieff found the source for his argument, for the inspiration of this Suite. Veles, Ala are to us vanished deities, or if they still have worshippers, their altars are unknown to us. Whether Lolli saved Ala, or whether he was slain by the Evil-God, is not a question to keep a Bostonian sleepless in the night watches. The word "Scythian" is enough. Reading the titles one may reasonably await barbaric, wildly exciting, one might even say "sanguinary" music. Prokofieff does not disappoint the waiting hearer. As Poe says of the monarch of ghouls up in the steeple, this composer

"Dances and he yells
Keeping time, time, time
In a sort of Runic rhyme."

In this Suite there is mysterious beauty in the opening measures of the movement entitled "Night: the Evil-God comes to Ala in the darkness." As light dazzles in the Finale of the Suite, so here Prokofieff has found music for "the blackness of darkness." (Contrast this music and the words of the apostle Jude with the measures of Gustav Holst for Walt Whitman's "huge and thoughtful night.")

The performance of this Suite was as brilliant as that of the symphony was thoughtfully eloquent. Mr. Koussevitzky is fond of this symphony. It was the fourth performance since Boston had the great good fortune to welcome him as conductor of the orchestra. Yesterday he interpreted the music with the gusto that is peculiar to him, giving the romanticism to the music that is there if only a conductor is able to find it, feel it, and express it.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program for March 16-17—the orchestra will be away next week—will be as follows: Vivaldi, "Summer" (No 2 from the concerto "The Four Seasons." D. G. Mason, Symphony in C minor: Rachmaninoff, Concerto No. 3, D minor, for piano (Vladimir Horowitz, pianist). Berlioz, excerpts from "The Damnation of Faust."

MUSIC NEW AND OLD BY SYMPHONY

Post — Mch. 3, 1928

Walton's Concerto Gets Hearing Along With Brahms

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The Symphony Concerts of the past few weeks have been, in their way, of more than common interest, but they have been somewhat sparing of masterpieces. That of yesterday, however, concluded with the First Symphony of Brahms, and the audience did not hesitate to express its pleasure in hearing once again music of unquestioned greatness.

FAVORITE OF CONDUCTOR

By testimony of the programme-book Mr. Koussevitzky had already conducted this Symphony at three pairs of subscription concerts. Hardly another piece has been so favored by him, and did his conducting of it not reveal his fondness for the music this insistence upon it would suggest admiration. Nevertheless at first certain aspects of the work seemed to elude him. Not wholly did he appear to have absorbed its spirit or to set forth its message. But with each repetition his reading has gained in power, in insight and in sympathy.

So eloquent, so magnificent at times was the performance of yesterday that to quibble over details smacks of ungratefulness. Yet it is still possible to desire a shade slower tempo for the third movement, and a trifle less force from the solo horn in the introduction to the finale. After all, Brahms wrote but a single forte over this latter passage and as it was played yesterday, and has been played before, a fraction of the beauty of Mr. Wendler's tone is needlessly sacrificed.

A Young Man's Music

Only three pieces made yesterday's programme, although the concert was full long. Of these the first was a Sinfonia Concertante for orchestra with pianoforte by the young Englishman William Walton, played here for the first time, and the second Prokofieff's Scythian Suite introduced here by Mr. Koussevitzky four years ago.

Walton's Sinfonia, in which Mr. Zighera, pianist and second harpist of the orchestra, played excellently the solo part, is the second work to be heard here from the hand of this Briton whose 26th birthday anniversary is still almost a month away, and like his "Portsmouth Point" of last season it discloses, particularly in the last movement, a nature vigorous and high-spirited and a hand skilled at composition. This Sinfonia Concertante is not important, but it made agreeable listening.

Speaks in Own Voice

Also music of youth is Prokofieff's Suite, written in that Russian's 24th year. And it is in many ways a composition of uncommon qualities. Of its four movements the first two show the influence of Stravinsky and are, on the whole, inferior to their model, but in the third and fourth Prokofieff speaks with his own voice. In first of these two he has graphically suggested the suspensive horror, the malignity of the Evil God's wronging of Ala, as well as the subsequent assuagements of the moon-maidens, while his portrayal of the sun-rise that brings the Finale to a close is a page of excitement, of brilliance and splendor without precise equivalent in the whole range of orchestral music.

This is not the sun that rises in Strauss' "Zarathustra" or in the prologue to "Gotterdammerung," but a sun that was the lord and giver of light to a savage people, a sun as barbaric as the nomads who worshipped it.

MODERN MUSIC AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Prokofieff and Walton Numbers Heard

Globe — Mch. 3, 1928

Koussevitzky Interprets Brahms' Symphony in C Minor

The first half of yesterday's Symphony concert was devoted to modern music. A Sinfonia Concertante by the young English composer, William Walton, was played for the first time in Boston, and Prokofieff's "Scythian Suite" was revived.

Mr Koussevitzky, whose devotion to the music of Brahms is well known, gave his familiar interpretation of that composer's C minor Symphony for the fourth time in as many years. The audience, or at least a portion of it, applauded the moderns cordially. The tribute of handclapping paid to Brahms was, however, more nearly unanimous. Yet not so many years since, if the stories retailed by the elder generation may be taken at their face value, Brahms was the best-hated composer with Boston Symphony audiences. All the classics, indeed, were moderns once.

It does not follow, however, that Walton's Sinfonia Concertante will in another half century or so become a classic. The immense gusto and the rather slipshod, yet genuine, musical craftsmanship with which he writes do not obscure the fact that he is a young musician with an excellent memory, no doubt subsconscious, for everything from Percy Grainger to Stravinsky's "Rites of Spring."

There are too many reminiscences in this score for one to be able to praise it for originality of substance. The exacting piano part, more difficult if less ostentatious than that in some concertos, was well played by Bernard Zighera, a member of the orchestra. This piece by Walton is amusing to listen to once, but it sounds like the work of an unusually promising pupil headstrong enough to defy academic proprieties, rather than like that of a master.

The "Scythian Suite"

The "Scythian Suite," composed in 1914 and first heard here in 1924, has begun to "date" rather obviously. Prokofieff, a composer of astonishing cleverness, has assimilated from time to time a great variety of musical styles.

Consider, for example, his "Classical Symphony" and the excerpts from his opera, "The Love of the Three Oranges," heard at these concerts in former seasons. Each of his works seems to be in a different manner. The same, of course, may be said of the recent works of Stravinsky, yet it is Stravinsky who sets the fashion for the modernist composers rather than Prokofieff.

Would there have been a "Scythian Suite" if Stravinsky had never composed "The Rites of Spring"? Crude rhythms, barbaric cacophonies were the mode just before the war with the young Russian composers. These "Scythian" works, of course, are no more closely connected with actual primitive music than is Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherezado" with genuine Oriental music.

Russian composers, tired of deriving inspiration from Western Europe, sometimes turn to the east and south of their native land after exhausting the stimulus to be found in their native popular music. But the result, as this "Scythian Suite" abundantly proves, is sophisticated, overcivilized, rather than genuinely barbaric.

Orchestra Going on Tour

Mr Koussevitzky yesterday brought his intensely personal style of eloquence, which is superlatively suited to the music of Tschaikowsky, to bear on the two modern works and on Brahms' familiar symphony. His interpretations are almost never dull. There is always a stimulus in strongly emphasized simple rhythms, in sonorous triple-fortissimo climaxes, in voluptuously broadened and lengthened melodic phrases. But sometimes, as yesterday, the listener wonders whether what Koussevitzky really stimulates is not the nervous systems rather than the esthetic imaginations of his audiences.

Next week the orchestra goes on tour, bearing Stravinsky's "Oepidus Rex" to New York, with the Harvard Glee Club chorus assisting, in the first performance in that city of this modern masterpiece, which so deeply impressed the Boston audiences last week.

The program now announced for the Boston concerts of March 16 and 17 includes Daniel Gregory Mason's C-Minor Symphony, Rachmaninoff's Third Concerto for Pianoforte, with the new and sensational Russian pianist, Horowitz, as soloist, and numbers by Berlioz and Vivaldi. P. R.

TO A REVIVAL, ADD A CLASSIC, AND A NOVELTY

Trans. Mch. 3.1928.

MR. KOUSSEVITZKY'S AFTERNOON OF CONTRASTS

Prokofiev's "Scythian Suite" After Four Years—Brahms's First Symphony and the Conductor's Miracle — Young Mr. Walton Kicks Up His Tonal Heels

THE SUN, it appears, can rise but once—in certain music even as in the day. Yesterday afternoon at the Symphony Concert, Mr. Koussevitzky repeated Prokofiev's "Scythian Suite" for the first time since he disclosed it to Boston in the autumn of 1924. Those that remembered the piece recalled it best by the "Procession of the Sun" at the end of the final movement. In memory it lingered as a deeply sonorous music, broadly rhythmed, proceeding from a huge orchestra full-throated—ascending and outspreading floods of light transfused into ascending and outspreading floods of sound. So did the day overwhelm the night and give to Lolii, hero of Scythian myth, the victory over the Evil God. Note after note these same pages were played Friday by an orchestra far more capable of them than it was in 1924. There is no reason to suspect any waning either of Mr. Koussevitzky's powers or of his devotion to Prokofiev. The years have intensified both. Again this "Procession of the Sun" across a world bathed deeper and deeper in its light, radiant and yet more radiant, was thrilling to hear. The music, as it seemed, was static and dynamic both. Over the firm-held underbody, out of tonal shadow, moved the expanding, triumphant light. None the less the illusion was less impressive than recollection would have made it. Unless there be surprise, Prokofiev's sunrise is dimmed. Nor was this the sensation of a single hearer, since at the end of he Suite the applause was relatively meager.

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Symphony and Sinfonietta

Monitor Mch. 3. 1928.

By L. A. SLOPER

YOUTH was served again by Mr. Koussevitzky in the program for the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on March 2 and 3. He offered William Walton's Sinfonia Concertante for orchestra with pianoforte (quasi obbligato) and Prokofieff's "Scythian" Suite, both written while the composers were in their early twenties. Perhaps to strike a balance, perhaps to propitiate some of his hearers, he concluded with the C minor Symphony of the venerated Brahms.

The Walton work was composed last year and was first heard at a Royal Philharmonic concert in London on Jan. 5 last. The Prokofieff Suite was written in 1914. Both have been described in detail in these columns. Differing from some of his contemporaries, Walton evidently does not change his musical habit every time he sits down before ruled paper, and he is not afraid of a tune. Like his "Portsmouth Point" Overture, heard last year, this is frank, engaging music, based on eligible ideas and scored cleverly and effectively.

The composer does not resort to anarchy to make his effects. While there is dissonance enough to assure us that the work is of the present century, tonality governs. The conventional devices of development are not followed; yet there is never an effect of monotony, for instead of repetition the composer introduces new material to embody his frequent swift changes of mood. The pianoforte part, well played by Bernard Zighera of the orchestra, adheres closely to the place assigned to it by the composer's parenthesis.

The Prokofieff Suite

The Prokofieff Suite was introduced by Mr. Koussevitzky in his first season in Boston. Hearing it again after the lapse of more than three years, during which much harsh sound has flowed turbulently under the chandeliers of Symphony Hall, one is impressed with its comparative rhythmic innocence. The Scythians, according to Prokofieff, sang with as little regard for sensitive ears as Stravinsky's prehistoric people, but their dancing must have been far more monotonous, if Prokofieff is a good reporter.

Nevertheless, no one will complain that this music is insufficiently barbarous. Nor can it be denied that there are moments of great poetic beauty. The melodic material is worthy of respect, but the results are attained mainly through the harmonic treatment and orchestral color. And the imaginative direction and masterly playing of the orchestra must be credited with important aid to the composer in achieving his impressive outcome. The Solar Procession at the close was as dazzling as the sun itself.

Boston Sinfonietta

Boston until quite recently had been rather poorly provided with small orchestral ensembles whose activities were open to the public. The Flute Players Club has had the field largely to itself for some years. This organization is not so limited as its name might indicate. Under the musical direction of Georges Laurent, first flutist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, it draws players from that orchestra for whatever combination of instruments is required by its varied repertory. Its programs are always interesting and its performance excellent. But its concerts, given at the Boston Art Club, are semi-private.

Nicolas Slonimsky lately made a good beginning with his Chamber Orchestra. And now the Boston Sinfonietta, which gave its first concert last season, has offered a second. Directed by Arthur Fiedler, one of the violas of the Boston Symphony, and with a personnel of his associates, it ventured a program of modern music, which was heard in Jordan Hall on the evening of Feb. 29 by a large audience that included many figures distinguished in the musical world.

Mr. Fiedler was well advised in keeping his program brief. It included only four numbers: Schönberg's "Verklärte Nacht," scored this time for 13 strings; Stravinsky's "Ragtime," Honegger's Piano Concertino and Hindemith's Kammermusik, op. 24, no. 1. Except for the Schönberg, these were all heard for the first time in Boston, which seems to be in itself a justification of Mr. Fiedler's organization.

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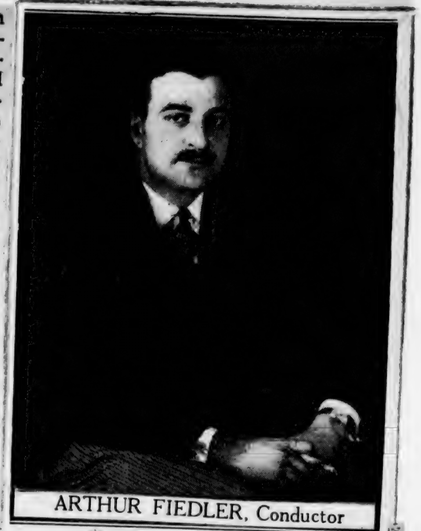
It was Hindemith who contributed the musical interest to the evening. This opus is not great music, and very likely it is not its composer's best work, but as compared with what had preceded it, it took on significance. Hindemith is as devoted as Stravinsky and Honegger to violent rhythms, and as averse to pleasant sounds; but through the ugliness of the idiom is discernible a substance which is lacking in the other scores, and which is employed with musical imagination.

It was high time these works were set before a Boston audience. Mr. Fiedler has earned the gratitude of the town by making them heard. With them out of the way, with the ground thus laid, he is now in a position to go on to modern works of greater importance. His enterprise deserves encouragement.



ARTHUR FIEDLER, Conductor

American Orchestras

Ravel Sums His Experience East and West

YOUR orchestras are the best anywhere. This is because of their international membership, and the standards of individual excellence demanded of the players. Your brass choirs have the depth and richness of tone that ours lack, because of the prevailing superiority of the instruments themselves and the fact that most of the players of these instruments are Germans. They produce a certain nobility of tone of which musicians of other nations are seldom capable, and when you hear a trumpet it is not a cornet-à-piston. Your wood-wind choirs, in a majority, are predominantly French, and the French woodwind players are the best in the world. The same principle of selection obtains all through the representative American orchestras. Reports of the standards of performance are only now being really credited in Europe. [Quoted in The New York Times

Symphony and Sinfonietta

Monitor Mch. 3. 1928.

By L. A. SLOPER

YOUTH was served again by Mr. Koussevitzky in the program for the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on March 2 and 3. He offered William Walton's Sinfonia Concertante for orchestra with pianoforte (quasi obbligato) and Prokofieff's "Scythian" Suite, both written while the composers were in their early twenties. Perhaps to strike a balance, perhaps to propitiate some of his hearers, he concluded with the C minor Symphony of the venerated Brahms.

The Walton work was composed last year and was first heard at a Royal Philharmonic concert in London on Jan. 5 last. The Prokofieff Suite was written in 1914. Both have been described in detail in these columns. Differing from some of his contemporaries, Walton evidently does not change his musical habit every time he sits down before ruled paper, and he is not afraid of a tune. Like his "Portsmouth Point" Overture, heard last year, this is frank, engaging music, based on eligible ideas and scored cleverly and effectively.

The composer does not resort to anarchy to make his effects. While there is dissonance enough to assure us that the work is of the present century, tonality governs. The conventional devices of development are not followed; yet there is never an effect of monotony, for instead of repetition the composer introduces new material to embody his frequent swift changes of mood. The pianoforte part, well played by Bernard Zighera of the orchestra, adheres closely to the place assigned to it by the composer's parenthesis.

The Prokofieff Suite

The Prokofieff Suite was introduced by Mr. Koussevitzky in his first season in Boston. Hearing it again after the lapse of more than three years, during which much harsh sound has flowed turbulently under the chandeliers of Symphony Hall, one is impressed with its comparative rhythmic innocence. The Scythians, according to Prokofieff, sang with as little regard for sensitive ears as Stravinsky's prehistoric people, but their dancing must have been far more monotonous, if Prokofieff is a good reporter.

Nevertheless, no one will complain that this music is insufficiently barbarous. Nor can it be denied that there are moments of great poetic beauty. The melodic material is worthy of respect, but the results are attained mainly through the harmonic treatment and orchestral color. And the imaginative direction and masterly playing of the orchestra must be credited with important aid to the composer in achieving his impressive outcome. The Solar Procession at the close was as dazzling as the sun itself.

Boston Sinfonietta

Boston until quite recently had been rather poorly provided with small orchestral ensembles whose activities were open to the public. The Flute Players Club has had the field largely to itself for some years. This organization is not so limited as its name might indicate. Under the musical direction of Georges Laurent, first flutist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, it draws players from that orchestra for whatever combination of instruments is required by its varied repertory. Its programs are always interesting and its performance excellent. But its concerts, given at the Boston Art Club, are semi-private.

Nicolas Slonimsky lately made a good beginning with his Chamber Orchestra. And now the Boston Sinfonietta, which gave its first concert last season, has offered a second. Directed by Arthur Fiedler, one of the violas of the Boston Symphony, and with a personnel of his associates, it ventured a program of modern music, which was heard in Jordan Hall on the evening of Feb. 29 by a large audience that included many figures distinguished in the musical world.

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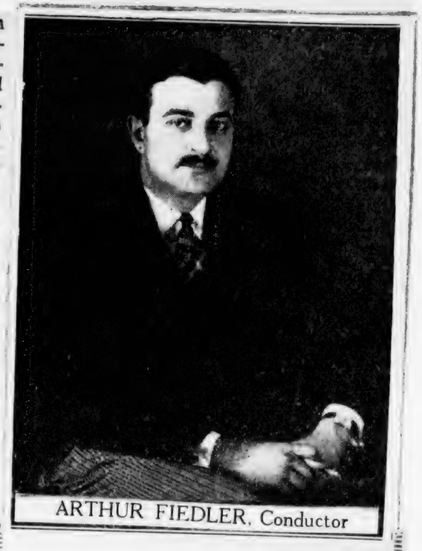

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(At left) Leo Reisman, at the left of the picture, with Charles Martin Loeffler, famous composer, of Medfield, Massachusetts, photographed in the home of the latter, who is showing the jazz leader his new score, "The Clowns," which he has especially written for Reisman's concert in Symphony Hall on Sunday, February 19. This is Mr. Loeffler's first venture into jazz. (Boris)

LEO REISMAN AT SYMPHONY HALL

Concert of "Rhythms" Applauded Warmly by Large Audience

By PHILIP HALE

Leo Reisman and his orchestra gave a concert of "Rhythms" last night in Symphony hall which was full from floor to upper gallery with the expectant audience. The program was illustrated with portraits, an excerpt from Mr. Loeffler's manuscript, a poem by Verlaine, a eulogy of clowns by Theodore de Banville, Dr. Davison's appreciation of Mr. Reisman, Mr. Reisman's glorification of jazz as a musical form. The list of pieces to be played was also printed, but the order was not followed. As the hall was so dark that this list could not be read, the order was not maintained. Mr. Reisman gave the titles, sometimes after a performance, sometimes before it. It was as if the various titles were drawn from a grab-bag. This bag contained prizes; also some things of little worth.

The leading feature of the concert was Mr. Loeffler's new composition, written for this concert and dedicated to Mr. Reisman. Among the other pieces were an effective fantasia on Russian airs, Handy's "Aunt Hagar's Blues" (with remarkable doings on trumpets by Johnny Dunn), Grofe's "Three Shades of Blue" and "Mississippi" suite, Friend's "Sunrise," Rube Bloom's "Soliloquy" with Mr. Bloom, pianist, and compositions by Donaldson, McHugh, Pola, Green, Padilla, Johann Strauss, Laynez, Stolz, Kern, De Sylva, Brown and Henderson, Kleckman, Ford, Handy and others were on the original program. In the first part a fascinating Tango for strings was played; fascinating although the music was not jazzed; or was the fascination due to this abstinence?

The audience applauded warmly each composition in turn, but Mr. Loeffler's "Clowns" excited genuine enthusiasm. The composer was called to the stage; the orchestra stood in his honor; it seemed as if the audience would never weary of paying tribute to him. This "Intermezzo: Clowns" deserved it. Here is a musician noted for the purity, one might say the fastidiousness of his taste; his polished workmanship, his avoidance of everything obvious or that makes a direct and anxious bid for immediate popularity; whose refinement is proverbial; who seeks the one fitting musical phrase, harmonic and orchestral dress as Flaubert, the one expressive word, the balanced and sonorous sentence. This composer, in "Clowns," shows the characteristics that have given him marked individuality; yet he caught the jazz spirit, reproduced song that we are accustomed to associate with the negro, invented intoxicating rhythms. All this he did, not as a composer of serious and imaginative music condescending to humor an audience by pandering to its taste, but as one eager to prove that jazz may be worthy the attention of the true artist who will gladly devote his singular abilities to the cultivation and improvement of this form; a form that is too often vulgarized even by men of indisputable ability.

There were other compositions meriting the applause; there were a few that were simply cheap and without significance though striving to be important.

The performance of the orchestra was more than creditable; it was often excellent. Mr. Reisman and his valiant men are to be congratulated.

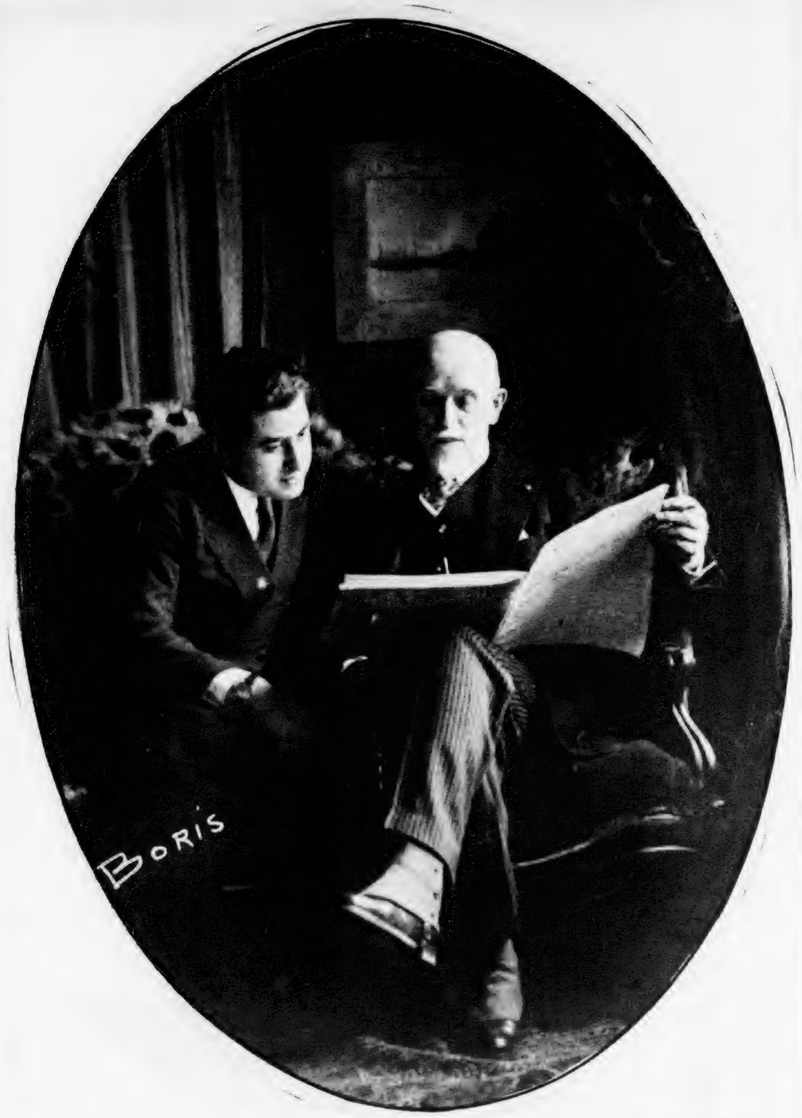
GEORGES LAURENT HEARD IN CONCERT

Director of Boston Flute Players Assisted by Artists

Georges Laurent, musical director of the Boston Flute Players Club, gave a concert at the Boston Art Club yesterday afternoon, with the help of the following artists: Roland E. Partridge, tenor; Gaston Elcus, violin; Alfred Zighera, 'cello; Fernand Gillet, oboe; Bernard Zighera, harp; Harrison Potter, pianist; Jean Letranc, viola; George Laurent, flute; Abdon Laus, bassoon; Margaret Kent Hubbard, accompanist.

Mr. Laurent began the afternoon with five "Hai Kai" by Jacques Pillois, the composer from France, for flute, violin, viola, 'cello, harp, the composer conducting in person. "Hai-Kai," it appears, are Japanese poetical epigrams. Mr. Harrison read them aloud.

They sounded feeble enough, but they did lead Mr. Pillois to write some attractive music. His little pieces, very short, have melody in their favor, but still more markedly they rejoice in a wide variety of charming instrumental



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A more favorable opportunity Mr Potter had to bring his abilities into action in Poulenc's trio for oboe, bassoon and piano. An odder combination of instruments surely never was heard. The very oddity, though, with rhythm to help, saved Poulenc's day. For his melody is amazingly ordinary, be it frisky like that in the presto or sentimental like the andante's. But the noble sound of the bassoon luckily added dignity when wanted, or, sometimes, the more usual comedy that is exacted of bassoons; whatever the mood, the oboe helped. The rhythm, too, mighty pronounced, kept the music always diverting, so the melodic commonness did not matter. It was most spiritedly played.

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The concert ended with a superficial, polite performance of Mozart's G minor piano quartet. The audience was large and well pleased. R. R. G.

To New York

From Mr. Koussevitzky's Forces It Will Hear "Œdipus Rex"

THE decision is taken. Stravinsky's "Œdipus Rex" will be carried from Symphony Hall in Boston to Carnegie Hall in New York. It will be heard there on Thursday evening next at the seventh of the Symphony Orchestra's series of concerts in Manhattan. For the forces concerned: the authorities of the University have given the Glee Club leave to make the excursion; Mme. Matzenauer has deferred an engagement in Florida; fortunately Mr. Gange is free; Mr. Tudor Davies, who has studied the part of Œdipus, has agreed to follow Mr. Hackett, already departed for California. Add Mr. Koussevitzky for leader in the deed and the roster is complete.

Means have been found to meet the cost of a considerable expedition, sure to redound to the greater glory of the orchestra in the capital seat of music in America. After all, the introduction of Stravinsky's "Œdipus"—one of the orchestra's most valiant deeds in its forty-odd years—would go but half way unless New York also heard it: while thrift, as everyone knows in these parts, is an overpraised vice. Prestige counts as well.

Nineteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 16, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 17, at 8.15 o'clock

Vivaldi . . "L'Estate" ("Summer"), Concerto No. 2 for String Orchestra, with Piano and Organ (Edited by B. Molinari) from "The Four Seasons"

Solo Violin: RICHARD BURGIN

Andantino mosso — Allegro — Meno — Piu mosso — Andante — Adagio — Presto

(First time in Boston)

Daniel Gregory Mason . . . Symphony in C minor, Op. 11

I. Largo sostenuto; Allegro moderato risoluto.
II. Larghetto tranquillo; Andantino Commodo.
III. Allegro molto marcato.

(First time in Boston)

Rachmaninoff . . Concerto in D minor, No. 3 for Pianoforte with Orchestra, Op. 30

I. Allegro ma non tanto.
II. Intermezzo: Adagio.
III. Finale.

Berlioz . . . Excerpts from "The Damnation of Faust"

a. Minuet of the Will-o'-the-Wisps.
b. Dance of the Sylphs.
c. Hungarian March, "Rákóczy"

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The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

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Vladimir Horowitz

SYMPHONY IN 19TH CONCERT

Herald — Mch. 19, 1928

Vivaldi, Mason, Rachmaninoff and Berlioz on Program

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ HEARD AT PIANO

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its 19th concert of the season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Vladimir Horowitz, pianist, played publicly for the first time in Boston. The program was as follows: Vivaldi-Molinari, "Summer," a concerto from "The Four Seasons"; D. G. Mason, Symphony in C minor, op. 11; Rachmaninoff, Concerto No. 3 for piano and orchestra; Berlioz, three orchestral excerpts from "The Damnation of Faust." The symphony and the old concerto were performed for the first time in Boston.

When the President Charles de Brosses of the delightful letters was in Venice 190 years ago he wrote that Vivaldi had sought his friendship that he might sell concertos to him at a high price. Vivaldi succeeded in doing this. Brosses described him as an old fellow who had a prodigious mania for composition; he could compose a concerto with all the parts quicker than any one could make a copy. "I have heard to my great astonishment that he is not so esteemed in this country as he should be; a country where everything must be in the fashion of the day; where one has heard Vivaldi's works for too long a time; where the music of the last year is no longer received."

Vivaldi conceived the idea of writing four concertos which should be literal, not to say interlinear, translations into tones of four sonnets of anonymous authorship, though some think he was the author. His purpose was to blend "harmony with poetic invention." He was not the only one to write music about the four seasons. Joachim Raff wrote four symphonies, "Spring," "Summer," "Autumn" and "Winter." (No one, to our knowledge, has written purely orchestral translations of Thomson's once admired poems.) And how many composers have a "Spring" overture to their credit, overtures played as a rule in the dead of winter!

Molinari's edition of Vivaldi's "Summer" is for strings, organ and piano. The poet of the sonnet brings in the scorching heat, men and beasts languishing, birds singing and a little shepherd fearing a thunder storm which comes and beats down the wheat. The music for all this is at the best suave; that for the thunder storm is amusingly feeble. The concerto, interesting perhaps an early, but not the earliest example of program music, is otherwise of little importance. Those concertos for which Vivaldi had no program are of far greater worth. The many passages for the solo violin were admirably played by Mr. Burgin.

When the introduction to Mr. Mason's symphony began there was the impression that he was worshipping at the shrine of our old friend Johannes Brahms. The music was Brahmsian in thought and in expression; but this impression was soon set right. The influence of Vincent d'Indy is stronger, especially in the matter of instrumentation. There are some fine things in the symphony, especially in the second movement; the opening of the Finale has decided character. Mr. Mason in a musician of the type praised by Englishmen as "safe and sound"; the type that receives the degree Doctor of Music. This was shown in the first movement. While it was playing, the reply of Christopher Sly to the page disguised as a woman came into the mind. The page asks him how he likes the comedy: "'Tis a very excellent piece of work, Madam Lady; would 'twere done." For here the music was cerebral, not emotional, not sensuous. In the second movement there was more warmth. Let Mr. Mason beware of the austerity, the aloofness shown by Vincent d'Indy in his later words.

Mr. Horowitz is a pianist of the very first rank, as far as technical facility and dazzling brilliance go. When he had struck the last chord of the concerto, there was a scene of enthusiasm such as has not been aroused by the performance of a pianist in Symphony hall since the opening of it. The only parallel we recall was when Vladimir de Pachmann played for the first time in the old Music Hall and broke the rule against any encore. Yesterday there was shouting; staid conservative Bostonians stamped their feet and thumped the floor with canes. The performance of this particular concerto, with Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra sharing in the brilliance, no doubt

deserved the tribute. The concerto itself is cunningly planned to excite enthusiasm. The first movement is fascinating by its force of understatement, its melancholy, its suggestion of mystery. The other movements, inferior, even at times commonplace, in the musical thought, are for a virtuoso, and for his triumph. It is to be hoped that Mr. Horowitz will be heard here in a recital, so that there may be a broader view of his character as a pianist.

When the concerto ended, it was 20 minutes past 4. Some had not the wish or the time to hear the excerpts from the great work of Berlioz.

TRIUMPH AWES YOUNG PIANIST

Horowitz Quits Boston After Unprecedented Reception

Herald Mar. 19. 1928

CALLS ENTHUSIASM HERE UNEXPECTED

By LEONARD WARE, JR.

A young Russian pianist, Vladimir Horowitz, left Boston last night very tired, but pardonably pleased with himself. As one of a Russian triumvirate which swept all before it at the symphony concerts Friday afternoon and Saturday evenings, he received a personal ovation which critics declared unprecendented in the orchestra's history. The others of the trio are his friends and advisers, Rachmaninoff, the composer of the concerto which he played, and Serge Koussevitzky, the conductor.

While waiting for his train in the Back Bay station, Mr. Horowitz explained through an interpreting friend that he has been much surprised by the American public.

UNEXPECTED ENTHUSIASM

"You are so unexpectedly enthusiastic," he said. "European audiences are more conservative. It is very hard for a newcomer to get started. But here—here you are more like the Russians, you seem to like youth and a new face. In France and Germany they are so loyal to their old favorites that it usually takes 25 years for an artist to become well-known."

The gifted pianist is youthful indeed. He is just 24, and unmarried. His hair is dark and heavy, his complexion boyishly clear and smooth. He talks eagerly and unaffectedly in Russian, German and French, but his English, he admits, is not 'ver' goot."

The Boston orchestra, he said, is wonderful, but he declined to compare it with similar musical organizations.

"I will say," he conceded, "that the Boston orchestra, the Philharmonic in New York, and the Philadelphia are the three greatest in the world." He made his American debut with the Philharmonic, with Sir Thomas Beecham conducting, in January.

PRACTICES IN SUMMER

During the course of the conversation, which was frequently interrupted by the farewells of admiring friends, it was possible to learn that Mr. Horowitz does all his practicing during the summers, which he has recently been spending on the Riviera. "I practise three or four hours a day, and swim almost the rest," he said. "I do not work on exercises, but put all my time on the sonatas, concertos, and other music which I expect to play the following winter. There is no time to practise while I am on tour."

The Rachmaninoff concerto which he played here he has been playing elsewhere nearly six years, he said. Asked how long it would take for him to commit another such work, entirely new to him, to memory, he replied that he thought a month would do. "You must remember," he added, "that I must learn the orchestral score as well as my own."

"Do you soak your hands in hot water for an hour before a concert, as Paderewski is supposed to," somebody inquired. "No," he laughed, "I warm mine on the music."

During the four days he was in Boston the young pianist was the guest of Leslie Buswell at his estate in Gloucester. He plays tonight in Richmond, and other recitals are scheduled for New York and New Haven. His performances here created so much interest that a recital by him was immediately arranged for the evening of April 4 in Symphony hall. Then the critics will have an opportunity to see whether Horowitz can go it alone without the assistance of his older compatriots, Rachmaninoff and Koussevitzky.

SYMPHONY AUDIENCE IS AROUSED

Stamps, Cheers and Goes Wild Over the Playing of Horowitz

Post Mch. 17. 1928

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Through much of its length it had been a none too inspiring Symphony Concert. But Rachmaninoff's Third Piano Concerto, in which Vladimir Horowitz was yesterday making his Boston debut, ends brilliantly, opulently, excitingly, in a flooding frenzy or orchestral song and pianistic virtuosity. And with the final fortissimo chord came pandemonium.

The audience, hitherto only moderately applausive, now rose to its feet, stamped and cheered, banged its vacated seats and recalled Mr. Horowitz times without number. A Friday afternoon Symphony audience, cold, reserved, unresponsive? Not always.

A PIANIST OF POWER

Mr. Horowitz had originally planned to play yesterday afternoon and this evening the B-flat minor Concerto of Tchaikovsky, with which in his recent debut with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, under Sir Thomas Beecham, he had provoked a demonstration such as Carnegie Hall had seldom witnessed. Had that been his piece yesterday instead of the generally unrewarding concerto of his final choice what might there have been for the surprised reviewer to record? As it was, this young Russian, who has conquered Europe and is now upon his first visit to this country, has reason to believe us an excitable people.

Mr. Horowitz is a pianist of power. He is indeed one of those who can suggest power even in moments of repose. Rachmaninoff's Concerto, which the composer himself once played at the symphony concerts and where it has since gone unheard, begins quietly, the piano announcing the chief theme very simply over a light accompaniment. Yet with these first notes Mr. Horowitz riveted the listener's attention, and had the composer better aided him he might have held it in a vise-like grip until the end when, the music now permitting him, he could and did sweep all before him.

Reasons for Choice

Mr. Horowitz, it is rumored, finally preferred Rachmaninoff's Concerto to Tchaikovsky's for performance here because he believed that in it he could show himself a player possessed of a heart and a head as well as of a pair of wonder-working hands. In that he succeeded, although there are concertos that would have enabled him to prove his point even more convincingly. At least Mr. Horowitz' manner in performance is becomingly simple and unassuming. Other pianists have stormed and raged, have shaken their manes and brandished their arms—and all with much less devastating effect upon their hearers.

For tame beginning to an afternoon that was destined for sensational things, came a concerto for strings entitled "Summer," from the set "The Four Seasons," by Vivaldi. An early attempt at programme-music, this concerto again demonstrated that the pre-19th century composers were successful in instrumental composition only when they confined themselves to absolute music. It further showed what tremendous strides the expressive resources of music have made in two centuries. Beyond that it seemed hardly worth the playing.

Mason's Symphony

Next on the list came a symphony by Daniel Gregory Mason, not a new piece, but heard for the first time in Boston, with the composer present and coming to the stage to receive the plaudits of the audience. A scholarly work from a skillful hand, this symphony has everything save those very qualities which in the last analysis alone count: inspiration and originality.

The three familiar excerpts from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" brought an over-long concert to a cheerful close.

HOROWITZ HEARD AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Globe ——— Mar. 17. 1928

Debut of Russian Pianist a Sensational Success

Mason's Symphony in C Minor Played for First Time in Boston

No soloist making a Boston debut at the Symphony concerts within the past 15 years has created anything like the sensation made yesterday by a young Russian pianist, Vladimir Horowitz, in Rachmaninoff's Third Concerto. When he finished there was loud applause. People banged their chairs up and down. Many stood to applaud the conquering hero. A few shouted "brave."

Mr Horowitz is a virtuoso pianist of a type not represented by any other player in the younger generation. He makes the stories told of Liszt and Rubinstein rousing audiences to frenzied excitement credible. To a prodigious technique he adds a temperament easily kindled by brilliant rhythmic music. He has something of the almost uncanny personal force ascribed to Paganini.

Horowitz is pretty certain to prove the most successful concert artist with the American public to appear in the decade since the debuts of Heifetz and Galli-Curci. A recital by him would almost indubitably sell out Symphony Hall any time within the next few weeks. If the usually rather apathetic Friday Symphony audience was so roused by Horowitz, what would not his effect on an ordinary crowd be.

Vladimir Horowitz was born at Kiev, Russia, less than 25 years ago. He studied at the Conservatory in that city under a pupil of Rubinstein and has in the past few years toured in Europe with remarkable success. His American appearances earlier in the present season in New York and Chicago have proved sensational, just as his Boston debut yesterday was. He is young looking, with strongly marked, harsh features, a rather heavy frame and a mop of carefully sleek hair, some of which became displaced yesterday by the violence of his playing.

Brilliant Playing

Brilliant as his playing of the Rachmaninoff Concerto indubitably was, one was left in some doubt as to the scope and extent of Mr Horowitz' musicianship. He has a superb sense of rhythm and a fine feeling for the melodic line of the music. He can play difficult music faster and louder than anybody one recalls, working himself as well as his hearers up into a frenzy of nervous excitement. But it remains to be discovered whether he can play Mozart or Debussy or Beethoven or Brahms. His Liszt and Tchaikovsky must be magnificent. Mr Koussevitzky and the orchestra provided a superb accompaniment for Mr Horowitz, one of the best ever given a soloist by the orchestra.

A Symphony in C minor by Daniel Gregory Mason, composed in 1913 and previously performed in other cities, was the novelty on yesterday's program. The composer, who is professor of music in Columbia University, was present to acknowledge the applause. He disclaims any attempt to tell a story or paint a picture by his music. He has written according to the precepts of Vincent d'Indy. In a program note he explains that "The symphony, which is in three movements, is cyclical in character; that is, it proceeds out of three germinal motives which appear in embryonic form in the introduction to the first movement."

Despite the lucidity and learning of M d'Indy's treatise on musical composition one is inclined to doubt the validity of its doctrine. Neither d'Indy nor anybody else has so far written a work in large form with the "germinal motives" growing into anything great and noble. Mr Mason's music, well written, painstakingly scored for orchestra, has episodes with emotional power, usually due to harmonic rather than melodic inspirations. Its style recalls Brahms and Cesar Franck, with occasional Wagnerian suggestions.

Effective Arrangement

Vivaldi's "Summer," one of a set of concertos for orchestra written to illustrate some sonnets on the four seasons, proved a naive and longwinded bit of early program music, much less interesting than other works of Vivaldi previously heard here. The arrangement by Molinari is effective, but the music lacks for the most part imaginative appeal.

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IMPENDING NOVELTIES

Transc. ——— Mch. 15. 1928

Mr. Koussevitzky Sets Two Upon the Current Program — A Rare, Curious and Ancient Nature-Music from Vivaldi—"Summer" in a Concerto Grosso—Professer Mason's Symphony

WITH two works as yet unheard in Boston Mr. Koussevitzky will step before his audiences of the coming Friday and Saturday. The Renaissance of eighteen century mus continues. Let there be played the fore not only the works of Bach a Handel and Scarlatti, whom everybody knows; let there be heard also those composers whom one finds by going a little farther afield,— for a single example, as in the impending concerts, Antonio Vivaldi, who will furnish one of the novelties. For a second let us hear from a countryman, indeed from a former Bostonian, Professor Daniel Gregory Mason, now of the faculty of Columbia University.

It is almost "contrary to nature" for the average concert-goer to expect a piece of program music from one of these older composers. Yet when music was in its infancy, it attempted, even as now, to represent impressions of an extra-musical nature. Before there was any such thing as a carefully systematised instrumental music, composers attempted imitation of Nature by purely vocal means. Frederick Niecks in his authoritative "Program Music" goes back as far as the middle of the sixteenth century to the "Chanson des Oiseaux" of Gombert for such an attempt. Long lists of later programmatic compositions fill Mr. Niecks's volume. Among the earliest of the instrumental works of program-music belongs the piece for the present week. Said Mr. Gilman, at the time when Mr. Toscanini played from it in New York:

> But for an example of strikingly elaborate, detailed and explicit Nature-music we shall probably not find anything in the records of old music more remarkable than the set of concerti grossi for strings and continuo entitled "Le Quattro Stagioni" ("The Four Seasons") by Antonio Vivaldi (Op. 8), published at Amsterdam about two hundred years ago (the date is unknown). Indeed the Italian editors of a modern transcription of part of this work describe the "Quattro Stagioni" as "the first artistically careful example of programmatic descriptive music". . . .

Vivaldi [1680?-1743] published his ...us 8 under the general title "Il ...mento dell' Armonia e dell' Inven...ne" ("The Trial of Harmony and ...vention"). The work consists of ...elve concerti grossi for strings and ...ntinuo. The first four of the set ...e the "Quattro Stagioni." Vi...ldi in his dedication of the work ...lls attention to the fact that he ...esents the four concertos entitled "The Four Seasons" with four ac...mpanying sonnets, which preface ...d explain the music. The sonnets ...e by an anonymous author—pos...bly Vivaldi himself, at least so con...ctures Bernardino Molinari, whose ...odern edition of the "Quattro Sta...oni" is now being used.

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Globe ——— Mar. 17. 1928

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Vivaldi [1680?-1743] published his Opus 8 under the general title "Il Cimento dell' Armonia e dell' Inventione" ("The Trial of Harmony and Invention"). The work consists of twelve concerti grossi for strings and continuo. The first four of the set are the "Quattro Stagioni." Vivaldi in his dedication of the work calls attention to the fact that he presents the four concertos entitled "The Four Seasons" with four accompanying sonnets, which preface and explain the music. The sonnets are by an anonymous author—possibly Vivaldi himself, at least so conjectures Bernardino Molinari, whose modern edition of the "Quattro Stagioni" is now being used.

Mr. Molinari, be it said, in arranging these concertos for modern usage dedicated his version to none other than Benito Mussolini. Mr. Molinari earlier in the present season acted as guest conductor with various orchestras in this country. During January he was in St. Louis, and there with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra gave the first American performances of the set—"Spring," Jan. 6 and 7; "Summer," Jan. 13 and 14; "Autumn" and "Winter," Jan. 27 and 28. In New York Mr. Toscanini played "Spring." In Boston Mr. Koussevitzky will play "Summer."

Evidently the red-headed priest (for thus Vivaldi was nick-named) believed in doing a good job. Few composers, even in modern times, have been so conscientious in relating program to music. Vivaldi places letters opposite sections of his sonnets, then repeats the letters in the score, so that there will be no possible question as to what is meant by each particular section of the music. The following poetical translation of the sonnet "Summer" was made by Claudio Delitala for the program book of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra. Observe particularly Vivaldi's lettering:

A Under the scorching summer sun
Man languishes. So languish the herds, so burns the pine.
B The cuckoo calls and hearing him
C The turtle-dove and robin sing.
D A tender zephyr breathes. Now Boreas
Thrusts forth his sudden challenge.
E A little Shepherd cries. He fears
F The threat of the impending storm.
The ache for rest from his tired limbs is driven
By lightning's darts, and fearsome thunder rolls
And by the torment of the frantic flies.
G The shepherd's fears, alas, are all too true.
Thunders the sky, and flashes, and sends hail.

To beat down tender wheat and the proud trees.

Parenthetically may one insert that the tireless editor of this same program book goes farther back than either Professor Niecks or Mr. Gilman in his search for an old example of program music, when he writes, "Strabo tells of Timosthenes, commander of the fleet of Ptolemy II., who at a musical contest at Delphi, presented a melos which celebrated the victory of Apollo over the monster Python. It sought to achieve a graphic depiction of their battle, of the agonies of the expiring monster, of the triumph of the god. This was in 200 B. C."

Molnari's edition of Vivaldi's four concertos is scored for a solo violin, the usual quintet of strings, organ, cembalo or piano. It will be observed by following the lettering that Vivaldi was not content merely to ramble on in the same sequence as the thoughts in his sonnet. The repetition of various sections gives to the concerto a very definite form in the modern sense. "Summer" falls into three divisions or movements.

I. G minor, three-eight meter. The piano is silent—A. Andantino mosso. The work begins quietly with a two-note motif repeated several times and followed by a melodic phrase of two measures, which is also repeated and slightly developed. Wisely there is no attempt to picture heat; but the first four measures, made up of repetitions of the two-note motif, may easily suggest the oppressive silence of all nature which often accompanies the extreme heat of the glaring sun. More definitely, nevertheless, is the melodic contour of the next phrase allied to the idea of "languishing." Finally there is return to the "stillness" motif,

B. Allegro. The solo violin has a tripping figure of repeated notes, into which is mingled on accented notes the descending interval of the "cuckoo" figure. A solo viola, a solo 'cello, a solo double bass and the organ supply a lightly skipping accompaniment. For three measures at the end of this section the whole orchestra takes the figure of the violin solo, then goes immediately into the music of

A. with its suggestion of drowsy stillness. Six measures.

C. Slower. Against a sustained G in 'cello and organ, the solo violin begins "espressivo" its bird-like warblings. More and more ornate grow the figures. Once near the end it is interrupted by a swirling figure in the upper strings.

D. This latter figure (Piu Mosso) turns out to be the basis for the zephyr music in the higher strings. Then with cataclysmic suddenness this pianissimo gives way to a forte tutti in which violins hurl themselves up and down scale passages, while violas, 'cellos and basses scamper up and down vicious octave

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Kiev and Brookline Contribute to Concert

Monitor — Mch. 19, 1926

Continuing his triumphal musical progress across America, Vladimir Horowitz made his first Boston appearance yesterday afternoon at the nineteenth Friday afternoon concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting. His performance in the Third Pianoforte Concerto by Serge Rachmaninoff provoked an extraordinary manifestation. The audience, not content with clapping its hands, stamped, cheered and finally rose to its collective feet in honor of the artist. Perhaps only those who are accustomed to the colossal calm of a Friday afternoon audience in Symphony Hall can appreciate fully the significance of the tribute. Since Mr. Horowitz's playing of this music in other cities has been amply reported in these columns, it is only necessary to say that he well deserved the plaudits of yesterday's audience.

The ovation for Mr. Horowitz had the effect of subordinating to an extent the success which was won by the Symphony in C minor of Daniel Gregory Mason. This was unfortunate, for Mr. Mason, a scholarly musician, is equally deserving in another way. The performance of the symphony, its first in Boston, was another example of Mr. Koussevitzky's readiness to give hearing to works by American composers. Mr. Mason, a native of Brookline, near Boston, is a member of the musical faculty of Columbia University, in New York. He is the author also of other orchestral compositions, chamber pieces, and several books on the history and appreciation of music. The symphony was written in 1914 and rewritten in 1921. Though it may be said to belong to the nineteenth century, it is well-made music, sonorous and agreeable to listen to. It shows melodic invention, mastery of the methods of composition and thorough understanding of the orchestra. Conductor and orchestra surely earned the gratitude of the composer, who was present to receive the applause, for their brilliant exposition of his work.

The other novelty of the program was the second, entitled "Summer," of Vivaldi's series of concertos, "The Four Seasons," as edited by Mr. Molinari, who recently conducted all of them in St. Louis. The work heard yesterday is interesting as an excursion to one of the sources of modern orchestral music, and perhaps even more as an example of early program music. But as descriptive music it cannot be said that it is very impressive to the modern ear, accustomed to less naïve means. Yet the music in itself is worth a hearing for its very simplicity and charm. The program concluded with the usual three excerpts from Berlioz's "The Damnation of Faust."

L. A. S.

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To beat down tender wheat and the
trees.

Parenthetically may one insert that
tireless editor of this same program
goes farther back than either Prof
Niecks or Mr. Gilman in his search
an old example of program music, w
he writes, "Strabo tells of Timosthe
commander of the fleet of Ptolemy
who at a musical contest at Delphi,
sented a melos which celebrated the
tory of Apollo over the monster Pyt
It sought to achieve a graphic depic
of their battle, of the agonies of the
piring monster, of the triumph of
god. This was in 200 B. C."

Molnari's edition of Vivaldi's four
certos is scored for a solo violin,
usual quintet of strings, organ, cem
or piano. It will be observed by fol
ing the lettering that Vivaldi was
content merely to ramble on in the s
sequence as the thoughts in his son
The repetition of various sections g
to the concerto a very definite form
the modern sense. "Summer" falls
three divisions or movements.

I. G minor, three-eight meter.
piano is silent—A. Andantino mosso.
work begins quietly with a two-note
tif repeated several times and follo
by a melodic phrase of two meas
which is also repeated and slightly
veloped. Wisely there is no attem
picture heat; but the first four meas
made up of repetitions of the two-
motif, may easily suggest the oppre
silence of all nature which often ac
panies the extreme heat of the gla
sun. More definitely, nevertheless, is
melodic contour of the next phrase a
to the idea of "languishing." Fi
there is return to the "stillness" m

B. Allegro. The solo violin h
tripping figure of repeated notes,
which is mingled on accented notes
descending interval of the "cuc
figure. A solo viola, a solo 'cello, a
double bass and the organ supply a lig
skipping accompaniment. For t
measures at the end of this section
whole orchestra takes the figure of
violin solo, then goes immediately
the music of

A. with its suggestion of drowsy
ness. Six measures.

C. Slower. Against a sustained
'cello and organ, the solo violin b
"espressivo" its bird-like warbl
More and more ornate grow the fig
Once near the end it is interrupted
swirling figure in the upper strings

D. This latter figure (Piu M
turns out to be the basis for the ze
music in the higher strings. Then
cataclysmic suddenness this pianis
gives way to a forte tutti in which
lins hurl themselves up and down
passages, while violas, 'cellos and ba
scamper up and down vicious oc
leaps and the organ holds solid chords;
the zephyr music has given way to the
music of Boreas. Gradually it all calms
down and again there is a resumption of
A. with its music of the quiet oppressiveness of summer heat.

E. Andante.—The lamenting of the
shepherd brings the solo violin with a
plaintive little melody, accompanied by
the organ alone. Then one by one, in
the order mentioned, a solo 'cello, a solo
violin, another solo violin, a solo viola
enter the ensemble—all "espressivo" or
"molto espressivo" and "con dolore."
Apparently to remind what the shepherd
is weeping about, the music reurns to
the Boreas figures of

D. which ends the movement—pianissimo.

II. F. Adagio. Now the organ is
silent—The reposeful shepherd—again
the solo violin—in long sustained notes
against a delicate accompaniment from
the other violins alternates with the

Presto of lower strings and piano.
Repeated notes only, they play in quickly swelling and as quickly receding volume. It is the storm frightening the
poor shepherd. Not more than twenty
two measures this movement continues.
Within that short space, the Presto of
the storm thrice breaks in upon the
shepherd's melody.

III. G. Presto — "Tempo impetuoso
d'Estate"—The repeated notes of the
preceding joined to the music of the
winds of Boreas form the burden of this
movement. One marvels how Vivaldi
thus ties his three movements together
while we moderns prate of such practise as a new device. The organ and
piano both join. For contrast the solo
has delicate "saltato" figures against a
pizzicato accompaniment of violas. It
is to be noted that Vivaldi in his storm
music makes no attempt at the realism
of trills and scale passages in the bass.
Such are reserved for a later date.

Professor Mason's symphony in C
minor Op. 11 is not so new in some
places as it is in Boston. It was begun in France in 1913 and completed
in 1914. It was played in Philadelphia
in 1916 and in Detroit in 1921. Then it
was rewritten and played by the New
York Philharmonic in 1922. Last month
the Detroiters played it. It is in three
movements and employs the "cyclical"
form of Franck and d'Indy. Three motives appear in a slow introduction, the
first slow, the second fast, the third
"tranquillo," forming the basis of the
whole symphony. The movements are
(1) Largo sostenuto; Allegro moderato
risoluto; (2) Larghetto tranquillo; (2) Allegro molto marcato. Mr. Mason writes
that the symphony is "conceived dramatically," that "the drama is of the interplay of musical ideas and emotions," and
rather emphatically "disclaims any programmatic story."

A. H. M.

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L. A. S.

Three Cheers and a Tiger

Needless, almost, to say the audience at the Symphony Concert of Saturday renewed the furore of Friday over Mr. Horowitz playing Rakhmaninov's Concerto in D minor. There were tempests of applause thrice-over; there were shouts from ardent throats; excitement, variously vocal, pervaded the hall; by infection even a fourth recall came to pass when two or three pairs of leathern hands insisted upon it. The occasion for these transports was easy to discover. Mr. Horowitz has restored to the concert-hall a style of piano-playing that audiences in two generations have scarcely known. Being of the twentieth century, he treats the piano solely and persistently as an instrument of percussion. Even to the paltry measures of melody, with which the composer here and there lards the Concerto, he gives no voice of sustained song, no air of sentiment, after the manner of the romantical pianists. Rather, let the violins do the singing, as in the third movement, while against them he whips out syncopated chords.

In most else he is the magniloquent pianist of the "grand" romantic day —say from Liszt through Rubinstein. He commands the most incisive of rhythms; he is past master of the spurring of pace, the driving of accents until both become an obsession upon hearers. His staccati (as in the first movement) bite the air; he ferments the stodgy progressions of Rakhmaninov into a boiling frenzy. His tone is as keen-edged and brilliant as a "high-voiced" piano can make it. It gleams above the orchestral mass or through it thrusts like a rapier. To Mr. Horowitz obviously, the orchestra is subordinate and accessory. He wastes not his virtuoso and predominant self over the eu-

phonies and the counter-shadings on which a Gieseking, for convenient example, lavishes pains.

Mr. Horowitz can likewise summon a tone of the largest and deepest sonorities; propel it, firm-cut and full-motioned, in irresistible impact upon ears and nerves. He pedals with trip-hammer feet; the fineness of his fingers, which seem slender and sinewy, contrasts with the strength of wrists and forearm; while all four make a rare combination of pianistic range and power. His ear, like his touch—so far as the chosen Concerto disclosed him—courts the vigors, not the subtleties; the cleaving rather than the caressing, stroke. He is no pianist to plough his way heavy-footed through Rakhmaninov's first movement. He makes it sound as something free and formidable, neither of which it actually is. Give him the sweep and swirl of the Finale, let him fling into it the unifying snatches of melody, and he generates the excitement aforesaid. Between the two, most have forgotten that with the pretty melancholies of the middle movement he was not an adept or a sympathetic pianist. Perhaps it is just as well, considering what these measures are. . . . Elderly listeners went harking back to Rubinstein for comparisons. Younger hearers, knowing only out of books, agreed that Mr. Horowitz might be in that tradition, twentieth-centurally renewed.

Nor did the signs and wonders of the evening begin and end with the pianist. There had been plentiful speculation about Mr. Koussevitzky's inclusion in the program of Mr. Mason's Symphony. It is not the conductor's kind of music; it is of a sort, indeed, that he has usually put by. Yet the performance had not gone far before it was plain that he was playing the piece because he liked and felt it. Thereby Mr. Mason's music gained almost beyond belief. Pages that might have sounded cool and cerebral basked in the Koussevitzkian warmths. The return of the composer's "cyclic" themes à la Franck or d'Indy stood clear, sharp, charactered; to and fro these motivs went in the dramatic conflict and contrast that by the soundless evidence of the score Mr. Mason had oftener imagined than realized. His harmonies had d'Indyan edge; his timbres sounded full. The last of the Franckian symphonies (as it probably is) had reason for being in an individuality of its own. Seldom, "at these concerts," have the interpretive arts of a conductor been so signally and sympathetically exercised. Deservedly Mr. Mason was twice recalled. Justly—later in the evening, after the playing of the Concerto—a spontaneous burst of applause hailed the returning conductor and raised the orchestra in circle around him.

H. T. P.

NOTES and LINES

By PHILIP HALE

Herald Mch. 15, 1928

Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct at the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra this week two works which will be heard here for the first time. One is by Vivaldi, a concerto edited by Molinari, who has acted this season as "guest" conductor of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra and the Philharmonic Society of New York.

Among Vivaldi's many works is a set of four concertos entitled "The Four Seasons." He wrote them in musical illustration of four sonnets and has arranged it so that the score in each case is what might be called an interlinear translation into tones of the verse. The sonnets are printed as anonymous, but it is thought that Vivaldi was the poet as well as the composer. The four concertos were brought out by Molinari in St. Louis for the first time in this country. Vivaldi told in the general title his purpose of uniting harmonic expression with poetic thought. Mr. Koussevitzky has chosen the second concerto, "Summer."

The other unfamiliar work is a symphony by Daniel Gregory Mason, which, written some years ago, has been performed in Philadelphia, New York, Chicago and other cities.

Vladimir Horowitz, pianist, will play for the first time publicly in Boston at these concerts. At first there was talk of Liszt's concerto in E flat major; then of Tchaikovsky's concerto in B flat minor; then of Rachmaninoff's third concerto. As we are now writing, the concerto by Rachmaninoff is on the program. The composer played it here at a Symphony concert on Oct. 31, 1919. To the best of our knowledge, Rachmaninoff's 4th concerto has not been heard here.

The concert will end with a performance of the familiar three excerpts from "The Damnation of Faust."

Mr. Horowitz, a Russian, has played with the leading orchestras of Europe, given recitals, and won a great reputation for so young a man. His first appearance in the United States was on Jan. 12 of this year at a concert of the Philharmonic Society of New York. He played Tchaikovsky's first concerto. Sir Thomas Beecham then conducted as a "guest" for the first time in this country. In other cities since then Mr. Horowitz has been playing Rachmaninoff's third concerto.

Vivaldi was born some time during the latter half of the seventeenth century at Venice, where his father was violinist at St. Mark's Church. Little is known about Antonio's early history. It is supposed that he spent several years in Germany. We know that he was director of music to Duke Philip of Hesse—some say Duke Philip of Hesse-Philippsthal, Ernest Ludwig—at Mantua, where the Duke had a residence from 1707 to 1713, when he returned to Venice. He was appointed *maestro de concerti* at the Ospedale della Pietà, a foundling hospital for girls, with a choir and an orchestra, all women. In 1714 he was appointed violinist at St. Mark's Church. He was red-headed and a priest, so he was known as "il prete rosso."

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ was born at Kiev, Russia, of an artistically inclined family. His father was an engineer; his mother a musician. It was with her that he began to study the piano at the age of six. As soon as he was old enough he was sent to the Conservatory, where he studied under Felix Blumenfeld, a pupil of Rubinstein. At the age of seventeen he was graduated with the highest honors. His first public appearance was made at Kharkov, and he then started on his first tour. He played throughout Russia until 1923, "even through the worst national crisis, when he was paid in flour and butter instead of money." During 1922–23 Horowitz played twenty-three times in Leningrad to sold-out houses. In 1924 Horowitz left Russia for Berlin, where he made his début at the Bluthner Hall as soloist with orchestra. From Berlin, he started on a tour of Europe, appearing in Germany, Holland, Italy, France, Spain, Belgium, and London. Last season he played 88 engagements: in Berlin, Leipzig, Hamburg, Rome, Paris, Amsterdam, Scheveningen, Cologne, and Frankfort. He is making his first tour of the United States this season. He played for the first time at a concert of the Philharmonic Society, New York, Thomas Beecham "guest" conductor, on January 12, 1928 (Tchaikovsky's Concerto No. 1.)

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Twentieth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 23, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 24, at 8.15 o'clock

Gluck . . . . . Ballet Suite No. 2 (Arranged by Mottl)

a. March (from "Alceste"); Minuet (from "Iphigenia in Aulis").
b. Grazioso (from "Paris and Helen").
c. Slave Dance (from "Iphigenia in Aulis").

Schumann . . . . Symphony No. 4 in D minor, Op. 120

I. Andante; Allegro.
II. Romanza.
III. Scherzo.
IV. Largo; Finale.

(Played without pause)

Piston . . . . . Symphonic Piece
(First performance)

Lazăr . . . . . Music for Orchestra
(First performance)

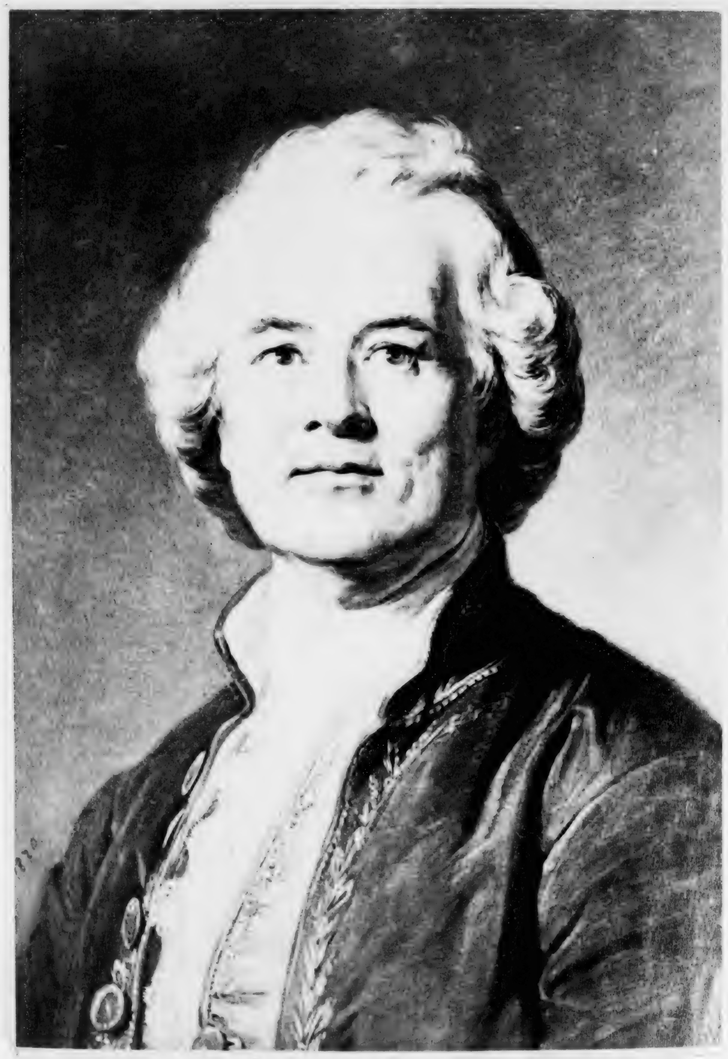
Stravinsky . . . . Suite from "L'Oiseau de Feu" ("The Fire-Bird"), A Danced Legend

I. Introduction; Katscheĭ's Enchanted Garden and Dance of the Fire-Bird.
II. Supplication of the Fire-Bird.
III. The Princesses play with the Golden Apples.
IIIa. Berceuse.
IV. Dance of the Princess.
V. Infernal Dance of all the Subjects of Katscheĭ.

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

There will be an intermission after the symphony

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



SYMPHONY IN 20TH CONCERT

Music by Piston and Lazar Played for First Time Anywhere

Herald — Mar. 24, 1928

SCHUMANN NUMBER FEATURES PROGRAM

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave the 20th concert of its 47th season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Gluck-Mottl, Ballet Suite No. 2; Schumann, Symphony No. 4, D minor; Piston, Symphonic Piece; Lazar, Music for Orchestra; Stravinsky, suite from the ballet, "The Fire-Bird." The pieces by Piston and Lazar were played for the first time anywhere.

The chief feature of the concert was the romantic interpretation of Schumann's romantic symphony. As the years go by certain performances remain clear in the memory, as Mr. Nikisch's reading of this symphony, which was on the program when he conducted his first concert in this city. The symphony has since been often played, but never as it was then performed, until yesterday afternoon. Then, as when it was conducted by Mr. Nikisch, there was no remembrance of Schumann's faulty instrumentation; no one recalled the old reproach that this composer thought his music for the piano and afterwards endeavored laboriously to provide it with an orchestral dress. Certain conductors, as if conscious of the alleged defects, were unable to rectify them. They either conducted in a perfunctory, pedestrian manner, as one saying: "No one of Schumann's symphonies was on the program last season. I suppose it is high time to let the audience hear one;" or, having the best will in the world, they themselves were not of a poetic nature, so the romanticism of the work escaped them.

Now this symphony is charged with passion, with here and there yearning, aspiring thoughts of one enamored of a beautiful ideal; with the tender, wistful melancholy that is peculiar to Schumann, a melancholy different from that which is Schubert's own, different from that which with Tchaikovsky is of close kin to gloom and despair. Nor is the melancholy of Schumann's to be found only in the Romanza of this symphony. The lyrical thought is fraught throughout with melancholy, hence the fascination of the work.

In the stormy outbursts the composer seems wishing to arouse himself; to play the man; but even in the Trio of the Scherzo, he dreams again a dream of unattainable happiness.

All this was felt by Mr. Koussevitzky, who gave the music full expression, and, as the orchestra played as if inspired, the performance was pure music that moved the soul by the revelation of beauty—for melancholy can be the pursuit of loveliness—and by rhythmic intensity and passion.

Mottl arranged his suite from music in three of Gluck's operas; arranged it discreetly, artistically, without an undue attempt to modernize the charming airs and the stately march. How delightful is this old music in its melodic grace, compelling simplicity, direct appeal! Here was no need of the stage and the dancers of the 18th century—dancers whose art would seem strange today. Ballet music began the concert, ballet music ended it. Is it not possible that Gluck's airs will give pleasure in the concert hall when Stravinsky's "Fire-Bird" will not be heard there? With the exception of the scene of the Princesses playing with the Golden Apples and the Berceuse, the music calls loudly for the stage. Even in the theatre much of it might seem older than Gluck's as far as melodic invention is concerned.

Mr. Piston, a New Englander, and Mr. Lazar, a Rumanian, were both born in 1894. Mr. Piston studied in Boston, at Harvard, later in Paris; Mr. Lazar at Bucharest and Leipsic. The two belong to the radical wing of contemporaneous composers. Mr. Piston seems to be in the experimental stage, influenced strongly by musical beliefs and tendencies of today. Neither one of these composers seems to be endowed by nature with a marked feeling for melodic beauty, nor anxious to acquire it. Rhythm and sudden contrasts between a few unimportant measures of suavity and violent orchestral crashes seem to them all important. Mr. Lazar is at present the more skilled in technic. Mr. Piston has said of his composition: "The style is contrapuntal; the harmonic idiom is polytonal, although there is a main tonality." But man cannot live and affect musically his fellow-man by counterpoint alone, even when it is in the better manner of Sebastian Bach.

Handel said that his cook knew more of counterpoint than Gluck; but Handel, the great melodist, knew only Gluck's early works. To some of our young musicians no doubt the music of that master, and even of Schumann, is "Old Hat." They shun sensuousness and naked beauty as "too obvious." To them rhythm, especially when it is ever changing or distorted, is the great essential. The stars have rhythm; but the sight of their quiet beauty—quiet to those of us on earth—rebukes pettiness and inspires devotion. They do not fret and rasp the nerves.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Hill, Symphony in B flat (first performance); Wagner, Prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde"; prelude to "The Mastersingers." Paul Kochanski, violinist, will play Bach's concerto, No. 1, A minor, and Ravel's "Tzigane."

SYMPHONY STAGES TWO NEW PIECES

Both of Modern Trend and Played as Companions

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Those who contend that all modern music sounds the same would have found support for their argument in the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon. Side by side on the programme stood a Symphonic Piece, by Walter Piston of Belmont, just turned 34, and Music for Orchestra, by Felip Lazar of Bucharest, now in his 34th year. The Rumanian's music was a shade rougher and ruder than the Bostonian's, yet it may still be said that both were couched in the same musical speed, the Franco-Russian, Debussy-Stravinskian dialect that now serves young composers the world around.

NEITHER PIECE IMPORTANT

Since Mr. Piston was present in the audience and for a moment graced the stage with his presence, his piece received a courteous round of applause. Lazar's won hardly a hand-clap. Both compositions are well made in accordance with the formulas employed, though Lazar's is at once the more assertive and the less articulate. Both were played yesterday for the first time anywhere. Neither is of any great importance to anyone save the composer himself. Mr. Piston at least had the benefit of hearing his effort in an admirable and sympathetic performance, and may now take stock of himself and go forward, it is to be hoped and presumed, to more individual and significant accomplishment.

It is an oddly assorted list that Mr. Koussevitzky has assembled for this week's pair of concerts. Yet in the hearing it moved with a certain logic. For beginning and, paradoxically, for the freshest music of all the afternoon, came the second suite made by Mottl from the ballet music of Gluck. Schumann's Symphony in D minor followed, and Stravinsky's Fire-Bird Suite, now of annual occurrence at the Symphony Concerts, following upon the two novel pieces brought the end.

There are some who no longer take pleasure in the symphonies of Schumann. But these pieces, so unsymphonic in style and in structure, sounding for all the world like inept orchestra transcriptions of awkwardly written piano music, must above all things be so handled in performance that their intimacy, their very personal romanticism, comes to the fore. Mr. Koussevitzky, on the contrary, would investigate and reanimate them with his own Slavic fires. In this Fourth Symphony he did, as a matter of fact, gain this intimate, personal note in the Romanza and in the charming Trio of the Scherzo, but subjected to his ardors the Allegro, the Scherzo proper and in particular the Finale sounded but the emptier and the clumsier.

In the music of Stravinsky conductor and orchestra have always excelled, and yesterday's performance of the "Fire-Bird" offered no exception to this rule.

TWO NEW PIECES AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Works by Piston, Lazar, Played for First Time

Schumann Symphony, Gluck Suite and Stravinsky's "Firebird" Heard

Two new pieces by composers of the younger generation were played for the first time anywhere at yesterday's Symphony concert, a "Symphonic Piece," by Walter Piston, instructor in music at Harvard, and "Music for Orchestra," by a young Rumanian composer, Filip Lazar. Both were too modern to win the favor of an audience still overwhelmingly conservative in its musical tastes. The other numbers on a rather miscellaneous program were a portion of one of Mottl's suites of numbers from Gluck's operas, Schumann's Fourth Symphony, and Stravinsky's "Firebird" suite.

Mr Piston, a Bostonian by birth, has studied composition and theory at Harvard, and under Nadia Boulanger and Paul Dukas in Paris. Works of his have been heard here at chamber music concerts and the Pops. The "Symphonic Piece" heard yesterday is the first of his compositions to be played by a symphony orchestra. It has no program. No longer do young composers feel obliged to announce that their music tells a story or paints a picture. It is enough for the modernists, as it usually was for Bach and Beethoven to write music for its own sake, without seeking to bribe unmusical listeners by promising them poetic or pictorial values.

Mr Piston's musical ideas, though influenced by such composers as Prokofieff, Stravinsky and Ravel, do not lack individuality. He states them pungently, with a keen feeling for the use of contrast in music. There are some highly effective bits of orchestration, as for instance the beautiful shimmer of tone at the beginning. In other passages one felt that the scoring could be made more sonorous and less confused to advantage.

Mr Lazar, whose "Tziganes" was given its first performance here last season, is also a young composer with his reputation still to win. This time he too disclaims any program for his piece. This "Music for Orchestra" is a study in rhythms, at first of absorbing interest, but becoming monotonous in its iterations of the same short jagged phrases.

He has been influenced by Bartok, it appears from the music, but without attaining that master's admirable concision of eloquence. Mr Koussevitzky had as usual striven to make the new music eloquent and appealing. Whether he did this without intruding his own personality between composer and listener only those with access to the score can say.

One wished, listening to the excerpts from Gluck, that Mr Koussevitzky would offer his audience here more of the beautiful music of that too much neglected composer. The conductor gave a spirited but not deeply emotional reading of the famous march from "Alceste." There is much more beauty and feeling in the excerpt from "Paris and Helen" than Mr Koussevitzky revealed. Was it he or Mottl who made the cuts in this number?

Mr Koussevitzky made the Schumann symphony sound more attractive and important music than it has usually appeared to be. It was still obvious that the music was written for pianoforte and orchestrated by main strength, but the themes had emotional meaning and the working out seemed less aimless than of old. Such works as this really demand of a conductor the highly personal type of interpretation of which Mr Koussevitzky is overfond.

Stravinsky's "Firebird," after nearly 20 years, has come to seem an inexhaustible flow of luscious melody and sensuous harmony, with a sweetness which may some day cloy. One remembers with amazement how strange and harsh this music sounded a dozen years ago. Yesterday only the mysterious introductory measures sounded really mysterious. The rest of the score has a charm akin to that of Rimsky Korsakoff's "Scheherezade."

Already the Berceuse has won the favor of the Pops audiences. The dance of the Princesses, and the "Infernal Dance" would no doubt fare equally well at the Pops if they were played a few times there.

The program now announced for next week includes a new symphony in B flat by Prof E. B. Hill of Harvard, a Bach violin concert, Ravel's "Tzigane" for violin and orchestra, and two Wagner excerpts, the prelude and "Love Death" from "Tristan," and the prelude to "Die Meistersinger."

P. R.

PAIRED NEWCOMERS; STRAVINSKIAN ECHO; GLUCK AND SCHUMANN

MR. KOUSSEVITZKY'S VARIEGATED AFTERNOON

Mr. Piston of Cambridge and Mr. Lazar of Bucharest Proffer Novel Pieces—The All Pervading Monsieur Igor—He Himself in "The Fire-Bird"—Eighteenth-Century Dances Prevail Over Nineteenth-Century Song

THOUGH Stravinsky's name appeared but once on the program, he filled the second half, yesterday afternoon, of the Symphony Concert. His own number was the familiar Suite from the early ballet, "The Fire-Bird." Preceding it—after the intermission—stood a Symphonic Piece by Mr. Walter Piston of Cambridge, and "Music for An Orchestra" by Mr. Filip Lazar of Bucharest. Mr. Piston is a Bostonian in the early thirties, who pursued the study of music in this city, at Cambridge and in Paris; who is now teacher in the Division of Music at Harvard. Mr. Lazar is a Roumanian in the early thirties, schooled first at Bucharest and second at Leipzig; since the German War ocasional visitor to the Parisian world of tones. Save for the Parisian tie, the composers might hardly be further apart. Yet the music of each was redolent of Stravinsky. Had they been Englishmen, Frenchmen or Spaniards, even Germans or Italians, of the like youthful generation, the chances go that their pieces would have reflected, in more or less degree, that same pervading influence. In these days, no composer, at his beginnings or even at semi-maturity, escapes Monsieur Igor.

The theorists may write in extenso treatises upon polytonality and atonality. The pedagogues may discourse their fill about rhythm and color in contemporary usage. The pedants may raise their shrill cry of "Back to Handel," "Return to Bach" or whatever ancient they happen to pick. For the youngsters, filling their first music-paper, all these tendencies coalesce on the pages of Stravinsky from "The Fire-Bird" and "Petrushka," through "Le Sacre" and "Noces," to the

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Because of Mr. Lazar's freer movement and more spontaneous attack he seemed the better man of the two, though it is permissible to suspect that, actually, he is not. (Possibly the audience of Friday would hint as much when it applauded the present Mr. Piston civilly, but gave the absent Roumanian hardly a hand.) We listeners were New-Englanders by the accident of birth or the chance of residence.

Mr. Lazar was Balkan-b works in Bucharest. Our to find something exotic through this "Music for That note sounded in th fervors with which he piece. It made play upo nerves with vigorous bitten accents, flaming c music all compact of sonance. As likely as n substance (which, Mr. phonic Piece" certainly was an engrossing sur flux and spurt. Mr. La the hot-blooded, full-han Stravinsky: whereas Mr. such an exemplar with th adroit and pregnant deta

As for Monsieur Igor veyed the stricken field his disciples from the se the Suite out of "The Fi as it is played nowaday become virtuoso-piece fo chestra as Mr. Koussevi neither in address to the pulse to the imagination. the several movements and flexible. Stravinsky them with the ease of f invention and ever-ready is the unfolding; clear t the musical substance; al cant the accents. Strau not closer woven the m poetic content of a progr The suggestion, the glam visual to the imagination- lous, shimmering Fire-Bir cesses tossing the golden their round-dance in the sorcerer's capering train. means, Stravinsky is music entirely accomplis pose. It was so, yester Suite from "The Fire-Bi with "Petrushka" in thea hall; "Le Sacre" or "Th as tone-poem; "Noces" u the Octuor and the Conce oratorio of last month. Ag the hearer listens, engr gladdened. Of what othe this twentieth-century ma written?

Gluck and Schumann, ters, shared the first half with advantage to the cl of the eighteenth century romantic composer of t Mr. Koussevitzky, playin Symphony in D minor, w would give a full head. as it seemed, made little space, clarify and " mann's clumsy, but na orchestra. No more did

the passages in which the composer pads and turns banal, until a new idea or a new emotion may wing him. Rather, Mr. Koussevitzky took this affectionate Symphony as it stands, content to instil into it—or distil from it—something of the ardor with which Schumann first put the notes—and the passion—to paper.

The introduction went as from Schumann piercing through mist to his inspiration. Full-throated and eager ran the First Movement as though the bold figures for the trombones and other instruments were the propulsive force. The Romanza became ardent, forthright, rather than contemplative, song. In the Trio, the singular rhythm beat high; the melody, still keeping strangeness, sang out. The Finale was tumultuous, romantic effusion. No doubt, the Mendelssohnians of those German forties and fifties believed it "rough stuff;" but fortunate would have been their Felix to have known a tithe of these fervors. In sum, while not a few expected Mr. Koussevitzky to sentimentalize this Symphony in D minor, he actually energized it until awkward measures turned supple in the glow; while waste places put forth momentary flowers of song.

Nevertheless the ear turned back to Schumann; whereas, listening to the Suite of Ballet Airs from Gluck's operas, it took no thought of time, school, circumstance. No doubt the ingenious Mottl, who was the conductor-revisor born and practised, "touched up" Gluck's harmonies and timbres. His editing hand was subtle, but occasional instrumental turns more suggest Munich in the eighteen-nineties than Paris (or Vienna) in the seventeen-seventies. The more, perhaps, for these changes does the intrinsic Gluckian matter and manner lay hold upon every receiving faculty, answering imagination included. How gracious the light stateliness—to make a semi-paradox—of the March from "Alceste" beside the big-wigged pomps of the other end of the eighteenth century, when Handel was thrusting marches into opera and oratorio! Gluck, no less than Mozart, could write the Minuet—this time in "Iphigenia in Aulis"—that twines melody and rhythm with wistful melancholy. And what color, what exotic flavors—as such things went in the Paris of Sophie Arnould and Diderot—in the "Dance of Slaves" from that same "Iphigenia!"

Time may not wither the lovely patterning of the Gluckian melody in pensive dance, or dim the brightness of the Gluckian rhythms and color when the dance is also spectacle. No opera house deserves the front rank unless it keeps an opera or two of Gluck in its active repertory. By the same token, an orchestra of the first rank is bound to play, oftener than is the custom, such ex-

cerpts as are transferable to the concert-room—most of all an orchestra of such transparency and finesse as that in presence yesterday. It is true that Gluck wrought for the theater; but the theater, under a master's hand, has been known to diffuse the pure essence of music. H. T. P.

Of Bucharest and Boston Novelties

By L. A. SLOPER

TWO "first performances" graced the program of the twentieth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, presented yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston, with Serge Koussevitzky conducting. Both composers are in the early thirties, and both compositions are in one movement, and without a program. Walter Piston of Boston and Harvard styles his a "Symphonic Piece." Filip Lazăr of Bucharest announces simply, "Music for Orchestra."

Mr. Piston was conductor of the historic Harvard undergraduate orchestra, the Pierian Sodality, and now teaches music in the university. His Three Pieces for flute, clarinet, and bassoon, heard last season at a concert of the Boston Flute Players Club, appeared to be a musical jest. His Symphonic Piece is naturally more pretentious. It proves that he has profited much by his excellent instruction and by observation of the styles of the day. But in following the fashion of polytonality and complicated rhythmic patterns he has not forsaken form or melody. Or shall we say that while respecting the older grammar he has employed a modern idiom? There are traces in this work of prehistoric Russian ancestry, but these have been largely submerged by residence beside the Seine.

Mr. Lazăr's music is more elemental. Instead of submitting his impulses to the refining influence of a highly sophisticated society, or allowing his intellect to direct him back to classicism, he pursues an uncompromising course. A follower rather than a leader, nevertheless he appears to be aware of his direction. He reveals clearly enough his indebtedness to Stravinsky, but he has not pursued the Russian along his somewhat erratic wanderings of recent years. On the contrary, he would seem by the evidence of this composition to be following the more consistent route of Bartók, spurning anything ingratiating, depending on fierce rhythms and violent colors. This work, while giving no effect of originality, struck us as more successful than the composer's "Tziganes," performed by Mr. Koussevitzky last season.

But it cannot be said that either of the novelties supplied the most enjoyable moments of the afternoon. Nor did the Fourth Symphony of Schumann; although it received an extraordinarily imaginative interpretation and a performance of rare eloquence.

The opening number, the second Gluck-Mottl Ballet Suite, was a joy to listen to, particularly the Minuet from "Iphigenia in Aulis" and the Grazioso from "Paris and Helen." Delicate, charming measures, poetically read, and played with a beauty of tone, a subtlety of shading and a flexibility that stirred to wonder. The same qualities were evident again in the "Fire-Bird" Suite of Stravinsky, which closed the program.

FORTY-SEVENTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-SEVEN AND TWENTY-EIGHT

Twenty-first Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 30, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 31, at 8.15 o'clock

Hill . . . . . Symphony in B-flat, Op. 34
I. Allegro moderato, ma risoluto.
II. Moderato maestoso.
III. Allegro brioso.
(First performance)

Bach . . . . . Concerto in A minor No. 1, for Violin
I. Allegro ma non troppo.
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III. Allegro assai.

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(First time at these concerts)

Wagner . . . . . Prelude and "Liebestod" from "Tristan und Isolde"

Wagner . . . Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg"

SOLOIST
PAUL KOCHANSKI

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

There will be an intermission after the concerto

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

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EDWARD BURLINGAME HILL

SYMPHONY IN 21ST CONCERT

Herald Oct. 34. 1928

Paul Kochanski Solo Violinist for Friday Afternoon's Program

By PHILIP HALE

The 21st concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Paul Kochanski was the solo violinist. The program was as follows: Hill, Symphony B flat, op. 34. Bach, Concerto for violin, A minor, No. 1, Ravel, "Tzigane," for violin and orchestra (first time at these concerts). Wagner, Prelude and "Love-Death," from Tristan and Isolde"; Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

Mr. Hill's symphony, composed last year, was performed for the first time. It is in three movements and not too long. He says in his modest note to the editor of the Symphony's program-book that the work "has no descriptive basis, hints at no dramatic conflict or spiritual crisis. It attempts merely to develop musical ideas." And so when an Italian composer, to whom a libretto had been given, asked Verdi how and in what form he should treat a certain situation, Verdi smiled benignantly and said: "If I were you, I should write some music."

Composing his first symphony, Mr. Hill has written music. He apparently ignored the old theory that the first theme of a first movement should be sturdy and masculine; the other chief theme feminine and lyrical. He is for the most part musically robust throughout the work. More than once the hearer might justly exclaim: "This is Ercles' vein." This is interesting because the symphony is in a manner new to Mr. Hill.

His previous compositions have been distinguished by a certain and pleasing delicacy and refinement in thought; by carefully considered, discreet, but not the less effective harmonic schemes and instrumentation. If he had been influenced—and what composer from Bach down has not been influenced by predecessor or contemporaries—it was by composers of the modern French school; modern before the arrival on the scene of the ultra-moderns with their whooping arrogance.

In this symphony Mr. Hill apparently turned his back on men from whom he had sought counsel. The symphony is an individual, masculine work. The purely lyrical passages are not among the conspicuous features: even the slow movement is not in decided contrast dynamically with the opening allegro and the Finale. From the defiant and stirring first measures to the final chord of the rondo the thematic material and its development are of a vigorous, at times impetuous nature. It is music of high spirits; the expression of energy. The quiet ending of the first movement is a relief to the prevailing tension. The sombre opening of the slow movement affords contrast but this mood is not of long duration.

The joyous, rhythmically reckless Finale contains measures that might come to a composer dreaming of idealized "jazz." There is no reason why a sensitive musician of fine taste should not write in this spirit.

Is Mr. Hill conscious of the fact that with this symphony he has entered on a field hitherto untrodden by him? He has shown in some of his works that he can be melodically lyrical and poetically sensuous. In the symphony, one sees that he can maintain strength in rhetorical expression; without hesitation, without shame. In his future works, out of strength may come sweetness.

The symphony was warmly received by the audience; Mr. Kochanski who played with the orchestra six years ago was greeted as a friend.

In another and possibly better world violinists playing music by Bach will be confined to the interpretation of his slow movements; the allegros, with the endless repetition of patterns, music that was written by the yard and could be cut in half or prolonged indefinitely, will be reserved for the punishment of those in the region below. Mr. Kochanski, a violinist of parts, played the Andante with fine tone, purity of style, without exaggerated feeling, while he fiddled the allegros with the requisite agility.

Ravel's "Tzigane" gave him the opportunity to display his technical proficiency. The curious piece was played here by the brilliant Yelly d'Aranyi in December last. The accompaniment was then for a piano. It should be remembered that the first performance of the rhapsody at Ravel's concert in London four years ago was by her and a pianist, Henri Gil-Marchez. We do not think that the work gains by Ravel's orchestral accompaniment. The fire and dash of Miss d'Aranyi's interpretation needed only the support—the background—of a piano, after the long, incredible cadenza was at an end. "Tzigane" with the orchestra seemed less important yesterday than it did before.

As for the music itself, what is to be thought of it? Mr. Herbert Antcliffe has said that it is the one thing of Ravel's that is "sure of lasting"; a preposterous statement. Nor can one agree with G. Jean-Aubry that this rhapsody is "music all the time." "Strange and singular"—yes; but is it not more than likely, as others have suggested, that Ravel wrote it as a parody of the Hungarian school of violin music? If it is a joke, not many violinists can play it on an audience.

Mr. Koussevitzky's reading of the music by Wagner and the eloquent performance by the orchestra aroused enthusiasm.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be as follows: Rimsky-Korsakov, "The Russian Easter." Wagner, Prelude to "Parsifal." Converse, "California," tone poem suggested by scenes at the Fiesta in Santa Barbara (1927)—first performance. Beethoven, Symphony, C minor, No. 5.

HILL'S NEW SYMPHONY PERFORMED

Post March 31. 1928

Compelling Work by Harvard Man Gives Pleasure

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

A Symphony Concert of many and varied pleasures was that of yesterday aiternoon. First, there was an altogether new and worthwhile Symphony, by Edward Burlingame Hill; then the admirable violin playing of Paul Kochanski, exhibited in Bach's A minor Concerto and Ravel's "Tziganes," and, finally, to rejoice an audience plainly hungering for such music, the "Tristan" Prelude and "Love-Death" and the "Meistersinger" Prelude of Wagner.

DEDICATED TO KOUSSEVITSKY

Only a year ago the Symphony Concerts offered a new piece by Mr. Hill, the moving, finely wrought tone-poem "Lilacs." In the ensuing summer and early autumn he found leisure to write the Symphony of yesterday afternoon, dedicated to Mr. Koussevitzky, to whom, to judge by yesterday's performance, it has made no small appeal.

A champion of all the modernists, Mr. Hill in the bulk of his own music eschews their most palpable, their most over-worked devices. He is no slavish follower or copier of Stravinsky or of any other, if in a general way this Symphony does betray its composer's French sympathies and affiliations. Rather Mr. Hill speaks with his own voice; he writes here, as he has written before, music recognizably his own, bearing plainly the imprint of his personality, his natural habit of musical thought.

So well imagined are the themes of the first movement of this symphony that one could wish that they had been more extensively developed, and in this movement, as in the Finale, there is compelling strength and vigor. The Moderato maestoso that comes between breathes a fervent lyricism developed with symphonic breadth. Throughout the orchestration is masterly, the formal handling secure. The symphony has no dead spots.

Not until his music had been long applauded did Mr. Hill consent to show himself upon the stage. Then the expression of approval became warmer, while the composer gracefully indicated his appreciation of the orchestra's share in the success of his work.

Mr. Kochanski's Skill

A violinist of fine perceptions, of impeccable skill, Mr. Kochanski well deserved the plaudits that he, too, received. His performance of Bach's Andante was notable for its serenity, its purity of tone, while the enormous difficulties of Ravel's "Tziganes," in effect if not in intention an ingenious parody on the Hungarian pyrotechnics of Hubay and others, Mr. Kochanski tossed off with apparent ease, with true brilliance, with the rightful air of rhapsodic abandon.

In Mr. Koussevitzkys version of the "Tristan" excerpts there is no dearth of passion, no lack of excitement, no want of tonal beauty. Indeed it was possible to find yesterday's performance of them almost too febrile, too over-wrought, tending to exhaust itself before the actual climaxes were reached, missing a little of the slow, inexorable crescendo of intensity. But that music and performance alike inflamed the audience there could be no doubting. Superbly played, the "Meistersinger" Prelude brought a stirring and resplendent close.

PAUL KOCHANSKI AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Globe Mch. 31. 1928

Violinist Applauded in Music by Bach and Ravel

Prof E. B. Hill's Symphony in B Flat Given First Performance

Paul Kochanski, the noted Polish violinist, was the soloist at yesterday's Symphony concert. He played a Bach concerto in A minor, and Ravel's "Tzigane." A new Symphony in B flat, composed last Summer by Prof Edward Burlingame Hill of Harvard was performed for the first time. Two familiar Wagner numbers, the concert arrangement of the Prelude and "Love Death" from "Tristan" and the "Meistersinger" prelude brought the program to a brilliantly effective conclusion.

Mr Kochanski, whose only previous appearance here was as soloist with the Boston Symphony Jan 13, 1922, was warmly applauded yesterday for his suave and polished playing of the Bach concerto. The tonal beauty and technical excellence of his performance were notable. Ravel's "Tzigane" first played here in the version for violin and piano by Jelly d'Aranyi last December is a brilliant and difficult rhapsody in Hungarian style. Mr Kochanski's playing was cool, polished, fluent, but without the intense nervous energy and brilliance Miss d'Aranyi lent to the music. She was the first to play it in public in London in 1924.

Prof Hill's new symphony is described by him as without descriptive basis. "It hints at no dramatic conflict or spiritual crisis. It attempts merely to develop musical ideas." Though most of his previous works have been frankly program music, he now turns to the current musical fashion of disclaiming any intention of telling a story or painting a picture. He is reported by an interviewer to have remarked, no doubt smilingly, that in this respect he may have been influenced by the younger generation.

Three Movements

The symphony is in three movements, not heavily scored, nor of ponderous length. He has followed another current fashion by using the piano as an orchestral instrument. There is no effort to employ the cyclical form.

The first movement seemed yesterday the most interesting of the three in its musical ideas. The chief theme recalled to one listener the finale of Respighi's "Pines of Rome." The second movement, moderato maestoso, does not attempt to be songful in character. The finale, a rondo, has a very sonorous and brilliant conclusion. The applause at the end was loud and long. The composer, invisible at first, was finally led forth by Mr Koussevitzky to acknowledge the tribute the audience was paying. Mr Hill is not a modernist, nor does he pretend to modernism of style. His music is well written, and in good taste. But one does not find it memorable.

Mr Koussevitzky and the orchestra did their best for Mr Hill. The accompaniment in the Bach concerto, played by a select few of the strings, sounded so thin that one wondered why the harpsichord demanded by the original manuscript was not used. No doubt the practical difficulty of procuring an instrument and finding somebody who would play it without treating it as a very inferior sort of piano, which it is not, stood in the way.

With the Prelude and "Love Death" from "Tristan," Mr Koussevitzky took his own way as interpreter, as usual. The performance was eloquently emotional, and roused such tumults of applause that the orchestra was finally asked to rise and share in it. But again and again Mr Koussevitzky disregarded Wagner's explicit directions about tempi, dynamics and other details of interpretation.

Classic Beauty

The line, the form of this music has a classic beauty quite apart from its romantic emotional content. It is like a tragedy by Sophocles, and Mr Koussevitzky made it sound rhetorically melodramatic. The balance tone in the orchestra was often disturbed, though Wagner's scoring is a model of lucidity.

One felt also that the conductor rather overemphasized the hint of pomposity that is certainly present in the "Meistersinger" prelude. At moments, as in the opening measures, the brass, encouraged to blare their worst, drowned out the strings. The pace seemed to moderate, the rhythm not sufficiently flexible.

But one remembers, perhaps too well, the miracle Dr Muck so often wrought at these concerts with this Prelude and with the "Tristan" excerpts. Not every conductor can be, as he was, supreme in Wagner. P. R.

A NEW SYMPHONY, MISTAKEN WAGNER, TWO-VOICED VIOLIN

CONDUCTOR FOR PRAISE AND FOR REPROACH

With Bach and Ravel Mr. Kochanski and Mr. Koussevitzky Excel—Preludes to "Tristan" and "Die Meistersinger" Clouded and Wrenched—The Mature Mr. Hill in Music of Vigor, Warmth and Richness

TURN and turn about went praise and blame for Mr. Koussevitzky through yesterday's Symphony Concert. How admirable a conductor he seemed in Bach's Concerto in A minor, in Ravel's "Tzigane"—the two pieces played by Mr. Kochanski as assisting violinist! Yet when he passed to the Preludes of Wagner—the first to "Tristan," the second to "Die Meistersinger"—how easy it was to disagree, reproachfully! . . . Often Mr. Koussevitky exhibits a precious independence of mind, discerning in itself, stimulating upon those that receive its fruits. Because he has sixty-odd strings at his disposal, need all, or a considerable part, of them accompany Mr. Kochanski in a Concerto from Bach? Far from it, since the piece is obviously chamber-music to be played by a small orchestra gathered close around the violinist. The conductor numbered and arrayed the instruments accordingly. It was a re-enforced accompaniment—for Symphony Hall there is no other way—but the performance did not depart too far from the composer's original intent. It is doubtful whether "Tzigane" should be played at all in a large auditorium, unless it be as compact and resonant as the academic theater at Harvard where Mr. Kochanski ventured the piece a few seasons back. Primarily, Ravel wrote it as chamber music for violin and piano. How vividly it sounds through that medium Mmes. d'Aranyi and Hobday gave proof in Jordan Hall last December. The orchestral version was seemingly second thought; while transferred to a spacious concert-room the swift play of rhythms and shadings loses something of edge and bite. Again Mr. Koussevitzky wrestled with an obvious dilemma; reduced the accompanying orchestra; clustered it around the violinist.

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orkings of this free musi-, Mr. Kochanski and the fared well. Bach's Con-cession of fine-lined, elas-atterns in which the solo-en sketching and embroid-npaniment as carrying the er of the music. The solo-d the little orchestra are hich was the custom of ather than blended accord-fashion. Against the more ntial background that the ses the solo-violinist must ous strand to be caught at full musical texture. His e flowing and unclouded; stic; his musical susceptiing, whether discourse or gage him; while he must fine quiver of sound—it is molo, it is barely a vibrato e eighteenth century recogint. With such supple unready resource and just feelchanski and Mr. Koussethe Concerto in the image lf.

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Fell, March 7, 1927, to
Rose, April 22, 1927, to
Fell, April 28, 1927, to
Rose, May 31, 1927, to
Fell, June 30, 1927, to
Rose, Aug. 2, 1927, to
Fell, Aug. 12, 1927, to
Rose, Sept. 15, 1927, to
Fell, Sept. 28, 1927, to
Rose, Oct. 3, 1927, to
Fell, Oct. 22, 1927, to
Rose, Oct. 25, 1927, to
Fell, Oct. 29, 1927, to
Rose, Dec. 3, 1927, to
Fell, Dec. 8, 1927, to
Closed, Dec. 31, 1927
Rose, Jan. 3, 1928, to
Fell, Jan. 18, 1928, to
Rose, Jan. 24, 1928, to
Fell, Feb. 20, 1928, to
Rose, Mar. 30, 1928, to

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Total .....
Year to date, 1928...186
Year to date, 1927...129
Year to date, 1926...128

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one knows again that climactic surge of Isolde's death-song, before it ebbs into the ineffable beauty and peace of the final transfiguration. There is no more intensified exercise of Wagner's musico-dramatic power. Yet somehow yesterday, it sounded relaxed and thinned. It is possible to yield to none in admiration for Mr. Koussevitzky—and to wish heartily that he would leave Wagner undisturbed upon the library shelf. In his day Dr. Muck wisely put by Chaikovsky, because between composer and conductor lay a wide gulf fixed.

Apart from violin-pieces to extol and Wagnerian Preludes to deprecate stood Mr. Hill's new Symphony, heard for the first time anywhere, properly received with hearty and honest applause, thrice recalling the composer, deservedly the event of the day. The editor of the program book is record-minded. One after the other he arrayed the "works" of Mr. Hill as they have been played these ten years at the Symphony Concerts—the two Suites of "Stevensoniana," delightful music of humor, fancy, apt and flowing skill, albeit slightly Gallicized; the tone-poem after Poe, "The Fall of the House of Usher," in which will and reflection, rather than temperamental sympathy sought to transfuse a macabre tale into macabre tones; the Scherzo for two pianos, another happy exercise of Mr. Hill's blend of musical skill and quasi-humorous fancy; above all the "Lilacs" of last year from which came the first signs of deepening imagination and enlarging powers. Well into middle age must Mr. Hill advance before he could thoroughly individualize himself; assert the freedom and the strength within him. The new Symphony affirms this individuality, amplifies this release.

It is a Symphony conceived and brought to pass for its own sake, without "programatic" background, without moods or prepossessions willed to give birth to music. Not that it lacks play of feeling; but that suggestion is the by-product of the creative impulse bent on music-making, enkindling emotionally in the act. Mr. Hill's generating themes fall clear upon the ear and quick to the mind. They have shape, substance, plasticity, individual quality. He develops, contrasts, tersely and variously treats them, movement by movement, each of the three divisions self-contained. The progress is coherent without labor; the form, natural and sympathetic vehicle for matter and mood. As ready and ample are Mr. Hill's ways and

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652	Mergenthaler	...104
5515	Mohawk	54
125	Mullins Mfg	86
2545	Nash Mot	91⅝
1000	Nat Leath	4¼
435	Nat Mfg St	32
285	New Cornelia	27½
200	New Domin	15c
475	NE Equity	29
57	NE Equity pf	98
135*	NE Pub S pr pf	110
20	NE Pub S pf	107
814	NE Tel & Tel	139
40	New River pf	61⅛
2553	NY NH & H	64⅜
370*	Nipissing	5
20	NA US pf pd	44¼
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71	Nor & Wor pf	133
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630	Pacific Mills	36
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1589	Pullman	88⅞
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1320	Quincy	13
25	Reece But Hole	16
100	Reiter Foster	7⅛
1271	St. Mary's Ld	27
162	Shannon	35
10	So NE Ice	10
330	Swed-Am In pf	132
284	Swift & Co	129
415	Swift Int	29
613	Torrington	101
50	Traveler Shoe	18
625	Un Twist Dr	13
720	Un Fruit	142
2153	Un Shoe Ma	70
705	Un Shoe Ma pf	31
50	US & FS 1st pf	98
45	US Smelt	13
481	US Smelt pf	53
3625	US Steel	151
250	Utah Apex	4
415	Utah Metals	1
385	U S & Brit pf	7
890	Venez Co	11
9171	Venez Mex	35
65	Ver & Mass	117
4020	Waldorf Sys	2
230	Wal W	90
254	Wal W pf	95
20	Wal W pr pf	105
90	Walworth Co	17
1275	Warren	17
75	Warren 1st pf	
10	Warren 2d pf	55

*Ex.-dividend.

BONDS

83000	Amoskeag 6s	9
5000	Am El Pr 5½s	10
1000	Chi June 5s	10
2000	County Gas 5s	
1000	Chippewa Pr 6s	10
19000	Drug Inc 5s	9
53000	E Mass 4½sA	7
1150	E Mass 5s B	8
100	E Mass 6s sc	10
200	E Mass 6sD	
700	E Mass 6sC	9
5500	Eu Mtge&In 7½s	10
3000	Fisk Fab 6½s	10
5000	Flor Pub S 6s	1
5000	Flor Pub S 6½s	1
2000	Grat Knight 5½s	9
4000	Hood Rub 7s	10
5000	Key Tel 6s	10
5000	Key Tel 5½s	
5000	Mass G 4½s'29	10

means. He can use his orchestra in choirs, nineteenth-century fashion; in individualized voices, twentieth-century style. He follows no harmonic system but his own. It joins individuality and the assimilation that no composer in these days may escape. Mr. Hill is no stranger to the processes of contemporary music-making. In print and by word of mouth he has explained and defended them with acumen. Writing for himself, he utilizes them at need, sparingly, unobtrusively, as desirable means to his particular end.

Admirable and personal as is this workmanship, the casual hearer—and we are all such at a first performance—will be more impressed by the vigor and buoyancy that pervades the Symphony, the richness of the sonorities, the propulsive zest. Everywhere Mr. Hill's measures move—in animating and forceful rhythms or in warmths of instrumental song. The surface is firm-textured and striding; the underbody has resilient depths. Nowhere is the music cloudy; never does it grope in travail or calculation. Mr. Hill has assimilated a Gallic clarity; achieved his own incisiveness of stroke; found the fortunate mean that neither skeletonizes nor overloads the page. Throughout he keeps the poise of the musician who is also man of mind. His lyric warmths in the slow movement do not condescend to sentiment. With a larger emotion they mount, richer-vestured. The verve of his rondo-finale never betrays him into chatter and clatter. Neither his fullness of matter nor his choiceness of means abates. The first movement flings up the bold outlines, the large musical shapes, the full-throated progress of which the final pages of "Lilacs" were forerunner. Who shall say that these warmths and vigors, the richness and abundance of this Symphony are not of American life, as some of us, at least, would have it lived? Its cultivated side may breed creative impulses in the arts. As Mr. Hill now proves in music, they need not be finical, thin-blooded, Mendelssohnian. . . . . Through the mists of yesterday afternoon a new feather might be descried in the artistic cap of Harvard College. Of late it has rather needed them.

H. T. P.

OVER THE CHARLES COMES A SYMPHONY BY PROFESSOR HILL

AGAIN MR. KOUSSEVITZKY HEARS A NATIVE VOICE

Trans. Mch. 30. 1928

Note from the Composer, Hints from the Analyst—Music Written for Its Own Sake Without Prepossessions — Miss Present as Pianist—A New Piece from Mr. Converse—Mr. Horowitz's Program—Ravel's Impending Sonata

ONLY seven days ago this column —discussing Mr. Piston's "Symphonic Piece"—carried the remark: "Since he returned to this country he has been chiefly engaged in teaching the young idea at Harvard University how to avoid consecutive fifths. Later someone will have to teach it how to write them." Curiously enough, the composer to be introduced this week is none other than that officer of instruction at Harvard to whose lot it would naturally fall to teach budding young composers skilful ways of writing those very fifths: Professor Edward Burlingame Hill, head of the Division of Music. Thus the newest instructor of the department and its responsible head are brought side by side at the Symphony Concerts.

Mr. Hill modestly assures the Transcript that there is not a thing to be printed about his Symphony. His original intention, he says, was to write a set of short symphonic pieces in contrasted moods, but while at work these pieces naturally fell into the forms which go to make up a symphony. Hence the Symphony in B-flat to be played by Mr. Koussevitzky tomorrow and Saturday. In a note Mr. Hill has concisely sketched the origin and the structure of his Symphony—"not for the purposes of quotation" but as a guide and time-saver for the further researches of the writer. The statement, however, so admirably sets forth the gist of the matter, that it would seem a pity to substitute anything else:

> I composed this rather brief three-movement symphony between June 25 and September 20 of last summer, including a pencil version of the score. I spent my leisure, after col-

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Fortunately the composer is in a position to make such a revolutionary attempt. He has no need to depend upon literary associations. He begins with an Allegro in sonata form, goes on to a slow movement in three-part form and concludes with a Rondo. In all three movements he has written individual themes, and as a thirty-third degree initiate into the mysteries of development and orchestration, he is able to express himself unequivocally in the purely musical medium. He succeeds in employing a classical form without being dull, while his idiom leaves no doubt as to the period of his composition. Most remarkable of all the characteristics of this music is its melodiousness. This no doubt will cause young radical eyebrows to rise, but it also will bring smiles of appreciation from most listeners. The composer appeared on the stage to receive the warm plaudits of audience and orchestra.

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lege work was out of the way, for
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younger composers' scorn of descrip-
tive music, but I had no program-
matic background in mind; I did not
associate the substance or plan of
my music with "drama," and I was
not tempted by the "cyclical meth-
od." As far as I am aware there is
no reference or quotation from one
movement to another.

The first movement is in a con-
cise sonata-form—in which the de-
velopment-section uses the "first
theme" and the "conclusion theme"
as material. The "second theme" is
treated somewhat more broadly on
its second appearance; the coda is
short and the end quiet.

The slow movement is in three-
part form. A first section in E-flat
minor leads to a contrasting episode
(slightly faster) in the relative major.
The first part returns and the move-
ment closes with a reminiscence of
the "contrasting episode."

The finale is virtually a rondo.
When the second theme returns, it is
given more prominence on the brass,
and leads to a conclusion.

The orchestra is not "swollen."
I managed to abjure the celesta,
found no place for the harp, and re-
lied considerably on the piano.

One cannot, as an aside, resist the temptation of a word on Mr. Hill's "reaction from the younger composer's scorn of descriptive music." It occurs within comparatively few days of Mr. Henry F. Gilbert's protest against the methods of the youngsters in the program-book of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Not by negation and subtraction does an art grow. By addition or transformation—evolution, if you will—music has made, thus far, its every forward step. One may have serious doubts, at times, whether the skeletonizing process of the last five years is an evolutionary process at all. In any case, its originator, the great Igor, in company with the older composers of today, has in "Œdipus" in practice, if not in theory, himself renounced it.

Mr. Hill in his symphony appears to have steered a wise course between the conflicting tendencies of the hour. He is neither programmatic nor anti-programmatic; he avoids theorizing about either matter or manner; he writes as he feels, with no æsthetical axe to grind. Thus his symphony is far removed from the "cerebral" quality which has infested so much modernist music. Mr. Hill's symphony is melodious with a frankness and an abundance which may prove shocking to some of his own pupils.

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Fortunately the composer is in a position to make such a revolutionary attempt. He has no need to depend upon literary associations. He begins with an Allegro in sonata form, goes on to a slow movement in three-part form and concludes with a Rondo. In all three movements he has written individual themes, and as a thirty-third degree initiate into the mysteries of development and orchestration, he is able to express himself unequivocally in the purely musical medium. He succeeds in employing a classical form without being dull, while his idiom leaves no doubt as to the period of his composition. Most remarkable of all the characteristics of this music is its melodiousness. This no doubt will cause young radical eyebrows to rise, but it also will bring smiles of appreciation from most listeners. The composer appeared on the stage to receive the warm plaudits of audience and orchestra.

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Asked whether he would care to characterize or describe his themes Mr. Hill replied with a smiling negative. To the score one must turn for such information. It would indeed be foolish to pass Mr. Hill's themes in review and to say this one is strong, that, gay and playful, a third, with a touch of sentiment, and so on. The same can be said of most of the themes that have been written since the world began. Thus and so Mr. Hill's themes are; thus and so must themes be in order to make a symphony, and descriptions would neither enlighten nor characterize. The idiom which he uses bears evidence of his study in Paris, of his many visits there. He does not follow anyone particular Parisian school or "chapel." Again, he has no partisan axe to grind. He has profitably studied musical speech in the composite atmosphere of Paris.

So far as preliminaries disclose the Symphony, Mr. Hill is American in the best sense of the word. He is not American after the manner of the dance-halls. He is not American after the hard-as-tacks, cold-as-steel, go-getter manner. He is not American by a process of building upon the musical material of races on this soil but of no blood relation to the great body of the people. Rather, Mr. Hill is American in underlying quality, as in diverse ways were MacDowell and Mr. Chadwick before him. Let no one, reading that sentence, quote it as meaning that Mr. Hill was "influenced" by either MacDowell or Mr. Chadwick. Those composers were probably farthest from his mind while he was composing. But blood is thicker—than the incidents of musical composition. Thus Mr. Hill, writing naturally from mind and heart, even as did his older compatriots, writing without theories or preoccupations, has, it would seem, produced a music bearing witness to a like ingrained and unconscious Americanism. In particular one notes the wistfulness of some of his themes, the joviality and near-humor of others. Then in retrospect remembers MacDowell painting the New England countryside, or Chadwick dispensing Yankee humors. These things are as much in the American blood today as they were decades ago. As unconscious, probably, are the mild syncopations to be found passim in Mr. Hill's Symphony. They are not jazz as such or anything resembling jazz. Like the wistful or the hearty themes, they are merely the subconscious workings of American instinct, possibly proceeding from the dance-halls but long since caught naturally into American musical composition. Mr. Hill's type of gentle syncopation simply bears witness to the country in which he lives and to the mood he would impart.

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Merit Confirmed Trans. Apr. 2, 28

IN second performance before a second audience on Saturday evening, Mr. Hill's new Symphony was again heartily received. In Cambridge, toward the end of the month, it will be played once more; while conjecture goes that New York may also hear it. In repetition it affirmed at every turn the impression made at first hearing. Impetuously launched, the principal subject of the first movement unfolded full-bodied, free-motioned, modernly songful. Again there was reason to admire the flexibility of Mr. Hill's composing hand; the warmth of color he drew from his orchestra, especially from the wood-winds; his graphic concentration of matter and mood. The slow division continued these energies, tempered them more gravely; renewed the impression of a music warmly conceived, resourcefully and individually written. And in these days American—or any other symphonies—that do not seem labors of obligation are rare indeed.

The finale gained most at second hearing. Its vivacity and vitality, as they seemed on Friday, now swelled into vigor and exuberance; while a composer who could keep his head and hand directed this lively play. The rhythmic verve and incisiveness, the jets of lyric warmth, were quick-changing and happily contrasted stimulus. In these symphonic finales the rising generation of American composers excels; for to that generation, in spite of merely numbered years, Mr. Hill belongs in musical sympathy and practice. A year ago, the last division of Mr. Sessions's Symphony teemed with such high spirits. In another idiom Mr. Hill's finale again sports them. In either composer they are American token unmistakable—of our eager energy, our tumbling gayety, our little darts of sentiment. Not only do American composers now write music that can hold up its head in any contemporary company. They also set on their staves clear marks of the "country of origin." European hearers are quick to note and feel them. Possibly we natives are loth to believe, out of long habit, that an American music is actually coming true. H. T. P.

HARVARD MAN'S WORK ON RADIO

Post March 31, 1928

"Symphony in C Minor" Heard in Symphony

EDWARD B. HILL,
Professor of Music at Harward.

Edward Burlingame Hill's "Symphony in C Minor" is the chief attraction on this evening's programme by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will be broadcast over WBZ-WBZA. For Symphony Hall and radio listeners alike, it will be the first performance of the work by this eminent Boston composer and teacher. Mr. Hill, a professor of music at Harvard, who has had many triumphs at Symphony Hall, will himself describe his newest work as to structure and form for the radio audience.

Another novelty on tonight's programme is Tziganes (Gypsies) by the distinguished French composer, Ravel, whose compositions and conducting were so well received by the Boston Symphony and radio audiences this year.

The soloist for the evening is Paul Kochansky, a Polish violinist, who will play Bach's concerto in A minor. Besides hearing this brilliant soloist in one of Bach's masterpieces, the radio audience will be interested in listening to his celebrated violin, a Stradivarius, which was made for the King of Spain in 1687. The remainder of the programme consists of two selections from Richard Wagner, the prelude and love-death from "Tristan and Isolde" and the prelude to "The Mastersingers." Serge Koussevitzky's interpretation of Wagner's works has been one of the sensations of the symphony concerts during his leadership.

MR. PAUL KOCHANSKI was born at Warsaw in 1887. He studied the violin with Emil Mlynarski at Odessa; later with César Thomson at the Brussels Conservatory, where he took the first prize "with the greatest distinction." His first appearance in public as a virtuoso was with the Musical Society of Warsaw in 1898. At the age of twenty-one he was appointed a professor at the Warsaw Conservatory of Music. From 1915 to 1918 he taught at the Conservatory of Music in Leningrad. When the revolutionary government came into power, he was ordered to play in many public recitals and concerts. He received his payment in food-cards of the revolution. Having made an attempt to leave Russia, he was arrested at Kiev and ordered to serve as instructor in the Conservatory of that city. Late in December, 1919, he succeeded in reaching Warsaw. (Before the revolution he had played in France, England, Spain, Germany, Russia, Poland, Greece, Turkey, and Egypt.) In October, 1920, he reappeared in London, where he played with the London Symphony Orchestra and gave several recitals. His first appearance in the United States was at New York on February 14, 1921, at Carnegie Hall when, with the assistance of the Symphony Society Orchestra, he played Brahms's concerto. On January 13, 1922, in Boston, at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, he played Bruch's Fantasia on Scottish Airs.

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EDWARD B. HILL,
Professor of Music at Harward.

Edward Burlingame Hill's "Symphony in C Minor" is the chief attraction on this evening's programme by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will be broadcast over WBZ-WBZA. For Symphony Hall and radio listeners alike, it will be the first performance of the work by this eminent Boston composer and teacher. Mr. Hill, a professor of music at Harvard, who has had many triumphs at Symphony Hall, will himself describe his newest work as to structure and form for the radio audience.

Another novelty on tonight's programme is Tziganes (Gypsies) by the distinguished French composer, Ravel, whose compositions and conducting were so well received by the Boston Symphony and radio audiences this year.

The soloist for the evening is Paul Kochansky, a Polish violinist, who will play Bach's concerto in A minor. Besides hearing this brilliant soloist in one of Bach's masterpieces, the radio audience will be interested in listening to his celebrated violin, a Stradivarius, which was made for the King of Spain in 1687. The remainder of the programme consists of two selections from Richard Wagner, the prelude and love-death from "Tristan and Isolde" and the prelude to "The Mastersingers." Serge Koussevitzky's interpretation of Wagner's works has been one of the sensations of the symphony concerts during his leadership.

Mr. Paul Kochanski was born at Warsaw in 1887. He studied the violin with Emil Mlynarski at Odessa; later with César Thomson at the Brussels Conservatory, where he took the first prize "with the greatest distinction." His first appearance in public as a virtuoso was with the Musical Society of Warsaw in 1898. At the age of twenty-one he was appointed a professor at the Warsaw Conservatory of Music. From 1915 to 1918 he taught at the Conservatory of Music in Leningrad. When the revolutionary government came into power, he was ordered to play in many public recitals and concerts. He received his payment in food-cards of the revolution. Having made an attempt to leave Russia, he was arrested at Kiev and ordered to serve as instructor in the Conservatory of that city. Late in December, 1919, he succeeded in reaching Warsaw. (Before the revolution he had played in France, England, Spain, Germany, Russia, Poland, Greece, Turkey, and Egypt.) In October, 1920, he reappeared in London, where he played with the London Symphony Orchestra and gave several recitals. His first appearance in the United States was at New York on February 14, 1921, at Carnegie Hall when, with the assistance of the Symphony Society Orchestra, he played Brahms's concerto. On January 13, 1922, in Boston, at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, he played Bruch's Fantasia on Scottish Airs.

Twenty-second Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 6, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 7, at 8.15 o'clock

Converse . . "California," Tone-poem, Suggested by Scenes at the Fiesta in Santa Barbara (1927)

Victory Dance of the first Inhabitants—Spanish Padres and Explorers—The March of Civilization—Land of Poco Tiempo —Invasion of the Gringos—Midnight at "El Paseo," 1927

(First Performance)

Wagner . . . . . Prelude to "Parsifal"

Rimsky-Korsakov . . "The Russian Easter," Overture on Themes of the Russian Church, Op. 36

Beethoven . . . . Symphony No. 5 in C minor, Op. 67

I. Allegro con brio.
II. Andante con moto.
III. Allegro; Trio.
IV. Allegro.

There will be an intermission before the symphony

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

FREDERICK S. CONVERSE

SYMPHONY IN 22D CONCERT

Herald Apr. 7. 1928

"California," Converse's Tone Poem, Has First Performance

BASED ON FESTIVAL AT SANTA BARBARA

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave the 22d concert of its 47th season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Converse, "California," tone poem suggested by Scenes at the Fiesta in Santa Barbara (1927). Wagner, Prelude to "Parsifal." Rimsky-Korsakov, the "Russian Easter," overture on themes of the Russian Church. Beethoven, Symphony No. 5, C minor.

Mr. Converse's tone-poem was performed for the first time. If the title had been only "California," one might have thought of the music as a glorification of the state, its climate, its fruit and vineyards, with perhaps an episode portraying the rush for gold in '47, and for a rousing, crashing finale, an earthquake for inspiration. But Mr. Converse had no intention of writing a geographical, geological, meteorological, pastoral, mineralogical, seismographic symphonic poem. Other composers have been ambitious in this direction. Raff, in his first symphony, "To the Fatherland," endeavored to portray in tones "hunting life, young men and maidens disporting themselves in the fields, the dwellers by the domestic hearth," the background of "deep thought, the civilized gentleness, the conquering perseverance of the people," not to mention the sorrow caused by the dismemberment of the united Fatherland, and other political, sociological incidents, with philosophical reflections. And some composers in love for their country have reminded one of "John Phoenix's" review of "The Plains," an ode symphonic by Jabez Tarbox—evidently suggested by Felicien David's "Le Desert."

"The Symphonie," wrote Phoenix, "opens upon the wide and boundless plains, in longitude 115° W., latitude 35° 21' 63" N., and about 60 miles from the west bank of Pitt River: These data are beautifully and clearly expressed by a long (topographically) drawn note from an E flat clarinet. . . . few notes on the piccolo, call the attention to a solitary antelope, picking up mescal beans in the foreground."

Mr. Converse was impressed at Santa Barbara last summer by a procession which represented the different phases of civilization in that part of the country—Indians, Spanish priests and explorers, the conquistadores, men and women of the later Spanish period; the arriving trappers, gold diggers, soldiers, settlers; after the procession by the festal scene in the patio of an old mansion with singing, dancing, Spanish tunes and the inevitable jazz. No wonder that all this suggested contrasting and colored musical impressions.

For thematic material Mr. Converse used old folk songs, some taken from the collection made by Messrs. Lummis and Farwell, a fragment of an old Latin hymn, the "Cape Cod Chanty," etc. Having seen the Indian Victory Dance in Arizona, he gives an impression of the music he then heard, not attempting to use authentic Indian tunes. (Would that other composers wishing to be Indian in their music would do likewise.)

In "California" we have a pleasing succession of various tunes orchestrated knowingly, music agreeable to the ear. "California" might be called a musical procession, a musical panorama; or a pot-pourri rather than a composed work as the French—especially M. d'Indy—use the word. The tunes are heard as the sections of the procession pass. As Mr. Converse says "California" is "frankly descriptive"; but it is not too literally, too baldly so. Though there is little development of thematic material, there are in its place musical impressions which are based on visual scenes, impressions not without poetic heightening.

Suppose this fiesta in Santa Barbara were filmed artistically for a cinema theatre. Could there be more suitable music for this screen than Mr. Converse's "California"? In the concert-hall this music will surely be popular—as it was applauded yesterday— to be enjoyed by symphonic audiences; a welcome relief from psychological symphonies and symphonic poems. Rhythm is not the only essential thing in music. Melodiousness is of great importance, though some of the young "advanced" writers about music and wild talkers about it, would indignantly deny this statement. Mr. Converse has been fortunate in his choice of melodies and tunes; for one of the missions of music is, as Athenaeus put it, "to dissipate

cal ax to grind in this new work He apparently has kept to the point of view which motivated his famous "Flivver Ten Million"—writing "for the fun of it." While his expertness is shown in structure and handling, much of the material employed is banal. Nevertheless, the composer has accomplished his purpose of writing light, pleasant music, and its tunefulness very likely will give it a wide popular appeal. Probably its ultimate resting place will be in the repertory of the Pop concerts.

The other items of the program were the Prelude to "Parsifal," Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Russian Easter" Overture and to close, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Mr. Koussevitzky's reading of the symphony, though already thrice familiar, still has power to stir by its vitality, and especially by the dramatic handling of the transition to the last movement. The audience yesterday lingered to applaud until the conductor called the players to their feet.

By "Flivver" to California

Monitor — Apr. 7, 1928

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HAVING celebrated musically last year the production of the ten millionth Ford car, Frederick S. Converse of Westwood, Mass., departed for a holiday in California. In Santa Barbara he witnessed the annual fiesta, an the musical result was a tone poem entitled "California," which had its first performance yesterday at the twenty-second Friday afternoon concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The tone poem is in six divisions, representing the history of California from the time of the Indians to the present day. Five of the divisions are based on sections of the procession held during the fiesta; the other is a picture of a colorful café in the evening.

Folk songs from various parts of America have furnished the thematic material. To celebrate the "first inhabitants," there is an Indian Victory Dance, borrowed from Arizona. A fragment of an old Latin hymn introduces the Spanish padres and explorers, and this grows into a "march of civilization." The romantic Spanish epoch is projected by an old tune, "Chata càra de bale." Into this idyl rudely breaks the "Invasion of the Gringos," with a Yankee sailor song, the "Cape Cod Shanty," contrasted with an old Iowa folk song, "The Unconstant Lover." Finally, a Spanish waltz song and a jazz tune are used to set the contemporary scene.

"A musical melting pot," is the composer's description of this music, and perhaps the definition could not be improved on. Mr. Converse specifically disclaims having any theoretisadness and produce affability and a sort of gentlemanlike joy."

Two of the remaining pieces on the program were chosen with reference to Good Friday and Easter. The Prelude to "Parsifal" is impressive when it is heard in its Bavarian home, played by hidden orchestra and conductor, with an audience prepared as for a religious ceremony, waiting for the "mystery" to be unfolded on the stage. In the concert hall it seems unreasonably episodic. A brilliant performance of Rimsky-Korsakov's interesting "Russian Easter" was followed by a noble one of the Fifth Symphony, a performance characterized by all the qualities one associates with Beethoven when he is greatest. There was the simplicity in expression that is requisite in these days when so many conductors of ability pride themselves on bringing out the "hidden meaning" of Beethoven and, to win the name of "interpreter," do extravagant and abominable things. Especially noteworthy yesterday was the skill Mr. Koussevitzky showed in maintaining the spirit and grandeur of the Finale after the first exultant outburst.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be out of town next week. For the concerts of April 20-21 the orchestra will be assisted by members of the Society of Ancient Instruments, Paris. Lorenziti, Venetian symphony for quinton, Viola d'amore, harpsichord and orchestra. Borghi, Concerto for harpsichord and wind orchestra. Asioli, Concerto, A major, for viola d'amore and orchestra. (Marius Casadesus, quinton; Henri Casadesus, viola d'amore; Mme. Pegina Patorni-Casadesus, harpsichord). After the intermission, Miaskovsky's symphony No. 8 will be performed for the first time in this country.

WEEK-END CONCERTS: TWO OCCASIONS FOR IMPIOUS REFLECTION

Transcript — Apr. 7, 1928

MR. CONVERSE'S "MUSIC OF THE LAND"

Possibly the Better Musical Plays Make More of It Than Does He—Novel Numbers at the Public Library—Tentative Schubert Versus Well-Ripened Eichheim—The Baffling Janacek—Mr. Hill's Symphony to New York

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HOT upon the end of Mr. Converse's new tone-poem, "California," came the applause, at the Symphony Concert on Saturday, of an audience heartily and honestly pleased. Twice and thrice it recalled the composer. Then Mr. Koussevitzky embarked upon his—and Wagner's—Prelude to "Parsifal" and this and that listener, preferring the piece in the opera house, could fall to speculation. Does Mr. Converse go to the musical plays—to the better musical plays written since composers, not songsmiths, began to set hands to them? If he does, he has probably discovered that these Kerns and Gershwins are writing with no very different purpose from his in this self-same "California." As The Transcript quoted him last Thursday: "I am sick of theorizing and of serious things. I am writing for the fun of it and taking what the land gives me." Mr. Kern might have said almost as much as preface to his music to "Show Boat"; while in his concert-pieces—to say nothing of the musical plays—Mr. Gershwin has turned to his own and the audience's profit "what the land gives him."

True, none of Mr. Converse's confrères of the musical plays has anything like his command of contrapuntal and harmonic resource. They could not expand and upbuild his Hymn of the Church as sonorously, or make such commingled play in the finale of waltz and fox-trot. No more could they fill out the full orchestra — wood-winds in threes, strings by the score — with which he steadily thickens his measures. Possibly by reason of these slenderer means, they ould not have taken quite so obviously borrowings from the land. Imagine t finale of two dance-tunes in the ds of Mr. Gershwin. The chances that he would lend it diversity and uancy, while Mr. Converse merely kens and thickens, drives and drives. ncy again, that Habanera for the Land Poco Tiempo, or the Cape-Cod chantey, even the middle-western ballad, in the ds of Mr. Kern and, if luck were h him, he would make it more pun- t of the soil and the genre than does Converse. The warrant is "Ol' Man er" and other numbers for "Show at."

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WEEK-END CONCERT
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Trans. Apr. 9

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It is no reproach to Mr. Converse to clothe the native stuff of musical plays in symphonic dress and label it a tone-poem. It is good to see "serious" musicians turning to such matter; for it can be fruitful and American to the core. Yet for the present the better "musical comedy people" can give them tonal cards and spades (which are counterpoint and harmony) and still beat them easily in fertility, variety, piquancy. Fortunately, perhaps, symphonic aspirations little perturb Mr. Kern or Mr. Gershwin. In the theater they go their busy ways. Yet what would happen if either of them laid a manuscript for orchestra on Mr. Koussevitzky's door-step? And would the distinguished audiences of the Symphony Concerts clap their hands roundly at sight and sound of them? . . . "They would—if they believed no one was looking," snapped in Cynicus when he had read patiently through this tirade.

Incidents and Prospects

Mr. Koussevitzky is carrying to New York Mr. Hill's new Symphony. It will be played at the concert of the Boston Orchestra on Thusrday evening next in Carnegie Hall, along with the Suite from Stravinsky's ballet, "The Fire-Bird," and the Fifth Symphoney of Beethoven. For the following matinée on Saturday the onductor proposes Schönberg's orches ral arrangement of two Choral Preludes from Bach; Lazar's "Music for An Orchestra"; the prelude to "Tristan"; Beethoven's Fifth again.

Mr. Burgin plays solo-measures for violin in a Symphony Concert and when the applause comes for the whole piece, the conductor beckons him to his feet. For solo-measures upon the flute, Mr. Laurent often receives like reward. Rarely, however, does it fall to any of the virtuosi in the brass choir, least of all to a trombone-player. As it happens, in Rimsky-Korsakov's Overture, "Russian Easter," there is a deep-toned, stately chant for solo-trombone—as though a score of priests were intoning together. On Saturday Mr. Hansotte played it most sonorously. And at the end of the overture, when applause came thick and fast, Mr. Koussevitzky bade him rise and share it. H. T. P.

BACK TO BEETHOVEN, TWO TIMELY PIECES, PANORAMA IN TONES

A SYMPHONY CONCERT RATHER IN ROUTINE

Mr. Converse's Musical Movie of Old and New California—Wagner's Grail Outside Rimsky-Korsakov's Cathedral—"The Fifth" Returns

NOT often do the seasons or holidays or occasions in the year have effect on programs at the Symphony Concerts. This week, however, Mr. Koussevitzky has taken Easter into consideration in making up his list. "Parsifal," in the minds of some closely connected with ideas more or less associated with Good Friday, is represented in that list; and Rimsky-Korsakov's "Russian Easter" follows it. Curiously in the first

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two ideas may not be a trifle
to form a binding union.

One can easily admire the Indian dance, the section devoted to Spanish priests and to the advance of civilization, the section concerning the invasion of the gringos. In contrast with these stirring contexts the habanera which is called the "Land of Poco Tiempo" seems proportionately rather slight. And the dances at the end are hardly climactic after the section on the Cape Cod Chantey. Indeed to furnish climax here would require a waltz or a foxtrot of considerable dimensions. (Ravel has turned such a trick in his much played "Valse.") The ideal of the musical melting-pot one applauds with vigor; but it must burn with an intense heat to fuse completely such diverse material as songs Indian, Yankee, Spanish, and—jazz. In the meantime, Mr. Converse has provided a new tone-form, by the evidence of the applause likely to prove popular, and deservedly so.

Thereupon followed the Prelude to Wagner's final opera, "Parsifal." The four themes stood exposed in their clarity, in their power, in their enveloping religious significance. One heard the long, flowing, aspiring line of "The Eucharist," the churchly mysticism of "The Grail," the emphases and the enthusiasms of "The Faith," and finally the expressiveness of "The Lance." Each was perfectly characterized at the hands of Mr. Koussevitzky. But where was the fusing force to bind them together into a single piece? As four themes one yesterday heard this music. As a single whole, with a dominating and well-defined goal one had expected to hear it. Mr. Koussevitzky has played notably fragments of Wagner. Occasionally Wagner also eludes him.

To Rimsky-Korsakov's "Overture on Themes of the Russian Church," called "Russian Easter," no exception can be taken. Conceive it with Montagu-Nathan as the "contrast between the orthodox celebration of festivals and the pagan rites in which they originated." Or conceive it as music of the church in two of its aspects—the church mystic and the church triumphant. Or finally, and best of all, conceive of this overture as just music, regardless of source. In either case it is an overture loaded to the brim with the stuff that real music is made of. The mysteries and the incense, the musty old fragrances, the moods of devotion triply devout, all these together with the joys and the pleasures and the freedoms of the good out-of-doors, constitute this "Russian Easter." As Rimsky long ago warmed to his work so Mr. Koussevitzy warmed yesterday to the task of revitalizing it.

For about a twelfth-month, now, Beetoven has been relative stranger to the ymphony Concerts. After the full week f Beethoven of a year ago, the conduc or thought it wise to put by his music. hus the present season has heard him eldom. But Mr. Koussevitzky, looking nto the future, perhaps shrewdly, fears hat with the beginning of next season here will be a deluge of the works that or a year have been held in leash. He vould avoid the deluge, but he would ot be caught napping as far as the reurn to Beethoven is concerned. Rather vould he be in the lead in that return. ience the Fifth Symphony yesterday, he symphony with which Mr. Koussetzky first announced himself to musial Boston. Not materially do his sucessive performances of this most popur of symphonies vary. With the proerbial swiftness of fate the initial otif launches itself. As the little but owerful germ grows; it develops heat and fe, attains full fruition. Songfully the yric theme interrupts. Shrewdly the onductor holds the balance between the wo. With consummate art he fathers heir development. A pause, and he passes o the richly melodic song of the 'celos. He lingers over it, as if too reluctant let it pass. But when martial chords isturb, he is as much at one with them s he was with the melody. Both conhue, each as foil to other, but with nd caresses the melody ends the second ovement. And to continue still further, either the humors of the scherzo nor he glories and the glorifications of the nale escaped him. With all he was ersuasive. Beethoven fared better than ell at the hands of Mr. Koussevitzky a ear ago. Likewise in this first return.

A. H. M.

Incidents and Prospects

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Mr. Converse found a willing and sympathetic interpreter in Mr. Koussevitzky. Stirringly came the measures suggested by the Indian dance of victory. The tumults and shoutings gave promise of a fine piece of work. No less impressive, in its own way, was the music of the church which gave picture of the coming of Spanish priests. Persuasively it sang its devout song, mounted, dominating, when finally it received the support of the march-like measures which have to do with the spread of what Caucasians still call civilization; once more war in support of the church. And then, the country thus "civilized," came the languors of the slow habanera rhythm, the more languorous measures of the old romantic Spanish song that hovers above the rhythm. Next with cutting clearness the Cape Cod Chantey broke in upon this sirupy mixture out of a day reeking with romance. The invigorating tang of the salt air one hears in every measure of Mr. Converse's treatment of this sailors' song. And finally, more or less in the manner of the dance hall, came waltz and jazz.

Hearing the music, one wonders whether Mr. Converse had in mind a purpose sufficiently consistent within itself. Is this music of fun and play and jollification, or is it a grand historical panorama? Either goal is a worthy one. On paper the idea of joining them seems fortunate. Listening closely, one wonders whether the two ideas may not be a trifle too disparate to form a binding union. One can easily admire the Indian dance, the section devoted to Spanish priests and to the advance of civilization, the section concerning the invasion of the gringos. In contrast with these stirring contexts the habanera which is called the "Land of Poco Tiempo" seems proportionately rather slight. And the dances at the end are hardly climactic after the section on the Cape Cod Chantey. Indeed to furnish climax here would require a waltz or a foxtrot of considerable dimensions. (Ravel has turned such a trick in his much played "Valse.") The ideal of the musical melting-pot one applauds with vigor: but it must burn with an intense heat to fuse completely such diverse material as songs Indian, Yankee, Spanish, and—jazz. In the meantime, Mr. Converse has provided a new tone-form, by the evidence of the applause likely to prove popular, and deservedly so.

Thereupon followed the Prelude to Wagner's final opera, "Parsifal." The four themes stood exposed in their clarity, in their power, in their enveloping religious significance. One heard the long, flowing, aspiring line of "The Eucharist," the churchly mysticism of "The Grail," the emphases and the enthusiasms of "The Faith," and finally the expressiveness of "The Lance." Each was perfectly characterized at the hands of Mr. Koussevitzky. But where was the fusing force to bind them together into a single piece? As four themes one yesterday heard this music. As a single whole, with a dominating and well-defined goal one had expected to hear it. Mr. Koussevitzky has played notably fragments of Wagner. Occasionally Wagner also eludes him.

To Rimsky-Korsakov's "Overture on Themes of the Russian Church," called "Russian Easter," no exception can be taken. Conceive it with Montagu-Nathan as the "contrast between the orthodox celebration of festivals and the pagan rites in which they originated." Or conceive it as music of the church in two of its aspects—the church mystic and the church triumphant. Or finally, and best of all, conceive of this overture as just music, regardless of source. In either case it is an overture loaded to the brim with the stuff that real music is made of. The mysteries and the incense, the musty old fragrances, the moods of devotion triply devout, all these together with the joys and the pleasures and the freedoms of the good out-of-doors, constitute this "Russian Easter." As Rimsky long ago warmed to his work so Mr. Koussevitzy warmed yesterday to the task of revitalizing it.

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A. H. M.

CONVERSE'S TONE-POEM APPROVED

Post Apr. 7. 1928

Symphony Plays New Work for First Time

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

A variety of motives, from duty to cupidity, may prompt the composition of music, but by the composer's own admission, as well as by actual evidence of the music itself, Frederick S. Converse's tone-poem, "California," played for the first time at the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon, was written for the sheer joy that the task afforded.

A SERIES OF EPISODES

Last summer Mr. Converse visited the Pacific coast, witnessed on the way a victory dance of Indians in Arizona and attended in Santa Barbara the annual fiesta that unrolls the colorful pageant of the history of California from the Indian aborgines through the Spanish explorers and settlers to the 'forty-niners, capping a vivid day with an evening spent in the outdoor cafe of El Paseo. Returning home, Mr. Converse put his impressions and recollections into music, that they might be the more lasting.

Such are the origins of the tone-poem. The music is naturally and logically a series of episodes, the first Indian, the second Spanish, the third vigorously Yankee, the last midnight revelry, 1927 model.

Borrows Here and There

For his thematic material Mr. Converse has remembered not too literally Indian tunes and cries; borrowed a Latin hymn for Spanish priests, and a Spanish-American tune, "Chata Cara de Bale"; introduced to symphonic music the lusty Cape Cod chanty that hymns the charms of Australian girls, and an Iowan folk-song, "The Unconstant Lover"; found a bewitching Spanish waltz, "El Capitan," and invented a bit of jazz.

The treatment of these melodies is symphonic; the orchestration, as might be expected from a hand long practised, brilliant and sonorous; the piece which pleasured the composer in the writing pleases the listener in the hearing. The themes are fresh, appealing, well contrasted, their handling effective, avoiding alike the pitfalls of pedantry and of mere potpourrii. That the audience enjoyed so diverting and ingratiating a music goes quite without saying. Brought at length to the stage, Mr. Converse was twice recalled to it. In the persons of Mr. Hill last week and of Mr. Converse yesterday, the middle generation of resident composers is faring well at the Symphony concerts.

Winds Up With the Fifth

The tale of the rest is quickly told. After "California" came, for seasonal observance, the Prelude to "Parsifal," in which Mr. Koussevitzky is surpassingly eloquent, and Rimsky-Korsakov's resplendent Overture, "The Russian Easter," in which conductor and orchestra likewise excelled.

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, a Koussevitzkian war-horse that never remains stabled overlong, brought the end and found, as had each of the other pieces, a responsive audience.

NEW CONVERSE WORK FOR FIRST TIME HERE

Globe Apr. 7. 1928

"California" Played at Symphony Concert

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and Rimsky's "Russian Easter" Heard

The latest work of F. S. Converse well-known Boston composer, a tone poem entitled "California," was played for the first time anywhere at yesterday's Symphony concert. This tone poem was suggested by a procession depicting scenes from Californian history which the composer watched from a street corner in Santa Barbara at the annual fiesta there last Summer, and at an evening spent at a picturesque cafe called "El Paseo" in the patio of an old Spanish mansion in that city. It was cordially applauded yesterday. The composer was called out repeatedly to bow his acknowledgment. The other numbers on Mr Koussevitzky's program, following Mr Converse's tone poem, were the Prelude to "Parsifal"; Rimsky-Korsakoff's overture, "The Russian Easter," and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. It will be noted that the order of performance has been shifted from that announced in advance.

"California" begins with a "Victory Dance of the First Inhabitants," suggested by an actual Indian dance Mr Converse saw in Arizona. His memories seem to have been colored by reminiscences of Stravinsky. Then comes a section called "Spanish Padres and Explorers," of which the theme is based on a fragment of an old Latin hymn. This theme is further developed in the next section of the tone poem, entitled "The March of Civilization." A quietly romantic episode based on an old folk song collected by Charles F. Lummis, is entitled "Land of Poco Tiempo." This is rudely interrupted by an "Invasion of the Gringos," a scherzo section based on "The Cape Cod Chanty" and an Iowa folk tune, "The Unconstant Lover." The concluding section, "Midnight at El Paseo—1927," has a Spanish waltz song, "El Capotin," and, in Mr Converse's words, "ends jovially with a little jazz."

It will be seen from this description of "California" that Mr Converse has tried merely to write agreeable light music, based for the most part on American popular music past and present. He has succeeded in his aim. The tone poem, which is really a suite with several linked movements, is vivacious, fluently written music, easy to listen to, and sure of a certain measure of popularity with concert audiences. The style is far less modernistic than that of much of the composer's last previous work, "Flivver Ten Million."

It is more in the vein of Respighi's popular successes, "Fountains of Rome" and "Pines of Rome," but free from the rather ponderous manner of those works. Mr Converse does not take his work with undue seriousness. One's only adverse criticism yesterday was that some of the scoring would benefit by revision. Several passages did not attain sonority of tone.

Mr Koussevitzky's interpretatiton of the prelude to "Parsival" was an eloquent one, in the spirit of the music. No doubt it was played in honor of Good Friday. "The Russian Easter" overture, based on themes of the Russian Church, is vividly dramatic music, evoking mental pictures of chanting priests, clouds of incense, innumerable candle flames, an atmosphere half mystic, half barbarous. Mr Koussevitzky gave it a colorful reading.

Beethoven's C minor Symphony, on the other hand, does not require of a conductor that he enliven the music by an energetic display of his own imaginative and dramatic temperament. All that is necessary in such great classics as this is for the conductor, after carefully following every direction in the printed music, to supply the nuances of rhythm and phrasing which our imperfect system of musical notation does not convey. He must also see to it that every player plays exactly the right notes at exactly the right time. This some players failed yesterday to accomplish.

Mr Koussevitzky disregards many of Beethoven's directions. The slow movement is marked "andante con moto," and Beethoven, lest there be any doubt as to the exact pace, gave a metronome marking. Yesterday this movement was played much more slowly than it should have been, and its whole character altered, because, presumably, that is the way Koussevitzky feels it. The celebrated transition passage from scherzo to finale, which many have deemed the most dramatic thing in all music, Mr Koussevitzky does not find sufficiently dramatic as it is written. He slows down and drags it out. The result does not seem an improvement on Beethoven.

If one goes to the Symphony concerts, as no doubt many of the subscribers do, to listen to Koussevitzky, this sort of thing is probably enjoyable. But if one goes to listen to Beethoven and the other great composers, old and new, these alterations in familiar masterpieces are annoying.

P. R.

SYMPHONY TO GIVE EASTER PROGRAM

Concert This Evening to Be Broadcast

Days in Berlin

Mr. Koussevitzky's Younger Years as Virtuoso and Conductor

Trans. — Apr. 7, 1928

ONE WINTER EVENING, twenty-seven years ago, a handsome, romantic looking young Russian, walked on the stage of the venerable Berlin Singakademie, lugging a double bass and made his initial bow before a critical audience in what was then the musical metropolis of the world. A hush of expectantcy followed his tuning of the unwieldly instrument; for all present realized that this was no ordinary Berlin début, but a rare occasion, for even in that concert ridden city, recitals on the double bass had not been heard since the days of Bottesini. The interest was all the keener because this aristocratic looking young man from Moscow, who was to make so bold as to attempt to entertain a blasé musical public by playing solos on the leviathan of stringed instruments, did not play a small sized three string bass tuned to fifths, as did Bottesini, but he gave rein to his virtuosity on a full-size orchestral bass tuned to fourths in the regulation way. No one had attempted to win virtuoso laurels on the full size bass since Dragonetti, a century before.

This youthful Russian's name was Serge Koussevitzky and he came, played and conquered. The principle number on his program was his own Concerto for his instrument, a well conceived and admirably written work that revealed his musicianship and exploited to the full the technical and tonal possibilities of the double-bass. The newcomer created a furore by his playing. The audience was surprised at the dulcet sounds he drew from a mellow-throated Titan. There was naught of the gutteral grumblings one expected, but a warm, luscious, soulful, singing tone—a cantabile that touched the heart, and a fleetness, a nimbleness, a certainty of execution—in short a virtuosity like that of Pablo Casals on the 'cello. The reviewers went into raptures over the wonder of it all and Koussevitzky soon became a European celebrity. Meanwhile Boston has heard him perform on the double-bass and knows how he plays.

I was among those present on that occasion more than a quarter of a century ago and during the next five years I frequently heard Koussevitzky, for he gave many recitals as a virtuoso of the double bass. I once journeyed from Berlin to Leipsic to hear him appear as soloist with the noted Gewandhaus Orchestra under

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orchestra as his guest for a period of four weeks on a memorable tour of two thousand miles down the Volga in a special steamer. My account of that remarkable voyage appeared in these columns some years ago. I heard Koussevitzky give fifteen concerts in all the principle cities along the Volga. Even at that time he was an able conductor and he gave promise of every quality that now distinguishes his maturity.

ARTHUR M. ABELL

Incidents and Prospects Trans. Dec. 6, 1927

Mr. Koussevitzky is the wise friend of American composers. When they write mediocre, imitative, academic, flat-footed, tangless music—as more or less of them do—he bars tight against them the Symphony Concerts. When they disclose fresh minds, individual manners, a sense of their own time and world, he spares no pains to introduce them—say Mr. Copland or Mr. Sessions. When they have won high place in American music, he pays them deserved compliments. Almost every season he has led Mr. Loeffler to the platform of Symphony Hall; while to the concerts of next Friday and Saturday he has bidden Mr. John Alden Carpenter of Chicago. From his earlier pieces the orchestra will play the Suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator"—adept, urbane, fanciful, witty music of a sort rarely written by Americans. From Mr. Carpenter's newest pages the conductor chooses the concert-version of his ballet. "Skyscrapers," now in the repertory of the Metropolitan Opera House. It happens to be the first ballet written in the rhythms of twentieth-century urban America. For half the way, music and mimes rear buildings of steel; for the other half dancers and orchestra take their pleasure—jazzed—at Coney Island. The piece needs the theater; but since Boston is ballet-less and nearly opera-less, concert-performance must serve. Mr. Carpenter will stand by on both Friday and Saturday. He is on his way to Munich where the State Opera, late in January, will produce "Skyscrapers."

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Casals on the 'cello. The reviewers v
ini raptures over the wonder of it
and Koussevitzky soon became a E
pean celebrity. Meanwhile Boston
heard him perform on the double-
and knows how he plays.

I was among those present on that
casion more than a quarter of a cent
ago and during the next five years I
quently heard Koussevitzky, for he g
many recitals as a virtuoso of the do
bass. I once journeyed from Berlin
Leipsic to hear him appear as soloist v
the noted Gewandhaus Orchestra under
Nikisch. At that concert Koussevitzky played his own transcriptions of Mozart's Concerto for Bassoon and of Bruch's "Kol Nidrei" for 'cello. His success in Leipsic was no less great than it had been in Berlin. In Russia he gave joint recitals with Shalyapin that everywhere drew capacity audiences. I recall with particular pleasure Koussevitzky's numerous concerts in Berlin given with the assistance of Henri Cassadesus, the virtuoso of the viole d'amour. The playing of beautiful old seventeenth and eighteenth-century duets for viola and double bass became their unique specialty. In his own house, after Koussevitzky had married and settled in Berlin, I once heard him play with Jacques Thibaud Boltestini's duet for violin and double bass with Fritz Kreisler as pianist.

Koussevitzky had always had a flair for conducting and with the income marriage put at his disposal he was free to turn his attention to this branch of musical activity. He began to practise with an orchestra recruited among the pupils at the Berlin High School of Music. I distinctly recall his first attempts as a conductor. The young Russian profited from the example of Nikisch, who was then at the zenith of his powers as director of the Berlin Philharmonic. In my mind's eye I still see Koussevitzky seated beside his wife in his box at the Nikisch concerts, marking the scores which he always had with him and watching intently every gesture of the conductor. He also had many opportunities during those years in Berlin to hear other noted directors.

Koussevitzky's own public début as a conductor was made in Berlin with the Philharmonic Orchestra in 1906, and his success was so gratifying that he made frequent appearances with that orchestra giving for several years annual series of concerts with "all-Russian" programs thus introducing many new and interesting works to Germany. Later he returned to Moscow. There, Koussevitzky founded his own private orchestra of seventy-three musicians, gathered from the best players available in Europe, and he directed this orchestra for a period of five years at an annual expense to himself of $100,000. This was the largest and most proficient private orchestra ever kept by a professional musician, and it was with this organization, with which the leader was free to rehearse to his heart's content, that Koussevitzky was enabled to develop his own resources and abilities as conductor. With this orchestra Koussevitzky gave many concerts in Russia. In Moscow and Petersburg they were not only musical but social events. I travelled with him and his orchestra as his guest for a period of four weeks on a memorable tour of two thousand miles down the Volga in a special steamer. My account of that remarkable voyage appeared in these columns some years ago. I heard Koussevitzky give fifteen concerts in all the principle cities along the Volga. Even at that time he was an able conductor and he gave promise of every quality that now distinguishes his maturity.

ARTHUR M. ABELL

Incidents and Prospects Trans. Dec. 6, 1927

Mr. Koussevitzky is the wise friend of American composers. When they write mediocre, imitative, academic, flat-footed, tangless music—as more or less of them do—he bars tight against them the Symphony Concerts. When they disclose fresh minds, individual manners, a sense of their own time and world, he spares no pains to introduce them—say Mr. Copland or Mr. Sessions. When they have won high place in American music, he pays them deserved compliments. Almost every season he has led Mr. Loeffler to the platform of Symphony Hall; while to the concerts of next Friday and Saturday he has bidden Mr. John Alden Carpenter of Chicago. From his earlier pieces the orchestra will play the Suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator"—adept, urbane, fanciful, witty music of a sort rarely written by Americans. From Mr. Carpenter's newest pages the conductor chooses the concert-version of his ballet, "Skyscrapers," now in the repertory of the Metropolitan Opera House. It happens to be the first ballet written in the rhythms of twentieth-century urban America. For half the way, music and mimes rear buildings of steel; for the other half dancers and orchestra take their pleasure—jazzed—at Coney Island. The piece needs the theater; but since Boston is ballet-less and nearly opera-less, concert-performance must serve. Mr. Carpenter will stand by on both Friday and Saturday. He is on his way to Munich where the State Opera, late in January, will produce "Skyscrapers."

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Twenty-third Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 20, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 21, at 8.15 o'clock

Lorenziti . . . Venetian Symphony (Concertante) for Quinton, Viola d'Amore, Harpsichord and Orchestra

Quinton: *MARIUS CASADESUS
Viola d'Amore: *HENRI CASADESUS
Harpsichord: *Mme. REGINA PATORNI-CASADESUS

I. Allegro molto.
II. Larghetto.
III. Rondo.

(First performance)

Borghi . . . Concerto for Harpsichord and Wind Orchestra

Harpsichord: *Mme. PATORNI-CASADESUS

I. Allegretto.
II. Andantino.
III. Rondo.

(First time at these concerts)

Asioli . . Concerto in A major for Viola d'Amore and Orchestra

Viola d'Amore: *HENRI CASADESUS

I. Pollacca.
II. Menuetto.
III. Largo.
IV. Rondo.

(First time at these concerts)

Saint-Saëns . . . . Symphony in C minor, No. 3, Op. 78

I. Adagio; Allegro moderato; Poco adagio.
II. Allegro moderato; Presto; Maestoso; Allegro.

(Organ—ALBERT W. SNOW)

*Members, SOCIÉTÉ DES INSTRUMENTS ANCIENS

STEINWAY PIANO USED

There will be an intermission before the symphony

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

Old Sounds for a New Day Recaptured

Parisian Society of Ancient Instruments, Guests Today and Tomorrow at the Symphony Concerts

M. Casadesus, Treble Viol; M. Devilliers, Bass Viol; R. Patroni-Casadesus, Harpsichord; L. Casadesus, Viola de Gamba; H. Casadesus, Viola d'Amore.

2-PART CONCERT

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about Borghi, except he was a pupil of ade London his home would be interesting to was acquainted with The opening movement so in the Mozartian say with the man- style—that it could early work of that With Mme. Patroni- psichord is something strument of prickly, played with graceful brilliance conspicuous did the hearer for a a modern pianoforte us resources; some- a pianist in the vain ow condescending to th, he can be as jolly the old clavicinists he great and mem- he first part of this etic playing of the concerto for viola xquisite tenderness, like that heard on isle. Or was it desus that glorified

to ask if we have in chamber music the violin family s," which once was nglish courts and that it was con- to be proficient ments. Griffith ade's undeservedly ed himself in mel- ing the bass viol. r Andrew Ague- e played "o' the day music for our ed by the radio: not by them. in these enlight- especially our sneer at Saint- young composers Europe, lacking tance, relying on s. percussion ef- nality, or what- mask their im- to learn from for they would ges of the art— as and the log- hem; charm of

supposed. We are told that Mr. Casa- the employment of orchestral resources, desus discovered the manuscript at so that a stirring climax may be gained, Versailles; (not Marseilles as a typo- as in the finale of this symphony, a

2-PART CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Herald Apr. 21. 1928

Old-Time Program by Parisian Societe Des Instruments Anciens

ORCHESTRA GIVES SAINT-SAENS WORK

By PHILIP HALE

For the first half of the Boston Symphony orchestra's concert in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductaor members of the Parisian Societe des Instruments Anciens, viz: Mme. Regina Patorni-Casadesus, harpsichord; Marius Casadesus, quinton, and the founder of the society, Henri Casadesus, viola d'amore, played old-time music; Luigi Lerenziti's Venetian Symphony (concertante) for quinton, viola d'amore, harpsichord and orchestra; Borghi's concerto for harpsichord and wind orchestra, and Asioli's concerto, A major, for viola d'amore and orchestra. Saint-Saens's Symphony No. 3, C minor, with organ, filled the second part of the concert.

Mr. Henri Casadesus and Mme. Patorni-Casadesus did not come to Boston yesterday as strangers. They with others of the society gave concerts here in public and in private in the season of 1917-18. Nor in that season did Bostonians hear ancient music played on ancient instruments for the first time. Who does not remember Mr. Dolmetsch and his colleagues who donned old costumes for their concerts? They played earnestly, with reverential solemnity, and the more earnest they were, the worse, as a rule, the music sounded.

Yesterday the accomplished artists of the Societe reminded the audience by their performance that music did not begin with Beethoven; that there were famous men and even unknown men before him who found out charming musical tunes, both gay and poetic. Little or nothing, is known of Luigi Lorenziti, one of three brothers, it is supposed. We are told that Mr. Casadesus discovered the manuscript at Versailles; (not Marseilles as a typographical error in the program book had it); that yesterday saw the first performance of the work. The lively movements are in the conventional manner of the latter part of the 18th century, but there are delightful passages for the viols, while the Adagio has decided character and beauty.

Little is written about Borghi, except that as a violinist he was a pupil of Pugnani, and made London his home about 1780. It would be interesting to know how well he was acquainted with Mozart's music. The opening movement of the concerto is so in the Mozartian spirit—one might say with the mannerisms, or in the style—that it could easily pass as an early work of that "glorious boy." With Mme. Patorni-Casadesus, the harpsichord is something more than an instrument of prickly, acid tone. She played with graceful sentiment, with a brilliance conspicuous for elegance. Nor did the hearer for a moment wish for a modern pianoforte with its thunderous resources; sometimes employed by a pianist in the vain endeavor to show how condescending to put aside his strength, he can be as jolly 18th century as the old clavicinists themselves. But the great and memorable moment in the first part of this concert was the poetic playing of the Largo in Asioli's concerto for viola d'amore, music of exquisite tenderness, disembodied music, like that heard on Prospero's enchanted isle. Or was it the art of Mr. Casadesus that glorified this music?

One was tempted to ask if we have gained for pleasure in chamber music by the substitution of the violin family for the "Chest of Viols," which once was a familiar sight in English courts and humbler homes; so that it was considered a disgrace not to be proficient on one of the instruments. Griffith Gaunt in Charles Reade's undeservedly neglected novel consoled himself in melancholy mood by playing the bass viol. Was it not one of Sir Andrew Aguecheek's virtues that he played "o' the Viol de gamboys?" Today music for our households is furnished by the radio: music made for them, not by them.

It is the fashion, in these enlightened days for some, especially our amateur aesthetes, to sneer at Saint-Saens: yet audacious young composers in this country and in Europe, lacking musical ideas of importance, relying on ever changing rhythms, percussion effects, polytonality, atonality, or whatever they call it to mask their impotence, would do well to learn from this old master—old, for they would place him in the dark ages of the art—the value of musical ideas and the logical development of them: charm of clarity in writing; effective sobriety in the employment of orchestral resources, so that a stirring climax may be gained, as in the finale of this symphony, a

climax that is perhaps somewhat anticipated and a little delayed. They might also ponder the use of frank, naked melody, as in Saint-Saens's song of the violins supported by the organ. "Sentimental," we hear them saying. It is suave, this melody; it inspires reflection, contemplation in the breast of the hearer: for a time he forgets the stress and the fury of the outside world. Sentimental, if you will; but it is pure and soaring melody, not erotic, not hysterical; and to one having heard the short, breathless, jerky, measures which our young composers dignify by the name of melodies, this air of Saint-Saens is fresh and appealing. The performance yesterday brought out all that was best in the symphony.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week for the last concerts of the season will be as follows: Beethoven, Overture to "Egmont;" Lopatnikov, Scherzo (first performance); Debussy "La Mer;" Brahms, Symphony, No. 2, D major.

SINGULAR VOICES IN SYMPHONY

Post — Apr. 21. 1928

Quinton and Harpsichord Tinkle in the Pieces

En route from Paris to Washington, D. C., there to participate in the annual Festival of Chamber Music at the Library of Congress, Henri Casadesus, Marius Casadesus and Mme. Regina Patorni-Casadesus are paying a visit to Boston to add the voices of viola d'amore, quinton and harpsichord to the Symphony Concerts of this week. Accordingly, the first half of yesterday's programme fell to 18th century pieces employing these instruments, while Saint-Saens' Symphony in C minor completed it.

A CURIOUS CONCERT

This was a curious concert, one of sharp contrast and of partial satisfactions. When the thinness of Lorenziti, Borghi and Asioli palled (a handful of instruments sufficed for their works) the listener anticipated the sonorities of Saint-Saens' "Organ" Symphony. Yet confronted with the latter's hollow grandiosities he remembered gratefully the sincerities of those resurrections from a bygone day.

Not even the erudite editor of the programme-book could discover the dates or the places of birth and death of Luigi Lorenziti, represented by a Venetian Symphony for quinton, viola d'amore, harpsichord and orchestra. Bonifazio Asioli, was born in Gorreggio, Italy, in 1769 and died there in 1832. His piece of yesterday was a Concerto for viola d'amore and orchestra, a sound as well as entertaining composition of more than ordinary musical quality that worthily recalled a musician of remarkable precocity who made in his own time a not inconsiderable stir, although his name is today known only to the learned in musical matters.

Sharp, Shrill Tones

There is beauty, too, of a more fragile sort in Lorenziti's Symphony, and Borghi's Concerto, with its Rondo so Mozartean that that master might well have written it, was interesting to hear if only because of its scoring for wind instruments alone, a procedure beloved of our contemporaries but rare indeed in the past.

In the performance of this piece Mme. Patorni-Casadesus proved herself a fluent, musicianly player, but the needle-like tones of her extremely small, light harpsichord tended at length to irritate rather than to charm the ear. Nor did the skillful playing of Marius Casadesus wholly compensate in Lorenziti's Symphony for the shrill tone of the quinton, a tiny violin of five strings seldom met with today.

These reservations made it was, nevertheless, a distinct pleasure to hear these works, to be reminded afresh of the high level of achievement reached be even the lesser composers of the 18th century when music, to make its way, had perforce to be music and could not disguise a lack of substance, character and melodic invention with a mask of harmonic and instrumental effect.

Saint-Saens Artificiality

Furthermore there was a singular appropriateness in the appearance here of Henri Casadesus, whose remarkable collection of ancient instruments, purchased as a memorial to Major Higginson, has been installed in Symphony Hall since his last visit to Boston.

The Symphony of Saint-Saens, cold and artificial, although suave enough in the offertory-like slow action, at least compels admiration for its musical craftsmanship, and its brilliant ending is sure to arouse and audience. Yesterday's company recalled Mr. Koussevitzky and would not be content until he had brought the deserving players to their feet.

Ancient Viols, Archaic Music, Rare Virtuosi

Trans. — Apr. 21, 1928

New Spell at Symphony Hall With Harpsichord to Aid, A Conductor as Well

THE MODERNISTS may take heart. Archaic music, when no master signs it, also occasions departures from Symphony Hall. Messieurs Henri and Marius Casadesus, Madame Patorni-Casadesus, were guests of the Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon. To them, with two small choirs of strings and wood winds for accompaniment, fell the first half of the concert. They filled it with a Venetian Sinfonia Concertante for Quinton (or treble-viol), Viola d' Amore, Harpsichord and Orchestra written by Luigi Lorenziti; a Concerto for Harpsichord and Wind Orchestra signed by Luigi Borghi; a Concerto for Viola d'Amore and Orchestra composed by Bonifazio Asioli. All three were music-makers of the eighteenth century—Borghi in London; Asioli in northern Italy; Lorenziti, none knows where. In degree they baffled even the learned editor of the program-book. To ninety-nine out of every hundred listeners their names signified no more than Mr. Lazar's, whose Music for Orchestra was heard a few weeks back, or Mr. Lopatnikov's whose Scherzo will be played next Friday.

And—as children say when they would come to the point of a breathless story—and, after the very first movement of Lorenziti's Sinfonia, departures began. Two at least were visible in the forefront of the hall. More may have been hidden in the usual flood, in-streaming, of the tardy. Others found their patience with this ancientry exhausted at the end of the Concerto for Harpsichord; while it was to be observed that not few rose at the intermission with visible signs of relief from secondary eighteenth-century music upon eighteenth-century instruments played. The virtuosity, the musical instinct and sympathy of the players had been wondrous—but, as the diminishing applause testified, upon some came a creeping sense of monotony. All of ch would be but trivial incident of afternoon, were not fingers of scorn ted at the Modernists because ners, in the course of a concert, draw from their ministrations. Yesay, though in less numbers, listeners forsook the ancients. Of a truth of a verity a receptive and catholic is a precious thing in the concert- while curiosity about any and all c from Lorenziti's, about whom next thing is known, to that of the new- Modernist, of whom some of us may too much, is a passion to be sured.

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Monsieur Henri Casadesus is master beyond comparison of this ancient music and these ancient instruments. With his spirit and with some of his knowledge he has imbued Monsieur Marius, Madame Regina, the other two members of their Society, all of whom will be heard at the University—and in a small concert-room—within a fortnight. He is not only a virtuoso of the rarest upon the viola d'amore; he plays felicitously upon other viols. He is connoisseur and collector besides, as witness the cases by him filled and assorted in an upper room of Symphony Hall. He is as diligent and discriminating in the search for manuscripts by composers that held lutes and viols dear.

Passing a lifetime in these pursuits, Monsieur Henri has nurtured a sensitive instinct for these archaic instruments. At his touch they respond as to a lover's hand. Upon his ear their timbres fall like the voice of a mistress—provided only that the lover keep Monsieur Casadesus's measure of scholarship. Similarly, he approaches this ancient music with sympathy and understanding, a predilection both spontaneous and schooled, that enable him to play it in the very shape and accent in which it was designed, to assume its style and

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Trans. —— Apr.

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manner, to set it complete and chara[illegible] tered before a twentieth-century audien[illegible] ence. By example and guidance into hi[illegible] associates he has infused this sensibilit[illegible] and comprehension. Centuries before hi[illegible] ancients, the Latin poet made a devic[illegible] for him and his little ensemble: "Inte[illegible] ignes luna minores."

The tone of these viols gives a pleas[illegible] ure not to be derived from their supe[illegible] rior offspring, the modern family of vio[illegible] lins. They penetrate the ear and the[illegible] perceptions behind; whereas the viol[illegible] were content to brush them more light[illegible] ly. Our strings lend propulsive force[illegible] to the measures that they play; the[illegible] viols no more than caressed them of thi[illegible] Through the Concerto for Viola d[illegible] Amore, how sensuous and mellow and[illegible] pungent was Monsieur Henri Casadesus's tha[illegible] tone; how soft and sweet and finely tex[illegible] tured in the Largo; how light and bright[illegible] and like to a thread of spun velvet in know[illegible] the two dance-movements and the finale. A violin, a viola of today, would sound as though pressing forth the melody and vibrating to the rhythm. The viola d'amore of Monsieur Casadesus diffused them as a vapor upon a heavier air, yet with clear contours in gracious motion. The tone of Monsieur Marius's quinton knew no shrillness. To hear it through the Sinfonia of Lorenziti was to liken it to the transparent texture, the cool brightness, of a boy's sexless, spiralling soprano.

Upon the harpsichord Madame Regina repeated the little miracles to which Madame Landowska has of late accustomed American ears—the crispness of tone, the suppleness to inflection, the variety of shading, the singular bell-like quality, the crystalline note, remote and pure. Our pianoforte seems—and is—a work-a-day instrument beside it, useful but undistinguished, doing at need the musical chores, occasionally glorified when a master happens along to transfigure it. Even so with the violins and their kinsmen. In the orchestra they also do a work-a-day job; the chamber-concert exhibits them like prize-pupils; again only the master-virtuosi and musicians may exalt them—with now and then a composer to aid. The viola d'amore, the quinton, the harpsichord, were aristocratic instruments. They remain such from the hands and in the ears of these Parisian compeers. They were played at leisure; they were played with distinction; choice and courtly audiences lent ear. This age of democracy—some call it mediocrity—hears them as "quaint" and "exotic."

Yet quinton and harpsichord, viola d'amore and viola da gamba, were in nowise such to the composers writing for them. They were the estab-

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tuoso's word for it that Asioli exhausts the technical possibilities of the instrument; persuades them, as it were, into fulfillment. What more impresses the listener a hundred years after is the velvet-like texture, the rich contours, until it is time for the slenderer Rondo, of the music itself. Asioli chooses stately dances, a polacca and a minuet; phrases and rhythms them in subdued sonorities; lets the viola d'amore exhale its sensuous tone. Then he sets to a slow movement as pensive, melancholy, haunting as though Mozart had written it, grave and tender. It is music to persuade the ear that the viola d'amore has a voice like no other instrument. In it dwells the echo of old forgotten far-off things, the enchantment of distance—that Monsieur Casadesus never brings too near. And how adept and pleasurable with Asioli as well as with Borghi and Lorenziti, were Mr. Koussevitzky's balancing and tempering of the little orchestra! For the while he also was a member of the Society of Ancient Instruments.

Since fate seems to ordain that Miaskovsky shall not be heard in Symphony Hall, the conductor ended the day with Saint-Saëns's Symphony in C minor—the Organ Symphony so-called—that bids fair to be his one surviving specimen in our graver concert-halls. The organ sighed, the organ pealed, and deep was the pleasure of many within earshot. They listened intently; applauded bountifully; while Mr. Koussevitzky in zeal and pains might have been proclaiming greatness—or more truly wringing it out to the last ineffable drop. To all and sundry their particular pleasures of the concert-hall! Yet we sceptics before this master-work of the dear-departed—in more senses than one—had also satisfactions. In his latter, war-time, days Saint-Saëns berated Wagner; but in those eighties he was quite willing to mix his singing violoncellos and horns according to the early Wagnerian prescription. And to take thought of Liszt's violins; to quirk about in a Lisztian presto; to lay on and spare not in an end that is big-bow-wow like a symphonic poem out of the master of Weimar. Ah, yes! "the French Beethoven" as the exuberant Gounod saluted him. How the old gentleman, if he remembered this saying in his final years, must have chuckled behind his ivory mask!

H. T. P.

Still a Deficit

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manner, to set it complete and
tered before a twentieth-century
ence. By example and guidance i
associates he has infused this sen
and comprehension. Centuries bef
ancients, the Latin poet made a
for him and his little ensemble:
ignes luna minores."

The tone of these viols gives a
ure not to be derived from their
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lins. They penetrate the ear at
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were content to brush them more
ly. Our strings lend propulsive
to the measures that they pla
viols no more than caressed
Through the Concerto for Vi
Amore, how sensuous and mello
pungent was Monsieur Henri Casa
tone; how soft and sweet and fine
tured in the Largo; how light and
and like to a thread of spun vel
the two dance-movements and the
A violin, a viola of today, would
as though pressing forth the melo
vibrating to the rhythm. The
d'amore of Monsieur Casadesus d
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quinton knew no shrillness. To h
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spiralling soprano.

Upon the harpsichord Madame H
repeated the little miracles to whic
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American ears—the crispness of ton
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the crystalline note, remote and
Our pianoforte seems—and is—a
a-day instrument beside it, useful b
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Even so with the violins and their
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poser to aid. The viola d'amore
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from the hands and in the ears of
Parisian compeers. They were play
leisure; they were played with distin
choice and courtly audiences lent
This age of democracy—some call it
ocrity — hears them as "quaint"
"exotic."

Yet quinton and harpsichord,
d'amore and viola da gamba,
in nowise such to the comp
writing for them. They were the
lished, the susceptible, means to musical expression. Upon them the composer might bestow his skill, scholarship, invention, felicity, above all that sentiment, taste and elegance by the eighteenth century prized. Who and what Lorenziti was, program-books and musical lexicons may not discover. He had brothers with whom the records are busier. Upon a day in Versailles Monsieur Henri came upon this Sinfonia; prepared it subsequently for the concert-room; might hardly descry wherein it was Venetian, unless it be that Venice harbored seigneurs with ear and taste, who kept little orchestras of virtuosi for their private pleasure. Yet Lorenziti balances his instruments and the accompanying orchestra skillfully; contrives adroit and delicately sensuous euphonies for the solo-instruments and the assisting choirs; sets in fancies and flourishes even to a cadenza; arrays his figures, winds in his arabesques; with nimble fingers touches up the rhythms of the Rondo; fills the slow movement—the bell-like harpsichord aiding—with a gentle contemplation.

Likely enough, London and the Italy whence many came, abounded in those seventeen-eighties with Borghis. They were young musicians with their way to make. They sought noble and generous patrons; played in public as occasion offered; composed in hours of leisure; were nothing loth to try their own pieces. Now and again they drifted to the Continent and came back full of the young Mozart. What was he not writing and in the most captivating manner? Naturally, they imitated him. In this Concerto for Harpsichord Borghi's reflection of his light hand, quick skill, delicate ear, playful fancies, gayety here, sentiment there, is pleasant to hear. To a certain point the Borghis could go. Then the endless invention, the inexhaustible felicities, the quick moodiness from melancholy to zest—all in a symphonic breath—evaded them. They produced a capital workaday Mozart. Let it go at that, so long as there is a harpsichord and a harpsichord-player, as there were yesterday, to crystalize their brightness, subtilize their shadings, make crisp their inflections, thread out their arabesques, draw from their Andantinos the most euphonious of sighs. And a pretty notion and a sensitive hand had Borghi with the possibilities of wind instruments.

Asioli of the Concerto for Viola d'Amore, seems almost modern since he served Napoleon's second Empress; has dates in the program-book and a key for his piece upon the program-page. Yet into him had seeped the traditions of the chosen instrument; while in him, as in Monsieur Casadesus, was the latent instinct. There is only to take the vir-

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Old Instruments, and a Novelty

Trans. Apr. 19 & 22. By L. A. SLOPER

BACKWARD the course of music still takes its way, lacking a recognizable genius to lead it forward. The activities of most of the composers of today leave us in some doubt as to whether this retracing of steps is going to prove profitable to the art. Too often, when they have set down notes while looking over their shoulders, the results do not convince us that an improvement has been made on the originals. Thus it is that the works of Bach, Handel, Haydn and Mozart become increasingly welcome on our concert programs. And of their contemporaries, when they compare well with the masters.

It was agreeable to hear on the twenty-third program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra several such works, particularly since solo parts were played on the instruments for which they were written, by high priests of this form of musical art, that is, by members of the Société des Instruments Anciens, of Paris. Another circumstance which made this visit singularly felicitous was the recent donation to the Boston orchestra, in memory of its founder, Henry L. Higginson, of the fine collection of old instruments made by M. Henri Casadesus.

M. Casadesus played, at the concert under review, the Concerto in A major for viola d'amore and orchestra by Bonifazio Asioli. Mme. Regina Patorni-Casadesus played the Concerto for harpsichord and wind orchestra by Luigi Borghi. These two, with M. Marius Casadesus, performed the "Venetian" Symphony Concertante for quinton, viola d'amore, harpsichord and orchestra by Luigi Lorenziti.

A First Performance

This Lorenziti is a very mysterious fellow indeed, being unknown apparently even to the makers of the dictionaries of musical biography, though he had two brothers who, Mr. Philip Hale records in his invaluable program notes, were musicians of some consequence in the second half of the eighteenth century. His "Venetian" Symphony, strangely enough, had its first performance anywhere yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston. The manuscript was found by M. Casadesus at Versailles. A hearing of it makes it seem possible that this Lorenziti has been unjustly neglected. This is excellently contrived music, scholarly without being at all pedantic. It is cast in the usual allegro, slow movement and rondo, with a cadenza in the first movement. Its material is ingratiating. The slow movement has poetic beauty and the finale is full of gayety. Although the harpsichord is not easily heard in this composition, the balance of string instruments is well maintained.

The harpsichord concerto is likewise a charming work, conventional in form but full of individuality. The musical ideas are lucid and pleasing, and the treatment of the solo part with relation to the wind accompaniment is ingenious. There is tremendous rhythmic vitality in this unassuming work, which Mme. Patorni-Casadesus brought out with subtlety and significance. It was delightful to hear the miniature climaxes, so carefully prepared—and quite effective, everything being in proportion.

Unusual Pleasures

The concerto for viola d'amore is in four movements, and appears to have been designed, rather more definitely than its companion pieces, for the display of virtuosity. But if it is not so naïvely appealing as the others, it reveals remarkably the possibilities of the solo instrument, and it is by no means devoid of engaging qualities. It was played with a sort of brilliant nonchalance by M. Casadesus.

Indeed, all the soloists are deserving of high praise. Modest in demeanor, they are all thorough artists and sensitive musicians, showing us the beauties of their music and their rare instruments by means of endless subtleties of tone, nuance, phrasing and rhythm. They capture and convey by purely musical means the atmosphere of the courtly eighteenth century. Not unknown in Boston before, they were warmly welcomed as contributors of unusual pleasures to a symphony concert.

Since Camille Saint-Saëns was the first president of the Société des Instruments Anciens, Mr. Koussevitzky evidently thought it appropriate that his C minor Symphony with organ should conclude the program. This grandiloquent opus had a fervid performance. Nothing could have been more appropriate than that this symphony should have been dedicated to Liszt.

OLD INSTRUMENTS AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Globe — Apr. 21, 1928

Quinton, Harpsichord and Viola d'Amore Heard

"Societe des Instruments Anciens" Players Guests of Orchestra

Three old instruments, the quinton, viola d'amore and harpsichord, played by members of the "Societe des Instruments Anciens" of Paris, were heard at yesterday's Symphony concert in unfamiliar 18th century pieces. These players have come to the United States for Mrs Elizabeth S. Coolidge's festival of chamber music at Washington. At Mr Koussevitzky's invitation Marius Casadesus, quinton; Henri Casadesus, viola d'amore, and Mme Regina Patorni-Casadesus, harpsichord, are taking part in this week's Boston Symphony concerts.

Henri Casadesus, founder of the "Societe des Instruments Anciens," is known in Boston not merely from several concerts of the society given here in 1917 and 1918, but as the collector of the old instruments donated to the Boston Symphony in 1926, in memory of Maj Higginson, and exhibited at Symphony Hall thereafter.

First on yesterday's program stood a Sinfonia Concertante for quinton, viola d'amore and harpsichord, by Luigi Lorenziti, a composer about whom nothing seems definitely known. Mr Casadesus found the manuscript at Marseilles, prepared it for performance and offered it to a modern audience for the first time yesterday. The music is an amiable example of 18th century fluency and grace, yet with distinct romantic tinges which anticipate the 19th century. As Bernardo Lirenziti, believed to have been a brother of Luigi, was not born until 1764, it is quite possible that this Sinfonia dates from the early part of the 19th century, the period of writers like Mehul.

A Treble Instrument

The quinton, heard in this number, is a treble instrument of the viol family, now represented in our orchestras only by the bass viol. It looks like a very small bass viol and sounds like a violin, lacking smoothness and sonority of tone. Its obsolescence is no loss to the art of music. Marius Casadesus played it skillfully.

The next number, a concerto for harpsichord and wind instruments by Luigi Borghi, who first appeared in London in 1774 as violinist, has a charming first movement curiously Mozartean in style, followed by a much inferior and rather naive andantino and rondo. It is described as "one of Borghi's earliest works, composed when he was under the influence of Mozart, as is clearly seen in the concerto." Now Mozart was born in 1756, so that if Borghi was under his influence early in his career, it must have been the "wonder child" who obsessed him.

To judge merely by listening to the music, one would suppose that the first movement of this concerto was borrowed bodily from some work by Mozart and that Borghi wrote the rest of it. Mr Casadesus did not give the editor of the program notes very precise data about the history and origin of any of the pieces played.

Mme Regina Patorni-Casadesus gave a delightful and wholly admirable performance of the harpsichord part in this number. It is only when such a player as she or as Mme Wanda Landowska is heard that one realizes the possibilities for musical expression, tonal color, tonal beauty the instrument offers. Usually if heard at all the harpsichord is nowadays played by a pianist unable or unwilling to treat it as anything but a very inferior and old-fashioned piano. It is nothing of the sort, belonging to an entirely different group of instruments, those in which the strings are plucked and requiring a technique of its own. One wishes that 18th-century music written for harpsichord could still be heard played on the harpsichord, not on the modern grand pianoforte, which so completely changes its character.

Beauty of Tone

The concerto in A, for viola d'amore, by Asioli (1769-1832) afforded Henri Casadesus ample opportunity to display his remarkable mastery of a beautiful

instrument far from deserving the neglect that has been its fate. As a solo instrument it has greater warmth and expressiveness, more sonority and beauty of tone than the ordinary viola of our orchestras. Its characteristic tone is owing to the use of additional strings which vibrate sympathetically untouched by bow or fingers.

This concerto is a curiously conservative and colorless work to have been produced by a contemporary of Beethoven. It bears out what writers like Stendhal and Berlioz tell us of the low state of instrumental music in Italy in the early 19th century.

Mr Koussevitzky and the orchestra played admirable accompaniments for these old numbers. One felt throughout the first part of the concert that it was a pity to lavish such perfect artistry on music so negligible.

The rest of the concert was devoted to a rather turgid and bombastic performance of Saint-Saens familiar Symphony in C minor, with organ. The music recalls Gounod's talent for contriving sonorous effects with the minimum of imaginative content.

P. R.

NOTES and LINES

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The program of the Boston Symphony orchestra this week is of an unusual nature. In the first part of the concert the Parisian Society of Ancient Instruments will take the stage: Lorenziti, Venetian Symphony for quinton, viola d'amore, harpsichord and orchestra (first performance as edited by Henri Casadesus, founder of the society); Borghi, Concerto for harpsichord (Mme. Patorni-Casadesus) and wind orchestra; Asioli, Concerto in A major for viola d'amore (Mr. Casadesus) and orchestra. The quinton will be played by Marius Casadesus.

The symphony in the second part of the concert will be Saint-Saens's No. 3 C minor with organ. Saint-Saens was the president of the Society of Ancient Music.

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We heard the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra in New York last Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon, the orchestra's last concerts of its season in that city. Carnegie hall was completely filled. As many stood as were allowed by the fire department and police. Many were turned away. The audience at both concerts was enthusiastic, even more appreciative, or at least warmer in demonstrations, than the audiences in Symphony hall, and this is saying much. Mr. Hill's new symphony, which was heard on Thursday night for the first time in New York, greatly pleased the public and met the approval of the leading professional critics. The composer was called to the platform, called and recalled.

The orchestral performance was one of dazzling brilliance at night and in the afternoon. On Saturday afternoon there was enthusiastic, long continued applause after the eloquent performance of the Prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan."

At the end of Saturday's concert, the final number was Beethoven's fifth symphony, nobly performed. The great audience was loath to leave. Mr. Koussevitzky was recalled to the stage at least five times; there were shouts of "Bravo"; the orchestra, rising, was cheered to the echo.

In the hall and out of it we heard only words of glowing praise for the conductor and the players. The Boston public was congratulated on having only one conductor for the superb orchestra, instead of a succession of "guests," and for having Mr. Koussevitzky as that one conductor. There is already a long waiting list in New York for the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra next season.

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A concert of an unusual nature will take place in Jordan hall next Monday night. It will be given by the Boston Flute Players Club and the Chamber Music Club. The program will comprise extremely modern compositions: Stravinsky's Octuor for wind instruments; six songs from Hindemith's Ballad Cycle "Marienleben"; Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire," and Gruenberg's "The Daniel Jazz." Greta Torpadie will sing the songs and be the singer in "Pierrot Lunaire." Colin O'More will assist in the Daniel Jazz; Frederic Tillotson will be the pianist. There will be musicians from the Boston Symphony orchestra.

"Pierrot Lunaire" will be performed here for the first time. It consists of 21 little songs by Albert Giraud and is composed for speaking voice, piano, flute, piccolo, clarinet, bass clarinet, violin, viola, violoncello. The first performance was at Berlin in October, 1912, when Albertine Zehme was the reciter-singer. There was a performance at Leipsic that fall. Schoenberg has toured in European countries including this work in his concerts. Otto Erich Hartleben had translated the French verses into German. For the first performance in the United States, which took place at the Klaw Theatre, New York, on Feb. 4, 1923, Charles Henry Meltzer made a free adaptation in English from the French and German and fitted it to the music. Schoenberg's extraordinary work has excited great attention and hot discussion. Cecil Gray wrote of it: "It is impossible to make any adverse criticism of this superb work. It is one of those few works which possess such power and originality that a musician, one imagines, could hardly fail to be impressed by it—by its formal perfection, its almost diabolical ingenuity and instrumental resource, its astounding wealth of purely musical invention. It is impossible to discriminate between each setting, for there is not a weak number among them from beginning to end."

Stravinsky's Octuor was performed for the first time at Mr. Koussevitzky's concert at the Paris Opera House on Oct. 18, 1923. The octuor is thus planned: I, Sinfonia; II, Theme with monometric variations ending with a fugato; III, Finale. The second and third movements are to be played without pause. Georges Auric wrote a long note about the music for the first performance, beginning: "In it there is a precision in the planning that no one will overlook; a precision that at first could surprise, disconcert, baffle. But Stravinsky has always been a rough conqueror, and one may well follow him today in the path that he has blazed."

Gruenberg's The Daniel Jazz has been performed in this country and in at least one European city. Daniel is in the lions' den, but the composer has not used for his text the memorable dialogue between Daniel and the jocose King Darius.

*Henri Gustave Casadesus, born at Paris on September 30, 1879, took a first prize at the Paris Conservatory as a pupil of Laforge in playing the viola in 1899. The other first viola prize that year was awarded to M. Bailly, at one time a member of the Flonzaley Quartet.

The Société des Instruments Anciens of Paris was founded there in 1900 by Henri Casadesus*; Camille Saint-Saëns, president.

* * *

Beginning in 1896, Henri Casadesus formed a most valuable collection of old instruments which was given to the Boston Symphony Orchestra in memory of the orchestra's founder, Henry L. Higginson. The presentation was made on October 23, 1926, when N. Penrose Hallowell spoke for the donors; Judge Frederick P. Cabot received the collection in the name of the trustees of the Orchestra. A description of the collection written by Mr. Casadesus, and translated from the French, was published in the Programme Book of October 29, 30, 1926. A catalogue of the collection was published in the Programme Book of November 12, 13, of that year. The collection is in a room of Symphony Hall. The entrance to the room is in the middle of the Massachusetts Avenue corridor of the first balcony.

Boston Symphony Orchestra To Give Wellesley Concert

Trans. —Apr. 17, 1928.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give the sixth and last concert in the Wellesley concert series, under auspices of Hamilton C. MacDougall, professor emeritus of music at the college, at Alumnæ Hall, this evening at eight o'clock.

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Gruenberg's The Daniel Jazz has been performed in this country and in at least one European city. Daniel is in the lions' den, but the composer has not used for his text the memorable dialogue between Daniel and the jocose King Darius.

*Henri Gustave Casadesus, born at Paris on September 30, 1879, took a first prize at the Paris Conservatory as a pupil of Laforge in playing the viola in 1899. The other first viola prize that year was awarded to M. Bailly, at one time a member of the Flonzaley Quartet.

The Société des Instruments Anciens of Paris was founded there in 1900 by Henri Casadesus*; Camille Saint-Saëns, president.

* * *

Beginning in 1896, Henri Casadesus formed a most valuable collection of old instruments which was given to the Boston Symphony Orchestra in memory of the orchestra's founder, Henry L. Higginson. The presentation was made on October 23, 1926, when N. Penrose Hallowell spoke for the donors; Judge Frederick P. Cabot received the collection in the name of the trustees of the Orchestra. A description of the collection written by Mr. Casadesus, and translated from the French, was published in the Programme Book of October 29, 30, 1926. A catalogue of the collection was published in the Programme Book of November 12, 13, of that year. The collection is in a room of Symphony Hall. The entrance to the room is in the middle of the Massachusetts Avenue corridor of the first balcony.

Boston Symphony Orchestra To Give Wellesley Concert

Trans. —Apr. 17. 1928.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give the sixth and last concert in the Wellesley concert series, under auspices of Hamilton C. MacDougall, professor emeritus of music at the college, at Alumnæ Hall, this evening at eight o'clock.

Twenty-fourth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 27, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 28, at 8.15 o'clock

Beethoven . . . Overture to Goethe's "Egmont," Op. 84

Lopatnikov . . . . . Scherzo, Op. 10
(First performance)

Debussy . . . "La Mer" ("Trois Esquisses Symphoniques")
I. De l'aube à midi sur la mer (From Dawn till Noon on the Ocean).
II. Jeux de Vagues (Frolic of Waves).
III. Dialogue du Vent et de la Mer (Dialogue of Wind and Sea).

Brahms . . . . . Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 73
I. Allegro non troppo.
II. Adagio non troppo.
III. Allegretto grazioso, quasi andantino.
IV. Allegro con spirito.

There will be an intermission before the symphony

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

The Newest

(Suck Karlruhe)

Nikolai Lopatnikov

Mr. Koussevitzky's Final Find for the Season, 1927-28

LAST CONCERT BY SYMPHONY

Herald Apr. 28. 1928

Beethoven, Lopatnikov, Brahms, Debussy on Program

CONDUCTOR GIVEN NOTABLE TRIBUTE

By PHILIP HALE

The 24th and last concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra's 47th season, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The orchestra and the audience paid Mr. Koussevitzky the tribute of rising. There was spontaneous, hearty, long continued applause. After the symphony there was another scene of enthusiasm; that should leave no doubt in the minds of the conductor as to the respect, admiration and affection in which he is held by the audience of these concerts.

Cowper likened the simplicity of the last line of the "Iliad" to the manner in which a great man, acting as host, farewells his guests. Fortunately for Boston, and one may say for cities visited by this orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky did not say "farewell," but for the last concert of Friday's series he abstained from arranging a "sensational" program, one calculated only to excite wonder, as a pyrotechnical display ends brilliantly a festival. As if he would shun anything spectacular, he presented a program, excellent in its variety, but without compositions of an unusual and especially compelling nature: Beethoven, Overture to "Egmont," Lopatnikov, Scherzo, op. 10; Debussy, "The Sea;" Brahms, Symphony No. 2, D major. The symphony at the first concert of this series was by Brahms; with Brahms he ended the series.

Lopatnikov's Scherzo was performed for the first time. The composer, a man of 25 years, a Russian by birth, left his country after the revolution, sojourned in Finland for a time, then went to Germany where he now lives. The Scherzo is a short, vivacious firmly-knit work, agreeable music that is well planned as if by a composer sure of himself, with a faculty of thematic invention, skill in the handling of the thematic material. There was no suggestion of halting experimentation; there was no padding; the composer was willing to stop, wise enough to stop when he had said his say.

Debussy's "Sea," was first performed here in March 1907. This performance was the first in the United States. The Friday afternoon audience then kept sullen silence. No hands were noisely brought together. Dr. Muck, nothing daunted, repeated the performance in the next month. It now seems incredible that the audience of 21 years ago could have been so tone-deaf; one would think that the sheer beauty of sounds would have charmed the hearers, even if they failed to realize the firmness of the canvas for the musical seascapes. Those hearers, automatically considered, had ears; but they did not hear. We quoted last Thursday Debussy's word about the ocean; what this friend was to him; how the sea amused, impressed, fascinated him. He was as whimsically familiar with it as was Jules Laforgue in his "Perseus and Andromeda; or the Happiest of the Three."

Yesterday the performance brought out fully the strength as well as the exquisite beauty of these marine impressions. Especially striking—and this was partly due to the nature of the music itself—was the second movement "the Frolic of Waves." The trilogy as a whole might well be a translation into tones of Walt Whitman's "With Husky Haughty Lips, O Sea."

"The troops of white-maned racers racing to the goal,
Thy ample, smiling face dash'd with the sparkling dimples of the sun,
Thy brooding scowl and murk—thy unloos'd hurricanes,
Thy unsubduedness, caprices, wistfulness."

Nor did the:

"Lengthen'd swell, and spasm, and panting breath,
And rhythmic rasping of thy sands and waves,
And serpent hiss, and savage peals of laughter,
And undertones of distant lion roar,"

baffle Debussy in his wish to put in notation what he saw, heard, felt in close companionship with the ocean.

We believe that Brahm's second symphony is of a purely lyrical nature, hardly admitting dramatic stress and storm. It's dominant note is serenity. For this reason the performance of the Scherzo was the most in accordance with this view of the spirit that to some of us should prevail. The reading yesterday was interesting, spirited; it gave great pleasure to the audience; but this symphony is not essentially a dramatic work; it is rather in the Mendelssohnian vein; suave even in its more vigorous pages. The concert opened with a superb performance of Beethoven's great overture.

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HOLD ON PUBLIC SECURE

For four seasons Mr. Koussevitzky has led the Boston Symphony Orchestra; for how many more he may direct it no one can now say. Today his hold upon the public, his command over his forces, is wholly secure. Abroad he and the band are received even more cordially—or rather more, excitedly—than at home where his virtuosity and theirs, like other familiar things, tend to be taken for granted.

Eager to give the promising young composer, of whatever nationality, a chance, Mr. Koussevitzky has this year played for the first time anywhere several pieces from such youthful hands and most of these, like the Russian Lopatnikov's mechanistic Scherzo of yesterday have proved, truth to tell, of small moment. Martinu's "La Bagarre" and Tansman's Piano Concerto were the redeeming exceptions. Nor, on the other hand, has the season's list done perhaps fullest justice to the standard repertory.

It is significant that of the 94 pieces played, 43 were by living men. But better such open-mindedness than a hidebound conservatism.

NOTES and LINES

By PHILIP HALE

TO SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

(For As the World Wags)

Thanks—for the feast of beauty, to whose board
You bade us come and there, a lavish host,
Bade us partake of manna, luscious fruits,
Rich wines from out the vineyards of the gods!
Not only came we empty and have feasted,
Unknowingly we came; and eyes that saw not,
Ears that heard not, here found revelation—
Wise revealer, thanks!
Your vision led you to the heights
Where burn the fires of genius—
From there, you bore away a flaming torch
And so illumined, you did read the truths
Of master-minds, waiting, in tomes of silence—
Yours, the anointed hand, to break the seals.
Now, freed by you, these verities
Transformed in music, flow—magnetic fluid—
Through the open channel of your soul;
Draw every instrument at your command
Into the vibrant-voiced fluidity;
Sweep us into its rhythmic ebb and flow—
Inspired seer, thanks!
This is the language of the vast for-ever;
In beauty's plenitude it speaks, through you:
Exact proportion, clarity and grace;
Tenderness, passion, ecstasy, despair;
Cruel irony, and virile courage, yes,
And majesty and fortitude and faith.

This is not music, but the woof of life,
Listening, we are not men, but supermen—
Great artist, thanks!

AGNES WELCH.

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New Virtues, New Plaudits, New Prestige

Finishing His Fourth Season, Mr. Koussevitzky Proffers an Orchestra Reborn

Evans. Apr. 26. 1928.

THE END crowns the work. At the close of the fourth year of Mr. Koussevitzky's conductorship, the Boston Orchestra stands, intrinsically and in the judgment of men, where it stood when Dr. Muck, under compulsion, forsook it in the spring of 1917. From the final seasons of Mr. Monteux, after the strike, so-called, had reorganized the band, it climbed slowly and steadily upward. Now, six years on, again it touches the summits. Of course there were those who could not wait for a renewal, bound to be slow. Through Mr. Rabaud's brief term, some prattled about the "superb" orchestra, when actually it was at the lowest ebb it had known in many a day. They deluded themselves with senility, with Francomania, with the ghosts of former prides. They, and others, could not endure the patient progress clearly begun after the reconstitution. At the end of Mr. Monteux's term they would have the orchestra the manifold and magnificent instrument that the banishment of Dr. Muck had rent and scattered. So saying, they believed they stimulated the resident Bostonian mind. They did not even deceive it. For it had always the corrective of opinion from other cities, regularly revisited. There discerning hearers took the Boston Orchestra as from month to month and season to season they found it, watching, but not thumbing, the scale for the turn upward.

Then came Mr. Koussevitzky. Through two seasons he was discovering the orchestra, and the orchestra him. A period of transition, as learned books call it, was unfolding; in it ensued the inevitable departures and accessions. There were members of the band who found themselves irreconcilably at odds with the new conductor's methods and spirit.

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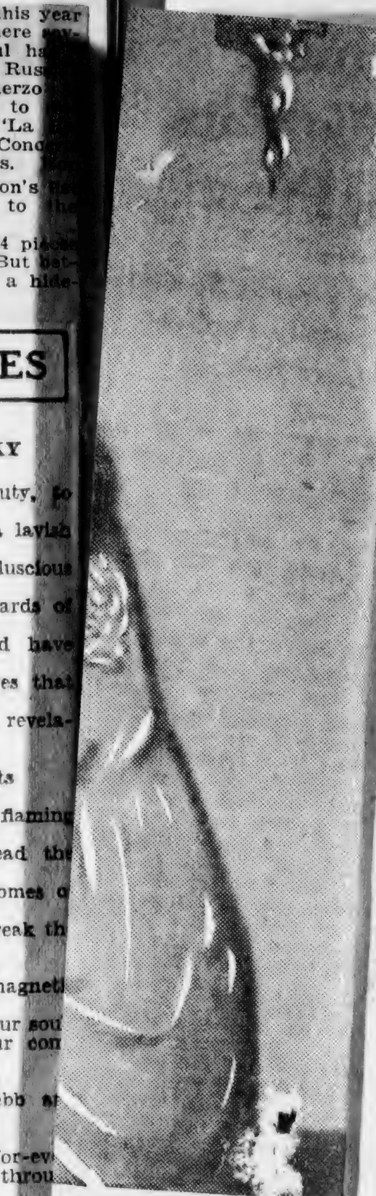

Like wise, just men, they gradually withdrew—of their own motion. Others had sat too long in the orchestra for its, or their, good. The expiration of contracts one by one removed them. Mr. Koussevitzky nursed a reasonable ambition to rebuild the orchestra out of his own material, in his own image. Most of his replacements have justified themselves, though frequenters of Symphony Hall may still be dubious about the clarinets —somehow since the days of Pourtalès, the one problem that successive conductors have never quite solved. Mr. Koussevitzky inclines to an orchestra of young men, of men, at most, in the flower of middle age. Look down now from the balcony and there is scarcely a gray head, and few fat bodies, within it. Listen to the propulsive power of the strings: youth is rhythming them. Listen to the suave or the piercing tonal beauty of the woodwinds. It proceeds from virtuosi and musicians at the noon of powers and sensibilities.

Living and working in the nineteen-twenties, Mr. Koussevitzky had reason to desire an orchestra of this immediate day. Such a band differs materially from a band of Gericke's, or even Dr. Muck's, time. Mr. Gabrilowitsch cherishes and practises the elder standards. His Detroit Orchestra, so far as its abilities permitted, exemplified them in a single concert at Symphony Hall. Stray Bostonians have heard Mr. Gabrilowitsch, as guest-conductor, applying them to abler seaboard bands. The Koussevitzkian orchestra seeks more piercing and vivid brass, preferring incisive to mellow tone. It would have the wood-winds individually charactered—oboes sharp-set, clarinets rich and firm-textured, flutes bright, airy, mellifluous. It would draw from the horns now darkling, now golden, voices. It bids the strings to propulsive power as well as songful beauty. There shall be mass and weight and depth and numbers. The twentieth-century orchestra cultivates the power and the splendor of sonorities; is keen to accents and modulations; bears in one hand the elder suavities, in the other the new- dissonances; practises euphonies, yet ds lusciousness and languishing, unes the composer leave it no escape; is dlessly flexible and colorful; excels at eed in individual finesse; would stamp itself upon all that it plays; teems with nervous vitality. As by common and instant impulse, it is responsive to the conductor, by him magnetized, held to its utmost self, on occasion raised above it.

Such an orchestra Bostonians have heard these six months, whether with Bach it wove patterns that of a sudden become and continue beauty and emo-

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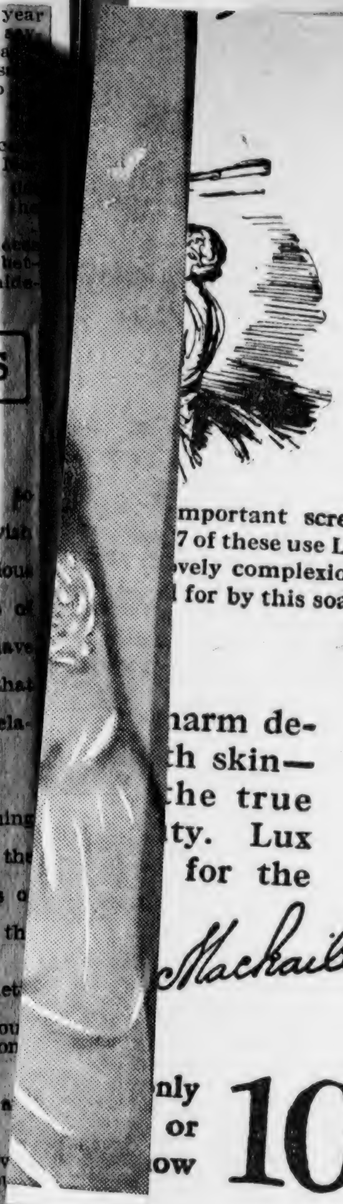

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tion; whether it strode stately or sang gravely with Handel; renewed Beethoven's mighty middle age; passioned Brahms into a richer, warmer, more vivid life; found glowing speech for the half-articulate Schumann; was as changeful, sensitive and intensive as a Slavic temperament; sounded the precise classities of Ravel; flung up the Straussian figures, unrolled the Straussian panoramas; served every modern, each according to his asking, as though to it the latter-day idiom was new exhilaration, not new toil. The ears of threescore resident audiences have not deceived them. Justly they have clapped out their plaudits. Again it is warrantable and prideful to speak of the Boston Orchestra as an orchestra of the first rank, and find no deniers. It is pleasing practice of Monsieur Ravel to wander European capitals of music. Listening or conducting, he spoke praises of this Koussevitzkian orchestra. Sir T. Beecham has a frank tongue, as ready to censure as to laud. About these Bostonians he was of one mind with Monsieur Ravel. Chicago contains a public long-practised and highly intelligent with symphonic music. It made whoopee last autumn when the Boston Orchestra at last revisited it. Rivalries in music-making may reasonably stir the playing and the hearing blood. In New York, American capital and judgment-place of the arts, the Bostonian star mounts; the Philadelphian sinks; while the Philharmonic Society is but the magical exaction of Mr. Toscanini. . . . The end crowns the work.

Fortunately, Mr. Koussevitzky remains a maker of programs like no other, which is to be of high virtue in a time and a land of standardization, as though life, the arts and pleasure were some mass-producer's prescription. Of course he has his blind spots, temporary or persistent, as which of us has not. He is seldom minded to Mozart. Though he excels with Liszt when he happens to remember him, he leaves the "Faust Symphony" dusty on the shelves. For him the middle-aged Bax and the youthful Walton bound English composers. Not too often does he crook a beckoning finger at rising Germans like Hindemith or Toch. How grandiose, though it be hollow within, could he make a Symphony of Mahler sound; with what celestial beauty—his orchestra considered—evoke an Adagio of Bruckner; but both (the wise agree) are out of the American fashion. So forth, since to fall to this cataloguing is to find the range of music—over twenty-four programs—inexhaustible.

Yet, bye and large under the test of weekly experience, six months long, Mr. Koussevitzky remains a catholic and stimulating program-maker. Time and again, his lists, read in advance, seem the laying side by side of three, four or five unrelated numbers. In actual performance, there is almost always a focal point, a vitalized interest, a curiosity satisfied, a new sensation experienced. Mr. Koussevitzky's choice of pieces is like his versions of them. Agree or disagree; rarely do they leave the hearer unfed or unstirred. He has restored the ancients to honorable place in the scheme of the Symphony Concerts. He gives the classics—less Mozart—becoming room. He refurbishes romantics that he knows are fading. The established moderns and modernists; the experimenters; the youngest born, if only they have courage and talent, all find welcome. Regarding music as the universal art it is, he distributes no favors among nationalities. Dwelling and working for half the year in America, he accepts American pieces that may hardly excite him. Best of all, he seeks a perpetual diversity and animation of interest, which is to make each of twenty-four pairs of concerts (with ten on the side) a fresh and eager experience.

All this in a season in which composers have not been prolific—with an exception or two—in new and notable matter. Bartók's Concerto is inevitably caviare to any public outside Central Europe; Mr. Copland and Mr. Sessions preferred to write chamber-pieces. Usually the younger modernists were only that and nothing more. As it happened, the remarkable premières of the season both added solo and choral voices to the orchestra—Stravinsky's "Œdipus Rex" and Honegger's "King David." By common consent, the latter music is a masterpiece of the nineteen-twenties for which Boston had waited over-long. Stravinsky's opera-oratorio, down the vista of the years, may prove to be another. Here and now, the production of it in Boston and New York was large item in the regained prestige. And Mr. Hill, as the keen ear and imagination of Mr. Gilman were first to discover, has written a New England symphony at last, of the land and the spirit. Who would have believed it possible? And a Russian-Parisian-Bostonian conductor—no doubt by virtue of the third element—gave it graphic performance.

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YESTERDAY afternoon in Symphony Hall the Boston Symphony Orchestra played the last of its present season of Friday afternoon concerts. The usual rites of a last concert went their course, at the first perfunctorily, at the last, despite the departure of those with trains in mind, with enthusiasm. When Mr. Koussevitzky first approached the conductor's stand, Mr. Burgin and a few violinists near him rose to their feet. In an instant the whole orchestra had joined him. And the rising of the orchestra was the signal for the audience to do likewise. In turn Mr. Koussevitzky made his bows first to the orchestra, then more of them, many more, to the audience. But the more significant scene occurred at the end. With the huge hall full of people on their feet, the applause continued until the conductor after many acknowledgments shook the hand of Mr. Burgin, and then after more of the same thing, shook hands with all the eight men on the front chairs, ending this time with Mr. Burgin. A few more bows, and the Friday afternoon audience had paid its last tribute of the season to the leader who in this year has made himself even more beloved than previously.

The program consisted of three classics together with a single novelty. Beethoven is again appearing on the scene. Yesterday it was the overture written to precede Goethe's play "Egmont" that was played. Debussy's three symphonic sketches entitled "The Sea," certainly a masterpiece from the master of impressionists, concluded the first portion of the program. The second half was given to Brahms's second symphony in D major. Between Beethoven and Debussy stood a scherzo, not over six or seven minutes in length, by the young Russian, Nikolai Lopatnikov, receiving its first performance.

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sponsible. It becomes the orchestra to minister to such seats of youth and the arts in New England as Wellesley, Northampton, Providence and New Haven. With the amplest of reason, five times and for ten concerts, it visits the capital of the American world, the ultimate abode of all our arts, which is New York. To do so is a part of its prestige, a seal upon its quality and accomplishment. With reason it may occasionally extend these visits to other seaboard cities like Baltimore or Philadelphia. Chicago, no less and at due interval, is desirable goal. But is there plausible reason—unless it be the treasury—why the Boston Symphony Orchestra should display its worth to Albany in New York or Dayton in Ohio or Montclair in New Jersey?

Especially from its "western trip" in autumn, with six or seven concerts, evening after evening, the orchestra has been known to return the worse for the wear, needing a full fortnight to regain normal life and lustre. Justly Mr. Koussevitzky asks and receives a week's holiday after such an expedition, and there is none so churlish as to begrudge it. Yet since two guest-conductors, of note as composers or directors, are counted sufficient for a season, the most considerable and important public of the orchestra sits for two or three concerts under the ministrations of the concert-master. Mr. Burgin is not without capacity for such a task; by experience he ripens; but he is far from a substitute for the new maker and sustainer of an orchestra re-created.

H. T. P.

Incidents and Prospects

Mr. Koussevitzky left Boston today for New York there to take ship for Paris. In Paris, between the middle of May and the middle of June, he will give his usual four concerts—this year at the new Salle Pleyel. Mr. Carpenter's "Skyscrapers," Malipiero's "Cimarosiana," Lopatnikov's Scherzo—all heard at the Symphony Concerts—will have place on the programs.

In the course of next season, Mr. Sanromá, the pianist, may be expected again in Boston after eighteen months of study in Europe. He will play at the Symphony Concerts. His piece is likely to be the gay, witty Concerto of Toch, now a rising figure in Central Europe.

The Endowment Fund of the Symphony Orchestra has profited beyond expectation from the re-sale of tickets returned, for a matinée or an evening, by subscribers to the concerts. In the season lately ended, the sum-total exceeded $7000.

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the vein. With slow stateliness but with the fires of a smoldering, pent-up energy came the introductory chords of the Egmont music. With great persuasiveness and singular purity of line followed the music which pictures the weariness of the Dutch under oppressive Spanish rule; the character of Egmont, now brooding, now in action, and in the end going to his death; the final triumph. Ardors no less Koussevitzkian than Beethovenian painted those last scenes. Through it all one marveled once again at the superb qualities which have come to be second nature to this orchestra, and in particular in this overture the luminous, radiantly warm tones of the strings singing their melodies.

From the seriousness and tragedy of Beethoven one went to the lightness and the humor of the youthful Russian's scherzo. Lopatnikov was writing a mechanical music when he wrote this scherzo. But whether music be "mechanical" or not, it is of its essential character to have at least some emotive content, and such content was strong in this piece originally conceived for the mechanical piano and only upon second thought cast for the orchestra. The scherzo, throughout its course, is highly "amusant." Thus it is a scherzo in actual fact as well as in name. Trifle though it be, the work of a day (so to speak) and the pleasure of a day, it made its mark upon its hearers. An audible chuckle struck the ear when it was finished. And Mr. Koussevitzky, bowing to his audience, wore the broadest possible smile upon his face. And all this about a short scherzo composed for a mechanical piano.

With Debussy we, hearers and orchestra, were again with an enduring music. For Debussy, writing of the sea, of a day from the first rosy Eastern glimmerings upon it to the glare of the noon-day sun, of the play of waves, great and small, of the conversations between wind and wave, has written a music that time does not dim. Teachers in their class-rooms, lecturers upon their platforms, all others handing down "information" about music, make prate about "impressionism" and masterpieces and what-not. But we who heard this music yesterday know that though we attach not the slightest label to it, have heard a music which thrills the ear and kindles the imagination, not by any of the numerous devices of displayfulness, but entirely by the truthfulness of its expression, by its nice subtleties and exquisite colorings. It needs no more than the titles to give direction to the thought. From the pale, reddening stillness of dawn imagination proceeds through the greater intensities of the unfolding day to the view of the vast expanse of the waters as the mighty sun stands directly

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er modernists were only that and
ing more. As it happened, the ren
able premières of the season both a
solo and choral voices to the orches
Stravinsky's "Œdipus Rex" and Hi
ger's "King David." By common
sent, the latter music is a master
of the nineteen-twenties for which
ton had waited over-long. Stravins
opera-oratorio, down the vista of
years, may prove to be another.
and now, the production of it in Bo
and New York was large item in th
gained prestige. And Mr. Hill, as
keen ear and imagination of Mr. Gil
were first to discover, has written a
England symphony at last, of the
and the spirit. Who would have beli
it possible? And a Russian-Parisian-
tonian conductor—no doubt by virtu
the third element—gave it graphic
formance.

By precedent a critical article deser
not the name unless it somewhere
tains a grumble. To it, then, even
this fortunate Koussevitzkian day,
let it concern general policies for wh
trustees and management are solely re-
sponsible. It becomes the orchestra
minister to such seats of youth and
arts in New England as Wellesley, No
ampton, Providence and New Ha
With the amplest of reason, five ti
and for ten concerts, it visits the cap
of the American world, the ultim
abode of all our arts, which is New Y
To do so is a part of its prestige, a
upon its quality and accomplishm
With reason it may occasionally ext
these visits to other seaboard cities
Baltimore or Philadelphia. Chicago,
less and at due interval, is desir
goal. But is there plausible reason—
less it be the treasury—why the Bos
Symphony Orchestra should display
worth to Albany in New York or Day
in Ohio or Montclair in New Jersey?

Especially from its "western trip"
autumn, with six or seven concerts,
ning after evening, the orchestra
been known to return the worse for
wear, needing a full fortnight to re
normal life and lustre. Justly Mr. Ko
sevitzky asks and receives a week's h
day after such an expedition, and th
is none so churlish as to begrudge it.
since two guest-conductors, of note
composers or directors, are counted
cient for a season, the most considera
and important public of the orches
sits for two or three concerts under
ministrations of the concert-master.
Burgin is not without capacity for
a task; by experience he ripens; but
is far from a substitute for the new
er and sustainer of an orchestra
created. H. T. P.

Incidents and Prospects

Mr. Koussevitzky left Boston today fo
New York there to take ship for Paris
In Paris, between the middle of May an
the middle of June, he will give hi
usual four concerts—this year at the ne
Salle Pleyel. Mr. Carpenter's "Sky
scrapers," Malipiero's "Cimarosiana," Lo
patnikov's Scherzo—all heard at the Sym
phony Concerts—will have place on th
programs.

In the course of next season, Mr. Sa
romá, the pianist, may be expected aga
in Boston after eighteen months of stud
in Europe. He will play at the Sym
phony Concerts. His piece is likely to
the gay, witty Concerto of Toch, nov
rising figure in Central Europe.

The Endowment Fund of the Sy
phony Orchestra has profited beyond
pectation from the re-sale of tickets
turned, for a matinée or an evening,
subscribers to the concerts. In the
son lately ended, the sum-total exce
$7000.

Transcr. May 2. 192

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overhead. Few there are among composers who have equalled this music of the great waters. But Debussy is not through quite so soon. The growing and increasing day he has pictured. At the height of day he sees waves at play, hugh waves, rocking the mighty deep—or so it might seem; in them and around them, little waves and wavelets playing hide-and-seek upon the very surfaces of their larger brothers. Again a music in its pale vividness intriguing the imagination. Still Debussy is not through. He has pictured the growing and increasing light upon the waters; he has told the secrets of the waves in their frolic with each other; yet one element he may take into account. He may write about the wind and its action upon the water. A music of power is this last movement. Mighty surges of tone vie with each other. Two elemental forces are interacting. The "impressionist" is painting with large strokes upon a large canvas. Thus the music. Hearing it yesterday one felt as if not before Koussevitzky and his present orchestra of virtuosi had the music really and truly been heard. Thus the conductor and the orchestra with this music at the end of the season of 1927-28.

It would begin to seem as if Mr. Koussevitzky, has he any "specialty" at all, makes that specialty Brahms. Except in the Beethoven festival of last year, he has probably played no other composer so frequently. And for no other composer has he done as great a service as for Brahms, rescuing him from a grayness and an abstruseness in which the Brahmsian voice had too long been stifled. Thus a season which began with a Brahms symphony also ended with one. No. 2, in D major was yesterday's. One sat there, musing, drinking in the flood of tonal beauty. One remembered the Brahms of the wise men of old—a giant in rhythmic complexity, a "drab" orchestral colorist, a genius for scholarly "thematic development" which looked better upon paper than it sounded. Oh, the irony of it all! listening yesterday, one felt over and over again, that here is the world's greatest lyrical symphonist; here is a melodist who clothes his tunes in wondrous and shining orchestral colors. Thus are the judgments of a day—even a long day—upset and confounded. Of a surety the Brahms of abstruse complexity has become crystal clear; the drab colorist of the books has become a painter with a glowing pallette; the mathematical and calculating musician has become a great melodist. And for Boston Mr. Koussevitzky has turned the trick. Indeed the learned writers may be pardoned; for they had never heard—or dreamed of the possibility—of a Koussevitzkian Brahms. A. H. M.

The Boston Symphony Season

By L. A. SLOPER

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY concludes with the concerts of this week his fourth season as conductor of the Boston Symphony, the forty-seventh of the orchestra. When the season opened, his well-wishers may have been concerned as to how he could maintain interest at the level to which he had brought it in the previous year, with his Beethoven Festival. They need not have been disturbed. The season which closes tonight has been the most exciting of the Koussevitzkyan reign. Besides the customary large number of novel symphonic works Bostonians have had opportunity to hear three remarkable choral performances: those of Stravinsky's "Œdipus Rex," Honegger's "King David" and—"The Messiah."

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Modern Chamber Music

Continuing the chamber music revival in Boston, the Chamber Music Club and the Flute Players Club gave a concert of "modern" music on the evening of April 23, under the direction of Richard Burgin, concertmaster, and Georges Laurent, first flutist, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, assisted by an ensemble of their associates, and by Greta Torpadie and Colin O'More, singers, and Frederic Tillotson, pianist. The items were Stravinsky's Wind Octet, six songs from Hindemith's "Marienleben," Schönberg's "Pierrot Lunaire" and Gruenberg's "Daniel Jazz." The octet and a part of "Pierrot Lunaire" had been heard semi-privately in Boston previously; otherwise all the music was new to the town.

The concert served to prove that jazz may be more acceptable to a musical audience than the contrapuntal feats of famous composers. Stravinsky's classical imitations, Hindemith's sentimentalism and Schönberg's perverted romanticism were received with interest and with full appreciation of the prodigious mastery of form shown, but Gruenberg's forthrightness quite bowled over the listeners, and we were permitted to enjoy the spectacle of distinguished musicians and venerated critics applauding recklessly a piece of undisguised jazz. The tremendous success of Gruenberg's contribution was due not only to relief from the effort of following the double canons and triple fugues that had preceded it, but in no small measure to the sportive interpretation of Mr. O'More, which rather overshadowed the more musical labors of Mme. Torpadie and Mr. Tillotson.

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SYMPHONY CONCERT ENDS 47TH SEASON

Globe Apr. 28. 1928

Koussevitzky and Players Given an Ovation

The Boston Symphony Season

By L. A. SLOPER

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Is Unsurpassed
For Quality, Low
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First Public Performance of Scherzo by Nikolai Lopatnikoff

Mr Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra were given an ovation by the subscribers at the beginning and at the end of yesterday's Symphony concert, the last of the 47th season. Orchestra and audience stood to clap the conductor at his first appearance. A scherzo by a young and almost unknown Russian composer, Nikolai Lopatnikoff, was given its first public performance. The other numbers were Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, Debussy's tone poem, "The Sea," and Brahms' Second Symphony.

Lopatnikoff is a pupil of Ernst Toch, a German modernist composer known here only by repute. The scherzo heard yesterday was composed for a mechanical piano, and later scored for orchestra. The composer, interested in the possibility of getting an inhuman number of notes performed with a mechanical precision impossible to a mere mortal, wrote with an empty facility much which, when rescored for orchestra, proves that the virtuosity of 100 players is capable of reduction to the level of soulless mechanism.

He may, perchance, have believed that this scherzo expresses the spirit of our age, or that it forecasts the music of the future. But his themes do not touch the hearer's imagination. Their sterility, their utter lack of emotional content may be intentional. But one would far rather hear the Boston Symphony in an ordinary dance tune by Gershwin or Irving Berlin than in this scherzo.

It is the worst of fallacies to suppose that music can dispense with emotion, and become merely mechanical. The real modernists, Stravinsky, Honegger, Bartok, Schoenberg and the rest, whatever their theories, write music that has imaginative meanings.

Why He Played It

The meaning in modernist works is often merely musical, to be sure, with no reference to anything in life outside of music, just as with Bach and Mozart. But no mere mechanical precision, no musical automaton, can interest a listener except as he would be interested in watching a juggler. No doubt Mr Koussevitzky performed Lopatnikoff's piece because it could be added to the list of "world premieres" in which he takes a rather naive pride, and because it was a test of the virtuosity of the players from which they emerged triumphant.

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Two of the three familiar repertory pieces on yesterday's program benefited by Mr Koussevitzky's energizing, dramatising interpretations. Debussy and Brahms nearly always suffer in the performance by their inability to write into their scores the warmth and vigor of emotion they must have felt. Brahms scored his works rather heavily and clumsily, and wrote them with a dignity that too often degenerated into a rather stodgy Teutonic decorum. Debussy wrote with meticulous care, with painstaking elaboration of rather tenuous ideas. That he was deeply stirred by the sea we know from his biographers. But his tone poem has usually been played here as though it depicted the type of placid rivulent Corot so often painted.

Neither Debussy nor Brahms could ever speak out. Mr Koussevitzky does their music a real service by his forthright, vivid, unsparing performance with every shade deepened, every color heightened. They were always warning the performer "non troppo"—not to play too loud or too soft, too fast or too slow. Now the words "non troppo" are not in Mr Koussevitzky's musical vocabulary.

Trying to Gild Lilly

One would prefer the "Egmont" overture played note for note as it was written. Beethoven does not need to borrow eloquence from any performer. His music has often too much of it anyhow. The frenzy of joy and relief, the Armistice Day mood of the passage at the end of this overture needs no help from Mr Koussevitzky to make its effect. Beethoven knew what it was to live in a war haunted community. He knew the relief peace brought to vanquished as well as victors. These exultant measures, the so-called "Triumph symphony," speak for themselves. Mr Koussevitzky's interpretation tried to improve on Beethoven, with the result that the exultation became less, rather than more dramatic. It is another case of his trying to gild the musical lily.

The season now ended has been one of the most successful in every way in the whole history of the orchestra. For this result the credit must largely go to Mr Koussevitzky. The trustees, all things considered, are to be congratulated on the fact that his contract runs through another season, so that he will return to Boston next Fall.

The present subscribers have only until May 7 to reengage their seats for the Friday and Saturday series. Others wishing to engage season tickets should at once put their names on a waiting list, already long. P. R.

Weekly Comment

At the end of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's season it is profitable to review the salient features, not so much in a spirit of renewed criticism, as to recall what was done; what composers were represented; what new works were brought before the public.

Brahms and Ravel were represented each by seven works. Next in order came Debussy, Rimsky-Korsakov, Wagner, with four each; Bach, Beethoven, Berlioz, Handel, Strauss, Stravinsky and Tchaikovsky with three each; Bloch, Carpenter, Liadov, Liszt, Mozart, Prokofieff, Schumann, Sibelius with two each; over 30 composers were represented by one work.

The number of Ravel's works was due in large measure to the fact that he was a "guest" conductor. As for Brahms, Mr. Koussevitzky is a warm admirer of that composer. As there was a Beethoven Festival last season, it was natural that there was not a superabundance of his works performed in 1927-28. He gained by what some might think a slight, for there are those who think, misguided souls, that "Beethoven" should be on the title page of nearly every program; yet we remember a subscriber to the concerts, he is not living now, who wished to substitute "Berlioz" for "Beethoven," the one name that stands in honor high above the platform in Symphony hall.

Works by Beck, Converse, Hill, Lazar, Lopatrikov, Lorenziti, Martinu, Piston, Tansman, were performed for the first time anywhere, and Tansman played the piano part of his concerto. Of these works, the symphony of Hill and the "California" of Converse were the most important, though "The Tumult," by Martinu, was by no means negligible; for the rush and fury of a crowd were vividly portrayed in tones without any attempt at sensationalism.

And here it is to be remarked that American composers cannot complain that they were neglected by Mr. Koussevitzky, who is anxious to encourage them by performance. Bloch (for he may now be called an American composer), Carpenter, Converse, Hill, Loeffler, Mason (D. G.), Piston, were all represented.

We were favored, or at least curiosity was satisfied, by the appearance in the flesh of Sir Thomas Beecham, who, as a "guest" conductor, was warmly appreciated; Bartok, whose concerto was as a stumbling block to many, who, as a pianist, treated the piano only as a percussion instrument; Ravel, a charming person, who conducted his delightful music indifferently well, with the exception of his "Valse," of which he gave a brilliant and unexpected interpretation; Tansman, whose concerto pleased, whose piano-playing was sufficiently acceptable.

Late in the season came three members of the Parisian Society of Ancient Instruments, whose selections of 18th century music and skill in the performance made the concert in which they took part one long to be remembered. It is doubtful whether any music gave more pure delight during the season than Asioli's Adagio as played by Mr. Henri Casadesus.

Undoubtedly the two great events of the season were the performance for the first time in this country of Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex" and at a Pension Fund concert Honegger's "King David," which had been heard in New York and Worcester. It is not necessary now to argue for or against this "Oedipus Rex." It was a work to be heard: a work of uneven worth, but one that contains pages of lofty dramatic and musical inspiration. "King David," a series of episodes, if you please to regard it as such, is of more sustained value, admitting by the nature of the text a greater variety of expression, containing choruses of singular beauty.

The performance of these two works was of the finest quality. Dr. Davison had prepared the chorus in each case so that the choral numbers were impressive; Mr. Koussevitzky conducted with the necessary authority, and, what is more, with the enthusiasm and the magnetism that are peculiar to him.

The other two choral works, Holst's "Ode to Death" and Schmitt's "Psalm" did not make so marked an impression. It was a bold undertaking for any composer to set music to the excerpt from Walt Whitman's "Burial Hymn of Lincoln"; the task was too much for Holtz, who had only a few moments in which he gave musical emphasis to the text. Schmitt's "Psalm" has a thunderous speech; there was often the expectation during the performance of something great to come, but in spite of the glowing tributes paid the composer in his own country, there was disappointment here, not lively appreciation.

There are some who complained of the programs because the "orthodox" composers were shoved aside to make room for contemporaneous and wild-eyed men of the extreme left wing. Let's see. Bach, 3; Beethoven, 3; Berlioz, 3; Brahms, 7; Cherubini, Debussy (for he is now accepted even by the hardened reactionaries), 4; Gluck, Handel, 3; Haydn, Liszt, Loeffler, Mendelssohn, Mozart, 2; Ravel, 7 (he, too, is now accepted by the die-hards); Saint-Saens, Schumann, 2; Sibelius, 2; Strauss, 3; Tchaikovsky, 3; Wagner, 4.

But it is easy even for the sticklers for conservatism to make rash statements.

This quarrel between those who wish to hear only what they have already heard—especially what their fathers heard before them—and those desirous of knowing what is going on in the musical world today, is not confined to Boston, nor is it due simply to the introduction of unfamiliar works during the last four years. There has been this quarrel through the centuries; there will, surely, be a quarrel for years to come. After Honegger and Stravinsky have their certificates as respectable citizens, other composers will arise to perplex and probably disgust the complacent and the timid. This is all as it should be. Without these differences of opinion, without contention and strife, art would be stagnant.

Not everything that is signed by Bach, Beethoven et al. is good; not everything that is signed by Stravinsky and Honegger et al. is bad. Let the members of the left wing have their hearing. Let us all try to find out what their purpose is; whether they are honest or poseurs; whether they really have something to say, disguise it as they may by passing affectations. Youth is yeasty and prone to imagine a vain thing. If the works of radicals remain in their portfolios, how are they to become self-critical? Let us also remember that music is not a fixed art, determined for all time. It is in a large measure shaped by contemporaneous thought and the spirit of the age. The works that are for all time are very few.

It is hardly necessary to speak again of Mr. Koussevitzy, whose genius has raised the Boston Symphony orchestra to its present proud eminence. Fortunate Boston, in that this conductor has not only the indispensable gifts, but incomparable magnetism, dramatic force, poetic imagination, and the courage to acquaint us with contemporaneous musical literature. P. H.

SYMPHONY HALL - - - BOSTON

Two Performances

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 18, 1927, AT 3.30
MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 19, 1927, AT 8.15

55th and 56th Concerts in Aid of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's

PENSION FUND

George Frederick Handel's Oratorio

The Messiah

The BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
The HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY

Conducted by
SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

Distinguished Soloists

FRIEDA HEMPEL, Soprano
KATHRYN MEISLE, Contralto
ARTHUR HACKETT, Tenor
FRASER GANGE, Bass

(The Chorus Trained by its Conductor, Thompson Stone)

Tickets at Symphony Hall Box Office, $3.00, $2.50, $2.00, $1.50
(no tax)

Serge Koussevitzky

Thompson Stone

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HANDEL

INFORMATION OBSCURED

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL

Born in Halle, February 23, 1685 — Died in London, April 13, 1759

THE MESSIAH

ORATORIO, composed in 1741; begun August 22, finished September 14. Text selected from the Scriptures by CHARLES JENNENS. Produced in Dublin, April 13, 1742, under the direction of HANDEL. Additional accompaniments by MOZART, 1789; and by ROBERT FRANZ, for the use of the Handel and Haydn Society, completed and published in 1884. First performance by the Handel and Haydn Society, December 25, 1818, in Boylston Hall; present performances 155th, and 156th.

PART ONE

THE PROPHECIES AND THE FULFILMENT.

I

OVERTURE

grave: fuga, allegro moderato

2–3

RECITATIVE

Comfort ye my people, saith your God: speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem; and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned. The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord: make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

AIR

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill made low; the crooked straight, and the rough places plain.

4

CHORUS

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed; and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

5

RECITATIVE

Thus saith the Lord of Hosts: Yet once a little while, and I will shake the heavens and the earth, the sea and the dry land; and I will shake all nations; and the desire of all nations shall come; the Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to His temple; even the messenger of the covenant whom ye delight in; behold, he shall come, saith the Lord of Hosts.

AIR AND CHORUS

O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, get thee up into the high mountain. O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid: say unto the cities of Judah, Behold, your God. Arise; shine; for thy light is come; and the glory of the Lord is risen upon see.

10–11

RECITATIVE

For behold darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee and His glory shall be seen upon thee, and the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

AIR

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; and they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them the light shined.

12

CHORUS

For unto us a child is born: unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful; Counsellor; the Mighty God; the Everlasting Father; the Prince of Peace.

PASTORAL SYMPHONY

larghetto

(on the traditional air of the Calabrian pifferari)

14–15–16–17

RECITATIVE

There were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them; and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior which is Christ the Lord.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying:

CHORUS

Glory to God in the highest; and peace on earth, good will towards men.

18

AIR

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion: shout, O daughter of Jerusalem. Behold, thy King cometh unto thee. He is the righteous Savior; and He shall speak peace unto the heaven.

19–20

RECITATIVE

Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened, and the ears of the deaf unstopped: then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing.

AIR

He shall feed His flock like a shepherd; and He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom; and gently lead those that are with young. . . . Come unto Him, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and He will give you rest. Take this yoke upon you, and learn of Him; for He is meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

21

CHORUS

His yoke is easy, and His burden is light.

INTERMISSION

PART TWO

THE PASSION AND THE TRIUMPH

23

AIR

He was despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.

24–26

CHORUS

Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows. He was wounded for our transgressions: He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him.

All we like sheep have gone astray: we have turned every one to his own way: and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.

29–30

RECITATIVE

Thy rebuke hath broken His heart: He is full of heaviness. He looked for some to have pity on Him; but there was no man; neither found He any to comfort Him.

AIR

Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto His sorrow.

33

CHORUS

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in. Who is the King of Glory? The Lord, strong and mighty, the Lord, mighty in battle. The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory.

39

CHORUS

Their sound is gone out into all lands, and their words unto the ends of the world.

40

AIR

Why do the nations so furiously rage together; and why do the people imagine a vain thing? The kings of the earth rise up, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord and against His anointed.

44

CHORUS

Hallelujah! For the lord God Omnipotent reigneth. The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS. HALLELUJAH!

45

AIR

I know that my Redeemer liveth; and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. For now is Christ risen from the dead, the first fruits of them that sleep.

50–51

RECITATIVE

Behold, I tell you a mystery: we shall not all sleep; but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet.

AIR

The trumpet shall sound; and the dead shall be raised incorruptible; and we shall be changed.

CHORUS

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed us to God by His blood, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing. Blessing and honor, glory and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever.

Amen! Amen!

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HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY

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CHARLES H. DITSON
FRANK M. LEAVITT
HENRY LOWELL MASON

The regular concerts of the Handel and Haydn Society on February 26 and April 8 will be led by its Conductor, Mr. Thompson Stone.

The performances of the Messiah this season have been taken over by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor, for the benefit of the Orchestra's Pension Fund.

4

FRIEDA HEMPEL

THE BOSTON HERALD. MONDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1927

'MESSIAH' SUNG AT PENSION CONCERT

Koussevitsky Conducts at Symphony Hall

For this year's Pension Fund concert Mr. Koussevitsky gave yesterday afternoon, in Symphony hall, a performance of Handel's "Messiah," his orchestra co-operating with the Handel and Haydn Society. Frieda Hempel sang the soprano solos, Kathryn Meisle those for alto, Arthur Hackett the tenor, Fraser Gange the bass. The organist was William Burbank. A very large audience sat in attendance.

The occasion was one to stir interest. A pension concert in itself is always something; whatever Mr. Koussevitsky undertakes cannot fail to rivet attention; yesterday's concert, furthermore, was the first in which the Handel and Haydn Society has sung since its new conductor, Thompson Stone, has been at work.

Mr. Stone has done some admirable work. In the short time at his disposal he has transformed that body of singers into a well-balanced chorus, with all four parts able to hold their own. He has seen to it that they can offer a full body of tone, when called for, that never once turns hard or shrill; a carrying soft tone he has also developed. The notable precision of this chorus, its capable technique, Mr. Stone has not allowed to suffer; he has, if anything, added to it. So let us congratulate the ancient society on securing the services of a drill master who knows how to drill, a musician who knows what should be done and how, and a choral conductor who has an understanding of the human voice. We have a right to look for something excellent in the future.

Yesterday, of course, technique aside, was Mr. Koussevitsky's day. A reader, perhaps, of the redoubtable Runciman, Mr. Koussevitsky, at all events, had evidently put his foot down that his own performance of the "Messiah" should be lifted out of the stodgy dullness against which that eminent critic railed so vehemently. Anyone, knowing Mr. Koussevitzky's work, would expect as much.

He had a definite plan in his mind for attaining his end. Some music—not so much as might have been looked for—he heard very slow, like the opening movement marked "grave," and the last bar of two or three airs. Other numbers he fancied faster than usual, so fast, in the case of "The Glory of the Lord" that the music's exultant stride broke into a scamper. "Lift Up Your Heads" suffered likewise a loss of splendor from its suggestion of briskness, and the rapidity with which "His Yoke Is Easy" was sung made anything more than neatness impossible.

More at home, no doubt, with an orchestra than with a chorus, Mr. Koussevitsky quite naturally relied less on his singers for his effects than on his players. Set on sharpness of accent, he secured it frequently from loud beating of the kettledrum more usual with Prokofieff than with Handel; brasses, perhaps for brilliancy's sake, he suffered to blow very loud. Then, since balance must be preserved, he urged on the strings till too often the first violins lost quality. Quality the chorus did not lose, but their proper place in the ensemble they could scarcely fill. Fineness of phrasing, furthermore, was often lacking from the orchestra in this performance where vigor was chiefly stressed.

His best results Mr. Koussevitzky gained in the pastoral symphony—for once it sounded really pastoral—and in a highly successful rhythmical effect in the "Hallelujah."

Each of the soloists had something good to offer, Miss Hempel a superior sense of style, Miss Meisle a dramatic force that made "He Was Despised" more interesting than usual, Mrs. Gange a fine voice and very competent vocalization. If only the difficulties of a genuinely fine "Messiah" performance, from everybody concerned, were not so great!

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"MESSIAH" AS PENSION FUND PIECE

Chorus and Orchestra at Best Under Koussevitzky

Post — Dec. 19. 1929

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Handel's "Messiah" is one of the masterpieces of music, but of late years Bostonians had come to look upon it more as a useful vehicle for seasonal observances, and the annual Christmas-tide performances of it at the hands of the Handel and Haydn Society had gradually descended in to something close to plodding routine.

CHORUS RE-ENERGIZED

Yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall all this was changed. For the first time in many years the Boston Symphony Orchestra, to swell its pension fund, accompanied and supported the chorus, and Serge Koussevitzky led the united forces through a generally absorbing and often stirring performance of the oratorio.

That Mr. Koussevitzky would re-energize and waken into new life the Handel and Haydn Society was but to be expected. At his hands yesterday the chorus became once more a pliant, responsive, warm-voiced body of singers, that sang with zest and feeling, and in its climaxes achieved power that had neither stridency nor shrilliness.

Of late years, too, the assisting artists at the Handel and Haydn "Messiah" performances have not always been singers of the highest standing. Yesterday in Frieda Hempel, Kathryn Meisle, Arthur Hackett and Fraser Gange there was assembled a quartet capable of doing full justice to the music, and with the mention of the excellence of their singing must also go a word regarding that supple, sympathetic and expressive accompaniments that Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra gave to recitatives and airs alike. In this performance of the "Messiah," indeed, from the first chord of the Overture to the final Amen, nothing was perfunctory, every measure of the music, whether orchestral or vocal, became charged with meaning.

Naturally the audience, which filled every available place, was not unmindful of these virtues of performance, and lavished applause upon soloists, chorus and conductor. And at the end Mr. Koussevitzky, walking to the edge of the platform, summoned to share in these plaudits Thompson Stone, the new conductor of the Handel and Haydn Society, whose weeks of rehearsal had undoubtedly contributed in large measure to the exrellent tonal qualities that the chorus yesterday disclosed.

ICERT-CHRONICLE

ew Journ. Dec. 20. 1929.

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ussevitzkian "Messiah" is in a new thing under the sun again forcibly reminds one ne spoke truth in intimating ons are the tombs of suc For within them has "The Mes been entombed from New California. From them Mr. ky, with his habit of making ing of every performance h s, has released it. Let this at one disagree with this or in the performance. It ma "The Messiah" has been freed mummified wrappings; it has for a pair of concerts at least nd solely as music, nothing else there is no longer need to d musictl journals have done fo or two, whether "The Messiah sical vitality or whether its vi epends on its revered text. W e heard it from Mr. Koussevitzky hat as music it belongs to the lis ortal works of musical art.

As any other piece of supremely great music, this new "Messiah" is a work full of variety. Hearing it from one or another "traditional" conductor (how con ductors can be sure of their traditions when a work is almost two hundred years old, many careful thinkers find it impossible to determine) one scarce suspected this variety. Look at it now No two choruses give similar effect. There is brilliance and joy in "And the glory of the Lord"; fleet-footed and ornately goes "For unto us"; "Glory to God" with its accompanying "and peace on earth," for once does not belie its text; nor is "His yoke is easy" full of traditional heaviness. In not one of these choruses of the first part does Mr. Koussevitzky utilize the full sonority of his massed singers. Lightness, suppleness, an all-encompassing vitality, a viewing of text as well as music, these in varied form character the music.

If some anxious one began to fear that the glories of a full chorus were not to be heard yestereve, he had not to wait long after the intermission. Rejoicing over the birth of the Lord has given way to grief over his passion. With "Surely He hath borne our griefs" the full weight of the chorus makes itself felt. But here was more than mere weight per se. Here was world-tragedy, world-grief bearing heavily upon every consciousness. It is in the music; at last it has (perhaps again?) come out. On a more intense plane, all these choruses of the second part. Exaltation sings from "Lift up your heads." But never before has "Hallelujah" been such a shout of joy. With tempo speeded so that the chorus has other attributes than dignity, the tossing back and forth of hallelujahs took on additional meaning. And for sublimity and power (increasing in intensity because of the less intense background) "Worthy is the Lamb" could scarcely be equalled. There then the results of a new reading of an old score as compared with traditional performance.

Among soloists, Fraser Gange was the only one to catch fully the spirit of the new things that were going on about him, the only one to share with absolute fullness in the performance of a revitalized "Messiah." He seems to be that rara n ideal oratorio singer. For sheer never could anything in oratorio is air, "The people that walked in ss"—at least so it seemed while as listening to it. Plasticity of nd of interpretation is his to the gree. Musicianship no less, nor in- ce with the work in hand, with id mersu es of "Why do the na- he was all suppleness. And virility ajestic utterance came forth in due —as in the trumpet air, and other-

peak thus of Mr. Gange is to do hout prejudice to the other three. erely a truth that he was a prince peers. In the older style of ora- nging—at its very best—came the s for Mr. Hackett. Miss Meisle, other hand sounded genuine in "He was despised." And Miss , though at times in thin voice t too certain rhythm, did more stice to her airs.

e still remains to be mentioned the atter which set this performance y itself from other performances. ds above the charactering chorus, ht, now glorified, now sombre, ajestic. It stands above the solo of Mr. Gange, Miss Meisle, Mr. t and Miss Hempel, even though lo work had been raised out of the um of oratorio-platitude. And that presence of an orchestra whose is beautiful in itself. To listen to nting silvery sparkle of that mar- string section of the Boston Sym- alternating with the warm tones he throats of massed human be- an experience never to be for- How much it is missed can e known until it is actually heard. a period passes that Handel does for it. It is a frame which in ngly large part makes the pic- And what is thus said of strings qually of the less frequently used Nor does such proportioning as ussevitzky gave to his various often fall to the good fortune of an .

way is clear now for unclouded . Its course in Boston is up to ompson Stone, who has not yet to measure up to any task en- to him.

A. H. M.

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CONCERT-CHRONICLE

Pastures New Dreams. Dec. 20. 1929.

THE Koussevitzkian "Messiah" is indeed a new thing under the sun Which again forcibly reminds one that someone spoke truth in intimating that traditions are the tombs of successes. For within them has "The Messiah" long been entombed from New England to California. From them Mr. Koussevitzky, with his habit of making a new thing of every performance he undertakes, has released it. Let this one or that one disagree with this or that item in the performance. It matters not. "The Messiah" has been freed from its mummified wrappings; it has appeared, for a pair of concerts at least, simply and solely as music, nothing else. As such, there is no longer need to debate, as musictl journals have done for a decade or two, whether "The Messiah" has musical vitality or whether its vitality depends on its revered text. We who have heard it from Mr. Koussevitzky know that as music it belongs to the list of immortal works of musical art.

As any other piece of supremely great music, this new "Messiah" is a work full of variety. Hearing it from one or another "traditional" conductor (how conductors can be sure of their traditions when a work is almost two hundred years old, many careful thinkers find it impossible to determine) one scarcely suspected this variety. Look at it now No two choruses give similar effect. There is brilliance and joy in "And the glory of the Lord"; fleet-footed and ornately goes "For unto us"; "Glory to God" with its accompanying "and peace on earth," for once does not belie its text; nor is "His yoke is easy" full of traditional heaviness. In not one of these choruses of the first part does Mr. Koussevitzky utilize the full sonority of his massed singers. Lightness, suppleness, an all-encompassing vitality, a viewing of text as well as music, these in varied form character the music.

If some anxious one began to fear that the glories of a full chorus were not to be heard yestereve, he had not to wait long after the intermission. Rejoicing over the birth of the Lord has given way to grief over his passion. With "Surely He hath borne our griefs" the full weight of the chorus makes itself felt. But here was more than mere weight per se. Here was world-tragedy, world-grief bearing heavily upon every consciousness. It is in the music; at last it has (perhaps again?) come out. On a more intense plane, all these choruses of the second part. Exaltation sings from "Lift up your heads." But never before has "Hallelujah" been such a shout of joy. With tempo speeded so that the chorus has other attributes than dignity, the tossing back and forth of hallelujahs took on additional meaning. And for sublimity and power (increasing in intensity because of the less intense background) "Worthy is the Lamb" could scarcely be equalled. There then the results of a new reading of an old score as compared with traditional performance.

Among soloists, Fraser Gange was the only one to catch fully the spirit of the new things that were going on about him, the only one to share with absolute fullness in the performance of a revitalized "Messiah." He seems to be that rara n ideal oratorio singer. For sheer never could anything in oratorio is air, "The people that walked in ss"—at least so it seemed while as listening to it. Plasticity of nd of interpretation is his to the gree. Musicianship no less, nor in- ce with the work in hand, with id measu es of "Why do the na- he was all suppleness. And virility jestic utterance came forth in due —as in the trumpet air, and other-

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A. H. M.

"MESSIAH" AS PENSION FUND PIECE

Chorus and Orchestra at Best Under Koussevitzky

Post ~~Dec.~~ 19. 1929

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Handel's "Messiah" is one of the masterpieces of music, but of la years Bostonians had come to lo upon it more as a useful vehicle f seasonal observances, and the annu Christmas-tide performances of it the hands of the Handel and Hay Society had gradually descended in something close to plodding routin

CHORUS RE-ENERGIZED

Yesterday afternoon at Sympho Hall all this was changed. For the fi time in many years the Boston Sy phony Orchestra, to swell its pensi fund, accompanied and supported t chorus, and Serge Koussevitzky led t united forces through a generally a sorbing and often stirring performan of the oratorio.

That Mr. Koussevitzky would re-e ergize and waken into new life the Ha del and Haydn Society was but to l expected. At his hands yesterday t chorus became once more a pliant, r sponsive, warm-voiced body of singer that sang with zest and feeling, and i its climaxes achieved power that ha neither stridency nor shrilliness.

Of late years, too, the assisting artists at the Handel and Haydn "Messiah" performances have not always been singers of the highest standing. Yesterday in Frieda Hempel, Kathryn Meisle, Arthur Hackett and Fraser Gange there was assembled a quartet capable of doing full justice to the music, and with the mention of the excellence of their singing must also go a word regarding that supple, sympathetic and expressive accompaniments that Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra gave to recitatives and airs alike. In this performance of the "Messiah," indeed, from the first chord of the Overture to the final Amen, nothing was perfunctory, every measure of the music, whether orchestral or vocal, became charged with meaning.

Naturally the audience, which filled every available place, was not unmindful of these virtues of performance, and lavished applause upon soloists, chorus and conductor. And at the end Mr. Koussevitzky, walking to the edge of the platform, summoned to share in these plaudits Thompson Stone, the new conductor of the Handel and Haydn Society, whose weeks of rehearsal had undoubtedly contributed in large measure to the exrellent tonal qualities that the chorus yesterday disclosed.

CONCERT-CHRONICLE

Pastures New

Transc. Dec. 20. 1929.

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Mr. Hackett an ideal oratorio singer. For sheer beauty never could anything in oratorio excel his air, "The people that walked in darkness"—at least so it seemed while one was listening to it. Plasticity of voice and of interpretation is his to the nth degree. Musicianship no less, nor intelligence with the work in hand, with the florid measures of "Why do the nations" he was all suppleness. And virility and majestic utterance came forth in due season—as in the trumpet air, and otherwise.

To speak thus of Mr. Gange is to do so without prejudice to the other three. It is merely a truth that he was a prince among peers. In the older style of oratorio singing—at its very best—came the few airs for Mr. Hackett. Miss Meisle, on the other hand sounded genuine depths in "He was despised." And Miss Hempel, though at times in thin voice and not too certain rhythm, did more than justice to her airs.

There still remains to be mentioned the one matter which set this performance apart by itself from other performances. It stands above the charactering chorus, now light, now glorified, now sombre, now majestic. It stands above the solo work of Mr. Gange, Miss Meisle, Mr. Hackett and Miss Hempel, even though that solo work had been raised out of the humdrum of oratorio-platitude. And that is the presence of an orchestra whose playing is beautiful in itself. To listen to the glinting silvery sparkle of that marvellous string section of the Boston Symphony, alternating with the warm tones from the throats of massed human beings, is an experience never to be forgotten. How much it is missed can never be known until it is actually heard. Scarce a period passes that Handel does not call for it. It is a frame which in surprisingly large part makes the picture. And what is thus said of strings holds equally of the less frequently used winds. Nor does such proportioning as Mr. Koussevitzky gave to his various forces often fall to the good fortune of an oratorio.

The way is clear now for unclouded oratorio. Its course in Boston is up to Mr. Thompson Stone, who has not yet failed to measure up to any task entrusted to him.

A. H. M.

With and Without Chorus

Monitor — By L. A. SLOPER — Dec. 24, 1927.

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The Boston Orchestra was to have been assisted by another chorus, that of the Cecilia Society, at its subscription concerts of this week (given Thursday evening and Friday afternoon, on account of the holiday), but the orchestral parts of Schmitt's "Psalm XLVII" failed to arrive from Europe in time, and the performance of this work had to be put off. The "Schéhérazade" Suite of Rimsky-Korsakoff was substituted. The other numbers were Bach's Concerto No. 2 in F major for violin, flute, oboe and trumpet (edited by Felix Mottl) and Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony in A major. As all these works had been performed here before under the baton of Mr. Koussevitzky, we had the unusual experience of a Koussevitzky concert without a novel piece.

The absence of novelties does not connote, however, with this orchestra and this conductor, absence of interest. If not all the gusto in the world can reanimate Mendelssohn's symphony, yet there is pleasure in listening to this band for its sheer virtuosity. Although the "Schéhérazade" Suite has been one of Mr. Koussevitzky's outstanding successes in Boston, it was possible on Thursday evening to find more to admire in the playing of the Bach Concerto, with the style of which the conductor seemed equally in sympathy. The playing of the solo parts by Messrs. Burgin, Laurent, Gillet and Mager was of poignant loveliness, especially in the slow movement.

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

SUNDAY AFTERNOON - APRIL 1st

First Performance in Boston of

ARTHUR HONEGGER'S

"King David"

A SYMPHONIC PSALM

Pension Fund Concert

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

Harvard Glee Club | Radcliffe Choral Society

Dr. ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON, Conductor

The soloists will include ETHYL HAYDEN, Soprano
VIOLA SILVA, Contralto TUDOR DAVIES, Tenor
PAUL LEYSSAC, Narrator

Tickets, $3.00, $2.50, $2.00, $1.50 (no tax)

With and Without Chorus

Monitor By L. A. SLOPER Dec. 24, 1927.

THE Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, founded in 1815, is said to be the oldest musical organization in the United States, with the exception of the Musical Society of Stoughton, Mass., which was formed in 1786. The Handel and Haydn Society first performed Handel's "The Messiah" in 1818, and has given it annually, we believe, ever since. The performance given last Sunday afternoon and Monday evening in Symphony Hall were the one hundred and fifty-fifth and one hundred and fifty-sixth.

In recent years the annual rites of this ancient and honorable company, assisted by a minor orchestra, had been chiefly of historical interest. The inevitability of the "Messiah" at Christmas and the "Elijah" or "The Golden Legend" in the spring seemed to have a somewhat depressing effect upon singers and auditors alike. If a reviewer said these performances were well routined, he had pretty nearly exhausted the possibilities of honest praise.

This year the Handel and Haydn Society lent its forces to the Boston Symphony Orchestra for a performance of the "Messiah" for the benefit of the orchestra's pension fund. Serge Koussevitzky conducted and the array of soloists included Frieda Hempel, Kathryn Meisle, Arthur Hackett and Fraser Gange.

Results Amazing

The results were amazing. We had become so accustomed to those well-routined performances that we had not imagined the "Messiah" could be heard otherwise. This week two audiences which filled seats and stand-

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ing room found something in it to get excited about. The chorus, already technically expert, had been led, under its new conductor, Thompson Stone, to discover new possibilities within itself of tonal beauty. The sopranos no longer became shrill and drowned out the other choirs. The dynamic scheme was not all black and white. Rhythmic vitality animated the venerable measures. The contribution of each group of voices was made clear, and they were woven together in such a way as to reveal unrealized beauties in, for example, the chorus, "O Thou that tellest good tidings to Zion." There was drama in "For unto us a child is born," and its climax, while fervid, was so restrained as not to discount the "Hallelujah" chorus which was to come.

Throughout, everything was held in a proportion which bespoke the conductor's firm grasp of the whole. There was one instance of overemphasis: Mr. Koussevitzky's love for his brasses led him to give the trumpet too much liberty in the final air. The orchestra generally, of course, did its part surpassingly well. The "Pastoral Symphony" was imaginatively conceived and exquisitely rendered.

The soloists were of superior average. Miss Hempel, with a voice not too well suited to oratorio, used it with such artistry that her airs became a matter for rejoicing. Mr. Gange, sacrificing something of vocal beauty, made the raging of the nations very graphic. Miss Meisle, possessor of an excellent organ, used it with reserve.

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NAMAKER'S—Fou

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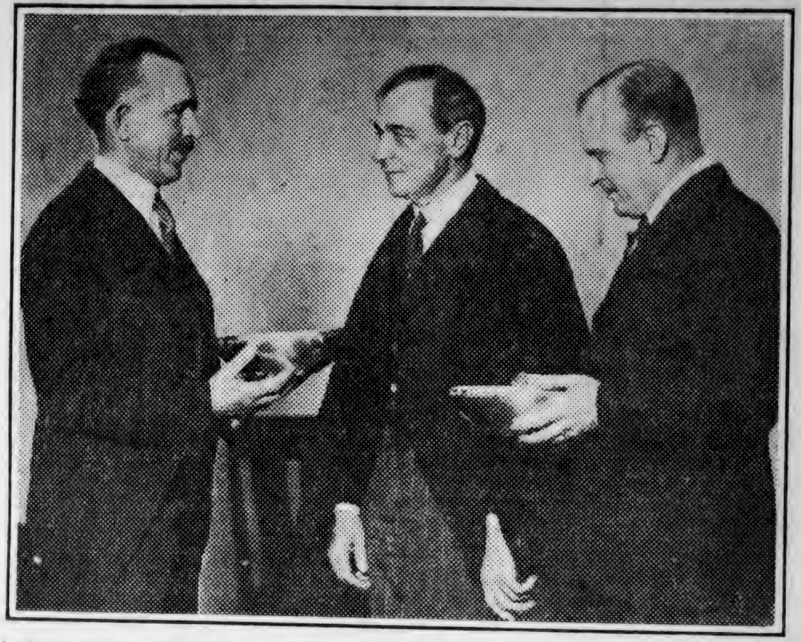
ARTHUR HONEGGER

Dr. Archibald T. Davidson,

Musicians Exemplify Gratitude



Left to Right—Max Kunze, Spokesman for Pension Fund Committee; Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor of Boston Symphony Orchestra; Archibald T. Davison, Director of Harvard and Radcliffe Choral Societies.

Monitor — Apr. 2. 1928

Gifts Mark Esteem of Symphony Group

Orchestra Conductor and Leader of College Choristers Honored

At the conclusion of the annual Pension Fund concert in Boston, when Honegger's symphonic poem "King David" had been presented jointly by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, and the choral clubs of Harvard and Radcliffe under the leadership of Dr. Archibald T. Davison, the Pension Fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to mark their esteem and gratitude presented silver bowls, suitably engraved, to Dr. Koussevitzky and Dr. Davison.

The final triumphant "Alleleuia" had brought an audience to its feet. The applause had been unstinting and prolonged. As Dr. Davison walked into the little upstairs room whose windows look down on the departing throngs Dr. Koussevitzky spoke: "Ah. Davison," he murmured, "it was ver' nice. You haf help' us wonderfully. We thank you."

And then Max Kunze, first doublebass of the orchestra and spokesman for the Pension Fund Committee, came in. For the moment he and Dr. Koussevitzky were not merely conductor and player, but fellow artists, for Dr. Koussevitzky, too, is master of the doublebass. And perhaps for this reason the committee had chosen M. Kunze to make the presentation.

Underneath the trivals of the little ceremony was a moving expression of esteem and affection for the two men who have labored unremittingly that a magnificent musical performance might be given. They say that Koussevitzky comes closer to the ideal conductor of his players than any in the history of the symphony. Dr. Davison's place in music is younger but not less rich in comparison.

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Facts about the Pension Fund

(Boston Symphony Orchestra Pension Institution, Founded 1903)

MEMBERSHIP:

All members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are eligible.

BENEFICIARIES:

Former members who served ten years or more.
Widows of former pensioners.
Orphaned children under 16.

PENSIONS:

The amount of pension varies according to length of service, age, residence, and earnings.

The individual pensions paid each year vary from $50 to $500.
There are now 72 pensioners, receiving about $17,000 yearly.

SOURCES OF FUNDS:

DUES. Each member pays an annual installment until, over a period of twenty to twenty-five years, he has paid in a total of $750. If a member resigns he may withdraw dues paid.

CONCERTS.

INTEREST AND EARNINGS ON INVESTMENTS.

GIFTS.

OFFICERS:

Trustees—FREDERICK P. CABOT
ARTHUR LYMAN
BENTLEY W. WARREN

Treasurer—GEORGE E. JUDD

The outstanding need of the Fund is to be able to increase its maximum payment to pensioners having little or no means of support. This can only come about through continued capacity audiences for the Pension Fund concerts and donations to the permanent fund, which the officers of the Fund will be pleased to receive at any time.

"KING DAVID": SYMPHONIC PSALM, AFTER A DRAMA BY RENÉ MORAX . . . . . ARTHUR HONEGGER

(Born on March 10, 1892, at Havre, France; now living at Zurich, Switzerland)

This Symphonic Psalm was composed at "Paris-Zurich, February 25th to April 28th, 1921" for the re-opening of the Théâtre du Jorat at Mézières, Switzerland. (This theatre had been closed since the beginning of the World War.) The dramatic action was given to a narrator who tells the Biblical story between the various musical sections. As the orchestral resources at the Jorat Theatre were limited, Honegger employed two flutes, oboe, two clarinets, bassoon, two trumpets, horn, trombone, piano, harmonium, celesta, one double-bass, and percussion instruments.

Extending the Psalm for concert halls, he added the string quartet, an oboe, a bassoon, three horns, two trombones, and a bass tuba, leaving the woodwind and brass to play their original and important part.

"Le Roi David" has been performed many times in Paris (at the gala one at the Trocadéro hundreds were turned away), and many times in France, the Netherlands, Switzerland, and elsewhere.

The first performance in the United States was at New York by the Society of the Friends of Music on October 26, 1925. Queena Mario, soprano; Marion Telva, contralto; Armand Tokatyan, tenor; Leon Rothier, narrator; Arthur Bodanzky, conductor; Stephen Townsend, concert master.

The first performance in New England was by the Worcester County Musical Association at Worcester, Mass., on October 5, 1927: Marie Sundelius, soprano; Grace Divine, contralto; Arthur Hackett-Granville, tenor; Richard Hale, narrator; Albert Stoessel, conductor, New York Symphony Orchestra.

FIRST PART

Introduction

(*Narrator*)

THE SONG OF DAVID, THE SHEPHERD
(*Contralto Solo*)

God shall be my shepherd kind,
He will shield me from the wind,
Lead his lamb to pastures cool,
Guide me to the quiet pool.

He shall be my staff and rod,
Restore my spirit again;
E'en the darkest vale I trod
Shall not be travelled in pain.

He will keep me from alarm,
Though the lightning play around,
Save me with His mighty arm
The while, shelter me from harm;
Comfort I have found.

(*Narrator*)

PSALM (*Chorus*)

All praise to Him, the Lord of glory,
The everlasting God, my helper;
He has avenged all my wrongs and my woes,
And by His hand my people are made safe.
When hordes of heathen arose up against me,
By his right hand I felt myself sustained;
His thunder pealed on the heads of the foe,
Who in their malice sought my end.

(*Words after* CLÉMENT MAROT)

FANFARE

(*Narrator*)

(*Entry of Goliath*)

SONG OF VICTORY (*Chorus*)

David is great!
The Philistines o'erthrown.
Chosen of God is he,
Succored and unafraid.
Saul hath slain his thousands,
And ten thousands, David!

MARCH

(*Narrator*)

PSALM (*Tenor Solo*)

In the Lord I put my faith, I put my trust.
How say ye unto my soul: "Flee like any bird unto the mountain"?
For behold, evil is here,

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And the wicked bend their bow,
That they may privily shoot them that are clean and upright.

(*Narrator*)

PSALM (*Soprano Solo*)

O had I wings like a dove,
Then would I fly away and be at rest.
Save in the tomb alone is there no comfort?
Is there no balm to heal this woe of mine?

Where shall I find for my head some safe shelter?
Morning and eve I pray and cry aloud.
The storm of my distress blows like the tempest,
Bearing to God my cries and my prayer.

(*Narrator*)

SONG OF THE PROPHETS

Man that is born of woman lives but a little while.
Whichever way he turn, the path he must pursue
Is heavy to his feet.
He cometh up like grass, which in time shall be mowed down.
He fleeth as a shadow,
And the place that once he knew remembers him no more.

(*Narrator*)

PSALM (*Tenor Solo*)

Pity me, Lord, for I am weak!
A refuge and harbor I seek,
My weary head Thy wings shall cover;
When will the endless night be over?
Pity me, Lord, for I am weak!

My heart upraise
To hymn Thy bounty all my days!
O sun, arise to lead me on,
That, with my harp, the victory won,
I may return to sing a joyful song of praise!

(*Narrator*)

SAUL'S CAMP

PSALM (*Chorus*)

God, the Lord, shall be my light and my salvation;
What cause have I to fear?
God, the Lord, shall be my strength in tribulation;
His help is ever near.

Though wicked enemies came,
My foes who my flesh would fain devour,
Bright sword and lance they might claim,
Yet they stumble and fall upon that hour.

E'en though an host against me should rise,
I shall not be afraid;
From field of war the Lord will hear my cries,
And their arm shall be stayed.

(*Narrator*)

INCANTATION OF THE WITCH OF ENDOR

By fire, by water, by speech and by wind, by sight and by sound; break thy chains, burst the locks which bind thee? Appear! 'Tis time! I call thee from Sheol's darkness. Return, and enter into the temple of nine doors! Appear! Give thy blood! Let the breath of life return to thy nostrils; come from the depths of the earth! Appear!

The fire burns me; the fire below! It enters into me, it searches the marrow of my bones. It pierces me, like a sharp sword. Arise! Appear! O, why hast thou deceived me? for thou art Saul!

THE SHADE OF SAMUEL

Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up?

(*Narrator*)

MARCH OF THE PHILISTINES

(*Narrator*)

LAMENT OF GILBOA

(*Soprano solo; contralto solo; female chorus*)

Ah! Ye daughters of Israel, weep for Saul!

SECOND PART

(*Narrator*)

SONG OF THE DAUGHTERS OF ISRAEL

Sister, oh, sing thy song!
Never hath God forsaken us,
E'en in captivity,
Or in adversity.
Chosen of him above,
On us now lights his love.
God the Lord comes to bless Israel.

THE DANCE BEFORE THE ARK

(*Narrator*)

Chorus

Mighty God!
Jehovah be with us!
O radiance of the morn,
And the splendor of noon!
Mighty God, be with us!

PRIESTS (*before the Ark*)

Ope wide those doors that lead to Heaven!
Ope wide those gates that lead to justice!
For the righteous alone enter therein,
In those precious portals of God the Lord.

SOLDIERS

Many nations brought me to war,
Yet in Jehovah's name they were destroyed;
Compassed me round like bees that swarm,
Yet in Jehovah's name they were destroyed.
Each withered bush I set on fire;
In great Jehovah's name it was destroyed.
For he has shielded me from harm,
And his right hand has led me on;
Lord above, show thyself, and scatter all our foes!

MAIDENS

Sing to the Lord, sing loud and long!
Play on your instruments and dance!
Give to the Lord glory and strength!
Let the sea roar in its fullness,
Yea, let the fields rejoice for gladness
And the trees of the forest sing praises!
In eternal light he abides,
He hovers on wings of the wind,
And his robe the roof of the earth.
Hidden by clouds, there lies His dwelling,
And 'mid the tempest, He hath spoken.
Then magnify the Lord Creator!
Praise to the holiest,
Saviour of Israel!

Chorus

Mighty God!
Jehovah be with us!

THE ANGEL (*Soprano Solo*)

Give ear, 'tis not for thee as king
To build an house unto my name.
Behold, a child is born to thee,
And I will set him on thy throne.
And he shall be my son,
And I will be his Father.
Then shall be build an house for my name,
And Solomon he shall be called,
That over Israel peace may reign.

CHOIR OF ANGELS

Alleluia! Alleluia!

THIRD PART

Chorus

Now my voice in song upsoaring
Shall loud proclaim my king afar.
His wealth of splendor fast outpouring
Shall put to nothing e'en the loveliest of star.

Pride of Adam's race that bore thee,
A simple shepherd, wont to sing,
And yet surpassing all before thee,
Thou hast been chosen by the Lord to be our king.

God will send thee sons to cherish,
Who shall inherit in their turn;
Thy name in glory shall not perish,
And all the people as their pastor
Shall announce thee Master.

(*Narrator*)

SONG OF THE HANDMAID

(*Contralto Solo*)

Oh, my love, take my hand;
Let us wander the vale,
Where the vine-leaves so frail
Promise fruit for the land!

Nay, fair one, in this bower
As yet no grape to cull;
But see, in splendor full
The mandrake is in flower!

(*Narrator*)

PSALM OF PENITENCE (*Chorus*)

Pity me, God, in my distress!
Turn not away, but heal me again!
Wash me of sin and cleanse me of shame
And in thy hot displeasure, O chasten me not!

(*Narrator*)

PSALM (*Chorus*)

Behold, in evil I was born,
And in iniquity conceived.
For thou desirest truth and goodness,
And in the hidden part great wisdom.
I have sinned, yea, heavily transgressed.

I have been shown the path to follow,
And I have wandered from thy footsteps.
Pity me, God, in my distress!
Pardon, Lord, the evil I have done!

(*Narrator*)

PSALM (*Tenor Solo*)

Oh, shall I raise mine eyes unto the mountains,
From whence should come my help?
The Lord shall guide thy steps, going and coming,
From henceforth, ever more.
He will not suffer thy foot to be movèd,
For he is on high, watching above;
The Lord who is thy keeper neither slumbers nor sleeps.

(*Narrator*)

THE SONG OF EPHRAIM

(*Soprano Solo and Chorus*)

O thou forest of grief,
Where ravens seek their prey.
The fruit is gathered in
That hung upon thy boughs;
Thy fruit, fiery as blood,
Was plucked by envious hands;
And must this be the price
And forfeit of a kiss?

(*Narrator*)

MARCH OF THE HEBREWS

(*Narrator*)

PSALM (*Chorus*)

Thee will I love, O Lord, who art my fortress,
Thou art my shield, the horn of my salvation.
God is my refuge safe, I trust in him,
My rock, my strength, my tower and my deliverer.

In him I find the solace that I long for;
He guideth my steps, that I may walk in comfort.
I call on him and invoke his aid,
And I am saved from my strong enemy.
When waves of death encompassed me,
And snares of men made me afraid,
Then did he send, and take me from above,
And drew me forth out of many waters.

(*Words after* CLÉMENT MAROT)

(*Narrator*)

PSALM (*Chorus*)

In my distress then I cried to my God.
Sorrows of Hell did so compass me round.
Out of his temple he listened and heard,
E'en to his throne came my voice to his ears.

Suddenly, the earth did shake in its foundations,
The very hills moved and trembled, and broke,
From summit above to the foot of the vale,
So great the anger and wrath of the Lord!

(*Narrator*)

THE CROWNING OF SOLOMON

(*Narrator*)

THE DEATH OF DAVID

THE ANGEL

(*Soprano Solo*)

And God said: The day shall dawn
To bring a flower, newly born;
From thy stem in fullness growing,
In fragrance sweet, night and morn,
All my people shall adorn,
With breath of life bestowing.

CHOIR OF ANGELS

Alleluia, Alleluia!

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Herald March Apr. 2/28

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Nearly 100 years ago the Handel and Haydn Society produced in Boston an oratorio "David," by the Chevalier Neukomm. This oratorio was extraordinarily popular. From 1836 to 1859 there were over fifty performances; there were seven in three months of 1836, when "38 ladies were engaged for the chorus and 15 musicians for the orchestra." The characters in the oratorio were David, Saul, Jonathan, Goliath. The High Priest, a messenger, Michael and David's sister. Boylston hall was "again filled to suffocation at the fifth concert" and many were turned away. The success was due, we read, to the dramatic interest of the libretto and the popular character of the music. But one critic found the music better suited to the stage than the church; another described it as shallow and empty; still another called it theatrical and noisy. Today the Chevalier's oratorio would be regarded as indescribably stupid. We remember that even in the sixties when a choral union in a town on the Connecticut river put the work in rehearsal, the members found the music childish and dull. (In the thirties it was thought to be "theatrical." David was twice at least an operatic hero. When Mermet's opera was produced at Paris in 1846 the part of David was taken by the voluptuous Mme. Stoltz. There was a grand ballet.)

What would the Bostonians that applauded Neukomm's "David" have said to Honegger's? What will those living a hundred years hence say to the music heard yesterday? Will it be to them as Neukomm's is to us in 1928?

The story of Honegger's "King David"—for what purpose it was composed seven years ago—the revision for the concert hall—the great popularity in leading cities of Europe—all this was told in The Herald of yesterday and need not be repeated. The work gains by the presence of a narrator who has just enough to say—so that the musical sections are united, and the hearer put in a receptive mood for what the composer has written. This is an infinitely better plan than that of the old oratorio with cut-and-dried recitatives in nine cases out of ten, prosaic in themselves and dragged out with laughable solemnity by singers who feel that by so doing they are engaged in pious work. The text of Morax taken from the Old Testament for the narrator has beauty in itself; music is superfluous. When Handel wished to emphasize statements of fact, as in "Messiah," he put the recitatives in semi-arioso form.

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11

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Honegger is not a mere imitator; he is a man of singular originality, if only in his use of what he has admired. He has made it his own. It is easy to say that a vigorous chorus reminds one of Bach; that in the song of the handmaiden there is the suggestion of a few measures in Ravel's "Mother Goose"—but the general plan and the carrying of it out, the loveliness and the grandeur are Arthur Honegger's. What other composer has found or could find the unearthly music for the raising of Samuel by the Witch of Endor; the psalm "O! had I wings like a dove"; the wailing, haunting "Lament of Gilboa," the "Psalm of Penitence," the "Song of Ephraim," the music for the death of David with the final Alleluia, or so greatly plain the "Dance before the Ark"?

"King David" is remarkable in many ways, one that puts Honegger in the very front rank of modern composers; a work that is spontaneous, with many pages of genuine inspiration; free from orchestral eccentricities devised only to **excite surprise. How nobly simple this** man can be! How with a few strokes he can excite sympathy or invoke the idea of grandeur!

The performance was as remarkable as the work itself. The choral singing was beyond conventional praise. The men and women had been trained with gusto as well as intelligence by Dr. Davison. The singing of the women in the "Lament of Gilboa" will be long remembered. And in other choruses for mixed or female voices there was no hesitation, no faltering; strength when it was required, tonal beauty when it was demanded.

The greater portion, or at least the more striking pages for the soloists fell, fortunately, to the soprano. Miss Hayden's voice, charming by its timbre and purity, was used with aesthetic as well as musical understanding. Miss Silva sang as if she were too conscious of responsibility, while Mr. Davies had the least thankful part of the solo work. Mr. Leyssac recited, not as a mere elocutionist at a Sunday school festival, but as one realizing the dramatic significance of the biblical story, the story of triumphs and rejoicings, of superstitious rites, wild deeds, sin, penitence, lofty aspirations and exulting prophecies peculiar to the warlike tribes in a little country which to so many through the centuries has been of more interest and importance than was the Roman empire in all its pomp and glory.

It is needless to say that the orchestra contributed greatly to the overwhelming success. At the end of the concert there was a scene of enthusiasm. Again we owe a heavy debt to Mr. Koussevitzky, for without his inspiring, imaginative leadership, his confidence in the worth of the music and its reception by the public, "King David" would still be to Bostonians only a title.

AT LAST HONEGGER'S "KING DAVID" FALLS ON BOSTONIAN EARS

Trans. Apr. 2. 1928

THE CELEBRATED PIECE IN VIVID PERFORMANCE

Oratorio-Traditions Go by the Board—Brevity, Concentration, Economy, Speed—Narrative Out of Scripture. Music of Many Styles, Stamped with a Single Hand — Chorus, Orchestra and Conductor in Full Measure

HONEGGER'S "King David" is at odds with nearly every expectation of an English-speaking audience. The title implies a "sacred work," as Victorian programs phrased it. The subtitle, "Symphonic Psalm," added at second thought, is merely baffling. The aspect of the stage suggests a modern oratorio enlarged from the ancient model. Evidently, there is to be a huge chorus—yesterday at Symphony Hall, the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society; a large orchestra as well—on Sunday eighty-odd with Mr. Koussevitzky as conductor. (The Symphony Orchestra was playing for the profit of its own Pension Fund Institution.) Four chairs in the foreground foretold as many "assisting artists." Were Elgar's later oratorios ever heard in America, this preparation might have indicated "The Apostles" or "The Kingdom."

A glance at the printed text, as it stood on the program-leaflet, dispelled such notion. Plainly there was to be a Narrator. Though his speeches were not printed, they proved to be English translations of French condensations of passages in the Books of Samuel, the Books of the Chronicles and the Psalms of David. Plainly also, orchestral episodes were impending—"Saul's Camp," "March of The Philistines," "Crowning of Solomon" for example. All else, so far as the text gave clew was short numbers—choral Psalms of petition, penitence and praise; a "Song of The Prophets" and tribal laments; occasional items for single voices, tenor, alto, soprano. This text filled less than four pages. Plainly again, "King David" was brief; while to be brief is not the habit of "sacred works" in Anglo-American concert-halls.

fact Honegger's "Symphonic Psalm" vs next to none of the traditions of rio as Handel established them in the lish-speaking world, as Mendelssohn ed them, as Elgar, after his fashion, wed them. Far different are the ori- of "King David." From Scripture from his own head, the Swiss man tters and the theater, René Morax, a dramatic poem about the life and of the Hebrew shepherd, soldier king; destined it for performances on lvan stage; persuaded Honegger to are a musical vesture for chorus, voices and an orchestra less than ty strong. When the note of this had spread, Honegger revised and lified it into the present concert ver- —not in the expansive manner of ora- . He outspread and upreared no choruses; allotted no discursive bers to the single voices; extended rchestral interventions into symph- pieces; bade The Narrator to no ng periods. Everywhere Honegger e briefly, objectively, sparingly. ear-mark of conventional oratorio is nsion. The pervading virtue of g David" is concentration. Honeg- groped for a characterizing sub-title; devise nothing less blank than mphonic Psalm."

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ing David" was written by a young, obscure composer who needed both y and opportunity. Contrary to chments of the æsthetic purists, it not at all by this circumstance. e was need also of haste, and again music seems the gainer. Honegger himself upon the job with the en- of a robust temperament, the eager- of ambition and ability before an ing door. A well-stored mind and a practiced hand served him equally. musical backgrounds were not nar- y racial. Much less, though he was r absurdly counted among "The was he altar-server in a Parisian cal "chapel." His Swiss blood and ronment had given him both a Ger- and a French strain. He had been schooled at the Conservatory in Paris, was versed in the classics. With race Victorieux"—a proud, violent, l, acrid music—he had gained place ng the modernists. He had his own s and theories as to the writing of natic music in these present years. on heard them in practice when in the Chicago Company produced "Ju- More recently and impressively russels "Antigone" embodied them. roughout "King David" these ante- nts run clear and persistent. The ic is written as by one who works heat, eager to begin, to continue, ave done, all in a breath, with energy haustible. One or two of the in- mental movements fill only a few sures; none exceeds a few pages.

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Honegger is not a mere imitator; he is a man of singular originality, if only in his use of what he has admired. He has made it his own. It is easy to say that a vigorous chorus reminds one of Bach; that in the song of the handmaiden there is the suggestion of a few measures in Ravel's "Mother Goose"—but the general plan and the carrying of it out, the loveliness and the grandeur are Arthur Honegger's. What other composer has found or could find the unearthly music for the raising of Samuel by the Witch of Endor; the psalm "O! had I wings like a dove"; the wailing, haunting "Lament of Gilboa," the "Psalm of Penitence," the "Song of Ephraim," the music for the death of David with the final Alleluia, or so greatly plain the "Dance before the Ark"?

"King David" is remarkable in many ways, one that puts Honegger in the very front rank of modern composers; a work that is spontaneous, with many pages of genuine inspiration; free from orchestral eccentricities devised only to **excite surprise. How nobly simple this** man can be! How with a few strokes he can excite sympathy or invoke the idea of grandeur!

The performance was as remarkable as the work itself. The choral singing was beyond conventional praise. The men and women had been trained with gusto as well as intelligence by Dr. Davison. The singing of the women in the "Lament of Gilboa" will be long remembered. And in other choruses for mixed or female voices there was no hesitation, no faltering; strength when it was required, tonal beauty when it was demanded.

The greater portion, or at least the more striking pages for the soloists fell, fortunately, to the soprano. Miss Hayden's voice, charming by its timbre and purity, was used with aesthetic as well as musical understanding. Miss Silva sang as if she were too conscious of responsibility, while Mr. Davies had the least thankful part of the solo work. Mr. Leyssac recited, not as a mere elocutionist at a Sunday school festival, but as one realizing the dramatic significance of the biblical story, the story of triumphs and rejoicings, of superstitious rites, wild deeds, sin, penitence, lofty aspirations and exulting prophecies peculiar to the warlike tribes in a little country which to so many through the centuries has been of more interest and importance than was the Roman empire in all its pomp and glory.

It is needless to say that the orchestra contributed greatly to the overwhelming success. At the end of the concert there was a scene of enthusiasm. Again we owe a heavy debt to Mr. Koussevitzky, for without his inspiring, imaginative leadership, his confidence in the worth of the music and its reception by the public, "King David" would still be to Bostonians only a title.

AT LAST HONEGGE
"KING DAVID" F
ON BOSTONIA

Trans.

THE CELEBRATED PIEC
PERFORMANC

Oratorio-Traditions Go by
Brevity, Concentration,
Speed—Narrative Out o
Music of Many Styles, St
Single Hand — Chorus, C
Conductor in Full Measure

HONEGGER'S "King
odds with nearly e
tion of an English
dience. The tit
"sacred work," as Victor
phrased it. The subtitle,
Psalm," added at second
merely baffling. The aspec
suggests a modern orat
from the ancient model. E
is to be a huge chorus
Symphony Hall, the Harv
and the Radcliffe Choral S
orchestra as well—on Sun
with Mr. Koussevitzky
(The Symphony Orchestr
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Institution.) Four chair
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ists." Were Elgar's later
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of Solomon" for examp
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In fact Honegger's "Symphonic Psalm" follows next to none of the traditions of oratorio as Handel established them in the English-speaking world, as Mendelssohn filtered them, as Elgar, after his fashion, renewed them. Far different are the origins of "King David." From Scripture and from his own head, the Swiss man of letters and the theater, René Morax, made a dramatic poem about the life and death of the Hebrew shepherd, soldier and king; destined it for performances on a sylvan stage; persuaded Honegger to prepare a musical vesture for chorus, solo-voices and an orchestra less than twenty strong. When the note of this score had spread, Honegger revised and amplified it into the present concert version—not in the expansive manner of oratorio. He outspread and upreared no vast choruses; allotted no discursive numbers to the single voices; extended no orchestral interventions into symphonic pieces; bade The Narrator to no flowing periods. Everywhere Honegger wrote briefly, objectively, sparingly. The ear-mark of conventional oratorio is expansion. The pervading virtue of "King David" is concentration. Honegger groped for a characterizing sub-title; could devise nothing less blank than "Symphonic Psalm."

"King David" was written by a young, semi-obscure composer who needed both money and opportunity. Contrary to preachments of the æsthetic purists, it loses not at all by this circumstance. There was need also of haste, and again the music seems the gainer. Honegger flung himself upon the job with the energy of a robust temperament, the eagerness of ambition and ability before an opening door. A well-stored mind and a well-practiced hand served him equally. His musical backgrounds were not narrowly racial. Much less, though he was rather absurdly counted among "The Six," was he altar-server in a Parisian musical "chapel." His Swiss blood and environment had given him both a German and a French strain. He had been well schooled at the Conservatory in Paris. He was versed in the classics. With "Horace Victorieux"—a proud, violent, cruel, acrid music—he had gained place among the modernists. He had his own faiths and theories as to the writing of dramatic music in these present years. Boston heard them in practice when in 1927 the Chicago Company produced "Judith." More recently and impressively at Brussels "Antigone" embodied them.

Throughout "King David" these antecedents run clear and persistent. The music is written as by one who works in a heat, eager to begin, to continue, to have done, all in a breath, with energy inexhaustible. One or two of the instrumental movements fill only a few measures; none exceeds a few pages.

The numbers for solo-voices contain hardly a verbal or a tonal repetition. Most of the choruses are as direct and terse—unless it be warrantable to repeat, with musical variations, syllables of grief as in "The Lament of Gilboa," or ecstasies of praise, as in final Alleluias. The only "extended" number in the old sense of the words is the dance of triumphant Israel before the Ark of the Covenant, chorus up-piled upon chorus, with predecessor and successor contrasted.

To this brevity Honegger joins an intensive concentration upon matter, means, mood and moment. It is as though he would distill and sublimate into his measures the quintessence of each episode; give it forth unthinned and unclogged upon his hearers. The Philistines march to battle—unescapably fierce, strident, barbaric. Solomon is crowned: beyond peradventure the spectacle was sumptuous. At Saul's bidding the Witch of Endor, in The Narrator's speech, summons prophetic shades against an orchestra that begins in mysterious incantation to end in shrieks of frenzy. At the other extreme the "Song of the Handmaid," who is Bathsheba, flows with gentle, quivering, sensuous grace. Israel must upswell with the praise of Jehovah, or beat upon its breast in penitential Psalms. The laments for the dead by the hands of the Philistines at Gilboa, in the wood of Ephraim when Absalom was slain, are tribal mourning, wild, raw, rasping. Again, and the Psalm of the wings of a dove is ascending in rhapsody; yet again, and the Israelites' chorus of trust in Jehovah against their enemies rolls upward and around, wave upon wave. From rejoicing to elation, from elation to frenzy, from frenzy to tempest rises beside the ark the song of victorious Jewry—all the folk in all the passion. Angels make them answer.

As various as his purpose are Honegger's means. There are choruses for which the ancient practice of Bach or Handel is audibly the model. The casual ear may readily detect Stravinsky in the marches, in measures of tribal lament. Here is a footprint of Debussy as he wrote for the choral theater in "The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian"; there a faint thumbmark of Ravel. Massenet, as well as the flesh, rustles in the "Song of the Handmaid." The expert listener smells the Orient of Rimsky-Korsakov; frets, maybe, under chords from Schönberg's study in Vienna. At moments polytonality is clearly a heritage of Israel. To the hunter of styles "King David" is a well-stocked field—but not to the hunter of jots and tittles of reminiscence and imitation.

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By LeRoy

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For Honegger assimilates his styles; transmutes them with his own abundance and energy; uses them less for their own sake, less still as a means of musical salvation, than as the medium that conveys, beyond any other, the given instant in the progress of "King David." He is not repeating Bachian, Handelian, Stravinskian matter; he is not imposing keys one upon another because it is present custom so to do. His own purpose—to evoke, picture, suggest, illude—must be fulfilled by every diversity. In his own vitality, spontaniety, precision, opulence must the music run. Its unity is its enlarging, intensifying fitness to the text in hand. Its distinction is its multifold plenty and power. Its other individualities are an accent and a color unmistakably Honegger's own. His measures wear their own shapes and spaces. The wood-winds and the brass in the orchestra bear witness to his own colorings. Once the hearer shakes off the oratorio-tradition, "King David" is irresistible. Already it is numbered among the summits of the music written in our time. "Petrushka,," "Le Sacre," "Œdipus" and "Antigone" are the names of the other peaks.

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b. Cocks and Hens.
c. The Elephant. (Solo double-bass, A. VONDRAK)
d. Aquarium.
e. Personages with long ears.
f. The Cuckoo in the depth of the forest.
g. Aviary. (Solo flute, P. AMERENA)
h. The Swan. (Solo violoncello, JEAN BEDETTI)
i. Finale

Pianos: BERNARD ZIGHERA, ARTHUR FIEDLER

Berlioz . . . . . Hungarian March ("Rakoczy")

The price of tickets will be 35 cents each.

No adult will be admitted unless accompanying one or more children.

13

EDUARD LALO (1823–1892)

Overture to the Opera "Le Roi d'Ys" ("The King of Ys")

Of course the overture to an opera is supposed to prepare the audience for what is to come. The composer tries thus to establish the right mood before the curtain rises. He will give a foretaste of the principal airs, of which the fine violoncello solo in this overture is one. Some overtures cannot be very well separated from the operas to which they belong. Others, like this one, have proved very serviceable as concert pieces.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN (1770–1827)

Andante Cantabile con moto from the Symphony in C major, No. 1, Op. 21

Other symphonies as marvellous as Beethoven's immortal nine have never been known, and probably never will be. The first of these, of which the graceful slow movement is to be played, sounds youthful and old-fashioned in comparison to those that followed. It is much in the style of Mozart, who had died some nine years before, and of old "Papa" Haydn, Beethoven's master. Yet Beethoven broke a number of rules of composition in this work (to break rules was always his way), and after its first performance in Leipsic in 1801, a critic spoke of the "confused explosions of outrageous effrontery of a clever young man." Perhaps Haydn also highly disapproved. He had used the correcting pencil upon his pupil's exercises with much freedom, and an exasperating indifference. Of course he was indignant when the fractious student looked upon every rule as an open question and thought it a good thing "to learn occasionally what is according to rule that one may deal afterwards with what is contrary to rule." Beethoven's later symphonies worked revolutions in rules several times over. Death spared Haydn the pain of hearing his whole scheme of "musts" and "mustn'ts" strewed in ruins.

When he wrote this, his first symphony, Beethoven was not yet ready to startle the world with great changes and new ideas. This was his first important venture into orchestral music, and it was not like Beethoven to step out boldly until he was perfectly sure of himself. No wonder he picked his steps carefully in this score, clutching Mozart with one hand and Haydn with the other. He soon learned to walk by himself.

This slow movement begins with a lovely songful melody or theme. It is immediately repeated in canon, and then with variations—an embroidery of notes through which the melody sounds even more beautiful than before.

RICHARD WAGNER (1813–1883)

Introduction to Act III, "Lohengrin"

Wagner's overtures and preludes are as powerful as anything in music in creating a mood, and in preparing the hearer for what is to come. In this prelude, for instance, he lifts you up and carries you along with the flood of his music. In three minutes, he has you all expectant of splendid things to follow, in the orchestra and on the stage. And even as the curtain rises, you are absorbed in the musical story.

This prelude, or "Introduction," was of course never intended to be played as a piece by itself. But it works very well that way, and is often included on concert programmes. Observe how the trombones carry the melody.

PETER TCHAIKOVSKY (1840–1893)

"Andante Cantabile" from the String Quartet, Op. 11

Russia has been as rich in folk music as any country in the world, and indeed all the Russian composers have used folk melodies in their scores.

A folk song furnished Tchaikovsky with a beautiful melody for this slow movement. It is touched with sadness—a lament born of the suffering of an oppressed people. Tchaikovsky used it for a string quartet. At this concert, the four individual instruments (first and second violins, viola, and violoncello) will be multiplied into the four corresponding string sections of the orchestra.

NICHOLAS RIMSKY-KORSAKOV (1844–1908)

"The Flight of the Bumble Bee," Scherzo, from the Opera, "Tsar Saltan"

This little Scherzo is typical of Rimsky-Korsakov, the Russian composer and professor of music, who is always pictured in his iron spectacles and long beard. He loved nothing better than a fairy tale to set to music. He was also a lover of nature, and the sounds of birds and insects which floated in the open window of his study would find their way into his scores.

The opera, "Tsar Saltan," is based on an old Russian folk legend and the poem of Pushkin. The Tsar marries the youngest of three sisters, and when he goes off to war, a son and heir is born. The envious sisters send word that the baby is no human being, but a monstrous creature. The Tsar thereupon orders the mother and son (who is in reality a beautiful child) put into a cask and dropped into the sea. They float to a strange island, where the young Prince grows to manhood.

He rescues an enchanted swan, who turns back into a princess and gives him miraculous powers.

Sailors, visiting the island, bear back to the Tsar an account of the marvellous deeds the son has wrought, such as raising a wondrous city from the sea. The Prince transforms himself into a bee, flies with the boat, and accompanies the sailors to the old Tsar's palace. On the opera stage the bee is represented by a dancer. When the crabbed aunts make little of the miracles, the bee stings them. Pain and rage. Things are thrown; but the bee, untouched, again becomes the Prince, embraces his father, and marries the Princess.

CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS (1835–1921) . "THE ANIMALS' CARNIVAL"

A wittier composer than Saint-Saëns, the Frenchman, would be hard to find. Besides writing music in every possible form, he was a fine pianist, a poet, a critic and playwright, a scientist, traveller, and amateur actor. He was always fond of a joke, and the "Carnival of Animals," which he calls a "Grand Zoölogical Fantasia," is really only a joke. It was written for "The Trumpet," a private gathering of musicians and other artists who would make music together.

The various birds and beasts speak for themselves so clearly in the music that the movements will not be hard to follow. Note particularly in the "aquarium" how the fish dart and glide, and in the aviary what wonderful bird notes the flute can make. To suggest the dignified grace of the swan, of course the composer chose the violoncello. The violoncello has a note of sadness, too, which is suitable for the legendary "swan song," the swan's last and only song, which it is supposed to sing as it is about to die. In the Finale you will hear a number of the animals returning to have their final say.

HECTOR BERLIOZ (1803–1869)

MARCH FROM "THE DAMNATION OF FAUST"

When this French composer visited Budapest, he wrote and conducted this march on the popular "Rakoczy" theme. Contrary to the usual way of marches, Berlioz's new piece started quite softly, causing surprise which might have turned to anger, for the Hungarians would not have stood for any tampering with their melody. But the crafty Berlioz plays with the suspense of his audience. He springs surprise after surprise, saving the biggest ones for the end. And when at this first performance the furious climax was reached, with the sharp drumbeats like cannon, there was a storm of excitement—this time enthusiastic.

(Berlioz used this march later in his cantata, "The Damnation of Faust," to depict an army marching across the plains.)

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS

THE AFTERNOONS OF

Wednesday, March 21, and Thursday, March 22, 1928

at 4 o'clock

BY THE

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

RICHARD BURGIN will conduct these concerts

W. H. BRENNAN, Manager — G. E. JUDD, Asst. Manager

PROGRAMME FOR BOTH CONCERTS

Weber	Overture to "Oberon"
Glazounov	Scherzo from the Symphony in B-flat major No. 5, Op. 55
a. Schumann	Träumerei (Dreaming)
b. Beethoven	Turkish March from "The Ruins of Athens"
Sibelius	"Finlandia," Symphonic Poem
a. Pierné	March of the Little Lead Soldiers
b. Skilton	Indian War Dance, from the "Suite Primeval"
Tchaikovsky	Ouverture Solennelle, "1812"

The price of tickets for these concerts is 35 cents each.
No adult will be admitted unless accompanying one or more children.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER (1786–1826).

Overture to the Opera, "Oberon"

The Overture opens with a horn call—the magic horn of Oberon, King of the Elfs, summoning his subjects. It is answered by soft, fairy music, with light, elfin passages for the flutes and clarinets. This leads to a crashing chord for the whole orchestra, and the overture is under way. However, King Oberon's horn is heard again before it is over.

Fairy enchantment usually came into Weber's operas. "Oberon," his last, was written for England, and was first performed in London. It was applauded furiously, and the Overture and several airs had to be repeated. "When the final curtain fell," wrote Weber's son in a book describing his father's life, "the name 'Weber' was shouted incessantly, until the curtain was again raised and Weber stood trembling and exhausted before the frenzied crowd. It was the first time such a demonstration had taken place in England." The composer was then on the verge of sickness and died soon afterwards, never seeing his own country again.

ALEXANDER GLAZOUNOV (1865–)

Second Movement from the Symphony in B-flat major, No. 5, Op. 55

Scherzo: Moderato; Pochissimo meno mosso.

When Glazounov wrote this symphony in 1895 he was considered a leader, and a bold one, in the development of the art of music in Russia. He is now no longer numbered among the adventurous creative musicians, for music has in Russia and elsewhere found many new fields and ways since that time. But Glazounov is today highly respected for his zealous work in behalf of music and musicians, and admired for the skill and characteristic color of the large amount of music he has composed.

The early symphonies of Mozart and Haydn always had a minuet movement. These minuets were always graceful and charming, but when Beethoven wrote his symphonies, a generation later, he found the minuet form old-fashioned and no longer to his purpose. So he substituted the scherzo—just as light, but more lively and whimsical. It gave freer play to his fancy, and musical sense of humor, and made an excellent contrast between the grave slow movement and the tumultuous and brilliant "Finale" of a symphony. Neither Glazounov nor any other composer of symphonies has been able to find anything better than the scherzo.

ROBERT SCHUMANN (1810–1856)

"Träumerei" ("Dreaming") from the Kinderscenen

Schumann's "Kinderscenen" (in which "Träumerei" is one of the numbers) is about children, but not so easy to play as his "Album for the Young," from which every youthful pianist can perform at least "The Merry Farmer." We may take it for granted that these delightful series were inspired by his three eldest daughters, Julie, Elsie, and Marie, who probably did their best to play the piano according to the illustrious example of their mother and father.

"Träumerei" might be translated as "dreamy mood," or "fancies." The simple melody is here played in an arrangement for muted strings.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN (1770–1827)

Turkish March from "The Ruins of Athens," Op. 113

This march begins very softly, and gradually grows louder, as if a parade were approaching. Then the band seems to pass us and grow faint again as it vanishes in the distance. It doesn't seem to be a particularly Turkish procession—in fact it is rather hard to find anything really Turkish in the music. Composers of a century ago knew very little about oriental music, and we may be sure that Beethoven did not go to Turkey for his themes when he wrote the incidental music for the play "The Ruins of Athens."

This march probably passed for Turkish in Beethoven's day, and yet its characteristics—its speed, and the use of bass drum and cymbals—were all entirely unknown to the Turks.

It is since then that Russia has risen as a great musical nation between the west and the east, mingling the two styles.

JAN SIBELIUS (1865–)

"Finlandia," Symphonic Poem, Op. 26, No. 7

Finland, the northland of untracked forests, swift streams, and a thousand fair lakes, is a little country, and sparsely populated. This, of course, means that it has been much preyed upon by its larger neighbors. Alternately under the yoke of Russia and Sweden through many years, oppression has only increased the Finn's proud independence of spirit, and his devotion to his country.

There arose among them a composer, Jan Sibelius, who made their folklore and music his first interest. Although he never used the actual folk melodies in his scores, yet almost everything he has written is steeped in the particular character and genius of the

Finns. As a result, Finland is vastly proud of its composer, while the rest of the world, through his music, has become acquainted with the Finnish people.

As for "Finlandia," when Sibelius composed it in 1894, it became such a storm center of national feeling that the Russian Imperial Government forbade its performance.

GABRIEL PIERNÉ (1863–)

"Marche des Petits Soldats de Plomb"
("March of the Little Lead Soldiers")

If Beethoven's is a march in miniature, this march of Pierné, the French composer is still further reduced to the proportions of a brave little company of tin soldiers.

Instead of the bass drum, Pierné uses the lightest rat-tat on the snare drum, and by muting the trumpet and having it play its highest notes, pianissimo, he produces just the sounds a little bugler of lead might be expected to make.

CHARLES SANFORD SKILTON (1868–)

War Dance from the "Suite Primeval"

If there is "Turkish" music that is not really Turkish, there is also plenty of "Indian" music that is not Indian—at the movies and elsewhere. Of course, the only real Indian music would be their own—but Skilton's is not far from this. He taught music for a number of years at the State University in Kansas, which happened to be near an Indian University—Haskell Institute. Skilton studied and noted down a number of tribal melodies, which he used in his "Suite Primeval."

PETER TCHAIKOVSKY (1840–1893)

Ouverture Solennelle, "1812," Op. 49

This Overture is what might be called a "battle piece." Tchaikovsky, the famous Russian composer, was asked to write a work to be played at the dedication of the Church of the Redeemer in Moscow, in 1881. It celebrates the triumph of the Russian army over Napoleon, the mighty general before whom all Europe had trembled. It was in 1812, a year well known to every Russian, that Napoleon sacked Moscow, but was vanquished at the Battle of Borodino. The Overture was performed by a huge orchestra in the public square before the church. Church bells were pealed during the last measures, and volleys of cannon fired off. In the concert performance, tubular bells are used, and the cannon shots are thundered out by the bass drum.

The Overture starts quietly enough with the hymn "God, Preserve thy People," but we see action before very long. The two sides in the battle are suggested by the Russian national hymn and the Marseillaise. The two hymns clash in a terrific combat. The Russian hymn finally triumphs over the French.

RICHARD
BURGIN

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RICHARD
BURGIN

CONCERT FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Post Ja 26,28

Symphony Matinee With Burgin Conducting

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Music of Russian and Scandinavian composers figures largely in the programme of the Symphony Orchestra's second pair of Young People's Concerts, of which one occurred yesterday at the same hour, 4 o'clock. As has now become the established custom, Mr. Burgin is conducting both these concerts.

By way of beginning, the youngsters are hearing Rimsky-Korsakov's Overture to his opera, "May Night," an altogether delightful piece that has somehow escaped the programmes of the regular Symphony Concerts, though it is said that Mr. Koussevitzky purposes playing it in the near future. Liadov's tone-picture of the witch Baba Yaga is the other Russian number, and the Scandinavian excerpt is the seldom heard second suite from Grieg's incidenal music to "Peer Gynt." An American composition has also place on this programme in Leo Sowerby's brief and amusing fantasy on "The Irish Washerwoman," while the German classics claim the rest; Schubert, with the Andante from the String Quartet in D minor, Mozart with two movements of the Symphony in E flat and Wagner with the "Valkyries' Ride."

Frequent attendance at these interesting occasions makes clear, first, that young listeners like a familiar tune: witness the response of yesterday's audience to Mr. Sowerby's jig. Again, instruments attract the attention quite irrespective of the music they play: the sweeping harp-chords in Grieg's "Solveg's Song," the flourish of kettledrums at the beginning and end of Ingrid's Lament, yesterday set youthful necks to craning. And the third impression is that rhythm, if it be duly punctuated and underscored, has an effect even more potent than melody.

The performance of these pieces yesterday was in the orchestra's best vein. Mr. Burgin grows as a conductor. Yesterday's audience would fain have had "Baba Yaga" over again, but on this occasion there were no repetitions.

YOUNG PEOPLE HEAR SYMPHONY

Herald

Boston Orchestra Plays for City's Youth

Jan 26, 1928

The first of the young people's concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra was given yesterday afternoon at Symphony hall with Richard Burgin conducting. The program was as follows: Rimsky-Korsakov, Overture to the opera "May Night"; Schubert, Andante from the String Quartet in D minor, Variations on the Song, "Death and the Maiden"; Mozart, two movements from the Symphony E flat major; Grieg, Suite No. 2, from the incidental music to Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," Ingrid's Lament, Solveg's Song and Dance of the Troll King's Daughter; Liadov, "Baba Yaga," Tone Picture after Russian Folk Tale; Sowerby, "The Irish Washerwoman"; Wagner, "The Ride of the Valkyries" from "The Valkyrie."

The audience that attended this concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra was extremely courteous and enthusiastic. If it had not been for the brilliant colors of the younger generation's costumes and a few irrepressible giggles from those of high school age, one might have thought the orderly rows were filled with serene elders entranced by the vivid music which floated down from the stage or hopped about joyously as it seemed to in some of the selections.

Young people are noted for their frankness, and as they are not in a habit of laying this aside for an afternoon, there was no doubt about the music which met with their greatest favor. This frankness was refreshing. Grieg's incidental music from the "Peer Gynt" suite, with its warmth and interesting rhythm had the greatest appeal, while the jollity of Sowerby's "The Irish Washerwoman" set a few heads wagging, and many grins of familiarity burst on grandmother's face as well as the young man's for whose benefit it was being played.

"Baba Yaga," inspired by a Russian folk tale, was the next in popularity, a brilliant piece of music with richness and feeling in abundance. Schubert was welcomed for a little while, and then his honeyed sweetness in this Andante in D minor seemed to pall. It takes a June night, a rose garden and Schubert's tunes in the distance to make him more intoxicating than Wagner, Liadov and even Sowerby.

Richard Burgin, who directed this program, is known to those who attend Symphony concerts. His violin has a particularly beautiful voice, and he plays it as only a remarkable musician can play. It was a pleasure to see him direct the orchestra in his intelligent, musicianly way.

The program was also well selected and arranged. The glorious "Ride of the Valkyries" would have kept anyone but children silent to the last splendid blast, and even then it succeeded very

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS

THE AFTERNOONS OF

Wednesday, January 25, and Thursday, January 26, 1928

at 4 o'clock

BY THE

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

RICHARD BURGIN will conduct these concerts

W. H. BRENNAN, Manager — G. E. JUDD, Asst. Manager

PROGRAMME FOR BOTH CONCERTS

Rimsky-Korsakov . . . Overture to the Opera, "May Night"

Schubert . . . Andante from the String Quartet in D minor
Variations on the Song, "Death and the Maiden"

Mozart . . . . . Two movements from the Symphony in E-flat major (Koechel No. 543)

Minuet: Trio.
Finale: Allegro.

Grieg . . . . . Suite No. 2 from the Incidental Music to Ibsen's "Peer Gynt"

a. Ingrid's Lament.
b. Solveg's Song.
c. Dance of the Troll King's Daughter.

a. Liadov . . . . . "Baba Yaga," Tone Picture after a Russian Folk Tale, Op. 56

b. Sowerby . . . . . "The Irish Washerwoman"

Wagner . . . . . "The Ride of the Valkyries" from "The Valkyrie"

The price of tickets will be 35 cents each

No adult will be admitted unless accompanying one or more children

Mr. Burgin and Youth TA. 3-22-28

Enter once more—for the last time this season—the Young People's Concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Yesterday (as also today) Mr. Burgin conducted through a program of music that gave unusual pleasure. For with a few exceptions that program played directly upon one of the most fundamental bases of musical perception, the instinct for rhythm. And those few exceptions, only sufficient to heighten and renew by their contrast the effect of rhythmical stimulus, in themselves addressed another of the basic musical instincts, the instinct for simple, direct, well-rounded melody, clothed in a tonal garb at once beautiful to the senses. These two types hold the entire program. While within the rhythms themselves there was an endless amount of variety.

For the gentler music, here used as contrast, there was first of all the introduction to Weber's overture to "Oberon," with its beautifully toned horn call and its pleasing melodies; there was Schumann's "Träumerei," known wherever childhood knows music; there were lastly the melodic introduction and the songful and highly ornamented pastorale from Rossini's overture, "William Tell." But even more than to these choice morsels the children thrilled to the music of rhythms. After Sibelius's "Finlandia," strenuous, heroic, applause doubled and tripled itself. And for Mr. Skilton's Indian War Dance from that composer's "Suite Primeval" the children demanded —and received—repetition.

Picture for a moment the various rhythms represented on this program. Then realize why the audience of youth responded to it. First came the overture to "Oberon." The calmer beauties of the introduction served but to whet the appetite for the out-and-out fun that the main section brings. It is jolly. Children could romp to it. Does the pedant object? Only if he is more interested in "education" than in the children. For such a "romping" music gives the children a true contact between music and a life that is peculiarly their own. Next the Scherzo from Glazunov's fifth symphony. Now a scherzo is properly speaking a jest—let us bring it down to the third decade of the twentieth century and call it plainly, a joke. Not necessarily (in actual fact infrequently) a broad vaudevilian joke. Rather a play of sly humor. Such was Glazunov's scherzo of these concerts with its pizzicatos and its charming coloring. Next came Schumann's favorite, already mentioned. Then there was Beethoven's so-called Turkish March from "The Ruins of Athens," music in rhythms which the composer vainly imagined to be exotic. Like Mozart in his "Seraglio" Beethoven depends for his "Turkish" effect almost entirely on certain vigors of accent. But these vigors again, (whether Turkish or not matters not a whit) have something in common with the elemental instinct of the youngest of these young people.

From the playful rhythms, the delicately humorous rhythm, the direct and obvious and forceful rhythm thus far presented Mr. Burgin then proceeded to more broadly applied rhythms, to rhythms with a greater thrill. In these he met his best response from the young listeners. Surely something in them connected up closely with those blasts of brass, those excited swirling rhythms, those frenzies, perhaps also with the melancholy of that contrasting melody, certainly with the gorgeous coloring of the whole and with the overpowering excitement of the final climax. Then, as foil for such energies came the fun of Pierné's March of the Little Lead Soldiers". Here again the children are at play. How beautifully their little marching mechanical toys play for them. And the children are rightly amused and pleased. Once more something strenuous, this time Professor Skilton's Indian Dance. Drums and tom-toms and a wild two-note motif are the substance of this dance. One can believe this to be as authentic an Indian music as has come to the concert platform No lack of the exotic here. Wisely Mr. Skilton lays on and spares not. Here are not the Indian bucks and squaws dressed in the filmy silks and satins of the East; here one hears them in their native tribal state, with pounding vigors and thumping violences of their frantic dance. Again stuff to fire the imaginations of the youngsters. And finally, the overture to "William Tell". No piece of music is more of a sure-fire thriller. The melody of the beginning, the storm that follows it, the succeeding pastorale, the excitement of the fanfare which is the finale, all are beloved of the children. An admirable conclusion of a singularly well-planned program.

One notes with pleasure also, excellences in performance. Had Mr Burgin not responded to the various stimuli of the music, the youth that sat before him would never have responded to him. Energies and vigors were his, even as they were of the composer—and of the children. And to such of the more strenuous qualities he adds no small degree of subtlety, of delineative power, of skill in the molding of melody. Not an isolated example of increasing powers as a conductor was the previous concert in this series. Mr. Burgin has now repeated. His stock as a conductor is rapidly rising.

A. H. M.

YOUNG FOLKS LIKE THE DRUM

Symphony Plays Pieces They Admire at Concert

Post March 22, 28

Music with a "punch" was what most pleased the youthful audience at the Symphony Orchestra's concert for young people at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The rousing close of Sibelius's symphonic poem "Finlandia" so stirred the youngsters that it seemed for a time as though Mr. Burgin, who was conducting, must yield to their wishes and repeat the piece. And with the Indian War Dance from Skilton's "Suite Primeval" that followed soon upon the programme such a repetition was in fact not only sought but granted.

The potent effect of rhythm and of percussion at these concerts has been noted many times. It was not merely the music of Sibelius but his use of the bass drum that excited in "Finlandia," and the simulation of an Indian war-drum persistently beaten had no doubt much to do with the success yesterday of Mr. Skilton's piece. Between these two numbers came Pierne's March of the Little Lead Soldiers, and how the youthful necks were craned at the first tappings of the snare-drum at the commencement of the French composer's dainty conceit.

Wisely, Mr. Burgin sought this rhythmic element in most of yesterday's programme which, by the way, will be repeated this afternoon at the same hour, 4 o'clock. It is the rhythm that counts in the Scherzo from Glazounov's Symphony Number Five, and in the Turkish March from Beethoven's music to "the Ruins of Athens," in not a little of Weber's Overture to "Oberon" and in much of Rossini's Overture to "William Tell" with which the brief concert concluded. Only Schumann's "Traumerei," tenderly played by muted strings, completely avoided marked accentuation.

As before at these concerts Mr. Burgin conducted with genuine mastery, while the orchestra makes the same effort that it does when it plays to a supposedly more critical audience of adults.

TO REPEAT YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERT

Herald March 23, 28

Last of the Season by Boston Symphony This Afternoon

The third and last of the young people's concerts of the season by the Boston Symphony orchestra was given yesterday afternoon, and will be repeated this afternoon at 4 o'clock, Richard Burgin, concertmaster of the orchestra, conducting. The program was as follows: Weber, overture to "Oberon"; Glazounov, scherzo from the symphony in B flat major, No. 5, op. 55; Schumann, Traumerei (Dreaming); Beethoven, Turkish march from "The Ruins of Athens"; Sibelius, "Finlandia," symphonic poem; Pierne, March of the Little Lead Soldiers; Skilton, Indian war dance from the "Suite Primeval"; Rossini, overture to "William Tell."

It is a fine thing for young people to hear music, excellent music, played by such an organization as the Boston Symphony orchestra. At an age when music is sure to make an impression, these concerts offer great advantages to become acquainted with good music, well played, advantages not to be taken lightly. In the first place the programs are carefully made. Here one finds music that will appeal to a junior audience, and there is little wonder at the enthusiasm it inspires.

Mr. Burgin has won whole-hearted approval from his young audience. His straightforward manner, as well as his musicianliness, has gained him his laurels, by no means an easy task with critical young people, who are more intuitive than an average group and many times less charitable. Rapt and interested attention, unvarnished applause and keen delight are the rewards of the Boston Symphony from young Boston and who, knowing children, will say that that is not the greatest praise possible.

The entire program was enjoyed yesterday, but the Indian war dance from the "Suite Primeval" had to be repeated. There was not a greater number of young men, than what used to be the gentler sex, in the audience, so one might say that the fascination of the music itself appealed. The symphonic poem, "Finlandia," was perhaps the next favorite, with the rest of the excellent selections holding their own in turn. For an example of the romantic music, Dreaming was a happy thought. Musical, not too long and familiar, enough so that a keener appreciation of Glozounov and Pierne was sure to be. That is the way with mice and men, and so perhaps their children. C. M. D.

Tomorrow's Public Jan 26, 1928

Probably only a very small minority of those who hold tickets for one of the regular series of concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra have any knowledge of the educational concerts which that orchestra gives. Its Friday and Saturday concerts, its Monday series, its Tuesday afternoon series all the musical world knows about. But how many know that it also gives a series of Young People's Concerts, at four o'clock on certain Wednesday and Thursday afternoons? Yet surely none of the concerts of the orchestra are more important than these, for from the youngsters who attend these concerts must come in part at least the future subscribers to the "regular" series.

Nor would the casual visitor appreciate at once the care that has gone into the making of these programs. Such a visitor on entering is given merely a sheet of paper containing the printed program; he is ushered to a seat; hears the concert as led by Mr. Burgin; departs. He has probably had no inkling that there is anything "educational" about all this. Nor is there any intention that he should. There has been no lecturing, there have been no obtruding notes about the program. But the truth is, the schools have been invited to prepare their pupils for the numbers to be played. To them "program notes" have been sent. Not notes burdened with scholarly information, but stories about the music, the lives of the composers who wrote it, the things or events that have inspired it. Thus prepared come many of the young people. A better system of preparation could hardly be imagined.

An equal care apparently goes into the making of the program. Again, the careless visitor might see nothing but a program of comparatively simple music. If he looks more closely he will see that the music is made up entirely of two kinds—music about which a story can legitimately be told (and how many stories are told illegitimately, fabricated out of whole cloth, in the name of "education" or "musical appreciation"!), and music with a strongly rhythmical appeal. Music has been chosen which shall rouse in the one instance the child's imagination and in the other make the most fundamental sense appeal that can be made to him. Professors could not have chosen more wisely. Where is the child who would not delight in hearing the tale of Rimsky-Korsakov's opera, "May Night," whose overture was played; or thrill at the text of the song "Death and the Maiden," used here for string variations; or long to join in the adventures of Peer Gynt, or hear the Russian folk tale of Baba Yaga? Or what child would be able to keep his feet entirely still while a Mozart Minuet was being played; whose ears would not tickle at the snap of the succeeding finale; who would not feel himself jigging with "The Irish Washerwoman"; or be swept off his feet entirely by the "Ride of the Valkyrs"? That the children did respond to this music was evident. For there was attention, and in many cases rapt interest on the faces of most of them. And the most of them were of tender ages, at that.

It is also possible that the blasé concert-goer or even the wise composer might learn something from these little ones. The learning process seldom goes entirely in one direction. "Ingrid's Lament" from the Peer Gynt suite of Ibsen is a case in point. Probably no one experienced in the ways of the concert hall would do other than to accept the tortured dissonances, the increasing drum roll at the climatic points of this selection as other than a true expression of extreme anguish. Yet in a pause after the first time the effect was used several tiny voices giggled. After the repetition more voices giggled. To them these high strung effects were pure burlesque. Thinking it over, one concludes that no fair-minded man can call the children wrong.—Composers, if you would have unbiased test of your emotional effects, try them out on some unspoiled children!

As to performance, Mr. Burgin must have credit for getting excellent results from the orchestra. These seem to be the days of Mr. Burgin. Not often in a life time does one observe so much development in a man as Mr. Burgin has showed since the December Young People's Concert. His conducting yesterday showed a plasticity and flexibility, a rhythmic decisiveness and at times an authority hitherto utterly unsuspected and entirely unrevealed in him. Mr. Burgin appears to be throwing off the constricting shackles which keep many a would-be conductor from being anything more than a time-beater. Not in his solo recitals, not in his previous conducting, not in any other activity than his work as concertmaster of the orchestra has he in the past displayed the depth of musicianship that he showed yesterday afternoon. He is still a young man. As a conductor he may yet become a figure to be reckoned with.

And finally, since educational matters have been under discussion, those who are in charge of these young people might teach them one thing. It is polite in concert halls to observe absolute quiet when the conductor raises his baton to begin to play. Not always did Mr. Burgin secure such quiet from his young audience. Though it must be said that talking and restlessness stopped almost simultaneously with the beginning of the music. Yet it would be well for teachers to teach the amenities of the concert hall as well as the beauties of the music. A. H. M.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

FORTY-EIGHTH SEASON (1928-1929) OF THE

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

---

24 Friday Afternoon Concerts

24 Saturday Evening Concerts

RENEWAL CARDS HAVE BEEN MAILED TO ALL FRIDAY AND SATURDAY SUBSCRIBERS. IF ANY SUBSCRIBER HAS NOT RECEIVED HIS NOTICE, HE IS REQUESTED TO APPLY AT THE SUBSCRIPTION OFFICE.

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W. H. BRENNAN, Manager,
Symphony Hall, Boston.

2-1

The Trustees
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Boston Symphony Orchestra, Inc.,
thank all who by their subscriptions have
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concerts possible.

1927 - 1928

Estimated Operating Deficit . . .	$85,000.00
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The Trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Inc., thank all subscribers who so generously donated their Symphony tickets to be sold for the benefit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Inc., Endowment Fund.

The amount received this season will exceed $7,000.00.

First Programme

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 14
AT 8.15

Berlioz . . . . . Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini," Op. 23

Brahms . . . . . Symphony No. 3 in F major, Op. 90

I. Allegro con brio.
II. Andante.
III. Poco allegretto.
IV. Allegro.

Ravel . . . . . "Ma Mère l'Oye" ("Mother Goose")
Five Children's Pieces

I. Pavane de la Belle au Bois Dormant.
(Pavane of Sleeping Beauty.)
II. Petit Poucet.
(Hop o' my Thumb.)
III. Laideronnette, Impératrice des Pagodes.
(Laideronette, Empress of the Pagodas.)
IV. Les Entretiens de la Belle et de la Bête.
(Beauty and the Beast Converse.)
V. Le Jardin Féerique.
(The Fairy Garden.)

Tchaikovsky . . . Fantasia, "Francesca da Rimini," Op. 32
(after Dante)

There will be an intermission after the symphony

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Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

SYMPHONY HALL - - - BOSTON

SECOND CONCERT

MONDAY EVENING SERIES

MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 12, at 8.15 o'clock

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

PROGRAMME

Haydn . . . . Symphony in G major (Breitkopf & Hartel No. 13)

I. Adagio; Allegro.
II. Largo.
III. Menuetto; Trio.
IV. Finale: Allegro con spirito.

Strauss . . . "Don Juan," Tone Poem (after Lenau)

Martinù . . . . . "La Bagarre" ("The Tumult") Allegro for Orchestra

Honegger . . Incidental Music to D'Annunzio's "Fedra"
Prelude to Act III

Stravinsky . . . Orchestral Suite from the Ballet "Petrouchka"

Russian Dance—Petrouchka—Grand Carnival—Nurses' Dance—The Bear and the Peasant playing a Hand Organ —The Merchant and the Gypsies—The Dance of the Coachmen and Grooms—The Masqueraders.

Third Programme

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 23
AT 8.15

Rimsky-Korsakov . . Symphonic Suite "Scheherazade" (after "The Thousand Nights and a Night"), Op. 35

I. The Sea and Sindbad's Ship.
II. The Story of the Kalander Prince.
III. The Young Prince and the Young Princess.
IV. Festival at Bagdad. The Sea. The Ship goes to Pieces on a Rock surmounted by a Bronze Warrior. Conclusion.

Chopin . . . . Concerto No. 2 in F minor for Pianoforte and Orchestra, Op. 21

I. Maestoso.
II. Larghetto.
III. Allegro vivace.

Wagner . . . . . Overture to "Tannhäuser"

SOLOIST
DAI BUELL

CHICKERING PIANO USED

There will be an intermission after Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade"

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FORTY-SEVENTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-SEVEN AND TWENTY-EIGHT

Fourth Programme

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 20

AT 8.15

Bach . . . . Concerto No. 2 in F major, for Violin, Flute, Oboe and Trumpet (Edited by Felix Mottl)

(Messrs. BURGIN, LAURENT, GILLET, MAGER)

I. Allegro moderato.
II. Andante.
III. Allegro.

Liszt . . . . Concerto for Pianoforte in E-flat, No. 1

Sibelius . . . . Symphony No. 1 in E minor, Op. 39

I. Andante ma non troppo; Allegro energico.
II. Andante ma non troppo lento.
III. Allegro.
IV. Finale (Quasi una Fantasia): Andante; Allegro molto.

SOLOIST

GEORGE LIEBLING

KIMBALL PIANO USED

There will be an intermission of ten minutes before the symphony

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STANDARD AND SALIENT

To a Monday Audience the Symphony Orchestra Plays "Scheherazade" and the Overture to "Tannhaeuser"—Wise Miss Buell

Jan 24, 1928

FOR the regular Symphony Concerts Mr. Koussevitzky reserves his innovations and excitements. Standard pieces are the word for the supplementary Mondays and the Tuesdays of the matinées. To both comes an audience preferring the familiar to the strange, liking music best when it is salient. For last evening, then, (which was the second Monday) Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade," the overture to Wagner's "Tannhäuser" and, for middle piece in curious sandwiching, Chopin's piano-concerto in F minor. The suite from The Arabian Nights outpours color and Mr. Koussevitzky spares not in the drenching. One by one also, the virtuosi of the orchestra have their solo-turn. The first violin is the Sultana herself and these are Mr. Burgin's palmiest days. Even the bassoon, telling the Kalendar's tale, has an inning; while flute and clarinet lack not in particular laurels. Color touches an audience nearly. It is agreeable pastime when solo-voice follows solo-voice. Add the sensuous sound, the strange tangs and pleasure is reasonably complete. Mr. Koussevitzky waves his stick; the orchestra turns the panorama.

To this day the Overture to "Tannhäuser," unlike much else in the opera, holds its own. The Pilgrims' Chorus wends into the distance, but everyone knows it will return. Let the orchestra wander the Venusberg, let the clarinet sing the goddess's praise. None the less defeat is inevitable. Who shall beat down the trumpets and the trombones of the conquering Pilgrims? No conductor in this world, least of all Mr. Koussevitzky. He has his crochets with Wagner; but there is little room for them among the Pilgrims or in Venus's cavern. Wagner knew what he wanted and left "interpreters" few loopholes. Along the way he set in more than one good tune and arrayed musico-dramatically an everlasting human conflict. They will be playing the Overture when "Tannhäuser" in toto is as rare to our grandchildren as "The Flying Dutchman" to us.

Betwixt and between the Concerto of Chopin, in these days barely on the edge of the active repertory. No doubt the composer spreads it thin; while orchestral parts were for him duty and labor. Innocently he writes them; while retouching, happily absent last evening, the more reveals the innocence. Possibly the form a little dazed Chopin. In twenty other pieces for piano alone, he speaks out ten times more vigorously. Salon-piece the Concerto in F minor remains and in salon-tones with salon shadings Miss Buell played it. To do so is taste plus discretion.

N. N.

SYMPHONY GIVES THIRD OF SERIES

Her Jan 24 28

Orchestra Thrills Audience with "Scheherazade"

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitsky, conductor, gave the following program for the third of the Monday evening series, Dai Buell, soloist; Rimsky-Korsakov, Spmphonic Suite "Scheherazade" (after "The Thousand Nights and a Night"); Chopin, Concerto No. 2 in F minor for Pianoforte and Orchestra; Wagner, Overture to "Tannhauser."

Words are weak, futile things when it comes to describing "Scheherazade"—it is a glorious tale set to tune and rhythm, inspiring the imagination to an orgy and making the emotions swell within one to uncomfortable proportions. Such music is made for mere humans, but it is difficult to move about the ordinary world after its spell.

Perhaps Mr. Koussevitsky realized he would have his audience on his hands if he did not jolt them a bit with Wagner and a precious jolt the "Tannhauser" overture becomes when played by this estimable orchestra.

The soloist, Dai Buell, was warmly received by a large audience in the Chopin concerto.

C. M. D.

25

Fourth Programme

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 20

AT 8.15

Bach . . . . . Concerto No. 2 in F major, for Violin, Flute, Oboe and Trumpet (Edited by Felix Mottl)

(Messrs. BURGIN, LAURENT, GILLET, MAGER)

I. Allegro moderato.
II. Andante.
III. Allegro.

Liszt . . . . . Concerto for Pianoforte in E-flat, No. 1

Sibelius . . . . . Symphony No. 1 in E minor, Op. 39

I. Andante ma non troppo; Allegro energico.
II. Andante ma non troppo lento.
III. Allegro.
IV. Finale (Quasi una Fantasia): Andante; Allegro molto.

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C. M. D.

BACH TO SIBELIUS

A Concerto in Quiet Beauty—A Symphony Eloquent and Reflective — Liszt, Too, Though Not Persuasively

BACH; Liszt; Sibelius. Two concerti and a symphony. Such was the fare at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last evening. Mr. George Liebling, pupil of Franz Liszt, played the solo part in that composer's Concerto in E-flat. Messrs. Burgin, Laurent, Gillet, Mager were the soloists of the concertino group in Bach's Concerto in F major. And the symphony was the first of Sibelius, in E minor.

Fashions, musical fashions, may come and go. Theories may change "values." The music of one composer may go up in popular esteem while that of another goes down, and soon the whole process may reverse itself. But it is difficult to see how such a work as Bach's concerto shall lose one jot or one tittle of its validity. Beauty sits upon it in every measure, beauty many sided and of various hues. There is beauty in the calm and even flow of thought, be that flow of rapid or of slow motion. There is beauty in the way that thought is expressed, in the fanciful figuration, in the enchainment of long-sustained tone with long-sustained tone. There is beauty in the mere phpsical sound of these contrasting tones themselves. Lastly, there is beauty in the exquisite performance which conductor, soloists, orchestra gave to it last evening. It does not require a theorist or an apologist to discover that Bach is par excellence the musician for all time.

Twice in little more than twenty-four hours some of us have heard Liszt's concerto. Disappointment on Sunday (not in performance) still held out hope that with the assistance of a virtuoso orchestra under a virtuoso conductor with an authoritative Lisztian pianist, the concerto might regain its former high place. Of course the orchestra (including the triangle!) played superbly, —barked out one theme, sang aspiringly another, was sportive with third. Of course Mr. Liebling, the pianist, would bring out every drop of "expression" in its melodies; would fling about impetuosities or would charm with graces. Of course pianist and orchestra united in perfect ensemble to woo gently or to storm the heights. Such was Lisztian purpose. But when all was finished, what was the result? One listener—not an habitual concert-goer—one who responded to the beauties of Bach and thrilled to the excitements of Sibelius, admitted frankly that she was bored by Liszt; that the Liszt of this concerto touched nothing within her; that it seemed hollow and empty, dust and ashes. And such testimony, spontaneously given, is sometimes worth more than the finely reasoned opinions of those whose business it is to attend concerts. Further, it probably should not go without mention that Mr. Liebling's echnic was curiously uncertain in many an octave passage—and otherwise.

For many, Sibelius furnished climax that followed, despite Lisztian interruption. upon the cool, refreshing beauties of Bach. Forget for a moment that Sibelius is speaking for and out of his own Finland in this symphony. Consider only the stuff from which it is made. Its every theme is laden the very essence of musical thought. They speak out in a language that all can understand—though the inflections of this universal language may be those of a single country. Of such stuff are the song of the mournful clarinet at the beginning, the ardent motives which make up that intense first theme, the delicacies and mysteries of that second theme; or again the wistfulness and the serenity of a slow movement; or the humor of that roughshod and fantastical theme of the scherzo. But music is more than themes, however full of meaning and significance those themes may be. Out of the themes the composer weaves his tonal web; they are but the strands that go into the making of it. Into this facture the composer breathes the breath of life. His music becomes life itself. (And Sibelius is one of the few moderns who actually does breathe the breath of life into his work.) Thus one responds to it, lives over again precious moments with the composer. That is, when one has a Boston Symphony Orchestra and a Koussevitzky for guide. A. H. M.

GEORGE LIEBLING SYMPHONY SOLOIST

Fourth Program of Monday Series Given Last Night

The fourth program of the Monday night series of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, was given last night, George Liebling, soloist. The program was as follows: Bach, concerto No. 2 in F major, for violin, flute, oboe and trumpet (edited by Felix Mottl); Liszt, concerto for pianoforte in E flat, No. 1; Sibelius, symphony No. 1 in E minor.

The soloists of the Bach concerto were Messrs. Burgin, Laurent, Gillet, and Mager. As usual, the music was played superbly. Nothing but the highest praise can be given. Is there another trumpet so cheerful and gay as in this concerto? It seems almost argumentative.

andante movement: "Steeped in his proper pathos, the pathos of brief bland summers, of light that falls a moment, gentle and mellow and then dies away." The orchestra accomplished this.

One is always moved to quote from the poets after hearing the Boston Symphony under Mr. Koussevitzky's leadership as, for instance, "The music rose with its voluptuous swell," and "music's golden tongue," but if the patrons of music, the muses, Orpheus, Euterpe or Terpsichore could but listen, would they not be satisfied? C. M. D.

OLD MADE NEW BY SYMPHONY

Liszt's Concerto With Liebling at Piano

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Only yesterday it was conjectured in these columns that in this year of 1928 no performance could make Liszt's Piano Concerto in E-flat major continuously engrossing, yet for that unlooked-for happening it was necessary to wait only until last evening when George Liebling played the piece with the Symphony Orchestra at the fourth of the current series of Monday concerts.

To make convincing nowadays the music of Liszt, particularly in its more flamboyant aspects, it is seemingly necessary for the performer to believe heart and soul in its validity. As one of the dwindling army of Liszt's pupils, although his youthful appearance and sprightly demeanor belie that fact, Mr. Liebling undoubtedly does so believe, else his playing of last evening could not have rung so true. From his first measure to his last Mr. Liebling let no opportunity slip; every phrase, almost every note was invested with significance and meaning; while with the orchestral portion Mr Koussevitsky was no less scrupulous and divining. The solo phrases of which Liszt made such adroit use were expressively sung, the rythms tingled, the colors sparkled. The piece was, in short, completely reanimated, approached by all concerned as though it were fresh from the composer's work-table, not a war-horse scarred by many battles.

By no means was last evening's audience unappreciative of the merits of this performance, and Mr. Liebling was recalled many times. It is also possible to believe that his lively, almost sportive entrances and exits did something toward whetting the audience's desire to see more of him.

To one accustomed to the reserves of the Friday afternoon symphony subscribers the enthusiasm of these Monday gatherings are indeed refreshing. First on the programme last evening stood Bach's Second Brandenburg Concerto for violin, flute, oboe and trumpet, much played by the orchestra of late, and at is conclusion this audience displayed a fervor of appreciation that but few pieces or few performances could evoke from the Friday gatherings. Here too, of course, was present that surest goad to applause, the solo-performer—and not merely one, but four, since in this piece the individual prowess of Messrs. Burgin, Laurent, Gillet and Mager is shown into sharp relief.

occasion for further demonstration of enthusiasm came the First Symphony of Sibelius to which Mr. Koussevitsky gives so vivid a reading.

SIC TRANSIT MONDAY

A Symphony Program Ranging from Gluck and Mozart to the Inevitable "Pathetic"—Mr. Dushkin as Able Soloist—The Season Now Past

LAST evening at Symphony Hall the Boston Symphony Orchestra played the last of its Monday concerts for the season 1927-28. With Gluck Mr. Koussevitzky began his program. For his first number he played a suite of dances which Felix Mottl had drawn from three of Gluck's operas. A march gave way to the minuet, then reasserted itself—"Alceste" and "Iphigenia in Aulis" were the respective sources. A "Grazioso" out of "Paris and Helen," a "Slavic Dance" from "Iphigenia" completed the suite. To modern ears the vigors of the march—and there were vigors, very real ones—sounded rather gentle. But the refinements, the elegances of the minuet were compensation. In the most graceful of rhythmic figures came the next number, "grazioso" in actual fact as well as in name. Equally, the Slavic dance glowed with genuine exotic color. Neither Mozart nor Beethoven, writing a "Turkish" music, find a tenth as much of that color for their music. Even to the same modern ear it remains compelling. Mottl furnished an excellent version for modern orchestral forces, though at times his timbres seemed a bit dark, his orchestration a bit heavy for Gluck. Admirably Mr. Koussevitzky and his men caught the spirit of this charming old music of Glucks, a thing of beauty they gave it forth to their fortunate hearers.

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BACH TO SIBELIUS

A Concerto in Quiet Beauty—A Symphony Eloquent and Reflective — Liszt, Too, Though Not Persuasively

BACH; Liszt; Sibelius. Two concerti and a symphony. Such was the fare at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last evening. Mr. George Liebling, pupil of Franz Liszt, played the solo part in that composer's Concerto in E-flat. Messrs. Burgin, Laurent, Gillet, Mager were the soloists of the concertino group in Bach's Concerto in F major. And the symphony was the first of Sibelius, in E minor.

Fashions, musical fashions, may come and go. Theories may change "values." The music of one composer may go up in popular esteem while that of another goes down, and soon the whole process may reverse itself. But it is difficult to see how such a work as Bach's concerto shall lose one jot or one tittle of its validity. Beauty sits upon it in every measure, beauty many sided and of various hues. There is beauty in the calm and even flow of thought, be that flow of rapid or of slow motion. There is beauty in the way that thought is expressed, in the fanciful figuration, in the enchainment of long-sustained tone with long-sustained tone. There is beauty in the mere phpsical sound of these contrasting tones themselves. Lastly, there is beauty in the exquisite performance which conductor, soloists, orchestra gave to it last evening. It does not require a theorist or an apologist to discover that Bach is par excellence the musician for all time.

Twice in little more than twenty-four hours some of us have heard Liszt's concerto. Disappointment on Sunday (not in performance) still held out hope that with the assistance of a virtuoso orchestra under a virtuoso conductor with an authoritative Lisztian pianist, the concerto might regain its former high place. Of course the orchestra (including the triangle!) played superbly, —barked out one theme, sang aspiringly another, was sportive with third. Of course Mr. Liebling, the pianist, would bring out every drop of "expression" in its melodies; would fling about impetuosities or would charm with graces. Of course pianist and orchestra united in perfect ensemble to woo gently or to storm the heights. Such was Lisztian purpose. But when all was finished, what was the result? One listener—not an habitual concert-goer—one who responded to the beauties of Bach and thrilled to the excitements of Sibelius, admitted frankly that she was bored by Liszt; that the Liszt of this concerto touched nothing within her; that it seemed hollow and empty, dust and ashes. And such testimony, spontaneously given, is sometimes worth more than the finely reasoned opinions of those whose business it is to attend concerts. Further, it probably should not go without mention that Mr. Liebling's technic was curiously uncertain in many an octave passage—and otherwise.

For many, Sibelius furnished climax that followed, despite Lisztian interruption, upon the cool, refreshing beauties of Bach. Forget for a moment that Sibelius is speaking for and out of his own Finland in this symphony. Consider only the stuff from which it is made. Its every theme is laden the very essence of musical thought. They speak out in a language that all can understand—though the inflections of this universal language may be those of a single country. Of such stuff are the song of the mournful clarinet at the beginning, the ardent motives which make up that intense first theme, the delicacies and mysteries of that second theme; or again the wistfulness and the serenity of a slow movement; or the humor of that rough-shod and fantastical theme of the scherzo. But music is more than themes, however full of meaning and significance those themes may be. Out of the themes the composer weaves his tonal web; they are but the strands that go into the making of it. Into this facture the composer breathes the breath of life. His music becomes life itself. (And Sibelius is one of the few moderns who actually does breathe the breath of life into his work.) Thus one responds to it, lives over again precious moments with the composer. That is, when one has a Boston Symphony Orchestra and a Koussevitzky for guide.

A. H. M.

GEORGE LIEBLING SYMPHONY SOLOIST

tributed to him outstanding char-
a national deity) and finally were
converted to monotheism, which
teaches that there is one sovereign
being, the creator and ruler of the
universe. Their great prophets at-

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Mr. Liebling played the Liszt concerto commendably. Gently and easily he got full value of his tones and deftly built up his climaxes with the aid of the orchestra. He succeeded especially well in the second theme, elaborating it carefully, precisely and with good effect.

The symphony by Sibelius was surprising and dramatic. The tuba and the double bass stitched the moods together. Paul Rosenfeld is quoted in the program as saying of the second or andante movement: "Steeped in his proper pathos, the pathos of brief bland summers, of light that falls a moment, gentle and mellow and then dies away." The orchestra accomplished this.

One is always moved to quote from the poets after hearing the Boston Symphony under Mr. Koussevitzky's leadership as, for instance, "The music rose with its voluptuous swell," and "music's golden tongue," but if the patrons of music, the muses, Orpheus, Euterpe or Terpsichore could but listen, would they not be satisfied?

C. M. D.

OLD MADE NEW BY SYMPHONY

Liszt's Concerto With Liebling at Piano

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Only yesterday it was conjectured in these columns that in this year of 1928 no performance could make Liszt's Piano Concerto in E-flat major continuously engrossing, yet for that unlooked-for happening it was necessary to wait only until last evening when George Liebling played the piece with the Symphony Orchestra at the fourth of the current series of Monday concerts.

To make convincing nowadays the music of Liszt, particularly in its more flamboyant aspects, it is seemingly necessary for the performer to believe heart and soul in its validity. As one of the dwindling army of Liszt's pupils, although his youthful appearance and sprightly demeanor belie that fact, Mr. Liebling undoubtedly does so believe, else his playing of last evening could not have rung so true. From his first measure to his last Mr. Liebling let no opportunity slip; every phrase, almost every note was invested with significance and meaning; while with the orchestral portion Mr Koussevitsky was no less scrupulous and divining. The solo phrases of which Liszt made such adroit use were expressively sung, the rythms tingled, the colors sparkled. The piece was, in short, completely reanimated, approached by all concerned as though it were fresh from the composer's work-table, not a war-horse scarred by many battles.

By no means was last evening's audience unappreciative of the merits of this performance, and Mr. Liebling was recalled many times. It is also possible to believe that his lively, almost sportive entrances and exits did something toward whetting the audience's desire to see more of him.

To one accustomed to the reserves of the Friday afternoon symphony subscribers the enthusiasm of these Monday gatherings are indeed refreshing. First on the programme last evening stood Bach's Second Brandenburg Concerto for violin, flute, oboe and trumpet, much played by the orchestra of late, and at is conclusion this audience displayed a fervor of appreciation that but few pieces or few performances could evoke from the Friday gatherings. Here too, of course, was present that surest goad to applause, the solo-performer—and not merely one, but four, since in this piece the individual prowess of Messrs. Burgin, Laurent, Gillet and Mager is shown into sharp relief.

occasion for further demonstration of enthusiasm came the First Symphony of Sibelius to which Mr. Koussevitsky gives so vivid a reading.

SIC TRANSIT MONDAY

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Further, the applause at this point serves to emphasize the feeling which at earlier hearings came to one, that here rather than after the fourth movement is the real end of the symphony. Everything that smacks of progress comes to a conclusion, has its justification in that final glorification which is the end of this movement. The various programs tha have been suggested for this symphony would end more conveniently, would seem to have more validity, if only they could stop there. The audience strongly sensed this truth last evening. The applause was by no means a wilful or disregarding breach of the present convention of the symphony concerts. It was instinctive recognition that a tale had been told in all fullness. The relaxed acquiescence of the conductor was a piece of the same cloth. The symphony thus and so considered, the last movement becomes nothing more than an extended epilogue. To return to one of the "programs"—the man has finished his active life; through troubles and joys, painful anxieties and delirious passions he has conquered, has put upon his life the stamp of final achievement. And he sits back in contemplation, quietly, musingly reviewing it all. "All we like sheep" have followed too much certain original leaders in seeing nothing but gloom in this last movement. It is true that gloom settles upon it at the last But large stretches of it are by no means gloomy. The poignancy of its beginning is wistful, almost contentedly happy in retrospect, rather than despairing. It grows into a shining radiance, a vision of the eternal light which is to come. One thinks even of the mystical Franck and his tone-pictures, effulgent with the joys of heavenly bliss. Thus the individual whose life is closed, in this epilogue which is a complete tone poem in itself, looks back on life and on into a promised future. And as the vision fades, of course goes the "way of all flesh." In some such fashion at least one hearer hears the symphony, solves for himself its much discussed enigma—If it be possible, Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra exceeded even their last previous performance of the work.

Another season of these concerts has been completed. Mr. Koussevitzky again shines forth as program maker of rare abilities. In these Monday concerts perhaps more than in the regular series such powers are called forth, for here there may be nothing that is experimental, or extreme, or unduly novel. Out of the accepted musical stock he must make these Monday programs. Even so, consider what a wide range he covers, what artful combinations he makes. This last program may serve as example: Gluck and Mozart, complementing contemporaries of polished classicism over against Chaikovsky, most ardently romantic. The omissions have been significant. Beethoven, of course, after last season's festival, found no place. Neither did the earlier of the German romanticists. Nor, to continue listing omissions, was there music English or American; Italian, Spanish or Scandinavian. The classicists brought Bach, Haydn, Gluck, Mozart. Berlioz alone represents the elder Frenchmen, or the elder romantics, for that matter. Chopin and Liszt, foreign Parisians, each appeared with a piano concerto. Brahms, Wagner, Strauss were a formidable trio of later Germans, and Ravel and Honegger upheld the French. Russians and other Eastern Europeans loomed large upon the scheme of things, with Rimsky-Korsakov, Chaikovsky (twice), Stravinsky, Sibelius and Martinu. Almost without exception, solid stuff, admirably disposed. Only a single reason for demur may these ticket-holders of Monday evenings find. Their soloists do not always uphold the full Symphony standard. Mr. Dushkin last evening was excellent. But recall the performances of the Chopin and Liszt concertos. Just possibly, the Monday patrons may desire full symphony standard even in their soloists.

A. H. M.

FINAL MONDAY NIGHT CONCERT

March 27, 1928

Samuel Dushkin, Soloist, With Symphony

Post

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

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Heard for the first time at the Symphony concerts, Mr. Dushkin proved

Fifth Programme

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 26

AT 8.15

Gluck . . . . . Ballet Suite No. 2 (Arranged by Mottl)

a. March (from "Alceste"); Minuet (from "Iphigenia in Aulis").
b. Grazioso (from "Paris and Helen").
c. Slave Dance (from "Iphigenia in Aulis").

Mozart . . Violin Concerto in D major No. 4, Koechel No. 218

I. Allegro.
II. Andante cantabile.
III. Rondo: Andante grazioso; Allegro ma non troppo.

Tchaikovsky . . Symphony No. 6 in B minor, "Pathetic," Op. 74

I. Adagio; Allegro non troppo.
II. Allegro con grazia.
III. Allegro molto vivace.
IV. Finale; Adagio lamentoso.

SOLOIST

SAMUEL DUSHKIN

There will be an intermission of ten minutes before the symphony

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Herald

Gluck Ballet Suite on Attractive Program

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He played with good tone, not overlarge, but sweet, cool and penetrating. Though he held himself something too aloof from Mozart's music to make it really stirring, by the elegance of his phrasing, his rhythmic precision and his purity of tone, Mr. Dushkin did keep the concerto agreeable to listen to. He was cordially applauded.

For the third movement of Tschaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony Mr. Koussevitzky was more than cordially applauded. Forgetting the manners of the day, the audience applauded so enthusiastically that Mr. Koussevitzky must, his convictions notwithstanding have felt pleased.

The performance was indeed rarely beautiful. Not, for the moment, emotionally disposed. Mr. Koussevitzky indulged in none of the hysteria that sometimes turns this symphony intolerable to the non-hysterical and because he made no vain attempt to force the emotional note, not once came those extravagant noises that can, on occasions, make music hideous.

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R. R. G.

SYMPHONY IN FIRST OF TUESDAY SERIES

Bach, Haydn and Beethoven n Program

Her Feb 8, 28

The first program of the Tuesday afternoon series of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conductor, was given yesterday. Th program was as follows: Bach, Concert No. 2 in F major, with solo violin, flut oboe and trumpet (edited by Feli Mottl); Haydn, Symphony in G majo (Breitkof and Hartel, No. 13); Bee thoven, Symphony No. 7, in A major.

One wonders if Mr. Koussevitzk gave us these selections of Bach, Hady and Beethoven to make us pause o the doorstep of our own century an to remind us that music is more tha ageless. These three composers ha often been called the back-bone an sinew of the modern orchestra b have they not, as evidenced yesterda contributed much of its soul as well?

One has to take into consideratio that Mr. Koussevitzky and his orche tra are wizards of sorts. They stee music in their own vitality and brin it up glowing and when they deal wit the titanic greatness of Beethoven, th result is stimulating in the extreme.

The Bach concerto was first on th program with Messrs. Burgin, Laurent Gillet and Mager in the solo parts Their music was exquisitely flavored the theme teased with whispers an smiles. There must be a smile in th andante movement, a soft dreamy smil which passes quickly as the last move ment sweeps it to one side, but it memory lingers and is pleasant. Th solo work was accomplished with a beauty of tone and skill possible an usual with this organization.

chestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor:

The second of the Tuesday concerts will include music by Handel, Mozart and Tchaikovsky.

C. M. D.

First Programme

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 7

AT 3.00

Bach . . . . . Concerto No. 2 in F major, for Violin, Flute, Oboe and Trumpet (Edited by Felix Mottl)

(Messrs. BURGIN, LAURENT, GILLET, MAGER)

I. Allegro moderato.
II. Andante.
III. Allegro.

Haydn . . . . . Symphony in G major (Breitkopf & Härtel, No. 13)

I. Adagio; Allegro.
II. Largo.
III. Menuetto; Trio.
IV. Finale: Allegro con spirito.

Beethoven . . . . . Symphony No. 7, in A major, Op. 92

I. Poco sostenuto; Vivace.
II. Allegretto.
III. Presto; Assai presto: Tempo primo.
IV. Allegro con brio.

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R. R. G.

SYMPHONY IN FIRST OF TUESDAY SERIES

Bach, Haydn and Beethoven n Program

Mar 1st 8, 28

The first program of the Tuesday afternoon series of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conductor, was given yesterday. Th program was as follows: Bach, Concert No. 2 in F major, with solo violin, flut oboe and trumpet (edited by Feli Mottl); Haydn, Symphony in G majo (Breitkof and Hartel, No. 13); Bee thoven, Symphony No. 7, in A major.

One wonders if Mr. Koussevitzk gave us these selections of Bach, Hady and Beethoven to make us pause o the doorstep of our own century ar to remind us that music is more tha ageless. These three composers ha often been called the back-bone a sinew of the modern orchestra b have they not, as evidenced yesterda contributed much of its soul as well?

One has to take into consideratio that Mr. Koussevitzky and his orche tra are wizards of sorts. They stee music in their own vitality and brir it up glowing and when they deal wi the titanic greatness of Beethoven, th result is stimulating in the extreme.

The Bach concerto was first on th program with Messrs. Burgin, Laurent Gillet and Mager in the solo parts Their music was exquisitely flavored the theme teased with whispers an smiles. There must be a smile in th andante movement, a soft dreamy smil which passes quickly as the last move ment sweeps it to one side, but it memory lingers and is pleasant. Th solo work was accomplished with a beauty of tone and skill possible an usual with this organization.

chestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor:

The second of the Tuesday concerts will include music by Handel, Mozart and Tchaikovsky.

C. M. D.

First Programme

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 7
AT 3.00

Bach . . . . . Concerto No. 2 in F major, for Violin, Flute, Oboe and Trumpet (Edited by Felix Mottl)

(Messrs. BURGIN, LAURENT, GILLET, MAGER)

I. Allegro moderato.
II. Andante.
III. Allegro.

Haydn . . . . . Symphony in G major (Breitkopf & Härtel, No. 13)

I. Adagio; Allegro.
II. Largo.
III. Menuetto; Trio.
IV. Finale: Allegro con spirito.

Beethoven . . . . . Symphony No. 7, in A major, Op. 92

I. Poco sostenuto; Vivace.
II. Allegretto.
III. Presto; Assai presto: Tempo primo.
IV. Allegro con brio.

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after Haydn's symphony

City of Boston, Revised Regulation of August 5, 1898, — Chapter 3, relating to the covering of the head in places of public amusement.

Every licensee shall not, in his place of amusement, allow any person to wear upon the head a covering which obstructs the view of the exhibition or performance in such place of any person seated in any seat therein provided for spectators, it being understood that a low head covering without projection, which does not obstruct such view, may be worn.

Attest: J. M. GALVIN, City Clerk.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

SYMPHONY IN 5TH MONDAY CONCERT

Herald

Gluck Ballet Suite on Attractive Program

March 27, 1928

For last night's symphony concert, the fifth in the Monday series, Mr. Koussevitzky arranged an extremely attractive program. He began it with the Gluck ballet suite, arranged by Mott, which so heartily delighted two hallfulls of musical people, last week. Why should it not? Music of melody no less than exquisite, with rhythm to suit, set forth by a master hand at giving each instrument its due. Those bassoons when the slaves broke into their dance—they growled in the tones of men in ugly mood. The loveliness that spread over the hall whe. the flute sang, the clarinet, and the simplicity! Gluck had not to cudgel his brains to find an effect; he felt what was right. Last night's performance did this charming music full justice.

Since Mozart, as well as Gluck, had tolerably clear conception of an oboe's value and a horn's, most likely he had his idea when he put oboes and horns with strings to accompany his D major violin concerto, Koechel 218. The idea, though, scarcely came over last night in the orchestra's rather perfunctory accompaniment. Perhaps the soloist, Samuel Dushkin, failed to inspire them.

He played with good tone, not overlarge, but sweet, cool and penetrating. Though he held himself something too aloof from Mozart's music to make it really stirring, by the elegance of his phrasing, his rhythmic precision and his purity of tone, Mr. Dushkin did keep the concerto agreeable to listen to. He was cordially applauded.

For the third movement of Tschaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony Mr. Koussevitzky was more than cordially applauded. Forgetting the manners of the day, the audience applauded so enthusiastically that Mr. Koussevitzky must, his convictions notwithstanding have felt pleased.

The performance was indeed rarely beautiful. Not, for the moment, emotionally disposed. Mr. Koussevitzky indulged in none of the hysteria that sometimes turns this symphony intolerable to the non-hysterical and because he made no vain attempt to force the emotional note, not once came those extravagant noises that can, on occasions, make music hideous.

He played the symphony like any piece of orchestral music, with never a thought, obviously, of the rubbish that folk have written about it. Its own message enough, he crowded no more into it; he let its musical beauty make its way.

Its beauty, therefore, not swamped in emotion, made its way as it has seldom made it here before—and it led direct to impressiveness. Who will forget the finale's opening pages, its end? Nobody, surely, who sat last night in Symphony hall.

R. R. G.

SYMPHONY IN FIRST OF TUESDAY SERIES

Bach, Haydn and Beethoven on Program

Her Tel 8, 28

The first program of the Tuesday afternoon series of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky

[illegible] your evening ensemble. T
[illegible] robes of royalty. Now is t
[illegible] ich metal cloth. Softly dra

[illegible] us Evenin

[illegible] and excl
[illegible] that ider

A

Haydn followed Bach naturally wit
the individualistic Beethoven saved fo
the last half of the concert. In thi
Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, does h
not contrast his tensions agreeably
Ah! Agreeably. There is a matchless economy of flourish as well as ecstacy. One recalls that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast t
soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak,
so what chances have we to escape th
spell cast by the Boston Symphony or
chestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor?

The second of the Tuesday concerts will include music by Handel, Mozart and Tchaikovsky.

C. M. D.

317

First Programme

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 7
AT 3.00

Bach . . . . . Concerto No. 2 in F major, for Violin, Flute, Oboe and Trumpet (Edited by Felix Mottl)

(Messrs. BURGIN, LAURENT, GILLET, MAGER)

I. Allegro moderato.
II. Andante.
III. Allegro.

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SYMPHONY HALL

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 28, 1928, at 3.00 o'clock

SECOND CONCERT

OF THE TUESDAY AFTERNOON SERIES

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

PROGRAMME

Handel . . . . Concerto Grosso in D minor for String Orchestra, Op. 6, No. 10

I. } Overture.
II. } Allegro.
III. Air.
IV. Allegro Moderato.

Mozart . . . Symphony in E-flat major (Koechel No. 543)

I. Adagio; Allegro.
II. Andante.
III. Minuetto; Trio.
IV. Finale: Allegro.

Tchaikovsky . . Symphony No. 6 in B minor, "Pathetic," Op. 74

I. Adagio; Allegro non troppo.
II. Allegro con grazia.
III. Allegro molto vivace.
IV. Finale; Adagio lamentoso.

TICKETS AT BOX OFFICE

FIRST TUESDAY CONCERT GIVEN

Symphony's Performance of Surpassing Beauty

The first of the series of five Tuesday afternoon symphony concerts at which Mr. Koussevitzky purposes presenting "classics" of music old and new, brought to Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon an audience that left but a few vacant places and set before it music of Bach, Haydn and Beethoven.

It has, in the past, been matter for comment among those who frequent the so-called regular concerts of the Boston Symphony that frequently at these "extra" concerts the orchestra seemingly outdoes itself in the matter of performance. Perhaps an audience to whom familiarity has not yet made its excellences merely the to-be-expected order of the day is stimulating to the orchestra, and to Mr. Koussevitzky as well. Perhaps the fact that these programmes are generally drawn from the list of pieces already played in the course of the season and that hence there is no pressure of preparation of new material, leaves conductor and band the freer to concentrate upon the refinements, the details of performance. Be that as it may, certain it is that at yesterday's concert, as on the Tuesday afternoons of last season, the orchestra was a virtuoso ensemble responding to a virtuoso conductor in performance of surpassing beauty as sheer technical achievement.

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As for the Seventh Symphany of Beethoven, there are perhaps as many opinions concerning Mr. Koussevitzky's way with it as there are interpretations of the meaning of the music itself—and those, by testimony of the programme-book, are many. Certain it is that at his hands, whether in the contrasts of the Allegretto or the breath-taking ecstasies of the Finale, there is never a hint of the formalism, the conventionality, even the dullness that seem sometimes to lie thick upon the too-familiar masterpiece of a century that has passed.

THROUGH THE "CLASSICS"

Mr. Koussevitzky Commences Another Tuesday Series — Bach, Haydn and Beethoven in Superb Performance

Feb 8 1928 Tu

YESTERDAY afternoon, in Symphony Hall, came the beginning of the Tuesday series of Symphony concerts. This is the newest series undertaken by the orchestra. Up to the present it has been given on some regular plan of programs embracing the whole series. In the first season, two years ago, this plan was historical. Last year the various programs were grouped according to the nationality of the composers. The curious have asked questions. What would Mr. Koussevitzky do this year? Would some definite plan again embrace the programs of the season? Could there be another plan, one that would not repeat the previous ones? In answer Mr. Koussevitzky made the somewhat enigmatic statement that the series would be made up of the classics of music, adding that those classics might come from all lands and from all historical periods. And three such classics he played yesterday: Bach's Concerto in F major, second of the Brandenburg set; an early symphony of Haydn in G major; Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. To many this appeared to be the beginning of another historical series. A glance at the next program, however, gives the lie to such assumption. For this next program is built upon exactly the same pattern—a concerto and two symphonies. Further, it begins again with the early eighteenth century, taking its concerto from Bach's contemporary, Handel; proceeds to a Mozart symphony; and lastly, precluding all possibility of historical sequence, ends with Chaikovsky's "pathetic" symphony.

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Haydn gave another masterpiece. A pompous adagio introduces a bright Allegro. A largo sings its darkening, slowly moving, stately song. A minuet brings its own individual rhythms. And a finale

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OF THE TUESDAY AFTERNOON SERIES

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IV. Finale; Adagio lamentoso.

TICKETS AT BOX OFFICE

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Continued on Page [illegible]

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SECOND CONCERT

OF THE TUESDAY AFTERNOON SERIES

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

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Mr. Koussevitzky and his men were again in superlative form yesterday. The counterpoint of Bach's three movements again revealed him the master of tonal embroideries, of tonal euphonies, and what is more, the master who writes a music that for centuries remains "modern," a music that continues to find its way into the innermost recesses of men's hearts. It goes without saying that such an effect is predicated upon the highest possible artistic performance. Such was yesterday's. Messrs. Burgin, Laurent, Gillet, Mager distinguished themselves in the solo group. Mr. Burgin played at times with the fire that is new to him this year. Messrs. Laurent and Gillet brought continuing beauty of tone and flexibility of expression. Mr. Mager performed more than ever with a mellowness of tone that would almost justify thinking of him as a "wood-wind," and further with an astounding ease in taking uncomfortable high notes. And the larger group of the orchestra lagged not a whit behind. Exquisitely, perfectly formed, came the tonal traceries. As sheer beauty such as none other than Bach has ever summoned, came the gentle and luscious dissonances of the second movement, beautifully melting one into the other, truly giving to the poet cause for his line about "linkéd sweetness long drawn out."

Haydn gave another masterpiece. A pompous adagio introduces a bright Allegro. A largo sings its darkening, slowly moving, stately song. A minuet brings its own individual rhythms. And a finale

HANDEL AND "THE PATHETIC"

Mr. Koussevitzky Ranges More Widely for a Second Tuesday Program—Mozart, Too; but Chaikovsky Above All

Feb 29, 1928

THE second of the Tuesday afternoon concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, devoted this year to the playing of "the classics," took place yesterday afternoon. As at the first concert, the program traversed a concerto and two symphonies. Unlike the first concert, it included a "modern" classic. For while the first concert proceeded no farther historically than Beethoven, yesterday's concluded with Chaikovsky's sixth symphoney, known as the "Pathetic," played a week ago as companion piece to Bartok's concerto. The concerto was Handel's concerto grosso in D major for string orchestra, of the last week-end as a sort of prelude to "Œdipus Rex." And the other symphony was Mozart's familiar one in E-flat.

Handel's concerto is by no means music of the "great" Handel. Nowhere does he stride about in his seven-league boots, nowhere does he lord it over all who come into his immediate presence, nowhere in it does he pile strength upon strength; but also, this music is not one that merely spins out routine formulæ, it does not smell of the study table of of midnight oil, it is a music that stands higher than being a mere part of the day's work. It is a music written to please, to charm. It summons all manner of graces, sprightly and sedate. Thus it gave pleasure when Handel first wrote it, some two centuries ago. Thus it gave pleasure again yesterday. Indeed, with Mr. Burgin, Mr. Theodorowicz and Mr. Bedetti as soloists in the "concertino" group, with Mr. Koussevitky conducting, with the orchestra in its present fettle, such a concerto could not have done otherwise than give pleasure.

Next came Mozart's symphony in E-flat, numbered 543 in Koechel's list. As is Mr. Koussevitzky's present custom with Mozart—and a very wise one—a small orchestra was used. Not more than ten first violins were there, with other strings in proportion; winds in pairs, no more. Again one noted that this sonority was more suitable than any other yet heard in a work of Mozart in Symphony Hall. With an orchestra thus lightened the symphony proceeded through the introduction, stately, with its own elegant dignity; through an Allegro full of geniality and sunshine, an Allegro of a music highly polished, and of great suavity; through an Andante and a minuet thrice familiar, Mozartean in highest degree; through a Finale light as thistledown, of utmost fleetness. With their usual skill and their usual sympathetic treatment of Mozart, Mr. Koussevitzky and his men brought this music to their Tuesday hearers.

And after the intermission, Chaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony. That Chaikovsky had a program in mind for this symphony is a matter of common knowledge; that he did not reveal this program is as well known. The most generally accepted idea makes it concur with the emotional course of the life of an old man: the derad of death, the memory of the life all but past; the pleasures of by-gone days or of the present; the triumphs of success; and lastly, the pangs of dissolution. From this there is dissent in circles entitled to an opinion. There are hints of a larger meaning, of Russian national significance. But none can speak with authority. As music alone may one speak of it with certainty, not as a program. Thus one notes the inexpressibly gloomy introduction, the Allegro so full of diverse emotion—cheerfulness, contentment, poignancy, sentiment. One is charmed with the playfulness of the second movement; is thrilled glory and supreme triumph. But Chaikovsky, with his program in mind, decided otherwise. Instead he gives pathos, gloom, resignation, qualities entirely funereal. And the why and wherefore are still matters of conjecture. Musically the themes are all of them, be they joyful, passionate, triumphant, or depressing, such as arrest the attention. Orchestrally Chaikovsky lays on from a glowing palette. He himself fondly thought of it as his best work. But on this point there is no general agreement. As to performance, Mr. Koussevitzky is at present supreme in his insight into the music of his coutnryman. His orchestra gives him without stint what he asks for. And yesterday his audience rewarded him. Not always does an afternoon audience linger long and insistently with its applause. But yesterday it seemed as if there would be no end to it. And deserved it was, to the last handclap.

A. H. M.

SYMPHONY IN EXTRA CONCERT

Pws

Second of Tuesday Series Gives Deep Pleasure

Feb 29, 1928

Continuing the series of concerts of "classics old and new," Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall set forth to an appreciative audience which practically filled that auditorium a Concerto Grosso of Handel, that in D major for string orchestra and solo string quartet, Mozart's E flat major symphony and the "Pathetic" Symphony of Tchaikovsky.

For the symphony of Mozart, Mr Koussevitzky yesterday reduced his band to 18th century proportions; that is to say, to some 45 players. Performances of 19th century operas have been, and undoubtedly will again be, given in Boston with a scantier orchestral complement, yet set upon the stage of Symphony Hall, where last Friday and Saturday Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex" had assembled a full 20th century orchestra and soloists and the Harvard Glee Club to boot, this reduced company looked small indeed. But in performance it proved the wisdom of Mr. Koussevitzky's plan. With lucidity and flexibility, with the proper tonal balance and with exquisite tonal quality, with the grace and the finesse that we have come to call Mozartean, this little orchestra yesterday played this E-flat major Symphony, one of the three greatest of its composer's 49.

The Concerto Grosso of Handel, which began the concert, was the one that served as prelude to Stravinsky's opera-oratorio at the last pair of regular Symphony concerts. Again yesterday Messrs. Burgin, Theodorowicz, Lefrance and Bedetti, players in the solo quartet, acquitted themselves with distinction. In the second half of the concert, Mr. Koussevitzky gave deep pleasure to his hearers, as to recent Friday afternoon and Saturday evening assemblages, by his dramatic, warmly-felt interpretation of Tchaikovsky's Symphony, music intensely personal whether the hearer finds it the expression of individual experience or, as some commentators have done, a summing-up of the life of mankind.

SYMPHONY PLAYS HANDEL CONCERTO

I Read

Mozart and Tchaikovsky Also Represented in Program

Feb 29, 1928

Pursuing his purpose for the audiences of the Tuesday afternoon series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky arranged the following program for yesterday: Handel, Concerto Grosso, No. 5, D major for string orchestra (Messrs. Burgin and Theodorowicz, solo violins; Mr. Lefranc, solo viola; Mr. Bedetti, solo violoncello); Mozart, Symphony, E flat major (K.n.543), Tchaikovsky, Symphony, No. 6, B minor, "Pathetic."

Some might say that Handel's Concerto and Mozart's Symphony are more modern in the present sense of the word, more contemporaneous than Tchaikovsky's music, for, according to some, the "Pathetic" has aged. There is now a return to Handel, whose fame was obscured for a few years past, by those who affect to worship every phrase, every note of the old cantor. Certain English critics have even gone so far as to say that if Handel had not made his home in London, English music would have developed quicker and more brilliantly. But is any composer more English than Handel?

Surely the vivacity of the fast movements in the Concerto played yesterday and the serene solemnity of the Largo are not German, not Italian. There is no need of partisanship in the case of Handel and Bach. Each is great in his own way, but to us the way of Handel is more human, far less pedantic.

As for Mozart, there has been a surprising interest of late in the man and his music. "Surprising" since three of his operas and three of his symphonies were alone thought worthy of consideration for many years. And here again there is no need of rivalry between him and Beethoven. If, as it has been said, Mozart could not have written the symphonies that followed Beethoven's "Eroica," which is only a supposition, it might also be said that Beethoven could not have written many of Mozart's compositions. Mr. Koussevitzky is as happy in his interpretations of 18th century music as he is in putting before his audience the music of the advanced moderns.

Nor has Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony aged as some would have us believe. It is still the overwhelming revelation of a soul that moves the soul of others. It is not easy to believe that Tchaikovsky was dissatisfied with the mighty lamentation that serves as the finale; that he thought of rewriting it, but he was a self-torturer, seldom satisfied with his work, as he was afraid of life and, still more, of death.

a Night"), op. 35. C. M. D.

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PREPAREDNESS OPPOSED

[From the Hartford Times]

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Pws

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Surely the vivacity of the fast movements in the Concerto played yesterday and the serene solemnity of the Largo are not German, not Italian. There is no need of partisanship in the case of Handel and Bach. Each is great in his own way, but to us the way of Handel is more human, far less pedantic.

As for Mozart, there has been a surprising interest of late in the man and his music. "Surprising" since three of his operas and three of his symphonies were alone thought worthy of consideration for many years. And here again there is no need of rivalry between him and Beethoven. If, as it has been said, Mozart could not have written the symphonies that followed Beethoven's "Eroica," which is only a supposition, it might also be said that Beethoven could not have written many of Mozart's compositions. Mr. Koussevitzky is as happy in his interpretations of 18th century music as he is in putting before his audience the music of the advanced moderns.

Nor has Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony aged as some would have us believe. It is still the overwhelming revelation of a soul that moves the soul of others. It is not easy to believe that Tchaikovsky was dissatisfied with the mighty lamentation that serves as the finale; that he thought of rewriting it, but he was a self-torturer, seldom satisfied with his work, as he was afraid of life and, still more, of death.

a Night"), op. 35. C. M. D.

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HANDEL AND "THE PATHETIC"

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WOMAN HIT BY BUS IN BRIGHTON DIES

Unidentified Victim Struck by New York Coach

An unidentified woman, about 60 years old, died last night at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Brighton, from injuries received when she was struck at Brighton avenue and Chester street, Brighton, by an automobile bus of the Boston, Worcester & New York Street Railway Company. Richard D. Alberty, operator of the bus, jacked up the front wheels of the vehicle to remove her body

The third concert of this series will be given March 13 and will include Mendelssohn's overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and the Symphony in A major, "Italian," op. 90; Rimsky-Korskov, Symphonic Suite "Scheherazade" after "The Thousand Nights and a Night"), op. 35.

C. M. D.

30

SYMPHONY IN THIRD OF TUESDAY SERIES

Heated

Rimsky-Korsakov and Wagner Works on Program

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Master of orchestration as he is, Rimsky-Korsakov uses his effects, his rhythms in this suite to obtain strong colors, to make heady music. Not only was this suite treated splendidly by the Boston Symphony orchestra under the direction of Mr. Koussevitzky, but music by Wagner followed with the same exacting perfection, the same vitalized skill.

Was the program arranged to emphasize the dramatic element in music? One would judge so, with the possible exception of the prelude to "Lohengrin." This, as Liszt described it, "a sort of magic formula which, like a mysterious initiation, prepares our souls for the sight of unaccustomed things, and of a higher signification than that of our terrestrial life."

The fourth concert will be on April 3, music by Berlioz, Schubert, Debussy and Strauss.

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Rimsky - Korsakov and Wagner in Programme

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FORTY-SEVENTH SEASON, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-SEVEN AND TWENTY-EIGHT

Third Programme

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 13

AT 3.00

Rimsky-Korsakov . . Symphonic Suite, "Scheherazade" (after "The Thousand Nights and a Night"), Op. 35

I. The Sea and Sindbad's Ship.
II. The Story of the Kalander Prince.
III. The Young Prince and the Young Princess.
IV. Festival at Bagdad. The Sea. The Ship goes to Pieces on a Rock Surmounted by a Bronze Warrior. Conclusion.

Wagner . . . . . Prelude to "Lohengrin"

Wagner . . . . The Ride of the Valkyries from "The Valkyrie"

Wagner . . . . . "Forest Murmurs" from "Siegfried"

Wagner . . . . . Overture to "Tannhäuser"

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade"

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SYMPHONY HALL

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 3, 1928, at 3.00 o'clock

FOURTH CONCERT

OF THIS SERIES

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

PROGRAMME

Berlioz . . . . Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini," Op. 23

Schubert . . . . . Symphony in B minor ("Unfinished")
I. Allegro moderato.
II. Andante con moto.

Strauss . . . . . "Don Juan," Tone-poem, Op. 20 (after Lenau)

Debussy . . . . . "Prélude à l'Après-Midi d'un Faune" ("Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun"), Eclogue by S. Mallarmé

Stravinsky . . . Orchestral Suite from the Ballet "Petrouchka"
Russian Dance — Petrouchka — Grand Carnival — Nurses' Dance — The Bear and the Peasant Playing a Hand Organ — The Merchant and the Gypsies — The Dance of the Coachmen and Grooms — The Masqueraders.

TICKETS AT BOX OFFICE

SYMPHONY HALL

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 24, 1928, at 3.00 o'clock

FIFTH AND LAST CONCERT

OF THIS SERIES

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

PROGRAMME

Mendelssohn . Suite from the Incidental Music to Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream"

Bach . . . . . Two Choral Preludes, Orchestrated by Arnold Schönberg
I. "Schmücke Dich, O Seele."
II. "Komm, Gott, Schöpfer, Heiliger Geist."

Ravel . . . Orchestral Excerpts from "Daphnis et Chloé," Ballet (Second Suite)
Lever du Jour — Pantomime — Danse Générale

Brahms . . . . . Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68
I. Un poco sostenuto; Allegro.
II. Andante sostenuto.
III. Un poco allegretto e grazioso.
IV. Adagio; Allegro non troppo, ma con brio

TICKETS AT BOX OFFICE

SYMPHONY IN FINAL 'EXTRA'

Boston Post - Oct 25, 1924

Fifth of "Classics Old and New" Exquisitely Played

Yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall the fifth and final concert of "classics old and new," to which Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra have this season dedicated the Tuesday afternoon "extra" series of Symphony Concerts, presented Menedlssohn's Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," two Choral Preludes of Bach as orchestrated by Schoenberg, the second suite drawn from Ravel's ballet "Daphnis and Chloe," and the First Symphony of Brahms.

The inclusion upon yesterday's list of these Preludes brought to Bach the distinction of having been represented upon the programmes of two of these concerts, a distinction shared by no other composer this season. That these programmes of "classics," and in most cases of masterpieces, have been widely ranging and representative an examination of their summary printed in yesterday's programme-book readily reveals. From Bach through Stravinsky and, again by virtue of these Preludes, Schoenberg, the list is one of outstanding names in orchestral music through two centuries. And at each of the five concerts an audience warmly appreciative and an orchestra and conductor invariably in the vein have given renewed proof—were such proof needed—of the response that the master-work, whether of our own or of an earlier day, elicits alike from hearer and from performer.

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But to continue: the suite from Ravel's ballet had yesterday the same dramatic, even theatric quality, the same breathlessness of tempo with its resultant mood of exultation, with which Mr. Koussevitzky has heretofore endowed it. And finally the Symphony of Brahms, a work upon which Mr. Koussevitzky has lavished pains, affection and understanding, sounded once more as he would have it sound—music of noble mould into which he has poured all the humanizing warmth of his temperament. At its close an applausive audience brought back the conductor more than once to the stage and finally, as earlier in the concert, led him to bring the deserving orchestra to its feet.

THESE RUSSIANS

March 14/1928

Mr. Koussevitzky and the Orchestra Compass a Surpassing Performance of Rimsky-Korsakov — "Scheherazade" Above All; Wagner, Too

MR. KOUSSEVITZKY at top bent. What a significance those words are beginning to carry. One writes and reads about unbelievably high standards of performance; one recognizes with increasing familiarity such standards; one deems them similar to a high plateau in which peaks are impossible. But once and again, the conductor does rear peaks from this plateau. Once and again there are concerts which penetrate the music so deeply, which reveal it so clearly and so fully, which so stir one to the very deepest depths of one's being that even in near retrospect one doubts the very possibility of such things having happened or of their ever happening again. The occasion for such thoughts is yesterday's concert of the Symphony Orchestra—third of the Tuesday series in which Mr. Koussevitzky led through Rimski-Korsakov's "Scheherazade" and four Wagnerian excerpts.

It has happened before that conductor and orchestra surpassed themselves at a Tuesday concert. It has also happened that a first concert after an out of-town trip—with only a day or two of regular rehearsing—has smacked of routine. Whatever may be the effect of these trips upon the playing of the orchestra (if really there is any), the fact remains that yesterday was a concert of performance glorified. Especially true was this of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade." Thus and so one had never heard it. And one shrinks from the task of entrusting to poor words the fugitive impressions which remain. One thinks instinctively of all the good things which have been said or written about the symphonic suite, "Scheherazade." As summary of it one cannot forget the teacher's words who called it "the orchestrator's Bible." If ever such a characterization was exemplified in performance, yesterday was the time. At the end, when applause sounded loud and long and stormy, Mr. Koussevitzky included Mr. Burgin—for his violin solos—in the bowing. But to have included all the soloists would have been to include every first chair man from the first flutist to the first trombonist as well as from the strings. All have their solo passages, some of them of exceeding difficulty; the horn and the bassoon in passages which one is more inclined to associate with the agile flute. At the end, the whole orchestra as well as Mr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Burgin stood to acknowledge applause. Never was it more deserved. For never has it been more the virtuoso orchestra. But display of virtuosity was by no means all that Messrs. Rimski-Korsakov and Koussevitzky drew from the men yesterday. [illegible] Scheherazade, to pen a sort of glorified textbook of orchestral possibilities. Rimsky-Korsakov, when he wrote "Scheherazade," wrote music. The rest is purely incidental, after all. And that music is music of the sea and of the lovely and seductive and guileful Sultana, outwiting the grim and suspicious Schariar by her sheer loveliness and cunning, it is music of wondrous and colorful tales which she unfolds to him. The Arabian Nights have long epitomized in the popular mind all the brilliant exoticism of the Near East. In equal degree Rimsky's music does this same thing in the language of tones. The brilliantly exotic East crowded into the confines of a single work, that is "Scheherazade."

All this is of course really an old story. Not often, however, is that story told with a clarity and a compulsion that brings it all to mind. That is what Mr. Koussevitzky did with it yesterday afternoon. All the myriad orchestral colors, both singly and in combination, which it conjures up, stood brilliantly illumined. The shifting of tempi, wilful though it would have seemed in "absolute" music, served only to make more real the telling of the stories (whatever they may have been), added vividness to the numerous incidents. And after the applause had died down, one felt sated and full, almost unwilling to make the attempt to absorb more music, even though that more was to be Wagner.

Indeed, as it turned out, the Wagner of the prelude to "Lohengrin," of the "Ride of the Valkyries," of the murmuring forest in "Siegfried," of the overture to "Tannhäuser," not once wrought quite the complete illusion of Rimsky-Korsakov. What historian in his study would ever have admitted the possibility of Rimsky-Korsakov topping the great Richard? Yet with such a Scheherazade as Mr. Koussevitzky brought to performance yesterday, he would have done Wagner a good turn had he given to him the first half rather than the last, of the program. With Wagner as with Rimski he was masterful, dynamic, sensitive to all manner of tints and nuances. Without the preceding "Scheherazade" one would have said that with Wagner this concert went far above even the high level of Koussevitzkian routine. That great climax of increasingly unfolding light which is the Lohengrin prelude wrought its magic. The tumults of the plunging Valkyries became more and more exciting as their "ride" progressed. The forest murmured and the birds sang their colorful songs. The Pilgrims and the denizons of the Venusberg contested for supremacy with a music which does not fade with the progress of time. Marvels and wonders Mr. Koussevitzky wrought with all these yesterday. And yet, there were more vivid contests, there was more colorful color, there were tumults making more catastrophic progress, in short there was more magic of every kind and description in that tale of the Arabian Nights which was as much Koussevitzky as it was Rimsky-Korsakov.

A. H. M.

SYMPHONY IN FINAL 'EXTRA'

Boston - Apr 25 1925

Fifth of "Classics Old and New" Exquisitely Played

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March 14 1928

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9.00 P.M.—Ipana Troubadours.
10.30 P.M.—Grand opera hour.
11.30 P.M.—News.

810 kc.—WMCA, New York—370m.

1.00 P.M.-1.00 A.M.

800 kc.—WOC, Davenport—375m.

9.00-11.00 P.M.

790 kc.—WGY, Schenectady—380m.

6.00 P.M.—Stock reports and news items.
6.20 P.M.—U. S. Radio Farm School.
6.30 P.M.—Agricultural program.
7.15 P.M.—Studio program.
7.30 P.M.—Soconyans.
8.00 P.M.—Remington-Rand Band.
8.30 P.M.—Radio Rollickers.
9.00 P.M.—Correct time.
9.00 P.M.—Ipana Troubadours.

The "orchestrator's Bible" not only summons unsuspected possibilities for such virtuosity from practically each and every instrument in the orchestra, it goes much farther in passing in review a bewildering number of orchestral devices and combinations. It is literally encyclopedic in its listing of effects of technic and of color, both singly and in combination.

But again, that is not all. For surely it was least of all in Rimsky's mind when he wrote "Scheherazade," to pen a sort of glorified textbook of orchestral possibilities. Rimsky-Korsakov, when he wrote "Scheherazade," wrote music. The rest is purely incidental, after all. And that music is music of the sea and of the lovely and seductive and guileful Sultana, outwiting the grim and suspicious Schariar by her sheer loveliness and cunning, it is music of wondrous and colorful tales which she unfolds to him. The Arabian Nights have long epitomized in the popular mind all the brilliant exoticism of the Near East. In equal degree Rimsky's music does this same thing in the language of tones. The brilliantly exotic East crowded into the confines of a single work, that is "Scheherazade."

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A. H. M.

MASTERPIECES, EVERY ONE

Music Classics Are Made to Grow Up by Mr. Koussevitzky, Even as in Days of Old

Apr 4 1928

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Berlioz's overture was played at the various other series early this season. Coming after an appreciable interval of time it again sounded fresh. With the freshness of new performance the orchestra, moreover, played it. Berlioz's abilities with sonorities and orchestral combinations, his power in building climaxes and in providing moments of high excitement and of dramatic power were made apparent once more. Berlioz, early among musicians, wrote for a virtuoso orchestra. Such an orchestra yesterday played his music, gave to it probably more than the composer ever could have expected of any orchestra.

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The ardors were reserved for Strauss and later for Stravinsky. Again were the themes of the armorous Don Juan far flung, powerful, full of intensity, heroics, passion. Again his conquests passed in review, one coquetish, another herself amorous, a third "soulful." Again we listeners heard the final disappointment, the ultimate despair, perhaps the death itself of the conquering Don. More, we heard a Strauss writing a music which above other that he has written resists the passage of times, withers and pales not. Still more, we heard an orchestra and a conductor characterizing, coloring every single note of a highly contrasted canvas, we heard them energizing, galvanizing magnetic passage after magnetic pasage. And finally we heard them blend the whole into a marvellous unity, give it with all its various and diverse elements, a singleness of purpose no less than remarkable. The Don Juan of Strauss and Koussevitzky is a living, tangible character of flesh and blood, of passion and of disillusioning satiety.

With Debussy's epoch-making prelude, "To the Afternoon of a Faun" the orchestra was no less happy. The world's first piece of musical "impressionism" it is. And after the passage of a full generation of time it is still in the vanguard of impressionistic music. Debussy indeed builded better than he knew in this first trial flight into a new realm of music. Its suavities, its vaguenesses, its gentle glistening tints sound as real and as genuine and as new today as they did when first this prelude was heard. Its melodies do not grow stale, its sonorities do not begin to pall. It has very truly become, to use Mr. Koussevitzky's term, a classic. And Mr. Koussevitzky found for it tempi and shadings which surely were devised in the very image of Debussy's intent and meaning. In its languors and its suavities, in its energies (subtle of course) and its gentle and tentative excitements, his reading of it was a model of poise and of plasticity.

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Herald

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The notes of Schubert's "unfinished" symphony have become very popular this winter, probably more so than usual because of the prize which has been offered to the musician who would complete the score satisfactorily. As one listened to the symphony yesterday, noble in its beauty, its delicacy; it became a different thing than one is accustomed to hearing in an overpopular selection. One felt that the symphony should be left unfinished, that it could not profit anything from another hand. It is well for Mr. Koussevitsky to bring music of this kind before us now and again, and to re-establish its beauty, its real worth.

The Berlioz overture was composed at Paris in 1838 at a time when Berlioz's writings and musical criticisms had become extremely popular and it was difficult for him to gain the privacy, the repose which he deemed essential to this composition. If he wrote with "albums," as he called them, haunting him, the music shows no fatigue. Always of keen imagination, Berlioz was probably as impressed by the romantic figure of Benvenuto Cellini, who could make a statue or excel in swift sword play with equal ease and grace, as he was with Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet for he said he "lived ardently" with the spirit of Shakespeare when he was composing the dramatic symphony inspired by the latter.

In Strauss's "Don Juan" did not Mr. Koussevitzky read into the music all of the gallantry of Lenau's hero? And Debussy's most accomplished work "The Afternoon of a Faun" gave pleasure. The ballet music by Stravinsky, skilfully put on the orchestra, called the action in no uncertain terms. The Russian dance, the entrance of Petrouchka, the grand carnival—all was before one in the energetic, effective way of the Russian school.

The fifth and last concert of this series this season will be given April 24. Music by Mendelssohn, Bach, Stravinsky and Brahms. C. M. D.

SYMPHONY IN FOURTH EXTRA

Classics Old and New for Tuesday Matinees

Post Apr 4 1928

Yesterday at Symphony Hall the fourth of this season's series of Tuesday afternoon Symphony Concerts came to pass before the usual responsive audience, and with Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra once again giving of their best.

Save for the fact that Berliot's Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini" preceded the "Unfinished Symphony of Schubert, Mr. Koussevitzky's list of classics old and new, to which this Tuesday series is avowedly dedicated, yesterday followed a chronological sequence. Incidentally it presented in the latter half of the programme representative music from Germany, France and Russia: Strauss' tone-poem "Don Juan," Debussy's "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun" and the orchestral suite which Stravinsky made from his ballet "Petrouchka."

In the affections of the concert-going world.

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DORA QUICK
IN CHANGES
Win, 4-1---Will H
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In no one of these works is Mr. Koussevitzky's way unknown to Boston. Yesterday's performance of the "Cellini" Overture was no less brilliant, no less dramatically effective than others that have preceded it, while once more, as in the past, Mr. Koussevitzky laid an emphasizing and impassioned hand upon the century-old Symphony of Schubert.

There are those who have found Mr. Koussevitzky's version of "Don Juan" less sensuously appealing, emotionally less exciting than that of one or another conductor. Yesterday it was pos-

career. Therein at least he follows the expressed intention of Lenau, upon whose poem Strauss based his music.

Debussy's Prelude to Mallarme's Eclogue wove yesterday its accustomed tonal spell. To it the rhythmic vigors, the orchestral humors and the diversified charm of Stravinsky's music in superlative performance made admirable foil. And whatever may be the ultimate verdict concerning some of Stravinsky's more recent music, there is no mistaking "Petrouchka's" place in the affections of the concert-going world.

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Apr 4, 1928

YESTERDAY afternoon at Symphony Hall Mr. Koussevitzky continued his Tuesday programs of musical classics. Berlioz with the overture to "Benvenuto Cellini" and Schubert with the Unfinished Symphony were coupled for the first half of the program, and Strauss with "Don Juan," Debussy with "To the Afternoon of a Faun," Stravinsky with "Petrouchka" were grouped for the second. Masterpieces indeed, every one of them.

Berlioz's overture was played at the various other series early this season. Coming after an appreciable interval of time it again sounded fresh. With the freshness of new performance the orchestra, moreover, played it. Berlioz's abilities with sonorities and orchestral combinations, his power in building climaxes and in providing moments of high excitement and of dramatic power were made apparent once more. Berlioz, early among musicians, wrote for a virtuoso orchestra. Such an orchestra yesterday played his music, gave to it probably more than the composer ever could have expected of any orchestra.

The two movements which constitute Schubert's so-called "Unfinished" symphony had not been played since early last season. Thus they also struck the ear with relative freshness. Mr. Koussevitzky's one aim with this symphony apparently was to attain beauty of line and beauty of sonority. Excitements he sought not. For long stretches the arc described by the tip of his baton was not over two or three inches in length. By the same token he made no attempt to emotionalize or sentimentalize these melodies. As finely chiselled exquisitely molded lines of purest classical contours he sent them into the auditorium. And the sonorities which he summoned from his men glistened with a golden sheen. Where, oh where else can one now hear such wonderful warmth of tonal beauty as Mr. Koussevitzky, playing Schubert, now draws from his men?

The ardors were reserved for Strauss and later for Stravinsky. Again were the themes of the armorous Don Juan far flung, powerful, full of intensity, heroics, passion. Again his conquests passed in review, one coquetish, another herself amorous, a third "soulful." Again we listeners heard the final disappointment, the ultimate despair, perhaps the death itself of the conquering Don. More, we heard a Strauss writing a music which above other that he has written resists the passage of times, withers and pales not. Still more, we heard an orchestra and a conductor characterizing, coloring every single note of a highly contrasted canvas, we heard them energizing, galvanizing magnetic passage after magnetic pasage. And finally we heard them blend the whole into a marvellous unity, give it with all its various and diverse elements, a singleness of purpose no less than remarkable. The Don Juan of Strauss and Koussevitzky is a living, tangible character of flesh and blood, of passion and of disillusioning satiety.

With Debussy's epoch-making prelude, "To the Afternoon of a Faun" the orchestra was no less happy. The world's first piece of musical "impressionism" it is. And after the passage of a full generation of time it is still in the vanguard of impressionistic music. Debussy indeed builded better than he knew in this first trial flight into a new realm of music. Its suavities, its vaguenesses, its gentle glistening tints sound as real and as genuine and as new today as they did when first this prelude was heard. Its melodies do not grow stale, its sonorities do not begin to pall. It has very truly become, to use Mr. Koussevitzky's term, a classic. And Mr. Koussevitzky found for it tempi and shadings which surely were devised in the very image of Debussy's intent and meaning. In its languors and its suavities, in its energies (subtle of course) and its gentle and tentative excitements, his reading of it was a model of poise and of plasticity.

Finally came the full-voiced humors of Stravinsky's ballet-suite "Petrouchka," by common consent one of Mr. Koussevitzky's fortes. Graphically, realistically, full of humor came the music of the poor clown-hero, the scenes of Russian peasant life, the dance, the carnival, the duet of the bear and the peasant playing the hand organ, the further dances of nurses, of merchants and gypsies, of coachmen and grooms, of masqueraders variously. A vivid music this is. As though thrown on a huge canvas with a brush dipped in glowing colors, it appears. It too pales not. "The classics" veritably grow up under our very eyes, even as in days of old.

A. H. M.

SYMPHONY GIVES FOURTH PROGRAM

Herald

Tuesday Afternoon Music Delightfully Rendered

Apr 4, 1928

The fourth program of the Tuesday afternoon series of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, was given yesterday afternoon as follows: Berlioz, overture to "Benvenuto Cellini" op. 23; Schubert, symphony in B minor ("Unfinished"); Strauss, "Don Juan" tone-poem, op. 20 (after Lenau); Debussy "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun" (after the eclogue of Stephane Mallarme); Stravinsky, orchestral suite from the ballet "Petrouchka."

In a world which is usually to hurried for perfection, this excellent virtue is, nevertheless, accomplished over and over again in the music of this organization under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction. It is interesting to ponder upon and very satisfying to hear. The Tuesday afternoon series of concerts have had on their program representative compositions of the greatest musicians, music, were it of the theatre, which would be called "actor proof." Such a statement is a fallacy. There is nothing which is actor proof or musician proof but when beautiful music is played in the inspired manner in which the Boston Symphony delivers it, it is, at least, a satisfactory rebirth of fineness and genius.

The notes of Schubert's "unfinished" symphony have become very popular this winter, probably more so than usual because of the prize which has been offered to the musician who would complete the score satisfactorily. As one listened to the symphony yesterday, noble in its beauty, its delicacy; it became a different thing than one is accustomed to hearing in an overpopular selection. One felt that the symphony should be left unfinished, that it could not profit anything from another hand. It is well for Mr. Koussevitsky to bring music of this kind before us now and again, and to re-establish its beauty, its real worth.

The Berlioz overture was composed at Paris in 1838 at a time when Berlioz's writings and musical criticisms had become extremely popular and it was difficult for him to gain the privacy, the repose which he deemed essential to this composition. If he wrote with "albums," as he called them, haunting him, the music shows no fatigue. Always of keen imagination, Berlioz was probably as impressed by the romantic figure of Benvenuto Cellini, who could make a statue or excel in swift sword play with equal ease and grace, as he was with Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet for he said he "lived ardently" w[illegible] the spirit of Shakespeare when he w[illegible] i[illegible]

DORA QUICK
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In no one of these works is Mr. Koussevitzky's way unknown to Boston. Yesterday's performance of the "Cellini" Overture was no less brilliant, no less dramatically effective
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Mr.
sible to feel once more that he was concerned rather with the frustrated longing of Don Juan for his ideal than with the passing episodes of his erotic career. Therein at least he follows the expressed intention of Lenau, upon whose poem Strauss based his music.

Debussy's Prelude to Mallarme's Eclogue wove yesterday its accustomed tonal spell. To it the rhythmic vigors, the orchestral humors and the diversified charm of Stravinsky's music in superlative performance made admirable foil. And whatever may be the ultimate verdict concerning some of Stravinsky's more recent music, there is no mistaking "Petrouchka's" place in the affections of the concert-going world.

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SYMPHONY CLOSES TUESDAY CONCERTS

Herald

Enthusiastic Audience Attends Fifth of Series

Ap. 25/28

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, gave the fifth and last concert of the Tuesday series yesterday afternoon at Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Mendelssohn, overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; Bach, Two Choral Preludes, orchestrated by Arnold Schoenberg; Ravel, Excerpts from the ballet "Daphnis and Chloe" (second suite); Brahms, Symphony No. 1, C minor.

There's little to be said about the compositions themselves. Three of them are familiar to audiences in Symphony hall; Schoenberg's orchestration is not flagrantly modern, though some have found it unnecessary and not distinguished by skill in the making. These Choral Preludes are more effective when they are played on the organ, the instrument for which they were written.

We have not heard much of Mendelssohn's music in recent years. The "Italian" symphony was performed this season at the Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concerts; it seems a long time since the "Scotch" symphony and the overtures "Melusina" and "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage" have been on the programs. The overture of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is still beautiful; still poetic; it still excites wonder that it could have been written by so young a man. If Mendelssohn had not had his life made so easy for him; if he had been poor and had known adversity and suffering, what might he not have accomplished! Especially if he had kept away from England and English flatterers.

Mr. Koussevitzky's fondness for the music of Brahms is recognized, also his understanding of that composer; his ability to bring out the lyricism as well as the ruggedness of the music; his refusing to stress measures that are only perfunctory and not essential to the structure. As for Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe" with its glowing color, its fascination, it is music that calls for all the euphony and brilliance of this orchestra now, thanks to its conductor, the foremost in this country.

Thus ended a series that has given great pleasure to enthusiastic audiences by the nature of the programs and the perfection of the performances.

C. M. D.

SANDERS THEATRE . . . . CAMBRIDGE

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Forty-seventh Season, 1927–1928

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

FIRST CONCERT

THURSDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 13

AT 8.00

PROGRAMME

Berlioz . . . . . Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini," Op. 23

Brahms . . . . . Symphony No. 3 in F major, Op. 90

I. Allegro con brio.
II. Andante.
III. Poco allegretto.
IV. Allegro.

Stravinsky . . . Orchestral Suite from the Ballet, "Petrouchka"

Russian Dance — Petrouchka — Grand Carnival — Nurses' Dance — The Bear and the Peasant playing a Hand Organ — The Merchant and the Gypsies — The Dance of the Coachmen and the Grooms — The Masqueraders.

Debussy . . . . . "Iberia": "Images" for Orchestra No. 2

I. Par les rues et par les chemins (In the streets and by-ways).
II. Les parfums de la nuit (The fragrance of the night).
III. Le matin d'un jour de fête (The morning of a festival day).

STEINWAY PIANO USED

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the symphony

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II. Les parfums de la nuit (The fragrance of the night).
III. Le matin d'un jour de fête (The morning of a festival day).

STEINWAY PIANO USED

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the symphony

SANDERS THEATRE . . . . CAMBRIDGE

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Forty-seventh Season, 1927–1928

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

SECOND CONCERT

THURSDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 10

AT 8.00

PROGRAMME

Malipiero . . . . Cimarosiana. Five Orchestral Pieces by Cimarosa, Re-orchestrated

I. Andante grazioso.
II. Allegro moderato.
III. Non troppo mosso.
IV. Larghetto.
V. Allegro vivace.

(First time in this country)

Sibelius . . . . Symphony No. 5 in E-flat major, Op. 82

I. Tempo molto moderato; Allegro moderato.
II. Andante mosso, quasi allegretto.
III. Allegro molto; Un pochettino largamento.

Wagner . . Bacchanale ("The Venus Hill") from "Tannhäuser"

Liszt . . . . . Second Episode from Lenau's "Faust"; The Dance in the Village Tavern (Mephisto Waltz)

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the symphony

SANDERS THEATRE . . . . CAMBRIDGE

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Boston Symphony Orchestra

Forty-seventh Season, 1927–1928

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

THIRD CONCERT

THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 1

AT 8.00

PROGRAMME

RICHARD BURGIN will conduct this concert

Cherubini . . . . . Overture to "Ali Baba"

Brahms . . Concerto in D major for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 77

I. Allegro non troppo.
II. Adagio.
III. Allegro giocoso, ma non troppo vivace.

Schrecker . . . . . Prelude to a Drama

Liszt . . . . . "Mazeppa," Symphonic Poem No. 6 (after Victor Hugo)

SOLOIST

ALBERT SPALDING

STEINWAY PIANO USED

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after the concerto

SANDERS THEATRE . . . . CAMBRIDGE
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SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

FOURTH CONCERT
THURSDAY EVENING, JANUARY 12
AT 8.00

PROGRAMME

MAURICE RAVEL will be the Guest Conductor of this concert

Ravel . . . "Le Tombeau de Couperin" (Suite for Orchestra)
I. Prelude.
II. Forlane.
III. Menuet.
IV. Rigaudon.

Debussy . . . Sarabande and Dance (Orchestrated by Ravel)

Ravel . . . . . Rapsodie Espagnole
I. Prélude à la Nuit.
II. Malagueña.
III. Habanera.
IV. Feria ("The Fair").

Ravel . . . "Shéhérazade," Three Poems for Voice and Orchestra, to the Verses of Tristan Klingsor
I. Asia.
II. The Enchanted Flute.
III. The Indifferent One.

Ravel . . . . . "La Valse," Choregraphic Poem

SOLOIST
LISA ROMA

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

There will be an intermission after the "Rapsodie Espagnole"

SANDERS THEATRE . . . . CAMBRIDGE
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Boston Symphony Orchestra

Forty-seventh Season, 1927–1928
SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

FIFTH CONCERT
THURSDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 9
AT 8.00

PROGRAMME

Mozart . . . Symphony in E-flat major (Koechel No. 543)
I. Adagio; Allegro.
II. Andante.
III. Minuetto; Trio.
IV. Finale: Allegro.

Strauss . . . . . "Don Juan," Tone Poem, Op. 20 (after Lenau)

Sibelius . . . . Symphony No. 1 in E minor, Op. 39
I. Andante ma non troppo; Allegro energico.
II. Andante ma non troppo lento.
III. Allegro.
IV. Finale (Quasi una Fantasia): Andante; Allegro molto.

There will be an intermission of ten minutes after Strauss's "Don Juan"

SANDERS THEATRE . . . . CAMBRIDGE

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

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Forty-seventh Season, 1927–1928

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

SIXTH CONCERT

THURSDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 23

AT 8.00

PROGRAMME

Bach . . . . . Concerto No. 2 in F major, for Violin, Flute, Oboe and Trumpet (Edited by Felix Mottl)

(Messrs. BURGIN, LAURENT, GILLET, MAGER)

I. Allegro moderato.
II. Andante.
III. Allegro.

Haydn . . . . . Concerto for Violoncello in D major

I. Allegro Moderato
II. Adagio
III. Allegro

Beethoven . . . . Symphony No. 7, in A major, Op. 92

I. Poco sostenuto; Vivace.
II. Allegretto.
III. Presto; Assai meno presto: Tempo primo.
IV. Allegro con brio.

SOLOIST

JEAN BEDETTI

There will be an intermission of ten minutes before the symphony

Sibelius, at Least Feb 10, 1928

FACILITY and apathy often go hand in hand. The Boston Symphony was nothing if not facile at the concert in Cambridge last evening: the audience not far from apathetic. Mr. Koussevitzky brought over three pieces that have been heard previously in Boston this season: Mozart's Symphony in E flat, Strauss's "Don Juan" and the first symphony of Sibelius. Surely out of these there should have been some music to arouse enthusiasm. Mozart's Symphony and "Don Juan" are quite familiar, it is true, but no one could have wished more engrossing music than that of Sibelius. Yet the concert got under way as perfunctorily as possible and there was no spell of coughing last evening to enhance the occasion. Applause for Mozart's Symphony was polite; for Strauss's tone poem warmer, and for the symphony of Sibelius sufficient to recall the conductor once.

Across the small distances in Sanders Theater, the diminished orchestra which Mr. Koussevitzky used for the symphony of Mozart gained little in plasticity and litheness, although it should not be inferred that exceeding litheness and plasticity were the principal attainments to be desired. Rather, the absence of the other players served to strip off all protecting sonorities and put the musicians on their mettle. The choirs were now more individualized; they spoke incisively; what each one said counted more. Moreover, the conductor's way with the symphony did not lead toward curves and softnesses, but toward a certain dry humor. Throughout three of the four movements the music moved not sweetly or winsomely as it does with musicians inclined to excess of sentiment, but briskly and jauntily and with no delays for undulations of any kind. Mr. Koussevitzky's baton was often the key to his conception of the music. If it so pleased him to do so, he let his supple wrist follow each of the three beats in the triple time of the "allegro." Often he indicated only the first stroke with stick pointed downward and waist high in a familiar gesture of his. Sometimes he gave the orchestra free reign and merely beckoned the instruments in at important sections or urged them. Always he whipped out the cadences at the close of each movement with short, curt strokes. Only the minuet and trio swayed with familiar lilt. Beside Mr. Koussevitzky's débonair Mozart, place Mozart, the laconic.

The familiarity with which the orchestra was able to approach "Don Juan," one of its favorite numbers, served Strauss's music well last evening. The music stirred with an exuberance and freedom that only continued acquaintance can make possible. Once again the rhthyms smote hotly, the sweet melody seduced, disgust encroached and brought final ruin. Though as tone poem "Don Juan" is fashioned in a supposedly outmoded form, many listeners still find it stirring.

Sibelius cannot be denied. Of the classic elegance of Mozart we are many times familiar. The teutonic upheavals of Strauss are now not new. Sibelius has been with us for some time, but his measures are utterly different from any prevailing music now in repertory. These are platitudes, of course; but how the repetitions of the first and fifth symphonies enlarge the following of this composer! The first movement last evening again unfolded theme upon theme, thread upon thread, revealing the extraordinary organic nature of Sibelius's composing manner. Out of each aspiring thought grew another to blossom in fulfillment. No fitting together of conventional patterns, German fashion, but a dovetailing of thought upon thought far more subtle than anything of Mendelssohn, and more virile. And what is the "andante" but a little song in true folk style, though Sibelius seldom if ever adopted a folk song for his music, but preferred to mold it "folkwise," in his own fashion, if and when he so desired. Of the pages of rollicking music not too many will be found as frank and yet as instrumentally ingenious as those of the third movement of this symphony. The final movement is a broad, sweeping narrative. Sibelius breathed deeply when he wrote these measures. Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra likewise breathed deeply when they played them. If Cambridge had been Chicago they would have risen to this music.

N. M. J.

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SANDERS THEATRE . . . . CAMBRIDGE

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Boston Symphony Orchestra

Forty-seventh Season, 1927–1928

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N. M. J.

CONCERT-CHRONICLE

Feb 24, 1928

All Hands, Cheerily

SUCH undiminished geniality prevailed at Sanders Theater last evening that the visitor considered once again what the cause could be. Mr. Koussevitzky began as far back as Bach; proceeded to Haydn; advanced no farther than Beethoven. How could these old fellows have made such a stir last evening? Yet they surely did; and what is more, they found conductor, orchestra, soloists, and audience all willing to lend a hand. The beginning of it all was Bach's second Brandenburg concerto for violin, flute, oboe and trumpet, with Messrs. Burgin, Laurent, Gillet and Mager tossing off the more prominent melodies. Then Mr. Bedetti came out to play the 'cello part for Haydn's concerto in D. Beethoven's Seventh Symphony capped the festivities of the evening. Throughout these numbers the orchestra was at its brilliant best, and at the close of each of them, the audience was notably generous in applause. Twice Mr. Koussevitzky felt called upon to bring the players to their feet—once at the end of the concerto of Bach and again after the symphony. Mr. Bedetti, moreover, was clapped after each of the three movements of Haydn's concerto, and his companions even forsook their usual polite tapping of the bow in favor of the louder compliment of the palms. Mr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Bedetti shook hands in beaming good humor.

To hear Bach's sparkling concerto again is to assure oneself that this music might easily illustrate the fascination of fast motion. The steady "click, click, click" of the rhythms are more exhilarating than the crinkle of horse and sleigh upon crispy snow. This music, at least, is a fleet kind of vivacity, that soon leaves all laggards behind. Last evening, neither soloists nor orchestra were reticent in beginning a composition which historians might suppose should be played with a smaller orchestra and in a more dainty manner. The opening movement got gaily under way, in swift pace, with outspoken intonation. As in a sport of relays and team play, the accompanying instruments announced and amplified the themes, passed them on to the soloists; who in turn sped forward with them, made occasion for further exchange among themselves, took hold singly and together, moved once more with the ensemble. Only in the andante was there pause for contemplation, singing melodies, contented undertones—all involving as delicate and as finally shaded a performance as the solo players could achieve. In the final movement the prevailing gaiety was as frank as before. When soloists moved abreast of the general ensemble, however, seldom could they be heard prominently above the others, so many were the strings; but the counterplay of soloists and orchestra was scarcely less enjoyable therefore.

Mr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Bedetti rather disguised the trend of Haydn's concerto in the first two movements, or most likely Haydn had the greater influence in the matter. The first movement presented displayful music for the skilled virtuoso. Mr. Bedetti was accurate of bow, swift and true of finger, intent in his task; he played entirely from memory. The adagio presented songful music, for which Mr. Bedetti is so affectionately known by those who remember his playing in seasons past. His tone last evening seemed drier, keener, more masculine than that of recent memory, pleasantly so. In the last movement, the cheerfulness of the movement came out fully revealed. Conductor and soloist made of it music of smiles, of lilt, of artful nuance.

The performance of Beethoven's seventh symphony was one of mingled suavity and gusto. Let a less practiced orchestra play these numberless repeated notes and figures of the first movement, and the result will be hodge-podge; this reveals the inscrutable, the perverse, the sarcastic Beethoven, the listener would declare. Not so with the virtuoso orchestra of Boston and its alert conductor. The first movement makes preparation for the last. The allegretto is soft and eloquent slow music, it is true, but its minor key only thinly veils the vivacious character of the symphony as a whole.

In the third movement, drollery will out. There is some ambling music in intervening measures, but with a sudden whip of Mr. Koussevitzky's wrist, the sportive melodies leap forward. In the last movement, the celebration holds full sway. With the pace well set, Mr. Koussevitzky now and then rests his stick on the music rack and lets the men have at it joyously.

N. M. J.

All Manner

T - 3-2-28

With one new piece and two from repertory, Mr. Koussevitzky last evening assembled for the Cambridge series a program such as provokes those ovations of which we hear when the Boston Symphony goes to foreign places. Mr. Koussevitzky did this with three compositions of markedly diverse character —Walton's "Sinfonia Concertante for Orchestra with Pianoforte (quasi obbligato)," British and beaming; the second suite of excerpts from Ravel's ballet, "Daphnis and Chloé," French and irridescent; Chaikovsky's "Symphony Pathetique," Russian. Thus, in subject matter there was wide latitude for personal preference, according to one's training or native inclinations. In performance, particular choice could not be exercised, so expertly and warmly did the orchestra play all of these numbers. After each of them, indeed, the audience returned the enthusiasm of the players in full measure; clapped as much for the music of Ravel as for Chaikovsky's symphony, liked Walton's "Sinfonia" only a little less than the suite of ballet music; applauded the orchestra when it stood with Mr. Koussevitzky at the end of the concert.

The analyst who regularly writes for these pages recently looked over the score of Walton's piece. Somewhere toward the close of his account of it he made indirect reference to composers who wrote as they chatted. The inventor of the captions on these pages expanded a slender intuition and inscribed the legend, "Gay and Chattering." A more apt phrase for the impressions that came to the ear last evening could not be found. The "Sinfonia" begins "maestoso," but continues in this vein for only a brief interval. Within a twinkling it becomes happy music of many short-note themes. The woodwinds warble, the strings twitter, the brasses chuckle. In the "andante commodo," there is brief occasion for softer, less frolicsome measures, but in the mock gravity of these moments the harmonies are more piquant than sedate and the woodwinds make sly comments obbligato fashion. In the final movement, the rollicking tunes once more have leading parts; the brasses toss ludicrus figures one to another; jolly discords abound. Can it be that out of the discordant idiom that marks the music of the day, this Britisher has found the way to humor? When the French deal with modernisms they give us the keen edge or the tinted veil. The Russians assail our ears manfully. The Germans, when they resort to discords, bring their resolutions wagging behind them. The clashing notes of William Walton, however, are not forbidding to the ear, but welcome as gay sounds. His music is not of the study and the night lamp. It is of the out-of-doors, of the air and activity of England.

The mellow wood of Sanders Theater that has so often resounded to the solemnities of Beethoven must still be quivering with the excitement of Ravel's ballet music. At least the ears of those who departed from the hall last evening still tingle with the sounds; the mind and heart still quicken to their memory. Here was music to ravish the senses; a performance the equal of which, in brilliance and audacity, cannot readily be recalled. Mr. Koussevitzky played the episodes of the suite almost as one. Slow, shimmering music was that of "Lever du Jour," with twining, tentative themes, rippling, leaf-like motions—an atmospheric, gossamer mist of instrumentation which now enveloped and now parted for the glimmerings of daybreak—such music as one anticipates after experiences with the Gallic impressionists of brush and pen. Imperceptively it quickened, passed into mimetic measures, sped on with the general dance. Such amazing fleetness, such gradual yet tantalizing increase of pace. Swifter, more impatient it grew until it seemed the instruments might leap from the players' hands had not the end come sharp and swift.

Following such excitement as this, Chaikovsky needed recourse to much honest pathos before he could still the palpitations of Ravel's rhythms. Chaikovsky builds not audaciously and abruptly as do the moderns, but carefully and smoothly. No waste matter clutters his pages, no "effects" just for the sake of effects; each theme is well nurtured and exploited. His sincerity is not questioned. Sometimes, however, the matter which touches him most poignantly passes unnoticed by this restless generation. Yesterday slow and grievous were the strings of the opening movement, of gentle sadness the woodwinds. Yet in the "allegro con grazia" one listener was caught napping. Surely the defiant march and the closing lamentation of the symphony are the most stirring music the symphony contains; but the march can scarcely be the bright and confident music some claim it to be; but a twisted kind of gaiety, already sentient of the pathetic conclusion. Mr. Koussevitzky gave a reverent reading last evening. When the last, soft, deep notes of the symphony had ceased to sound, he dropped his stick upon the score with a quick movement of finality: "There, that was Chaikovsky's symphony as I hear it."

N. M. J.

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MR. PISTON AT HOME

The Cambridge Audience Listens and Applauds His "Symphonic Piece"—From Gluck to Schumann Besides—Suavities and Nuances of Performance

March 30, 1928

COMPARED with previous concerts at Sanders Theater, that of last evening was a gentle, amiable affair. It is possible to recall the contrasting enthusiasm that prevailed after the Boston Symphony had made such engrossing music of Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe" and Chaikovsky's "Pathetic" at one occasion, or of Beethoven's seventh symphony and Haydn's concerto for violoncello in D major, with Mr. Bedetti playing the solo part, at another. Last evening, however, Mr. Koussevitzky had Mottl's arrangement of a suite of tunes from Gluck as well as Mozart's violin concerto in D, No. 4, for music from the early composers; together with Mr. Piston's scholarly piece and Schumann's fourth symphony. This music gives pleasure to an audience, though it will not move it deeply; nor does Mr. Koussevitzky invoke with it such acclaim as the orchestra receives on its journeys. On paper, Mr. Piston's piece, written in the summer of 1927, promised to furnish the most stimulating matter of the evening; and some anticipation awaited the appearance of Mr. Samuel Dushkin as soloist for Mozart's concerto. Actually, it remained for the last movement of Schumann's symphony to provide what really stirring moments came to pass.

Listening to Mr. Piston's "Symphonic Piece" is similar to appreciating a game of chess. The point of view is important. Those that are most involved in the affair find it most absorbing; whereas mere witnesses in the event try to puzzle it out as best they can. And as for those who do not even know the rules of the game, they declare it a pointless sport anyway. Mr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Piston were the most involved last evening—Mr. Koussevitzky once more pursuing the gradual disclosure of a man's musical ideas as set down on paper, Mr. Piston again having the opportunity of hearing his subtle themes take audible form under another's hand. Consequently, Mr. Koussevitzky perused the music paper with evident relish, and turning to the front at the close of the piece, seemed to inform the composer that his strategy with the bishop and two knights had been as adroit as could be; while Mr. Piston, on his part, appeared to enjoy the conductor's appreciation of his designs. It is relevent to say here that much of this mental acuteness is lost on the general audience; the applause of last evening, though friendly, was a little tentative. Surely, the sounds this music-writing invokes have a delicate kind of oddity at first; later they evolve into an academic climax of finely wrought counterpoint, and recede once more to musing. And if one is to enjoy the symmetry of these musical ideas and the ingenuity of their working-out, as one would enjoy the symmetry and working-out of Mozart's music, one had best provide oneself with a score.

Preceding Mr. Piston's piece came the ballet suite, No. 2, of melodies from the operas of Gluck, elegant music with an occasional dash of color for what stood for orientalism in the days of the composer. The orchestra has now played these pieces four times recently in this locality. The strings are, therefore, at their sweetest and smoothest and the woodwinds entwine their melodies with easy flexibility. More stirring music than this may have its time and place, but by all means let us not neglect such gentle pleasure.

Mr. Samuel Dushkin proved a puzzling violinist for Mozart's concerto. He played the first part of the andante cantabile with a fine, smooth tone of peculiar quality that was at once compact and mellow, of an intensity that was light and at the same time penetrating. He seemed a graceful interpreter of Mozart's music; but later on, now and again, his playing left the slightest impression that he might have been more careful of intonation, as if he were over-confident in the fluent skill which generally prevailed. Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra took an affectionate interest in filling in the background for the soloist; assisted not a little in setting off the niceties of the score.

Schumann's symphony invited attention to begin with, languished in the middle sections, revived its full ardent spirit at the close. The unmistakable characteristics of Schumann's writing lend a welcome romantic quality to any orchestral concert nowadays. The interlocking of phrases, the graceful way in which the woodwinds "lift off" the melodies of the strings even before they are ready to give them over, the characteristic narrative tinge to the minor mood—all give interest to the opening movement. The romanza, last evening, whether because of the slow tempo Mr. Koussevitzky set or because of the meager thematic material, sounded almost too dreamy; and the scherzo had scarcely time to move in step with impulse. In the final movement, Schumann's fancy was at last free-ranging, turning to lovely curves, delightful nuances in dynamics, changes in rhythm.

N. M. J.

SANDERS THEATRE . . . . CAMBRIDGE

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Forty-seventh Season, 1927–1928

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

SEVENTH CONCERT

THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 1

AT 8.00

PROGRAMME

Walton . . . . . Sinfonia Concertante, for Orchestra with Pianoforte (quasi obbligato)

Piano: BERNARD ZIGHERA

I. Maestoso; Allegro spiritoso; Allegretto.
II. Andante commodo.
III. Allegro molto.

Ravel . . . . Orchestral Excerpts from "Daphnis et Chloé," Ballet (Second Suite)

Lever du Jour — Pantomime — Danse Générale

Tchaikovsky . . . Symphony No. 6 in B minor, "Pathetic," Op. 74

I. Adagio; Allegro non troppo.
II. Allegro con grazia.
III. Allegro molto vivace.
IV. Finale; Adagio lamentoso.

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

There will be an intermission of ten minutes before the symphony

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N. M. J.

SANDERS THEATRE . . . . CAMBRIDGE

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Forty-seventh Season, 1927–1928

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

SEVENTH CONCERT

THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 1

AT 8.00

PROGRAMME

Walton . . . . . Sinfonia Concertante, for Orchestra with Pianoforte (quasi obbligato)

Piano: BERNARD ZIGHERA

I. Maestoso; Allegro spiritoso; Allegretto.
II. Andante commodo.
III. Allegro molto.

Ravel . . . Orchestral Excerpts from "Daphnis et Chloé," Ballet (Second Suite)

Lever du Jour — Pantomime — Danse Générale

Tchaikovsky . . Symphony No. 6 in B minor, "Pathetic," Op. 74

I. Adagio; Allegro non troppo.
II. Allegro con grazia.
III. Allegro molto vivace.
IV. Finale; Adagio lamentoso.

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

There will be an intermission of ten minutes before the symphony

SANDERS THEATRE . . . . CAMBRIDGE

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Forty-seventh Season, 1927–1928

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

EIGHTH CONCERT

THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 29

AT 8.00

PROGRAMME

Gluck . . . . . Ballet Suite No. 2 (Arranged by Mottl)

a. March (from "Alceste"); Minuet (from "Iphigenia in Aulis").
b. Grazioso (from "Paris and Helen").
c. Slave Dance (from "Iphigenia in Aulis").

Piston . . . . . Symphonic Piece

Mozart . . Violin Concerto in D major, No. 4, Koechel No. 218

I. Allegro.
II. Andante cantabile.
III. Rondo: Andante grazioso; Allegro ma non troppo.

Schumann . . . . Symphony No. 4 in D minor, Op. 120

I. Andante; Allegro.
II. Romanza.
III. Scherzo.
IV. Largo; Finale.

(Played without pause)

SOLOIST

SAMUEL DUSHKIN

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

There will be an intermission of ten minutes before the symphony

SANDERS THEATRE . . . . CAMBRIDGE

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Forty-seventh Season, 1927–1928

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

NINTH CONCERT

THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 19

AT 8.00

PROGRAMME

Hill . . . . . Symphony in B-flat, Op. 34

I. Allegro moderato, ma risoluto.
II. Moderato maestoso.
III. Allegro brioso.

Stravinsky . . . . Suite from "L'Oiseau de Feu" ("The Fire Bird"), A Danced Legend

I. Introduction; Katschei's Enchanted Garden and Dance of the Fire-Bird.
II. Supplication of the Fire-Bird.
III. The Princesses play with the Golden Apples.
IV. Dance of the Princess.
V. Infernal Dance of all the Subjects of Katschei.

Brahms . . . . Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68

I. Un poco sostenuto; Allegro.
II. Andante sostenuto.
III. Un poco allegretto e grazioso.
IV. Adagio; Allegro non troppo, ma con brio.

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

There will be an intermission of ten minutes before the symphony

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SYMPHONY HALL

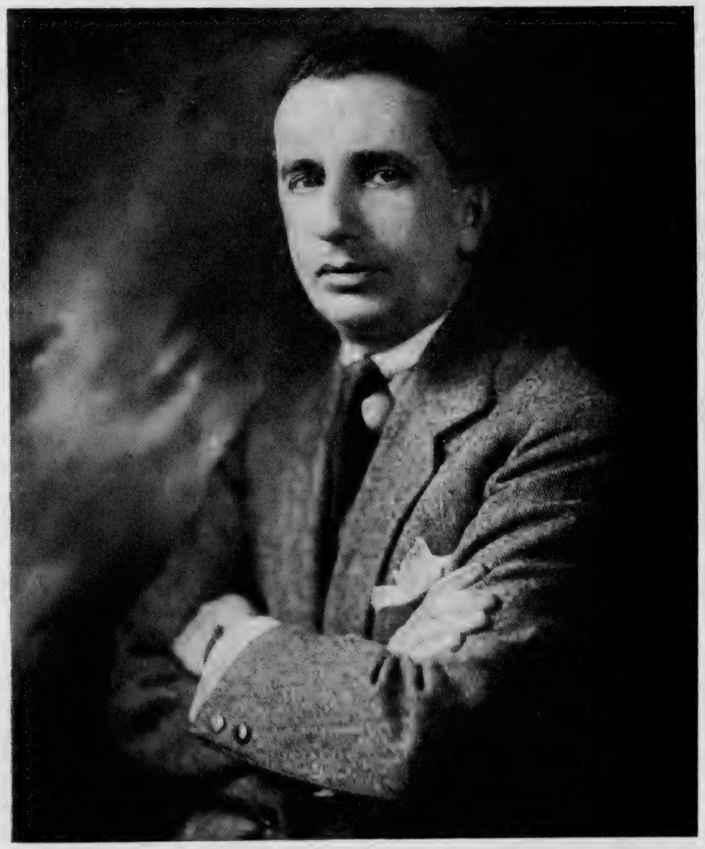
Forty-third Season of the

POPS

Orchestra of Symphony Players

OPENING NIGHT

Monday, April 30, at 8.15



ALFREDO CASELLA

Conductor

OPENS 1928 POP CONCERT SEASON

Herald — May 1. 1928

Mr. Casella's Program Delights Big Audience

The Pops began last night, with Alfredo Casella on hand to conduct them. This was his first program:

Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," Wagner; largo, solo violin, J. Theodorowicz, Handel; overture to "William Tell," solo 'clleo, J. Langendoen, Rossini; overture to "Leonore," No. 3, Beethoven; "Pacific 2-3-1," Honegger; The Sorcerer's Apprentice, Dukas; overture to "Le Maschere," intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni; Italia, rhapsody, Casella.

The proof of the pudding lies in the gating. A feast of tolerably stout musical fare Mr. Casella set before his hearers—and people came in crowds to partake of it; not a seat appeared to be empty, in the balconies or on the floor. What is more to the point, people applauded what they heard with genuine enthusiasm.

So here we have proof, unless we choose to give the old adage the lie; that Mr. Casella is a man with a long head. Well he knows that the public relish the best of music, provided only it is performed with some life and gusto, quite as heartily as music not so good, and well he knows, furthermore, that neither he nor his present forces can compete with specialists when it comes to jazz and the like. Wise man, therefore, that he is, Mr. Casella prefers to stick to his last.

As for life and gusto, he has them in plenty. Last night he made his Beethoven march, Handel stride and swell, Wagner yell and shout. How he did set Honegger's locomotive to snorting and rumbling! And "William Tell"! It raced! No indeed; there is nothing dull about Mr. Casella.

He likes his brasses strong. Most people do, however, so those who do not must needs possess their souls in patience till the fashion turns. Loud brasses apart, though, he is all for fine tone, and he is blessed in his solo players, from Mr. Theodorowicz down. In the course of the evening Mr. Casella did some beautiful things, notably the transition from Beethoven's introduction to the allegro. Contrasting episodes, indeed, he held together with singular skill—behold the value of a sensitive feeling for music's rhythmic flow.

All power to Mr. Casella! Holding with good music, he recognizes that good music does not mean dull music or far-fetched. And he knows how to play it; given a few days' time, beyond a doubt he will do finer work than he did last night. R. R. G.

Pop Concerts

Like the sacred cod, the east wind, the broad A and the narrow streets, the Pop concerts are a Boston institution. There are persons who will tell you that the term came to be applied to these concerts because of the popping of corks from the bottles of long ago, just as there are erudite folks who write of Welsh "rarebits" and hold that the word "gringo" comes from the song which American soldiers sang in Mexico, "Green grow the rushes, O." Pop concerts are but popular concerts with a curtailed adjective, and only the over fastidious bother to put quotation marks around the word.

Not even the absence of good spirituous and malt beverages has militated against these concerts, any more than near-beer has affected the prosperity of a famous down-town German resort which used to be famous for the quantities of beer consumed therein and carried away therefrom. The beer drinkers like to foregather, sip and gossip, and they can still put the sip in gossip, even if the drink is a little insipid. The Pop goers are music lovers first of all. The old beverages were merely an extra inducement, at an extra price. The number of women who smoke at the concerts gives them still a devilish and bohemian look to the uninitiated. And the concerts are not "dressy." The prices are low. The music is as good as ever. The manners of the listeners are not bad. The atmosphere of the hall whose statues have looked down for years on the best that we have is not the least of the attractions. Herald May 1. 1928

List of Works Performed at these Concerts during the Season of 1927-1928

BACH
- Concerto No. 2 in F major, for Violin, Flute, Oboe and Trumpet (Edited by FELIX MOTTL) (Messrs. BURGIN, LAURENT, GILLET, MAGER) — VI. February 23

BEETHOVEN
- Symphony No. 7, in A major, Op. 92 — VI. February 23

BERLIOZ
- Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini," Op. 23 — I. October 13

BRAHMS
- Symphony No. 3 in F major, Op. 90 — I. October 13
- Variations on a Theme by Haydn, Op. 56a — II. November 10
- Concerto in D major for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 77 — III. December 1
  Soloist: ALBERT SPALDING
- Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68 — IX. April 19

CHERUBINI
- Overture to "Ali Baba" — III. December 1

DEBUSSY
- "Iberia": "Images" for Orchestra No. 2 — I. October 13
- Sarabande and Dance (Orchestrated by Ravel) — IV. January 12

GLUCK
- Ballet Suite No. 2 (Arranged by Mottl)
  a. March (from "Alceste"); Minuet (from "Iphigenia in Aulis").
  b. Grazioso (from "Paris and Helen").
  c. Slave Dance (from "Iphigenia Aulis"). — VIII. March 29

HAYDN
- Concerto for Violoncello in D major — VI. February 23
  Soloist: JEAN BEDETTI

HILL
- Symphony in B-flat, Op. 34 — IX. April 19

LISZT
- Second Episode from Lenau's "Faust"; The Dance in the Village Tavern (Mephisto Waltz) — II. November 10
- "Mazeppa," Symphonic Poem No. 6 (after Victor Hugo) — III. December 1

MALIPIERO
- Cimarosiana. Five Orchestral Pieces by Cimarosa, Re-orchestrated (First time in this country) — II. November 10

MOZART
- Symphony in E-flat major (Koechel No. 543) — V. February 9
- Violin Concerto in D major, No. 4, Koechel No. 218 — VIII. March 29
  Soloist: SAMUEL DUSHKIN

PISTON
- Symphonic Piece — VIII. March 29

RAVEL
- "Le Tombeau de Couperin" (Suite for Orchestra) — IV. January 12
- Rapsodie Espagnole — IV. January 12
- "Shéhérazade," Three Poems for Voice and Orchestra, to the Verses of Tristan Klingsor — IV. January 12
  Soloist: LISA ROMA
- "La Valse," Choregraphic Poem — IV. January 12
- Orchestral Excerpts from "Daphnis et Chloé," Ballet (Second Suite) — VII. March 1

SCHRECKER
- Prelude to a Drama — III. December 1

SCHUMANN
- Symphony No. 4 in D minor, Op. 120 — VIII. March 29

SIBELIUS
- Symphony No. 5 in E-flat major, Op. 82 — II. November 10
- Symphony No. 1 in E minor, Op. 39 — V. February 9

STRAUSS
- "Don Juan," Tone Poem, Op. 20 (after Lenau) — V. February 9

STRAVINSKY
- Orchestral Suite from the Ballet, "Petrouchka" — I. October 13
- Suite from "L'Oiseau de Feu" ("The Fire-Bird"), A Danced Legend — IX. April 19

TCHAIKOVSKY
- Symphony No. 6 in B minor, "Pathetic," Op. 74 — VII. March 1

WALTON
- Sinfonia Concertante, for Orchestra with Pianoforte (quasi obbligato) — VII. March 1
  Piano: BERNARD ZIGHERA

RICHARD BURGIN conducted the Third Concert (December 1)
MAURICE RAVEL conducted the Fourth Concert (January 12)

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Mr. Casella's Program Delights Big Audience

The Pops began last night, with Alfredo Casella on hand to conduct them. This was his first program:

Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," Wagner; largo, solo violin, J. Theodorowicz, Handel; overture to "William Tell," solo 'cello, J. Langendoen, Rossini; overture to "Leonore," No. 3, Beethoven; "Pacific 2-3-1," Honegger; The Sorcerer's Apprentice, Dukas; overture to "Le Maschere," intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni; Italia, rhapsody, Casella.

The proof of the pudding lies in the eating. A feast of tolerably stout musical fare Mr. Casella set before his hearers—and people came in crowds to partake of it; not a seat appeared to be empty, in the balconies or on the floor. What is more to the point, people applauded what they heard with genuine enthusiasm.

So here we have proof, unless we choose to give the old adage the lie; that Mr. Casella is a man with a long head. Well he knows that the public relish the best of music, provided only it is performed with some life and gusto, quite as heartily as music not so good, and well he knows, furthermore, that neither he nor his present forces can compete with specialists when it comes to jazz and the like. Wise man, therefore, that he is, Mr. Casella prefers to stick to his last.

As for life and gusto, he has them in plenty. Last night he made his Beethoven march, Handel stride and swell, Wagner yell and shout. How he did set Honegger's locomotive to snorting and rumbling! And "William Tell"! It raced! No indeed; there is nothing dull about Mr. Casella.

He likes his brasses strong. Most people do, however, so those who do not must needs possess their souls in patience till the fashion turns. Loud brasses apart, though, he is all for fine tone, and he is blessed in his solo players, from Mr. Theodorowicz down. In the course of the evening Mr. Casella did some beautiful things, notably the transition from Beethoven's introduction to the allegro. Contrasting episodes, indeed, he held together with singular skill—behold the value of a sensitive feeling for music's rhythmic flow.

All power to Mr. Casella! Holding with good music, he recognizes that good music does not mean dull music or far-fetched. And he knows how to play it; given a few days' time, beyond a doubt he will do finer work than he did last night.

R. R. G.

Pop Concerts

Like the sacred cod, the east wind, the broad A and the narrow streets, the Pop concerts are a Boston institution. There are persons who will tell you that the term came to be applied to these concerts because of the popping of corks from the bottles of long ago, just as there are erudite folks who write of Welsh "rarebits" and hold that the word "gringo" comes from the song which American soldiers sang in Mexico, "Green grow the rushes, O." Pop concerts are but popular concerts with a curtailed adjective, and only the over fastidious bother to put quotation marks around the word.

Not even the absence of good spirituous and malt beverages has militated against these concerts, any more than near-beer has affected the prosperity of a famous down-town German resort which used to be famous for the quantities of beer consumed therein and carried away therefrom. The beer drinkers like to foregather, sip and gossip, and they can still put the sip in gossip, even if the drink is a little insipid. The Pop goers are music lovers first of all. The old beverages were merely an extra inducement, at an extra price. The number of women who smoke at the concerts gives them still a devilish and bohemian look to the uninitiated. And the concerts are not "dressy." The prices are low. The music is as good as ever. The manners of the listeners are not bad. The atmosphere of the hall whose statues have looked down for years on the best that we have is not the least of the attractions.

Herald May 1. 1928

List of Works Performed at these Concerts during the Season of 1927-1928

BACH
- Concerto No. 2 in F major, for Violin, Flute, Oboe and Trumpet (Edited by FELIX MOTTL) (Messrs. BURGIN, LAURENT, GILLET, MAGER) — VI. February 23

BEETHOVEN
- Symphony No. 7, in A major, Op. 92 — VI. February 23

BERLIOZ
- Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini," Op. 23 — I. October 13

BRAHMS
- Symphony No. 3 in F major, Op. 90 — I. October 13
- Variations on a Theme by Haydn, Op. 56a — II. November 10
- Concerto in D major for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 77 — III. December 1
  Soloist: ALBERT SPALDING
- Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68 — IX. April 19

CHERUBINI
- Overture to "Ali Baba" — III. December 1

DEBUSSY
- "Iberia": "Images" for Orchestra No. 2 — I. October 13
- Sarabande and Dance (Orchestrated by Ravel) — IV. January 12

GLUCK
- Ballet Suite No. 2 (Arranged by Mottl)
  a. March (from "Alceste"); Minuet (from "Iphigenia in Aulis").
  b. Grazioso (from "Paris and Helen").
  c. Slave Dance (from "Iphigenia Aulis"). — VIII. March 29

HAYDN
- Concerto for Violoncello in D major — VI. February 23
  Soloist: JEAN BEDETTI

HILL
- Symphony in B-flat, Op. 34 — IX. April 19

LISZT
- Second Episode from Lenau's "Faust"; The Dance in the Village Tavern (Mephisto Waltz) — II. November 10
- "Mazeppa," Symphonic Poem No. 6 (after Victor Hugo) — III. December 1

MALIPIERO
- Cimarosiana. Five Orchestral Pieces by Cimarosa, Re-orchestrated (First time in this country) — II. November 10

MOZART
- Symphony in E-flat major (Koechel No. 543) — V. February 9
- Violin Concerto in D major, No. 4, Koechel No. 218 — VIII. March 29
  Soloist: SAMUEL DUSHKIN

PISTON
- Symphonic Piece — VIII. March 29

RAVEL
- "Le Tombeau de Couperin" (Suite for Orchestra) — IV. January 12
- Rapsodie Espagnole — IV. January 12
- "Shéhérazade," Three Poems for Voice and Orchestra, to the Verses of Tristan Klingsor — IV. January 12
  Soloist: LISA ROMA
- "La Valse," Choregraphic Poem — IV. January 12
- Orchestral Excerpts from "Daphnis et Chloé," Ballet (Second Suite) — VII. March 1

SCHRECKER
- Prelude to a Drama — III. December 1

SCHUMANN
- Symphony No. 4 in D minor, Op. 120 — VIII. March 29

SIBELIUS
- Symphony No. 5 in E-flat major, Op. 82 — II. November 10
- Symphony No. 1 in E minor, Op. 39 — V. February 9

STRAUSS
- "Don Juan," Tone Poem, Op. 20 (after Lenau) — V. February 9

STRAVINSKY
- Orchestral Suite from the Ballet, "Petrouchka" — I. October 13
- Suite from "L'Oiseau de Feu" ("The Fire-Bird"), A Danced Legend — IX. April 19

TCHAIKOVSKY
- Symphony No. 6 in B minor, "Pathetic," Op. 74 — VII. March 1

WALTON
- Sinfonia Concertante, for Orchestra with Pianoforte (quasi obbligato) — VII. March 1
  Piano: BERNARD ZIGHERA

RICHARD BURGIN conducted the Third Concert (December 1)
MAURICE RAVEL conducted the Fourth Concert (January 12)

Good to Hear May 7, 1928.

Last evening Mr. Casella and his summer contingent of the Boston Symphony Orchestra played the first of their Sunday evening "symphonic programs." A program it was such as might have been offered at any regular concert of the orchestra, be it on Friday afternoon or Saturday evening, on Monday evening or Tuesday afternoon. For it comprised that bright little overture which Mozart composed for his Opera, "Figaro's Wedding"; the third symphony of Beethoven, known as the "Heroic"; Strauss's eloquent and vivid tone-poem, "Death and Transfiguration"; the suite from Mr. Casella's amusing ballet, "The Jar." For such a program the second and the playfulness of Mozart's overture came pleasingly from them. And the Beethoven of the great third symphony did honor to Beethoven as well as to the musicians. The familiar theme of the first movement sounded forth. All the grandeur which Beethoven, in his hero-worship, poured into that first movement they gave again to their listeners. The melancholy measures of the funeral march alike with its exaltations were theirs. The scherzo passed with a fleetness which might easily have suggested the fairies of a Mendelssohn or a Weber. Its horns sounded in a manner which would surely have brought agreeable surprise to Beethoven. Likewise the finale with its whirling passages and its soaring melodies displayed a virtuosity which Beethoven in his day would have envied. As a whole, Mr. Casella's "Heroic" symphony was good to listen to on the evening of a perfect Sunday.

With Strauss also, Mr. Casella proved masterful. The two sections of that remarkable tone-poem, "Death and Transfiguration," stood clearly revealed. "Death" sounded ominously. "Transfiguration" brought its glories and exaltations. The various bits of realism, such as the death-rattle were made plain. It was a performance more than sufficient. In this tone-poem Strauss pales not.

A year and four months ago Mr. Casella, at the Symphony Concerts, conducted the first performance of the suite from his ballet, "La Giara"—"The Jar." It is the amusing story of a huge broken jar which an artisan mends by climbing inside it to do his work; how he imprisons himself in the process; how the owner's daughter Nela frees him by having peasants roll the jar against a tree trunk. There is here much matter for music—and music for the Pops. There are the peasant dances—of Sicily to be exact. There is the graceful dance of Nela. There is the nocturne—which Mr. Rulon Robinson sang most admirably. There is the drunken rout of the peasants with which it all ends. Needless to say Mr. Casella gave a vivid reading to his music.

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A. H. M.

A Symphonic Pops; Bach for Novelty

June 4, 1928.

For the next to the last of the symphonic programs of the present summer of Pops concerts, Mr. Casella was content to be conservative in both matter and manner. The program fell evenly into two divisions, the first half comprising the classical patterns of Mozart's symphony in E flat major and Bach's brief concerto in D minor for two violins and string orchestra; and the second half, devoted entirely to excerpts from the operas of Wagner. For this closing division, Mr. Casella's choice included the Bacchanale from "Tannhauser," the prelude to act three of "Lohengrin," the prelude and Love-Death of "Tristan and Isolde," the Ride of the Valkyrs and the Magic Fire Spell from "Die Walküre." The aspect of Symphony Hall last evening testified that the prospect of the concert had been inviting, for only those chairs in the rear of the main floor were left vacant, and both the first and second balconies were as populous as ever. Whether or not Mr. Casella designs his program with the thought that the many who may not attend the regular winter series shall now have the opportunity of hearing music of similar importance, at least the popular response to his plan of concert indicates that some such opinion is generally entertained and acted upon.

Last evening, however, either the symphonic appetite of the general listener appeared larger than his ability to assimilate the solid fare that was put before him on a lovely summer evening, or Mr. Casella was less dramatic than his usual wont; for the general outcome of the occasion fell short of the enthusiasm of anticipation. At the close of Mozart's symphony the applause from listeners grateful to hear a sound performance of a familiar and well-liked classic brought the orchestra to its feet. Thereafter, the response was more than moderate only for the brisk strides of the prelude to the third act of "Lohengrin" and for the dramatic ride of the Valkyrs. Mr. Casella preferred a careful and leisurely performance of Mozart's symphony to the crispness and piquancy with which this music is sometimes heard. The motion of the music was smooth and sure; the changes of pace were scarcely abrupt; the contrasts in dynamics never startling. Mr. Casella, supple and brilliant in the music of the present, takes his eighteenth-century Mozart "straight;" the composer speaks for himself; personal illumination and present-day touching-up are quietly denied.

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With the music conductor and men were entirely in the vein. The humors and the playfulness of Mozart's overture came pleasingly from them. And the Beethoven of the great third symphony did honor to Beethoven as well as to the musicians. The familiar theme of the first movement sounded forth. All the grandeur which Beethoven, in his hero-worship, poured into that first movement they gave again to their listeners. The melancholy measures of the funeral march alike with its exaltations were theirs. The scherzo passed with a fleetness which might easily have suggested the fairies of a Mendelssohn or a Weber. Its horns sounded in a manner which would surely have brought agreeable surprise to Beethoven. Likewise the finale with its whirling passages and its soaring melodies displayed a virtuosity which Beethoven in his day would have envied. As a whole, Mr. Casella's "Heroic" symphony was good to listen to on the evening of a perfect Sunday.

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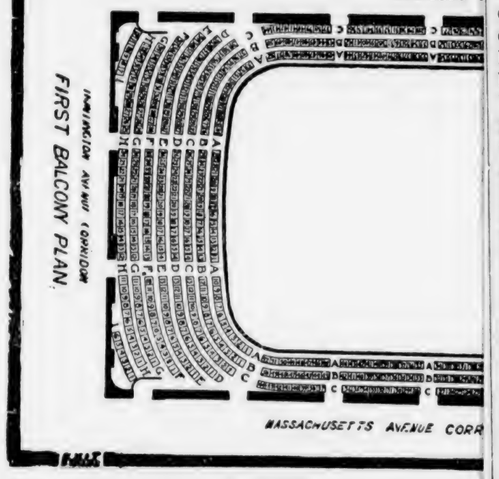
Newark Prep in B. C. Track Meet

Newark (N. J.) Preparatory School has forwarded the entry of two boys in the eighth annual schoolboy track meet to be staged at University Heights, Newton, next Saturday under the auspices of Boston College. The Newark school was the one which showed to such advantage in the long distance events in the Boston Athletic Association's indoor meet for schoolboys the past winter in the Boston Arena.

The boys entered in the B. C. meet Saturday are Thomas Joyce, national indoor high jump champion, and Joseph Noonan. Noonan's event is not known by Jack Ryder, Jr., manager of the meet. Among the other entries in the meet, according to Ryder, are Medford and Newton High schools, which failed to enter Harvard schoolboy meet last Saturday on the grounds that the Stadium event was overrun by private school teams. For this reason it is thought that the Harvard Athletic Association will, perhaps, divide its meet next year into two divisions.

Brideton Academy of Maine, which has entered the Penn Relay Carnival and the Rhode Island Interscholastic Conference relay carnival on successive Saturdays, will enter a team at B. C. Joseph Reardon and Edward Rooney in the "100" and relay, Carlton Thibeadeau



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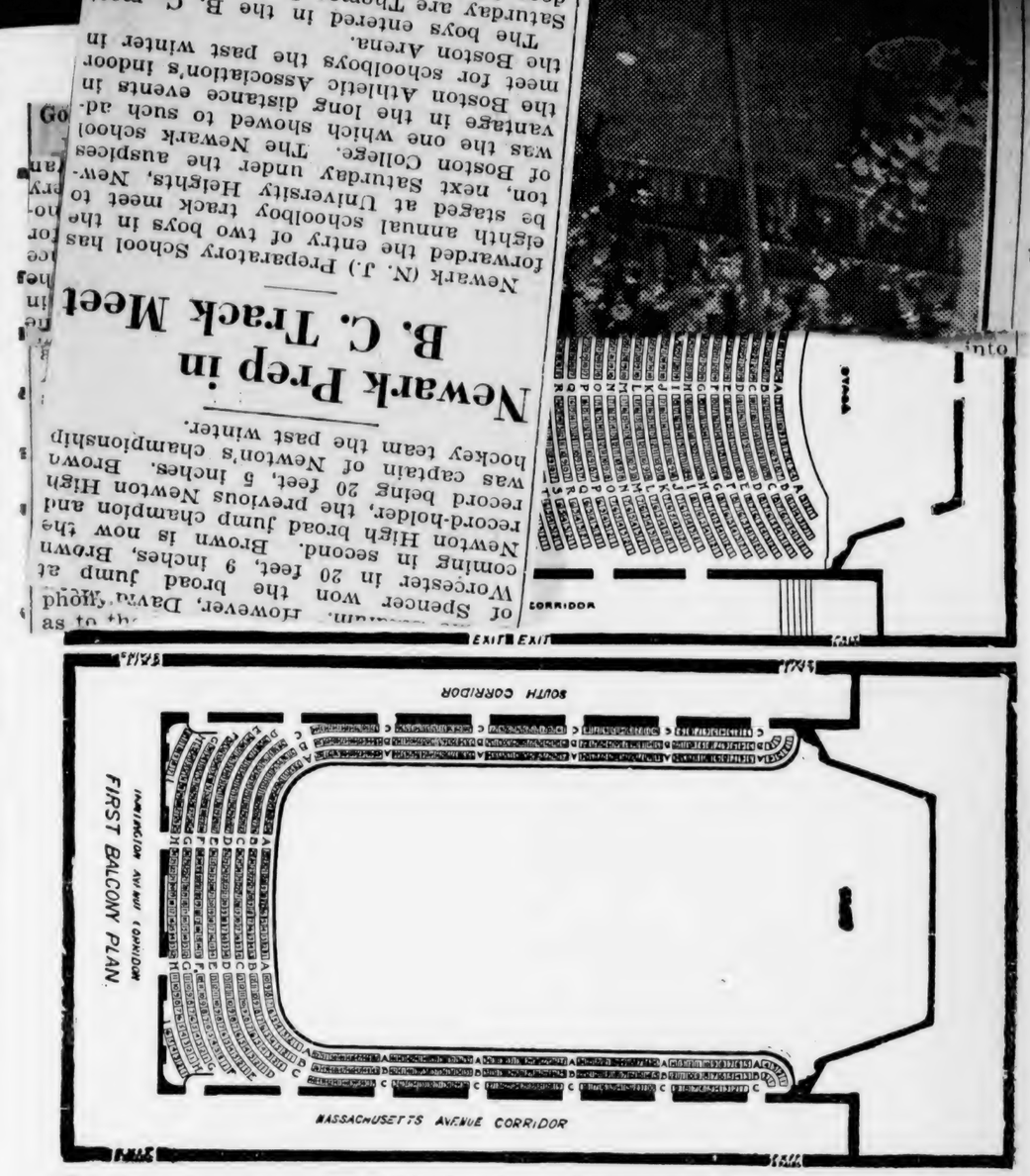

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In similar vein went Bach's concerto for two violins—something of a novelty these days, in spite of its age. The sensuous visitor, should he be present at those rare times it is heard, describes the angular and iterative counterpoint of the first and last movements as dull and pedantic. The learned listener delights in each revealed felicity of imitation. Nearly everyone can listen with serene pleasure to the beautiful largo. Suffice it that Mr. Theodorowicz and Mr. Gundersen matched fine-spun melodies in this slow movement and whipped off a sprightly and almost jocular see-saw in the cadenza of the final movement.

With Wagner, Mr. Casella may be vigorous and authoritative, as in the mutic from "Lohengrin" and "Die Walküre"; or of a smooth and cumulative eloquence as in the carefully builded drama that he made of the prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan."

N. M. J.

LAST WEEK OF "POP" CONCERTS

But one week remains of the season of Pop concerts in Symphony hall. Alfredo Casella has listed a number of special programs of interest for the last six nights.

Tomorrow night will bring the annual Russian program, and on Tuesday the request program will be repeated for the benefit of the numberless people who were unable to obtain admission last Thursday. On Wednesday there will be a Wagner program and on Friday an all Tchaikovsky program.

The programs of the week follow:

MONDAY, JUNE 25

Overture to "Russian and Ludmilla"..Glinka
Prelude to "Khovantchina"..Rimsky-Korsakov
Kikimora .....Liadov
Polovtsian Dances from "Prince Igor" Borodin
"Scheherazade," Symphonic Suite Rimsky-Korsakov
"Islamey," Oriental Fantasy.....Balakirev
Prelude .....Rachmaninov
Marche Slave .....Tchaikovsky

TUESDAY

Pomp and Circumstance.....Elgar
Suite from "Peer Gynt".....Grieg
Overture Solennelle, "1812".....Tchaikovsky
Overture to "William Tell".....Rossini
Symphony in B miner, "Unfinished" Schubert
"Italia," Rhapsody.....Casella
Waltz, "By the Beautiful Blue Danube" Strauss
Largo .....Handel
Ride of the Valkyries.....Wagner
Encores—Ave Maria.....Schubert-Wilhelmj
Stars and Stripes Forever.....Sousa
Dance of the Sugar Fairy from "Nutcracker" Suite.....Tchaikovsky

WEDNESDAY—WAGNER PROGRAM

Tannhaeuser—Entrance of the guests into the Wartburg.
Tristan and Isolde—Prelued and Love Death.
Rienzi—Overture.
The Mastersingers of Nuremberg—Prelude.
A Siegfried Idyll.
Dusk of the Gods—Death Music of Siegfried.
Lohengrin—Prelude to Act III.
Parsifal—Good Friday Spell.
The Valkyrie—The Ride o fthe Valkyries.

THURSDAY

First Military March.....Schubert-Casella
Suite from "Carmen".....Bizet
Overture to "Sicilian Vespers".....Verdi
"The Roman Carnival," overture.....Berlioz
Bacchanale from "Tannhauser".....Wagner
Capriccio Espagnol.....Rimsky-Korsakov
Overture to "Le Maschere".....Mascagni
Intermezzo from "L'Amico Fritz"...Mascagni
Marche Slave.....Tchaikovsky

FRIDAY—TCHAIKOVSKY PROGRAM

Marche Slave.
Italian Caprice.
Symphony No. 6 in B minor ("Pathetic").
Ballet Suite, "Nutcracker."
Song Without Words.
Overture Solennelle, "1812."

SATURDAY—CLOSING NIGHT

Pomp and Circumstance.....Elgar
Love's Dream.....Liszt-Herbert
Overture to "Tannhaeuser".....Wagner
Overture to "Lenore," No. 3.....Beethoven
Largo .....Handel
Rakoczy March.....Berlioz
Valse Triste.....Sibelius
Ride of the Valkyries.....Wagner
Hungarian Dance in D major.....Brahms
Caprice Viennois.....Kreisler
"Italia," Rhapsody .....Casella

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Boston Symphony Orchestra

INC

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

FORTY-EIGHTH SEASON, 1928-1929

Programme

WITH HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE
NOTES BY PHILIP HALE

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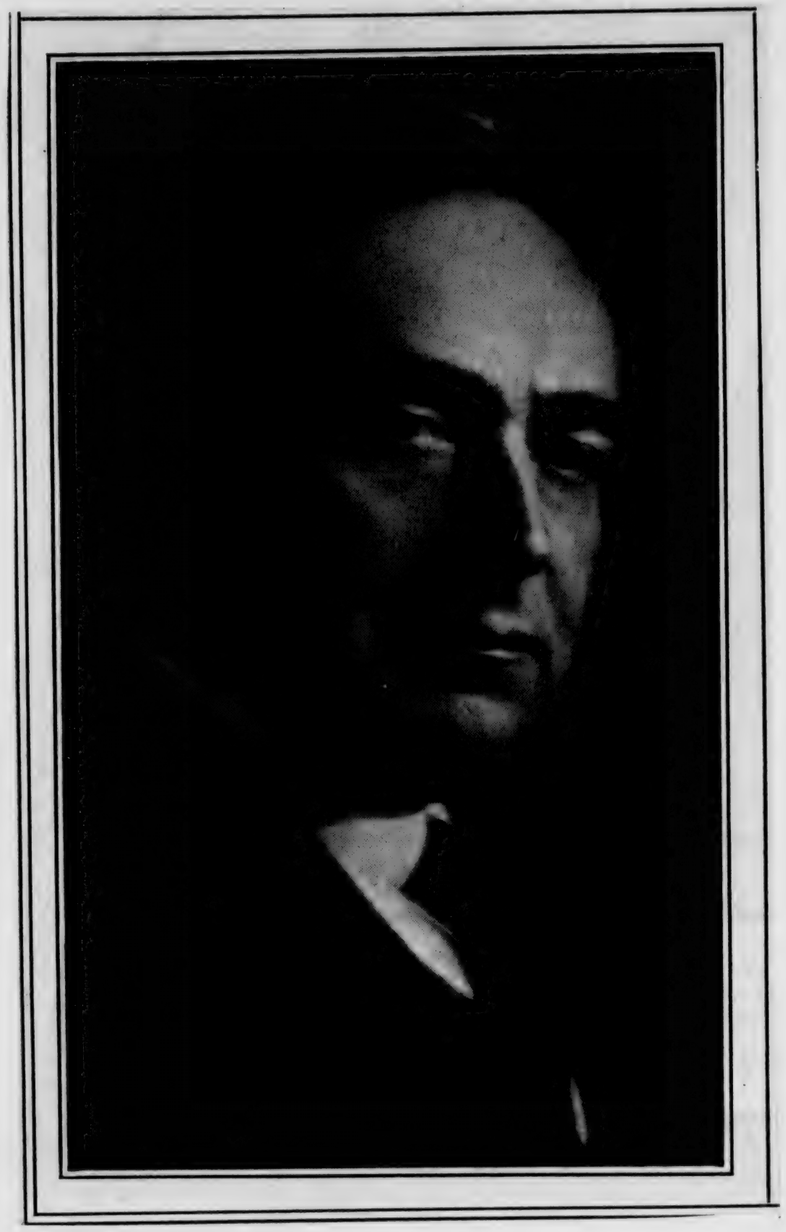
Miss Mary A. Brown
May 23 1929



Boston Symphony Orchestra

Forty-eighth Season, 1928–1929

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

PERSONNEL

VIOLINS.

Burgin, R. *Concert-master*
Theodorowicz, J.
Elcus, G.
Kreinin, B.
Gundersen, R.
Eisler, D.
Sauvlet, H.
Hamilton, V.
Cherkassky, P.
Kassman, N.
Hansen, E.
Pinfield, C.
Lauga, N.
Mariotti, V.
Fedorovsky, P.
Leveen, P.
Leibovici, J.
Tapley, R.
Jacob, R.
Mayer, P.
Zung, M.
Diamond, S.
Knudsen, C.
Zide, L.
Gorodetzky, L.
Fiedler, B.
Bryant, M.
Murray, J.
Beale, M.
Del Sordo, R.
Stonestreet, L.
Erkelens, H.
Messina, S.
Seiniger, S.

VIOLAS.

Lefranc, J.
Artières, L.
Fourel, G.
Cauhapé, J.
Van Wynbergen, C.
Werner, H.
Grover, H.
Shirley, P.
Fiedler, A.
Avierino, N.
Bernard, A.
Gerhardt, S.
Deane, C.

VIOLONCELLOS.

Bedetti, J.
Zighera, A.
Langendoen, J.
Barth, C.
Chardon, Y.
Droeghmans, H.
Stockbridge, C.
Warnke, J.
Fabrizio, E.
Marjollet, L.

BASSES.

Kunze, M.
Vondrak, A.
Lemaire, J.
Oliver, F.
Ludwig, O.
Frankel, I.
Girard, H.
Dufresne, G.
Kelley, A.
Demetrides, L.

FLUTES.
Laurent, G.
Bladet, G.
Amerena, P.

OBOES.
Gillet, F.
Devergie, J.
Stanislaus, H.

CLARINETS.
Hamelin, G.
Arcieri, E.
Allegra, E. (*E-flat Clarinet*)

BASSOONS.
Laus, A.
Allard, R.
Bettoney, F.

PICCOLO.
Battles, A.

ENGLISH HORN.
Speyer, L.

BASS CLARINET.
Mimart, P.

CONTRA-BASSOON.
Piller, B.

HORNS.
Boettcher, G.
Pogrebniak, S.
Van Den Berg, C.
Lorbeer, H.

HORNS.
Valkenier, W.
Schindler, G.
Lannoye, M.
Blot, G.

TRUMPETS.
Mager, G.
Perret, G.
Lafosse, M.
Voisin, R.
Mann, J.

TROMBONES.
Rochut, J.
Hansotte, L.
Kenfield, L.
Raichman, J.
Adam, E.

TUBAS.
Sidow, P.
Adam, E.

HARPS.
Zighera, B.
Caughey, E.

TIMPANI.
Ritter, A.
Polster, M.

PERCUSSION.
Ludwig, C.
Sternburg, S.
White, L.

ORGAN.
Snow, A.

CELESTA.
Fiedler, A.

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Boston Symphony Orchestra

Forty-eighth Season, 1928–1929

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

PERSONNEL

Violins.

Burgin, R. *Concert-master*
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Kassman, N.

Hansen, E.
Pinfield, C.
Lauga, N.
Mariotti, V.
Fedorovsky, P.
Leveen, P.
Leibovici, J.
Tapley, R.

Jacob, R.
Mayer, P.
Zung, M.
Diamond, S.
Knudsen, C.
Zide, L.
Gorodetzky, L.
Fiedler, B.

Bryant, M.
Murray, J.
Beale, M.
Del Sordo, R.
Stonestreet, L.
Erkelens, H.
Messina, S.
Seiniger, S.

Violas.

Lefranc, J.
Artières, L.
Fourel, G.
Cauhapé, J.
Van Wynbergen, C.
Werner, H.
Grover, H.
Shirley, P.
Fiedler, A.

Avierino, N.
Bernard, A.
Gerhardt, S.
Deane, C.

Violoncellos.

Bedetti, J.
Zighera, A.
Langendoen, J.
Barth, C.
Chardon, Y.
Droeghmans, H.
Stockbridge, C.
Warnke, J.
Fabrizio, E.
Marjollet, L.

Basses.

Kunze, M.
Vondrak, A.
Lemaire, J.
Oliver, F.
Ludwig, O.
Frankel, I.
Girard, H.
Dufresne, G.
Kelley, A.
Demetrides, L.

Flutes.

Laurent, G.
Bladet, G.
Amerena, P.

Oboes.

Gillet, F.
Devergie, J.
Stanislaus, H.

Clarinets.

Hamelin, G.
Arcieri, E.
Allegra, E. (*E-flat Clarinet*)

Bassoons.

Laus, A.
Allard, R.
Bettoney, F.

Piccolo.

Battles, A.

English Horn.

Speyer, L.

Bass Clarinet.

Mimart, P.

Contra-Bassoon.

Piller, B.

Horns.

Boettcher, G.
Pogrebniak, S.
Van Den Berg, C.
Lorbeer, H.

Horns.

Valkenier, W.
Schindler, G.
Lannoye, M.
Blot, G.

Trumpets.

Mager, G.
Perret, G.
Lafosse, M.
Voisin, R.
Mann, J.

Trombones.

Rochut, J.
Hansotte, L.
Kenfield, L.
Raichman, J.
Adam, E.

Tubas.

Sidow, P.
Adam, E.

Harps.

Zighera, B.
Caughey, E.

Timpani.

Ritter, A.
Polster, M.

Percussion.

Ludwig, C.
Sternburg, S.
White, L.

Organ.

Snow, A.

Celesta.

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First Lecture, Thursday, October 4, 1928, at 5.15

Dr. John P. Marshall of Boston University will be the regular lecturer assisted by Richard G. Appel of the Music Division of the Boston Public Library and others including artists and composers as they may be available. The lectures are intended for all those who wish to gain a keener enjoyment and appreciation of symphonic music whether attending the concerts, "listening in," or following phonograph recordings.

Among those who have assisted during the past three seasons are:

Richard G. Appel	Alfred H. Meyer
Edward Ballantine	Darius Milhaud
Sir Thomas Beecham	John A. O'Shea
John N. Burk	Ottorino Respighi
Alfredo Casella	Penfield Roberts
Frederick Converse	Roger Huntington Sessions
Aaron Copland	Nicolas Slonimsky
Helene Diedrichs	Catherine Smith
Edward Burlingame Hill	Warren Storey Smith
Malcolm Lang	Timothy Mather Spelman
Henry Levine	Walter R. Spalding
Leo Rich Lewis	Alexander Lang Steinert
Henry Gideon	Otto G. T. Straub
Henry F. Gilbert	Thomas Whitney Surette
William C. Heilman	Alexander Tansman
Hamilton C. Macdougall	Joseph F. Wagner
Stuart Mason	Frank Waller

Gaston Bladet, *flute*	Paul Mimart, *clarinet*
Arthur Fiedler, *piano*	Alessandro Niccoli, *violin*
Jean Lefranc, *viola*	Boaz Piller, *bassoon*
Margaret Starr McClain, *piano*	Elsa Respighi, *soprano*
	Jesús Sanromá, *piano*

The course is offered in two parts of twelve lectures each. Charge for each part, $1 for enrollment; $1 additional for mail notices; $5 for credit students.

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WORKS PERFORMED AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS DURING THE SEASON OF 1928–1929

Works marked with an asterisk were performed for the first time at these concerts.
Works marked with a double asterisk were performed for the first time in Boston.
Works marked with a dagger were performed for the first time anywhere.
Artists marked with an asterisk appeared at these concerts for the first time.
Artists marked with a double asterisk appeared for the first time in Boston.
Artists marked with a dagger are members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Albeniz: "La Fête-Dieu à Séville"**; "Triana"** (both scored by Arbos), January 18, 1929 . . . . . .

Arbos: See Albeniz.

Bach, C. P. E.: Concerto for orchestra, D major (arranged by Steinberg), March 15, 1929 . . . . . .

Bach, J. S.: Brandenburg Concerto, No. 4, G major, for Violin, two flutes, and strings, February 8, 1929 . . . . . .

Beethoven: Symphony No. 1, C major, Op. 21, March 29, 1929
Symphony No. 3, E-flat major, "Eroica," Op. 55, October 5, 1928 . . . . . .
Symphony No. 6, F major, "Pastorale," Op. 68, December 14, 1928 . . . . . .
Symphony No. 9, D minor, Op. 125 (Harvard Glee Club; Radcliffe Choral Society; Ethyl Hayden, Devora Nadworney, Charles Stratton, Fraser Gange), March 29, 1929 . . . . . .
Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, Op. 72, October 5, 1928 . .
Concerto for Pianoforte, No. 5, E-flat major, Op. 73 (Rudolph Ganz, pianist), November 30, 1928 . . . .

Berlioz: Overture, "The Roman Carnival," March 15, 1929 . .

Bloch: "America," an Epic Rhapsody**(Radcliffe Choral Society; Harvard Glee Club), December 21, 1928, January 25, 1929 818,

Borodin: Polovtsian Dances from "Prince Igor," February 15, 1929 . . . . . .

Brahms: Symphony No. 2, D major, Op. 75, October 26, 1928 .
Concerto, D major, for violin and orchestra, Op. 77 (Jascha Heifetz, violinist). Sketch, March 15, 1929 . . . .

Bruckner: Symphony No. 8, C minor, March 22, 1929 . . . .

Carpenter: "Skyscrapers," Ballet of Modern American Life (Marie Sundelius, soprano; Joseph Lautner, tenor), December 28, 1928 . . . . . .

Copeland: Two Pieces for string orchestra,† December 14, 1928

Debussy: Nocturnes—"Nuages," "Fêtes," October 5, 1928 . .

"Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun," October 26, 1928; April 26, 1919 (by request)
"Iberia": "Images," for orchestra, No. 2, February 22, 1929
DE FALLA: Three Dances from "The Three-Cornered Hat," January 18, 1929
DUKELSKY: Symphony in F major,** March 15, 1929
FAURÉ: Elegie for violoncello and orchestra (JEAN BEDETTI,† violoncellist), April 19, 1929
FOOTE: Suite, E major, for strings, Op. 63, February 22, 1929
FRANCK: Symphony, D minor, October 19, 1928
Psalm 130, for Chorus, Orchestra, and Organ, February 15, 1929
FREDERICK THE GREAT: Symphony, D major, No. 3,** March 1, 1929
GOLDMARK, R.: A Negro Rhapsody,** October 19, 1928
GOOSSENS: Rhythmic Dance,** February 22, 1929
HALFFTER: Sinfonietta,** D major, January 18, 1929
HANDEL: Concerto Grosso for strings, B minor, No. 12, December 7, 1928
HANSON: Nordic Symphony,** E minor, No. 1, Op. 21, April 5, 1929
HAYDN: Symphony, G major, "The Surprise" (B. & H. No. 66), October 19, 1928
HILL: Symphony, B-flat, Op. 34, March 22, 1929
HINDEMITH: Concerto for orchestra, Op. 38, October 5, 1928
HONEGGER: "Chant de Nigamon,"** January 11, 1929
"Pastorale d'Été,"** January 11, 1929
"Horace Victorieux," January 11, 1929
"Rugby,"** January 11, 1929
"Pacific 2-3-1," January 11, 1929
Concertino for Pianoforte and orchestra* (Mme. HONEGGER,** pianist), January 11, 1929
Prayer of Judith* from the opera "Judith" (COBINA WRIGHT,* soprano), January 11, 1929
Three songs from "La Petite Sirène"**: Song of the Sirens, Berceuse, Song of the Pear (Mme. WRIGHT,* soprano), January 11, 1929
IBERT: "Féerique,"** October 26, 1928
JACOBI: Indian Dances,** November 9, 1928
JANIN: "Alleluia," Symphonie Spirituelle,† March 1, 1929
JOSTEN: Two Movements from the Concerto Sacro,** April 19, 1929
KODÁLY: "Háry János," Suite,** October 12, 1928

LOEFFLER: "La Bonne Chanson," April 19, 1929
MAHLER: "Das Lied von der Erde,"** symphony for tenor (GEORGE MEADER*), contralto (Mme. CHARLES CAHIER*) and orchestra, December 7, 1928
MARTINŮ: La Symphonie,† December 14, 1928
MIASKOVSKY: Symphony No. 8,** Op. 26, November 30, 1928
MOUSSORGSKY: Pictures at an Exhibition (arranged for orchestra by RAVEL), March 1, 1929
MOZART: Symphony, C major ("Jupiter") (K. 551), January 25, 1929
Concerto for Pianoforte (K. 488) (NIKOLAI ORLOFF,* pianist). Sketch, February 8, 1929
PROKOFIEFF: "Classical" Symphony, Op. 25, October 26, 1928
Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 19 (LEA LUBOSHUTZ,** violinist), December 14, 1928
RAVEL: "La Valse," Choregraphic Poem, December 21, 1928; April 26, 1929 (by request)
"Alborada del Grazioso,"* January 18, 1929
See Moussorgsky.
ROUSSEL: "Evocations": "Les Dieux dans l'ombre des Cavernes"**; "La Ville Rose"; Aux Bords du Fleuve Sacré,** for orchestra, with chorus, Op. 15 (DAVID BLAIR MCCLOSKY, baritone, in No. III), February 15, 1929
SCHELLING: "Morocco,"** symphonic poem, February 15, 1929
SCHUBERT: Symphony, C minor, No. 4, "Tragic," November 16, 1928
Symphony, B minor, "Unfinished," November 16, 1928; December 21, 1928 427
Symphony, B-flat major, No. 5, November 17, 1928
Symphony, C major, No. 7, November 17, 1928
Songs, with piano (HULDA LASHANSKA, soprano; PIERRE LUBOSHUTZ, pianist): Des Mädchens Klage, Du bist die Ruh', Heiden Röslein, Der Tod und das Mädchen, Hark, hark the Lark, November 16, 1928. Litaney, Der Neugierige, Ungeduld, An die Musik, Die böse Farbe, November 17, 1928
SCHUMANN: Symphony, B-flat major, No. 1, Op. 38, October 12, 1928
Symphony, E-flat major, No. 3, "Rhenish," Op. 97, April 19, 1929
SCRIABIN: "The Poem of Ecstasy," November 9, 1928

SIBELIUS: Symphony No. 3,** Op. 52, November 9, 1928; December 28, 1928 35
Concerto for violin and orchestra, D minor, Op. 47 (RICHARD BURGIN,† violinist). Sketch, March 1, 1929 . . . . .
STEINBERG: See C. P. E. Bach.
STRAUSS: "Also sprach Zarathustra," Op. 30, February 8, 1929
"Tod und Verklärung," tone poem, Op. 24, April 5, 1929 . .
Salome's Dance from "Salome," November 30, 1928 . . .
STRAVINSKY: "Apollon Musagete,** Ballet, October 12, 1928 . .
TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphony, No. 5, E minor, Op. 64, February 22, 1929; April 26, 1929 (by request) . . . . . .
Overture-Fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet" (SHAKESPEARE), April 5, 1929 . . . . . .
TOCH: Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra,** Op. 38 (JESÚS MARÍA SANROMÁ, pianist). Sketch, December 28, 1928
TURINA: La Procession del Rocio,"* January 18, 1929 . . . .
WAGNER: Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," February 18, 1929; April 26, 1929 (by request) . . . . . .

GUEST CONDUCTORS

ARBOS, ENRIQUE FERRANDEZ-, conducted the concerts of January 18, 19, 1929. Sketch . . . . . .
HONEGGER, ARTHUR, conducted the concerts of January 11, 12, 1929. Sketch . . . . . .

RICHARD BURGIN, concertmaster, conducted the concerts of November 30, December 1, 1928.*
HOWARD HANSON conducted his Nordic Symphony** on April 5, 6, 1929. Sketch . . . . . .
ERNEST SCHELLING conducted his "Morocco"** on February 15, 16, 1929. Sketch . . . . . .

SUMMARY

The following composers were represented for the first time at these concerts: Frederick the Great, Halffter, Hanson, Jacobi, Janin, Josten, Kodály, Miaskovsky, Toch.

EXTRA SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Five symphony concerts were given in Symphony Hall on Monday evenings, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor:

1. November 12, 1928. Beethoven, Overture to "Leonore," No. 3; Stravinsky, "Apollon Musagète"; Debussy, Nocturnes—Nuages and Fêtes; Schumann, Symphony No. 1, B-flat major.
2. December 10, 1928. Prokofieff, "Classical" Symphony; Debussy, "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun"; Strauss, Dance of Salome from "Salome"; Beethoven, Symphony No. 3, E-flat major.
3. January 21, 1929. Schubert, "Unfinished" Symphony, B minor; Ravel, "The Waltz"; Franck, Symphony, D minor.
4. February 11, 1929. Bach, Brandenburg Concerto No. 4, G major, for violin, two flutes, and string orchestra; Liszt, Pianoforte Concerto, A major, No. 2 (Yolanda Mérö, pianist); Strauss, Tone Poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra."
5. March 18, 1929. C. P. E. Bach–Steinberg, Concerto, D major, for orchestra; Satie-Debussy, Gymnopédies; Dukas, Scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice"; Tchaikovsky, Symphony No. 5, E minor.

Five symphony concerts were given in Symphony Hall, Tuesday afternoons, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor:

1. February 5, 1929. Bach, Brandenburg Concerto No. 4, G major, for violin, two flutes, and string orchestra; Mozart, Symphony, C major, "Jupiter"; Beethoven, Symphony No. 3, E-flat major.
2. February 26, 1929. Handel, Concerto Grosso for strings, B minor, No. 12; Haydn, Symphony, G major, "The Surprise"; Brahms, Symphony No. 2, D major.
3. March 12, 1929. Berlioz, Overture, "The Roman Carnival"; Schubert, "Unfinished" Symphony, B minor; Schumann, Symphony, B-flat major, No. 1.
4. April 2, 1929. Franck, Symphony, D minor; Wagner, "Forest Murmurs" from "Siegfried"; Prelude and Love Death from "Tristan and Isolde"; Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."
5. April 23, 1929. Foote, Suite, E major, for strings; Debussy, "The Afternoon of a Faun"; Dukas, Scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice"; Tchaikovsky, Symphony, E minor, No. 5.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS

The orchestra gave two pairs of concerts for young people in Symphony Hall:

1. December 18–19, 1928. Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. Haydn, Andante and Finale from Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony, G major; Mendelssohn, Andante from the violin concerto (RICHARD BURGIN,† violinist); Stravinsky, Orchestral Suite from "Petrouchka" (piano solo, BERNARD ZIGHERA,† pianist); Mozart, Larghetto from the horn concerto, No. 3 (GEORG BOETTCHER,† French horn); Berlioz, Ballet of the Sylphs and Rakoczy March from "The Damnation of Faust."
2. March 19–20, 1929. Messrs. Koussevitzky and Burgin, conductors. Handel, Larghetto and Allegro from the Concerto Grosso, No. 12, for strings; Prokofieff, "Classical" Symphony; Bach, Arioso (violoncello solo with organ—JEAN BEDETTI,† violoncellist; ALBERT W. SNOW,† organist); Moussorgsky-Ravel, "Bydio," "Ballet of Chicks in Their Shells," "Samuel Goldenberg and Schmuyle," "The Hut on Fowls' Legs," from "Pictures at an Exhibition"; Johann Strauss, Waltz, "Vienna Blood."

Alfred H. Meyer made short explanatory remarks at these Young People's Concerts, and there were stereopticon slides.

PENSION FUND CONCERTS

1. November 18, 1928. Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. HARVARD GLEE CLUB (Dr. DAVISON, conductor); RADCLIFFE CHORAL SOCIETY (Mr. WOODWORTH, conductor); JEANNETTE VREELAND, soprano; NEVADA VAN DER VEER, contralto; PAUL ALTHOUSE, tenor; FRASER GANGE, bass.
2. March 24, 1929. Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. Wagner: Overture to "Rienzi"; Prelude to "Lohengrin"; Ride of the Valkyries from "The Valkyrie"; Magic Fire Music from "The Valkyrie"; Forest Murmurs from "Siegfried"; Prelude and Love Death from "Tristan and Isolde"; Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

THE FOLLOWING HAVE ASSISTED IN PERFORMANCES

November 16, 1928. PIERRE LUBOSHUTZ, pianist, accompanying Mme. LASHANSKA singing Schubert's songs.

December 21, 1928. RADCLIFFE CHORAL SOCIETY and the HARVARD GLEE CLUB (Bloch's "America").

December 28, 1928. MARIE SUNDELIUS, soprano; JOSEPH LAUTNER, tenor (Carpenter's "Skyscrapers").

January 11, 1929. COBINA WRIGHT, soprano (Prayer from Honegger's "Judith," and three songs by Honegger); Mme. ANDRÉE VAURABOURG HONEGGER (Honegger's piano concerto).

January 25, 1929. RADCLIFFE CHORAL SOCIETY and the HARVARD GLEE CLUB (repetition of Bloch's "America").

February 15, 1929. CECILIA SOCIETY (Franck's Psalm 150); Roussel's "Evocation" No. 3, "Aux Bords du Fleuve Sacré"; Borodin's Polovtsian Dances. DAVID BLAIR MCCLOSKY, baritone, for Roussel's "Evocation," No. 3.

March 29, 1929. For Beethoven's Ninth Symphony: RADCLIFFE CHORAL SOCIETY; HARVARD GLEE CLUB. Soloists: ETHYL HAYDEN, soprano; DEVORA NADWORNEY, contralto; CHARLES STRATTON, tenor; FRASER GANGE, bass.

The RADCLIFFE CHORAL SOCIETY was rehearsed by its conductor, Mr. Woodworth; the HARVARD GLEE CLUB by its conductor, DR. DAVISON; the CECILIA SOCIETY by its conductor, Mr. LANG.

BURGIN,† RICHARD, concertmaster (Sibelius, Concerto for violin and orchestra, D minor, Op. 47), March 1, 1929. Sketch

CAHIER,* Mme. Charles, contralto (Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde**), December 7, 1928 . . . . . .

GANZ, RUDOLPH, pianist (Beethoven's Piano Concerto, No. 5, E-flat major, Op. 73). Sketch . . . . . .

HEIFETZ, JASCHA, violinist (Brahms's Violin Concerto, D major, Op. 77,) March 15, 1929. Sketch . . . . . .

LASHANSKA, HULDA, soprano (Schubert Centenary: Songs with piano (PIERRE LUBOSHUTZ)—Das Mädchens Klage, Du bist die Ruh', Heiden Röslein, Der Tod und das Mädchen, Hark, Hark, the Lark, Litanei, Der Neugierige, Ungeduld, An die Musik, Die böse Farbe), November 16, 1928 . . . . . .

LUBOSHUTZ,** LEA, violinist (Prokofieff's Concerto for violin and orchestra, Op. 19), December 14, 1928 . . . . . .

MEADER,* GEORGE, tenor (Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde"), December 7, 1928 . . . . . .

ORLOFF,* NIKOLAI, pianist (Mozart's Concerto for piano and orchestra, A major (K 488)*), February 8, 1929. Sketch

SANROMÁ,* JESÚS MARÍA, pianist (Toch's Concerto** for piano and orchestra, Op. 38), December 28, 1928. Sketch .

Singers: Soprano, Hulda Lashanska; contralto, Mme. Charles Cahier*; tenor, George Meader* . . . . . .
Violinists: Richard Burgin,† Jascha Heifetz, Lea Luboshutz** .
Violoncellist: Jean Bedetti† . . . . . .
Pianists: Rudolph Ganz, Nikolai Orloff,* Jesús María Sanromá*

ORCHESTRAL WORKS PERFORMED FOR THE FIRST TIME ANYWHERE

COPLAND: Two Pieces for string orchestra.
JANIN: Symphonic Spirituelle, "Alleluia."
MARTINŮ: La Symphonie 3

OTHER WORKS PERFORMED IN BOSTON FOR THE FIRST TIME

ALBENIZ-ARBOS: Iberia, Nos. 1 and 3: La Fête-Dieu à Séville; Triana.
BLOCH: "America," An Epic Rhapsody.
DUKELSKY: Symphony, F major.
FREDERICK THE GREAT: Symphony, No. 3.
GOLDMARK, R.: A Negro Rhapsody.
GOOSSENS: Rhythmic Dance.
HALFFTER: Sinfonietta, D major.
HANSON: Nordic Symphony.
HONEGGER: Chant de Nigamon.
Pastorale d'Été.
Rugby.
Songs: 1, Song of the Sirens; 2, Berceuse; 3, Song of the Pear.
IBERT: Féerique.
JACOBI: Indian Dances.
JOSTEN: Concerto Sacro.
KODÁLY: Suite from the opera "Háry János."
MAHLER: "The Song of the Earth."
MIASKOVSKY: Symphony No. 8, Op. 26.
ROUSSEL: Evocations Nos. 1 and 3—"Les Dieux dans l'ombre des Cavernes" and "Aux Bords du Fleuve Sacré."
SCHELLING: "Morocco."
SIBELIUS: Symphony No. 3, C major, Op. 52.
STRAVINSKY: "Apollon Musagète."
TOCH: Piano Concerto 27

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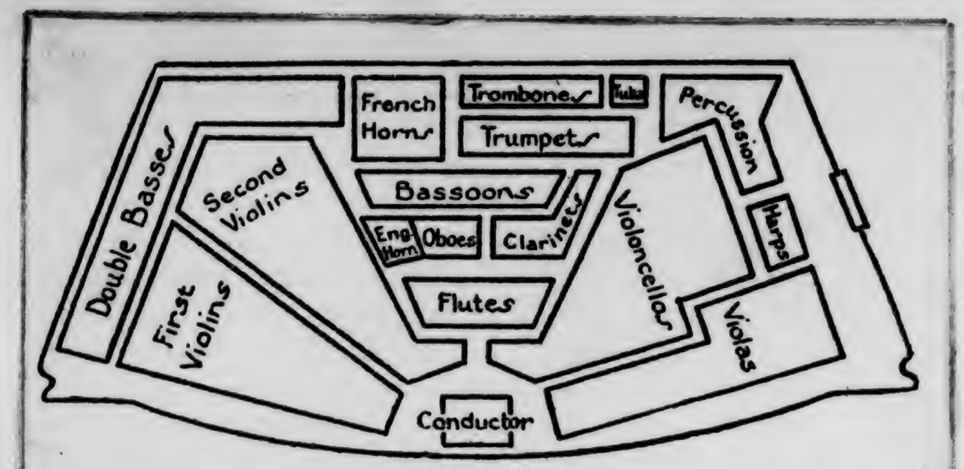
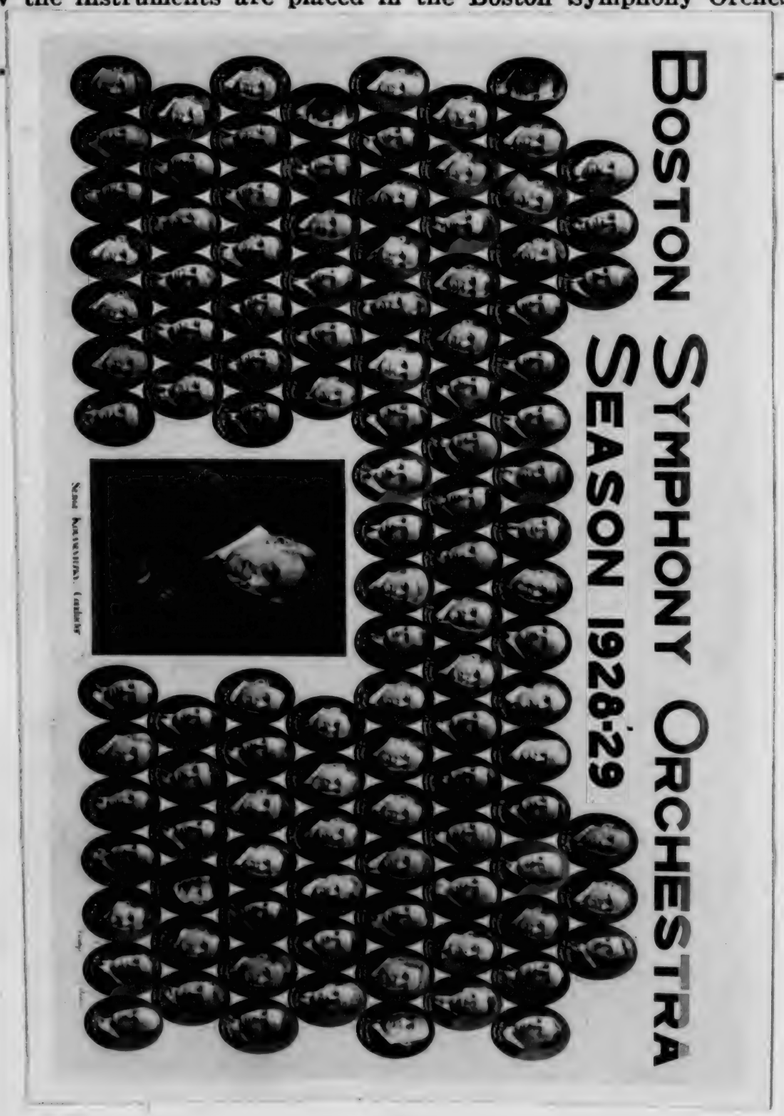


How the instruments are placed in the Boston Symphony Orchestra



First Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 5, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 6, at 8.15 o'clock

Beethoven . . . . Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, Op. 72

Debussy . . . . . Nocturnes

a. Nuages.
b. Fêtes.

Hindemith . . . . . Concerto for Orchestra, Op. 38

I. Mit Kraft, ohne Pathos und stets lebendig.
II. Sehr schnell.
III. Marsch für Holzbläser.
IV. Basso ostinato.

Beethoven . Symphony No. 3 in E-flat major, "Eroica," Op. 55

I. Allegro con brio.
II. Marcia funebre: Adagio assai.
III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace; Trio.
IV. Finale: Allegro molto.

There will be an intermission before the symphony

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

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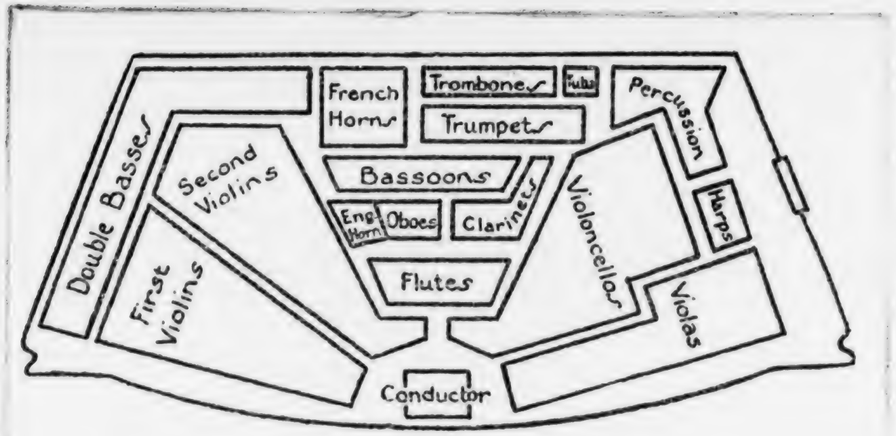

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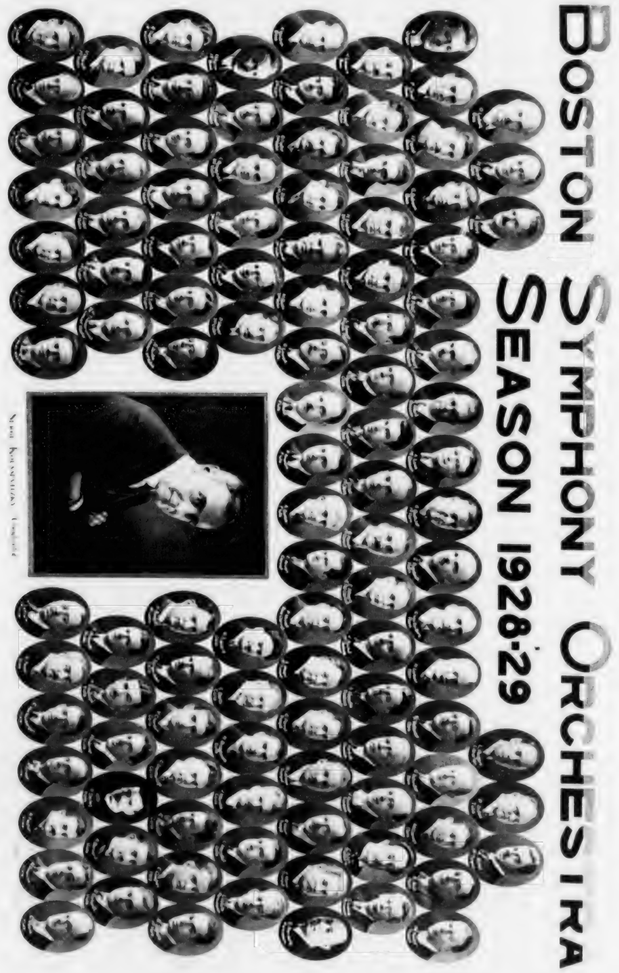

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BOSTON SYMPHONY

Herald Oct. 6, 1928

By PHILIP HALE

The 48th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, opened yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, overture to "Leonore," No. 3; Debussy, nocturnes, "Clouds," "Festivals"; Hindemith, concerto for orchestra, op. 38; Beethoven, "Eroica" symphony. There were a few new members—an excellent first horn player from Berlin, Mr. Boettcher; a violoncellist, two violinists. Mr. B. Zighera, harpist, has replaced Mr. Holy; Mr. Caughey is the second harpist. Mr. Koussevitzky was warmly welcomed when he came on the platform. The audience and the orchestra rose to greet him.

The season opened brilliantly. In former years it was the custom to say of the first concert that the players would no doubt soon recover from the enforced rest and a few more rehearsals would restore the euphony, plasticity and technical proficiency which had made the orchestra famous. Yesterday's performance did not call for this time-honored observation.

Nor do the compositions chosen demand extended comment. Some day, perhaps, we shall hear the three nocturnes with the music for the Sirens (nocturne III) sung by a few capable singers, not as in former years by a lusty chorus exulting in the fact that they could overpower Debussy's orchestra. We have been unfortunate in our Sirens; the hearers should have put sweet soft wax in their ears, as did the fellow-voyagers of the wily Ulysses.

Objection was made some seasons ago by a stickler for literal interpretation to Mr. Koussevitzky's conception of "Festivals," especially the dazzling vision of a procession—"Debussy never wanted it to go that way." Now, no one of us in Boston knows exactly how Debussy wished "Festivals" to be played. A printed score is at the best only a suggestion to a conductor. It is the conductor's duty—as has been wisely said—to find out and express what is not in the printed page. The composer may have thought better than he knew, but failed to make his thoughts clear. Eloquent in thought, he may have stammered in writing. It is our own belief that if Debussy could have heard his "Festivals" yesterday he would have gone on the platform and, in the face of the public, embraced Mr. Koussevitzky.

Hindemith's concerto was produced here—for the first time in this country—in March, 1926. Eminent critics in Europe believe that Hindemith is the coming man; equally eminent critics look upon him as a fresh and arrogant person who strives to make the bourgeoisie sit up. Some insist that his music is interesting only for its rhythmic intensity and fire; that his melodic ideas are thin; his polytonality confusion and the abomination of desolation. To us the first movement of this concerto is chiefly a waste of energy; in itself as conventional as any academic allegro of a third rate sweating German Kapellmeister. Let it be noted that "Kapellmeister" music is often written by extreme modernists. The uninspired Kapellmeister is found in every century. In the other pages of the concerto we find genuine fancy—especially in the march with its introduction and conclusion—and indisputable originality.

The overture, which is the dramatic condensation of "Fidelio," a nobler work than the opera itself, free from superfluities and commonplaces, and the symphony were superbly played. Whenever the "Eroica" is announced, there is curiosity as to the pace at which the Funeral March will be taken. Some conductors are so overcome by the word "funeral," so in awe of the name Beethoven, that they drag the music beyond endurance. Mr. Koussevitzky gave an eloquent reading. He did not try to cast a gloom over the funeral.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program for next week is as follows: Stravinsky, "Apollo, Leader of the Muses": ballet (first time here); Kodaly, suite from the comic opera "Hary Janos" (first time here); Schumann, symphony, B flat major, No. 1.

BOSTON SYMPHONY IN FIRST CONCERT

Globe Oct. 6, 1928.

Orchestra's 48th Season Opens Brilliantly

Koussevitzky Warmly Welcomed, Audience Stands to Greet Him

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its first concert of its 48th season yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. When Mr Koussevitzky, now entering upon his fifth season as conductor, came onto the stage, the orchestra and most of the audience stood and applauded him heartily.

All the season tickets for both Fridays and Saturdays were sold last Spring, the people on the waiting list taking the small number of places not re-engaged by last season's subscribers. For next season there is already a long waiting list.

Yet this week's program books contain an appeal from the trustees for contributions toward an estimated deficit of $134,000 on the current season. This figure, the largest in the history of the orchestra, is produced by an increase in orchestra salaries and by the fact that the broadcasting privilege, for which $32,000 was paid last year, has not been sold this year. Last year's actual deficit is now announced as $87,068.23. It was estimated at $85,000, and contributions of $73,179 were made toward it.

The trustees again remind the public that "These concerts can be carried on only by the generosity of the public." Subscriptions should be sent to E. B. Dane, treasurer, at 6 Beacon st, Boston.

Whatever the financial result, there is no doubt that this season will be among the most brilliant artistically in the orchestra's history.

As usual, the first program was made up of numbers already in the orchestra's repertory. Beethoven's "Leonore No. 3" overture, his "Eroica" Symphony, two of Debussy's "Nocturnes" and Hindemith's Concerto for Orchestra, opus 38, were the chosen pieces. The Debussy pieces are now almost as familiar as the Beethoven.

Hindemith's concerto was first played here in 1926. The audience did not then like it. Yesterday, though it came just before the intermission when almost any number is applauded to the echo, Hindemith's music was greeted by nearly everyone with a silence plainly hostile. Handclaps were few and faint. There was at least one valiant and outraged hiss.

The orchestra has so few changes of personnel that the players were able after very few rehearsals to go on almost from where they left off last Spring. Mr Holy's place as first harp is filled by the promotion of the young second harpist, Mr Zighera, to the first desk. There is a new first horn, George Boettcher, from Berlin and Dresden, and two or three new faces in places less prominent. The Boston Symphony remains an orchestra unsurpassed by any in the world in the number of first-rate players it contains. Not half a dozen bands can compare with it. Hence, in large part, the deficit aforesaid.

Of Mr Koussevitzky's Beethoven little remains unsaid. He takes his own way with classics as with moderns, giving his temperament free rein. The beginning of "Leonore No. 3" sounded turgid and confused. The tutti were imperfectly played. The great climax at the famous trumpet calls were superbly dramatic, however.

The pace of the "Eroica" seemed at times unduly languid. The strings suffered more than usual from the damp, warm atmosphere. Mr Koussevitzky did not succeed in imparting his own enthusiasm to some of the audience. Departures between the movements were more numerous than usual. Program books rustled constantly. When the coda of the finale began, a surprising number of women put on their hats.

The two Debussy pieces, favorites with Mr Koussevitzky, were as usual very brilliantly played and warmly applauded. In them he excels.

Hindemith's concerto may not prove an immortal masterpiece, but it is an interesting, and not exceptionally noisy or discordant modernist work that deserved to be heard a second time.

The case against Hindemith is very cleverly but rather unfairly stated by Ernest Newman in a review reprinted in the program book. In his favor should be alleged the rhythmic vitality and the intensely personal style of his work. You may not like the flavor, but the flavor is there. Young Germany, like young France, Italy, Russia and America, deserves a hearing in a series of orchestral concerts designed, as this one is, to include representative pieces of orchestral music old and new from every school and writer of importance.

Luckily Mr Koussevitzky's zeal for modern music cannot be dampened by any amount of apathy or hostility on the part of the audience. If they do not like it, well, then he will play it until they learn to; as Theodore Thomas is said to have remarked of Wagner when Wagner was dangerously modern.

Next week's program includes excerpts from Stravinsky's recent ballet, "Apollo Musagetes," a suite by the Hungarian composer Kodaly, also new; and Schumann's First Symphony.

P. R.

Georg Boettcher (Purdy)

New First-Horn of the Symphony Orchestra

In High Mettle A New Season Is Well Begun

Transcript Oct. 6. 1928

Mr. Koussevitzky and His Orchestra Resume the Symphony Concerts

NONE of the usual rites was lacking; but the arrangement of the program lessened the usual volume of applause. Orchestra and audience, at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, rose in salutation to the conductor and to the new season. The players smiled; the listeners clapped their hands; Mr. Koussevitzky, a shade stouter at the end of the leisure-months, returned becoming thanks. Beethoven's third "Leonora Overture" began the concert. For the familiar piece, vividly dramatized, the applause was long, loud and general. At the end of Debussy's Nocturnes—"Clouds" and "Fêtes"—it was hardly less hearty and widespread. Then ensued Hindemith's Concerto for Orchestra, repeated after eighteen months. He writes as a modernist, convinced and unafraid. Therefore his piece baffled or irritated or distressed most of the matinée company. Applause ran slow and light; there was no call, as there often is on the first Friday, before the intermission, for a standing orchestra.

Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony filled the second part of the concert. It is long even when Mr. Koussevitzky dispels every tedium. Beethoven might have been an arrant offender, so numerous were the departures. At half-past four the depleted audience declined to linger for the plaudits that would have been earned reward to orchestra and conductor. All of which is to say that Friday at Symphony Hall remains Friday. . . . The evening audience is likely to mend these matters. Hindemith will nothing daunt the considerable part of it that is youthful or open-minded. Few will leave such a performance of "The Eroica" unacclaimed. Other times, other manners. It is Saturday that brings the Symphony Concert.

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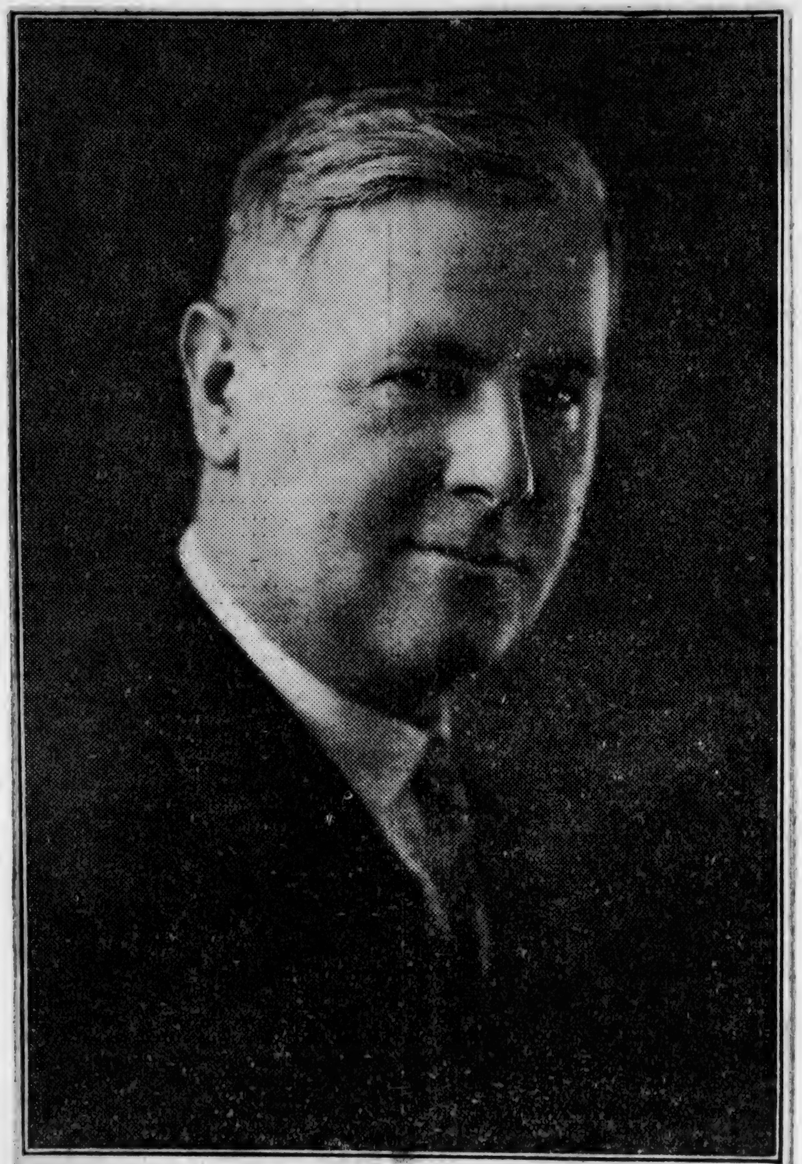

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The close season, inevitable for Beethoven after the centenary surplusage of 1927, is relaxed. He sits again in the conductorial sun; twice Mr. Koussevitzky bade him into yesterday's program. With both the third "Leonora Overture" and the "Eroica" Symphony orchestra and leader excel. Wagner spreads his music-dramas over four hours. Before and after him, until the new day of brevity dawned, most operatic composers required proportionate room. "Fidelio," by and large, is no lengthy piece. Yet the striving Beethoven would not rest until he had distilled and concentrated the essence of his opera into an Overture less than twenty minutes long.

Probably the "Third Leonora" is the compactest music-drama in the world; hardly less is it graphic and poignant. Throughout Mr. Koussevitzky overlooks nothing, underplays nothing. He enlarges and intensifies Beethoven's climaxes; flings up the ejaculations, holds the suspensions taut; deepens songful measures; keeps the progress all alert and all up-springing. Into our ears the music is outpoured; upon our imaginations the drama is acted. When, however, he first did these things, he made his way through the music section by section, through the drama scene by scene. Episodic was his version. Momentary intensities beguiled him from the far-sweeping curve of the Overture, the unfolding, unflagging advance from the fortissimo chord that lifts the curtain and compels the audience to the last chromatic frenzy of salvation. Now he diminishes no episode, yet sustains the line, upswings the course. The conductor is tireless pursuer of his ideal of performance. He considers his ways and corrects them until he has gained it. What conductor, worthy the name, does not live days of discontent between interludes of accomplishment?

Through a century and a quarter orchestras have played this "Third Leonora." "The Eroica" is as old a comer to the concert-halls. The orchestras have them by heart; the audiences know the way about within them. With either piece, it is hard t s't to gain what the theater calls "the illusion of the first time." That is to say, now are the characters finding words for the thought or the mood behind; now from notes upon staves is musical sound brought to voice, motion, significance. With "The Eroica" Mr. Kous evitzky works this illusion; upon the maturing Beethoven opens wide the door. He wrests out the first movement, of man embattled against destiny, as Beethoven wrested it from his own spirit. He sweeps through the Scherzo

as the wind blows and the waters leap from the hills—gladly. He maintains the variations of the Finale as variations of exultation. As some of us like to believe, he exalts the slow movement, because he frees that long-drawn Funeral March from any suggestion of sentiment. He unfolds it gravely; keeps it spare and lofty; cuts accents, lays on color, both deep. Pedantry and precedent may quarrel here and there with Mr. Koussevitzky's detailing of "The Eroica." None may justly accuse him of distortion or "effect," contriving, for his greater glory, a Symphony as clear-spoken as it is renowned. He takes Beethoven at his word; sets free his speech, as though it were new-found, intensified, aglow. The program of the concert that first disclosed "The Eroica" labelled it "A new grand Symphony." The second adjective was a convention of the time. The actual grandeur lay all within. For Mr. Koussevitzky, in the simplicity of mind that sometimes leads him to his largest achievements, such grandeur still persists.

The Nocturnes of Debussy, the Concerto of Hindemith, were well placed side by side. The Parisian of the eighteen-nineties wrote a music of insinuation; the Frankforter of the nineteen-twenties a music of assertion. Into a romantic form the Frenchman slipped his impressionistic substance. Into an ancient mold, the Concerto Grosso, the German presses his modernistic matter. Debussy's workmanship blends adroit craft with sensitive imagination. Hindemith's procedure goes straightforward and hard-hitting. Debussy's goal is the arrested moment of beauty that is fleeting—clouds in procession, ever dissolving, ever re-forming, the melancholy of evanescence. Or in "Fêtes" the pageant of star-dust, light, color, rhythm, glint—the mood of obsession. Debussy writes the poetry of tones, suggestively, Hindemith writes the prose of tones, factually. Debussy courts imagery; Hindemith, actuality.

There in the Concerto are the chosen courses of a full man resolved to live and write in his own day. Take them or leave them; find them empty and disconcerting; count them fertile and stimulating. There they stand uncompromising and unashamed—the snapping motivs, swirling rhythms, biting counterpoint, brusque modulations, steely surfaces, hard-edged timbres, incessant dissonance—a literal music, distempered, seething, in its own restless energies. The drive, the gusto, the efficiency, of the Concerto are irresistible. They are its reasons for being, its impulse from the time and the world in which Hinde-

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H. T. P.

Beethoven Returns

Monitor By L. A. SLOPER Oct. 6. 1928.

BEETHOVEN returns this season to the symphony programs. Last year there was a singular dearth of his works on many of the orchestral lists. The Boston Symphony, in particular, offered only three Beethoven compositions. Do not infer that this apparent neglect of the master was a result of young modernist disparagement. Mr. Koussevitzky was not bowing to the storm of jeers directed at anything dated after 1800. It was merely that we had in the previous season perhaps a surfeit of Beethoven on account of the centenary. Yet it was necessary to give our musical diet a substantial basis. So we heard seven of Brahms' little things, and the foundation was laid for thorough enjoyment of our Honegger and our Schreker.

But by now our appetites have been sharpened; we are ready to hold out our plates for more Beethoven. Mr. Koussevitzky, wise provisioner, supplies us before we ask. Beginning the fifth year of his stewardship, he places two Beethoven dishes on the initial menu of the Boston Orchestra's forty-eighth season, served Oct. 5 and 6. These are the Overture to "Leonore" No. 3 and the "Eroica" Symphony.

Not to linger too long at a metaphorical feast, both works were played with that intense dramatism with which this conductor loves to infuse them, and of which, it must be granted, they are very susceptible. The "Clouds" and "Festivals" of Debussy also were vividly conveyed.

A less familiar item was Hindemith's Concerto for Orchestra, op. 38, which received its first American performance under Mr. Koussevitzky in Boston two and one-half years ago. We regret to say that the composition does not become dearer to us on further acquaintance. Ingenious it certainly is; perhaps too ingenious. Its clever author has acquired all the equipment of his trade, which his facility has put to effective use. These cunning contrapuntal manipulations, this virtuosic juggling with rhythms, this insouciant adroitness in orchestration—are not these the veritable trappings of genius? But look closer; they will seem perhaps more like peacock feathers. Pluck them, and you have a goose.

The Boston Orchestra begins its season with few important changes in personnel. Mr. G. Boettcher comes from Berlin to replace Mr. Wendler as solo horn player. Mr. B. Zighera is moved up to first harp in place of Mr. Alfred Holy, who resigned after long service, and Mr. E. Caughey becomes second harpist. There are several new faces in the ranks of the strings. Although there were moments when the playing fell somewhat short of perfection, the orchestra on the whole played Friday afternoon with remarkable virtuosity for an opening concert.

The Boston musical season had been opened most auspiciously on the evening of Oct. 4, with a concert in Paine Hall, at Harvard College, by the Roth Quartet of Budapest. This was the first in the annual series of chamber music concerts which are bestowed upon the public so generously and so unobtrusively by Mrs. Elizabeth S. Coolidge. It also was the first appearance of this famous quartet in the immediate vicinity of Boston. There was a very large audience, of the type which is essential to the complete success of chamber music.

These players had been heralded as interpreters extraordinary of Mozart. Their performance of the Quartet in G (K. 387) surpassed anticipation. They revealed at once the qualities of tone, balance and unanimity of thought which are the marks of ensembles of the first rank. They had clearly entered into full communion with the composer, and they placed at his service their rhythmic vigor, their charm of phrasing and their nice perception of nuance. The result was a nobly proportioned and completely satisfying musical edifice.

as the wind blows and the wate
from the hills—gladly. He mainta
variations of the Finale as variat
exultation. As some of us like to
he exalts the slow movement, bec
frees that long-drawn Funeral
from any suggestion of sentiment.
folds it gravely; keeps it spare an
cuts accents, lays on color, both
Pedantry and precedent may quarr
and there with Mr. Koussevitzky's
ing of "The Eroica." None may
accuse him of distortion or "effect
triving, for his greater glory, a Syn
as clear-spoken as it is renowne
takes Beethoven at his word; sets t
speech, as though it were new-fou
tens fied, aglow. The program
concert that first disclosed "The I
labelled it "A new grand Symphon;
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in. For Mr. Koussevitzky, in th
licity of mind that sometimes lea
to his largest achievements, such
deur still persists.

The Nocturnes of Debussy, th
certo of Hindemith, were well
side by side. The Parisian c
eighteen-nineties wrote a music o
uation; the Frankforter of the ni
twenties a music of assertion. In
mantic form the Frenchman
his impressionistic substance. I
ancient mold, the Concerto Gros
German presses his modernistic
Debussy's workmanship blends
craft with sensitive imagination.
mith's procedure goes straightf
and hard-hitting. Debussy's goal
arrested moment of beauty that
ing—clouds in procession, ever
ing, ever re-forming, the melanch
evanescence. Or in "Fêtes" the
of star-dust, light, color, rhythm,
the mood of obsession. Debussy
the poetry of tones, suggestively,
mith writes the prose of tones, fa
Debussy courts imagery; Hindem
tuality.

There in the Concerto are the chosen courses of a full man resolved to live and write in his own day. Take them or leave them; find them empty and disconcerting; count them fertile and stimulating. There they stand uncompromising and unashamed—the snapping motivs, swirling rhythms, biting counterpoint, brusque modulations, steely surfaces, hard-edged timbres, incessant dissonance—a literal music, distempered, seething, in its own restless energies. The drive, the gusto, the efficiency, of the Concerto are irresistible. They are its reasons for being, its impulse from the time and the world in which Hindemith lives, its reflection of himself, its impact upon his own generation. He bids us forget all things in this zest of motion; beat out and buzz out ourselves like the machines around us; sometimes, as in the "March for Woodwinds," leer, chuckle, and call it humor. The Debussyan, the Hindemithian, conceptions and procedures are the antipodes of music. They glare at each other from Euterpe's outstretched hands. A single lot unites the two composers. As many once "loathed" Debussy; others now "loath" Hindemith. It was possible to grow into Debussy; it may be possible to grow into Hindemith. Clear and keen came the Concerto yesterday; whereas eighteen months ago it was din and confusion. Though we fondly shut ourselves in ivory towers, the voice of the new generation will pierce through.

In all these pieces, the orchestra was the voice of the composer, the instrument of the conductor. It gained superb sonorities through the first movement of "The Eroica." The magic of its tone-color renewed many a measure of the "Funeral March." Its rhythm winged the Scherzo. Variation upon variation the Finale never lost impetus. In both, the new first-horn, Mr. Boettcher from Berlin, had room to prove his quality. Through the Nocturnes of Debussy, euphonies, shadings, incessant play of tonal light and shadow, might have seemed the salient merits of the re-gathered band. Yet at the beginning of the concert, its quiver of excitement had propelled the crescendi, caught the suspensive moments, of the "Leonora Overture." The ampler periods wore well its tonal magnificence; the final pages bore witness to its virilities. Through Hindemith's Concerto it flailed and snapped, rough-coated and exuberant. Mr. Koussevitzky has infused into the orchestra the final virtue. Whatever it plays, it characters.

H. T. P.

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Few compositions could have seemed anything but anti-climactic afterward. By comparison, Bartók's First Quartet, for all its composer's originality and mastery, could not escape an effect of monotony. For Martinu's Quintet, dedicated to Mrs. Coolidge and first performed at the recent Berkshire Festival, Messrs. Roth, Antal, Molnár and van Doorn were joined by Mr. Egon Kornstein as second viola. The work, though persuasively presented, failed to score the good impression made by the composer's "La Bagarre," which was first performed last year by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Its author, like many another, evidently has been led by the neo-classical trend of the time to try to fill old musical bottles with new wine. The difficulty is that the sparkle of the vintage cannot today divert our attention from the poor quality of the grapes.

SYMPHONY MARVEL OF VIRTUOSITY

Post Oct 6, 1928.

Fifth Season Under Koussevitzky Begins

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Beginning his fifth term of conductorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky yesterday afternoon led that band through the initial concert of this, its 48th season.

By report, in the four days of rehearsal the conductor had spared neither the players nor himself. Yesterday there resulted a series of performances that, as it seemed, disclosed the orchestra at something better than its wonted best.

A FEW CHANGES

Outwardly there were changes. Gone are the microphones that formerly hung suspended over the orchestral semi-circle, since for the present the concerts are not to be broadcasted. When the players grouped themselves upon the stage it might be observed that Mr. Wendler had departed and that a new first horn, Mr. Boettcher, sat in his place, while no longer will the leonine head of Mr. Holy be seen at the first harp. Instead there now sits at this latter post Mr. Zighera, partnered by Mr. Kaughey, returned after a brief absence. A new 'cellist, Mr. Chardon, a new violinist, Mr. Lauga, and a new percussion player, Mr. White, have also joined the ranks.

Stepping briskly out upon the stage, Mr. Koussevitzky was greeted according to custom by a rising orchestra and audience. There were a few moments of applause, then the conductor turned to the first music before him, Beethoven's Overture to Leonora, No. 3. No piece better serves to head an opening programme, and interpretative eloquence and instrumental skill could scarcely go farther than in the performance yesterday accorded it.

Old as New Pieces Go

With the exception of Paul Hindemith's Concerto for Orchestra, Opus 38, introduced here by Mr. Koussevitzky in the spring of 1926 and most deservedly repeated, the programme of yesterday was, in a sense, of less moment than the playing of it. Many times now have Mr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra given us the Leonora Overture, Debussy's Nocturnes "Clouds" and "Festivals," and Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony. Yet their already signal achievements with these pieces were yesterday exceeded and surpassed.

It would be gratifying to record that the enthusiasm of the audience testified to these wonders. Truth to tell, however, the applause was at best little more than ordinarily cordial, and at the end it did not suffice to return Mr. Koussevitzky to the stage.

Hindemith Over the Heads

As for Hindemith's Concerto, the audience as a whole would have none of it, although the performance was one of a bewildering virtuosity that should have excited warm appreciation for itself alone. But the music, while a notable accomplishment, is still in its uncompromising harshness and severity, a stiff dose for the casual listener, and the single hiss vouchsafed it from somewhere in the balcony had in it more of conviction than did any of the desultory hand-claps.

It is Mr. Koussevitzky's belief that this concerto is destined to occupy a permanent place in the repertory; but only devotion such as his will fix it there. Not yet do audiences clamor for these polytonal, mechanistic moderns whose goal is seemingly to arouse the mind, not to caress to titillate the ear.

NEW WORKS ON LIST FOR SYMPHONY

Mr. Koussevitzky to Give Several for First Time

Serge Koussevitzky is back in town, ready and eager for the opening of the Symphony season next Friday afternoon, and as usual full of enthusiasm for the new works which he has in store for Boston.

DOUBLE BASS RECORDS

Four days ago Mr. Koussevitzky with Mme. Koussevitzky landed in New York after their customary summer in Europe, and while Mme. Koussevitzky proceeded immediately to Boston the conductor stayed behind to make phonograph recordings of his performance upon the double-bass, arriving here early yesterday morning.

At his Jamaica Plain home yesterday afternoon Mr. Koussevitzky was altogether willing to divulge his conductorial plans, touching first upon the two Pension Fund Concerts that will mark Boston's observance of the centenary of Schubert's death that now engrosses the entire musical world.

Three New Symphonies

But it was of his new pieces that the conductor was most eager to speak, and his recital was repeatedly punctuated with the comment that the forthcoming season would be "very, very interesting."

Again European as well as American composers have entrusted Mr. Koussevitzky and our orchestra with the first performances of their newest works. Among these world premiers will be those of new symphonies by Prokofieff, Martinu and the little-known younger Frenchman, Janin, and of new pieces, otherwise unspecified, by Aaron Copland and Roger Sessions, as well as of the orchestral fragments from a new ballet by Stravinsky, the music for whose "Apollo Musagetes" will also be made known to us. On the latter ballet, first performed in Washington last spring, Mr. Koussevitzky lavished praise, taking issue with a musician concerned in that performance who had dismissed the work as negligible. "You may like Stravinsky or you may dislike him," said Mr. Koussevitzky, "but he is never 'nothing.' "

By Frederick the Great

Among the pieces new to Boston will be compositions by the Germans, Hindemith, Toch and Hauer, the Hungarian Kodaly and the Swiss-American Bloch (the new prize symphony "America"), not to mention Gustav Mahler's "Lied von der Erde," which of itself fills an evening. For revivals will come Strauss' "Thus Spake Zarathustra" and "Don Quixote" and the Eighth Symphony of Bruckner, like Mahler, a composer long neglected in Symphony Hall. All four of the symphonies of Schumann will be performed this year, and Boston will hear for the first time a symphony by Frederick the Great, who was composer as well as skillful performer on the flute.

During the summer Mr. Koussevitzky was occupied with the hearing and the conducting of music in Paris and with mountaineering, in company with his friend Prokofieff, in the French Alps. It may be added that in the course of the four concerts which he conducted in Paris, Mr. Koussevitzky introduced no less than 13 works to the Parisian public.

Concert-Chronicle

As It Should Be Trans. Oct. 8, 1928.

THERE was no questioning it. On Saturday evening the new year at the Symphony Concerts really began. The applause for Mr. Koussevitzky, entering, was longer and heartier than on Friday. At the end of the Third "Leonora" Overture the audience, promptly and deservedly, called the orchestra to its feet, as if to salute it as well as the conductor. Though it was ten o'clock and twenty minutes when the concert ended, there was no hasty departure, but vigorous clapping that brought back Mr. Koussevitzky and bade the orchestra rise again. Not for nothing had they repeated the performance of the "Eroica" Symphony from which the matinée company shamelessly trickled away. Hindemith, however, again took the audience unawares. He himself ends his Concerto abruptly; the program-sheet, like the score, divided it into four movements; whereas the conductor paused but once, between divisions two and three. Hence an instant of confusion; then more than enough applause to recall the conductor and set modernist ears pleasantly tingling. Response or no response, each time the Concerto is repeated it stands bravely on its own merits.

It is rather a pity that the third of Debussy's Nocturnes—"Sirens" with a small humming chorus of women's voices—has dropped from the active repertory. In Symphony Hall, unless memory slips, it has not been heard through many years; rarely does it come to performance elsewhere. Did conductors join it habitually to "Clouds" and "Fêtes," it might save them from a pit into which most of them fall and on the edge of which Mr. Koussevitzky perilously hovers. Accustomed to play only these two, they take them as contrasting pieces and stress the contrast. They slow the pace, lower the voice, subdue the tonal coloring, of "Clouds." Next they pounce upon "Fêtes," quickening, sharpening, heightening, until the whole music speeds and flashes. They stay themselves—and make another contrast—only when the aerial pageant passes in tonal vision.

The outcome is an exaggeration, rather than an intensification, of the quality of either piece; while Debussy loved the golden mean and had no mind to effects

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Incidents and Prospects

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"Apollo Musagetes (Protector of The Muses)," Ballet in Two Scenes. Played as Concert Piece .....Stravinsky
Symphony, No. 3, in E-flat major, "Eroica," Beethoven

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Deserved

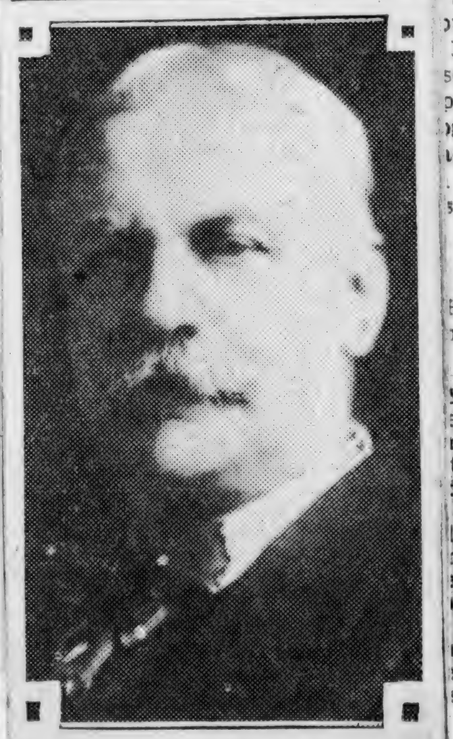
Trans. ...

Dartmouth yesterday ... Yale and awarded the ... of Mus. D. to Philip ... and dramatic critic of ... Undoubtedly it is Dr. ... Boston Symphony p... criticisms of musical ... have won for him th... Yet the work which ... known to thousands ... column, "As the World ... he discourses upon ev... the sun with learning ... dom. These readers w... in the honor that is n...

Mr. Philip Hale

Herald June 20/28

The scholarly, modest gentleman whom Dartmouth honored yesterday with a degree has chosen deliberately to be a Boston journalist all his life. Except for an occasional magazine article, he has confined his later work to The Herald and Boston Symphony programs. The latter, filed in the Boston Public Library, are a lasting monument of his untiring industry and his amazing erudition. Written in that straightforward, unadorned style which Herald readers know so well, they are unmatched in any other country or in any other language. His newspaper articles, today a concert review, tomorrow a dramatic criticism, the next day a symphony notice, all written against time, probably receive more attention from students of music and the drama here and abroad than the comment of any other critic in the ... spite of repeated ...ublishers in the ... England to write ...sen to devote his ...per and the sym-...grams. Similarly, ...ick on the metrop-... in order that he ...s work in a city ... understands, and ... and loves him. ... a deep sense of ... Hale and rejoices ...has bestowed its ...



(Photo by White)
PHILIP HALE

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for the effects' sake. Not to be behind-hand, Mr. Koussevitzky "plays up" this tempting contrast. A beat slower and he would be dragging "Clouds." Those who mistakenly believe that Debussy never spoke out, should hear the conductor's version of "Fêtes." As it is, he plays with peril and by the turn of two hairs escapes it. Enough that he and his orchestra gain the beauty for which there is no word when above the rustling, darkening strings, the wood-winds dissolve into the air the final measures of "Clouds."

"Ohne Pathos," commands Hindemith over the first division of his Concerto, by which he means without emotion, sentiment or even expression. Yet in the third division, the "March for Woodwinds," there is a lyrical interlude, unless a fourth hearing still deceives the ear, over which he might have written "mit Pathos." It is distinctly songful; the mood, unmistakably, is German-romantic; only the means are quasi-modernistic. The chortling double-bassoons before and behind are stilled; the gentler wood-winds do the young lion's purring. A lyrical vein runs in Hindemith. It was clear in the early Quartet for Strings that, at Pittsfield, first commended him to American ears. It persists overtly or latently in his subsequent work, running full in his nearest approach to a masterpiece, the "Marienleben" songs. Hindemith would not be Hindemith did he not pretend to check it and profess to treat it prosaically. Yet up it springs, as in this "March for Woodwinds," and for the time possesses him.

Detractors like to taunt Hindemith with the use of old forms for modernistic aggression, to call him "cheeky," "gabbling," or by any other disparaging adjective in fashion. As it happens, the "gabble" proves—in the Concerto, for example—to be a fresh-sounding, full-bodied, quick-spirited music; while the "cheekiness" brings off such a blood-stirring tumult of rhythm as ends the second movement. Hindemith knows the orchestra instrument by instrument. With all his haste and hardness every timbre, every mating or parting, tells. As audiences hear more and more modernist music, instinctively they separate the lasting wheat from the passing chaff, the vitalized from the willed staves. Four times Mr. Koussevitzky has played this Concerto and four times it has bitten home.

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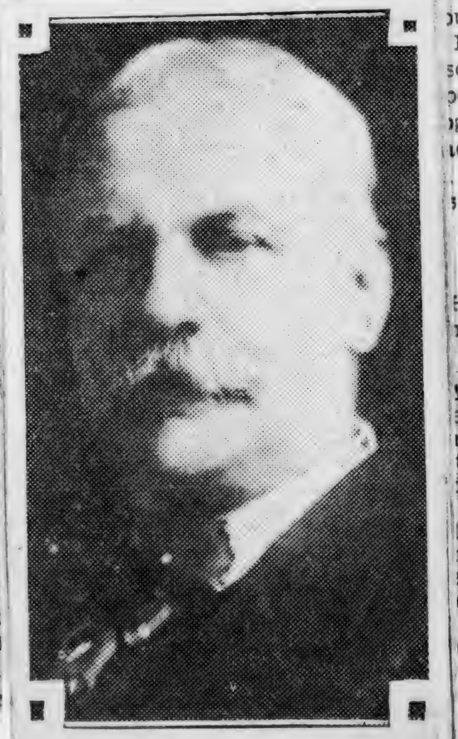

(Photo by White)
PHILIP HALE

Mr. Philip Hale

Herald June 20/28

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Concert-Chronic

As It Should Be Trans. Oct. 8.

THERE was no questioning it
Saturday evening the new y
the Symphony Concerts real
gan. The applause for Mr. Kousse
entering, was longer and heartie
on Friday. At the end of the Third
nora" Overture the audience, pr
and deservedly, called the orches
its feet, as if to salute
well as the conductor. Though
ten o'clock and twenty minutes
the concert ended, there was no
departure, but vigorous clapping
brought back Mr. Koussevitzky an
the orchestra rise again. Not for
ing had they repeated the performa
the "Eroica" Symphony from whi
matinée company shamelessly t
away. Hindemith, however, agai
the audience unawares. He himsel
his Concerto abruptly; the program
like the score, divided it into four
ments; whereas the conductor paus
once, between divisions two and
Hence an instant of confusion; then
than enough applause to recall th
ductor and set modernist ears ple
ly tingling. Response or no res
each time the Concerto is repeat
stands bravely on its own merits.

It is rather a pity that the thi
Debussy's Nocturnes—"Sirens" wi
small humming chorus of women's
—has dropped from the active repe
In Symphony Hall, unless memory
it has not been heard through
years; rarely does it come to per
ance elsewhere. Did conductors j
habitually to "Clouds" and "Fêtes
might save them from a pit into
most of them fall and on the ed
which Mr. Koussevitzky perilously
ers. Accustomed to play only these
they take them as contrasting piece
stress the contrast. They slow the
lower the voice, subdue the tonal
ing, of "Clouds." Next they pounce
"Fêtes," quickening, sharpening, h
ening, until the whole music speed
flashes. They stay themselves
make another contrast—only whe
aerial pageant passes in tonal visio

The outcome is an exaggeration,
than an intensification, of the q
of either piece; while Debussy love
golden mean and had no mind to e
for the effects' sake. Not to be behind-hand, Mr. Koussevitzky "plays up" this tempting contrast. A beat slower and he would be dragging "Clouds." Those who mistakenly believe that Debussy never spoke out, should hear the conductor's version of "Fêtes." As it is, he plays with peril and by the turn of two hairs escapes it. Enough that he and his orchestra gain the beauty for which there is no word when above the rustling, darkening strings, the wood-winds dissolve into the air the final measures of "Clouds."

"Ohne Pathos," commands Hindemith over the first division of his Concerto, by which he means without emotion, sentiment or even expression. Yet in the third division, the "March for Woodwinds," there is a lyrical interlude, unless a fourth hearing still deceives the ear, over which he might have written "mit Pathos." It is distinctly songful; the mood, unmistakably, is German-romantic; only the means are quasi-modernistic. The chortling double-bassoons before and behind are stilled; the gentler wood-winds do the young lion's purring. A lyrical vein runs in Hindemith. It was clear in the early Quartet for Strings that, at Pittsfield, first commended him to American ears. It persists overtly or latently in his subsequent work, running full in his nearest approach to a masterpiece, the "Marienleben" songs. Hindemith would not be Hindemith did he not pretend to check it and profess to treat it prosaically. Yet up it springs, as in this "March for Woodwinds," and for the time possesses him.

Detractors like to taunt Hindemith with the use of old forms for modernistic aggression, to call him "cheeky," "gabbling," or by any other disparaging adjective in fashion. As it happens, the "gabble" proves—in the Concerto, for example—to be a fresh-sounding, full-bodied, quick-spirited music; while the "cheekiness" brings off such a blood-stirring tumult of rhythm as ends the second movement. Hindemith knows the orchestra instrument by instrument. With all his haste and hardness every timbre, every mating or parting, tells. As audiences hear more and more modernist music, instinctively they separate the lasting wheat from the passing chaff, the vitalized from the willed staves. Four times Mr. Koussevitzky has played this Concerto and four times it has bitten home.

Incidents and Prospects

As usual the Symphony Orchestra will give nine concerts in Sanders Theater at Cambridge, more or less under the auspices of the University. They will begin on Thursday evening next and continue on Thursdays, Nov. 8, Dec. 13, Jan. 10, Feb. 7, Feb. 28, March 14, March 28, April 18. Tickets, if any remain outside subscriptions renewed, may be had at the University Bookstore. For the concert of Thursday, Mr. Koussevitzky proposes:

Overture, "Leonora," No. 3.....Beethoven
"Apollo Musagetes (Protector of The Muses)," Ballet in Two Scenes. Played as Concert Piece .....Stravinsky
Symphony, No. 3, in E-flat major, "Eroica," Beethoven

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Deserved Honor

Trans. June 20, 1928.

Dartmouth yesterday honored a son of Yale and awarded the honorary degree of Mus. D. to Philip Hale, the musical and dramatic critic of the Boston Herald. Undoubtedly it is Dr. Hale's work in the Boston Symphony programs and his criticisms of musical productions that have won for him this deserved honor. Yet the work which daily makes him known to thousands of admirers is his column, "As the World Wags," in which he discourses upon every subject under the sun with learning, humor and wisdom. These readers will rejoice with him in the honor that is now his.

Mr. Philip Hale

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The Herald has a deep sense of obligation to Mr. Hale and rejoices that Dartmouth has bestowed its degree so fittingly.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY is the next American orchestra designated to tour Europe. The musicians from the Hub are to cross the Atlantic next spring under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky, who is so familiar a figure in Paris and in London. The late New York Symphony, under the direction of Walter Damrosch, has already visited Europe. The failure of the Philadelphia Orchestra to do likewise last spring caused endless heartburnings, especially on the part of Leopold Stokowski.

FADED TEXT

The Boston Symphony is announced this season as containing 112 musicians. If the annual increase by twos and threes continues the orchestra will some day crowd the audience out of Symphony Hall. Not so many years since an orchestra of 90 was a record breaker and 60 players were deemed adequate by Theodore Thomas for the tours of his famous orchestra. But there are many works which demand 100 or more performers if the composer's desires are to be carried out. Whether any of these works are as great as Mozart's G minor Symphony, which can be properly played by an orchestra of between 30 and 40, is a question perhaps irrelevant.

There are four fresh comers to the Symphony Orchestra for the new season: Emil Böttcher from the orchestra of the State Opera at Berlin and the State Opera at Dresden, to be first horn with which instrument he is renowned virtuoso; Mr. Chardon to the violoncellos; Mr. Lauga to the violins; Mr. White to the percussion-group. Mr. Bernard Zighera succeeds Mr. Holy at the first ha ; while Mr. Coughey returns to take the second. Mr. Lafosse also rejoins the trumpets.

FAREWELL RECEPTION FOR SYMPHONY HARPIST

Herald — June 11, 1928.

Alfred Holy Presented Vase on Eve of Returning to Vienna

Alfred Holy, since 1913 harpist with the Boston Symphony orchestra, who is returning to Vienna, was guest of honor at a reception yesterday in the de Volt studio, Trinity court. Many of his pupils at the New England Conservatory of Music, where he is instructor of harp, were present to bid him farewell. A silver vase with a small engraved harp was given to him as a token of affection and appreciation, and Mrs. Holy was given a bouquet of spring flowers.

Through the efforts of Dr. Karl Muck, one time director of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Holy was induced to come to Boston in 1913. In Vienna he was solo harpist in the Imperial Opera House and with the Philharmonic Society. He has played under Richard Wagner, Richard Strauss, Mahler, Feingartner and Koussevitsky. He is a composer of ability and is the head of the Alfred Holy trio.

The Deficit Rises

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For the new season, salaries paid to members of the orchestra —wise and just expenditure—will increase by nearly $15,000. Since neither the Symphony Concerts nor the Pops are to be broadcast on Saturday evenings, the treasury will be the poorer by $32,000 —$1000 per concert. Add to these sums an estimated deficit equal to that of last season, and the Guarantee Fund for 1928-29 is in need of $132,000. The Trustees end laconically:

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Second Programme

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SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 13, at 8.15 o'clock

Stravinsky . . . . . "Apollon Musagète" (Apollo, Leader of the Muses) Ballet

Scene I: Birth of Apollo.
Scene II: Variation of Apollo (Apollo and the Muses) — Variation of Polymnia — Variation of Terpsichore — Variation of Apollo — Apollo and Terpsichore — Coda (Apollo and the Muses)—Apotheosis.

(First time in Boston)

Kodály . . . . . "Háry János" Suite

Prelude. The Tale Begins — Viennese Musical Clock—Song—The Battle and Defeat of Napoleon — Intermezzo — Entrance of the Emperor and his Court.

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IV. Allegro animato e grazioso.

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Zoltan Kodaly (Modern

New Composer at the Symphony Concerts This Week

BOSTON SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

The second concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Stravinsky, "Apollon Musagete" ("Apollo, Leader of the Muses"), a ballet (first time in Boston); Kodaly, suite from his comic opera, "Hary Janos" (first time in Boston); Schumann, Symphony, B flat, No. 1.

The disappointment of those who seeing the name of Stravinsky went prepared to sulk, pout, rage and find fault with Mr. Koussevitzky for daring to conduct another piece by this son of Belial, flushed with insolence and vodka, this Antichrist in contemporaneous musical life, must have been keen. For in this ballet there was no orgy of dissonances, no thunderous crashes, no drums beaten as if by madmen. There was simple music, often tuneful, often beautiful; when there were commonplace passages they were not disturbing to Stravinsky's admirers; and these commonplaces reassured and pleased the reactionaries who are suspicious of anything they think is mildly or audaciously original. The prevailing spirit of this ballet is of the 18th century.

"Apollo," scored for strings only, was first heard at the indefatigable Mrs. Coolidge's chamber musical festival in the music room of the Library of Congress in Washington, D. C., on April 27, 1928. Mr. Bolm then mimed Apollo. At the later performances in Paris and London Serge Lifar of the Ballet Russe was the god.

Here is the rare instance of ballet music that does not suffer by being transferred to the concert platform. There is hardly any story for the theatre stage; the action is negligible. It would seem as if Stravinsky, now tired of his futile attempt to write in the manner of Bach when that composer was dull and merely a weaver of insignificant patterns, and in the manner of Handel's oratorios—there has been only one Handel—the superb—forgot his piano concerto and his "Oedipus Rex" and bethought him of Lulli and Rameau. Thus he has joined the band of modern Frenchmen who praise these composers of the 18th century and would submit to their influence. Did not Debussy at a performance of a ballet suite from Rameau's "La Guirlande" performed in Paris 25 years ago, stand up and shout: "Hurrah for Rameau! Away with Gluck!" For in Rameau's music Debussy found the pure French musical tradition, tenderly and delicately charming, "without the affectation of German depth, without the italicization with blows of the fist, without long-winded explanations which seem to say: "You are a parcel of idiots, who understand nothing unless one forces you in advance to accept 'bladders for lanterns.'"

No wonder that the audience yesterday enjoyed Stravinsky's dance tunes which might have served the old leaders of the ballets in the Parisian opera house moving vivaciously or with solemn poses as goddesses or nymphs.

No wonder that the applause was so general, so hearty, so long continued that Mr. Koussevitzky was recalled after the excellent performance; that the players shared in the tribute.

The suite drawn from Kodaly's comic opera, which was produced at Budapest in 1926, is another matter; more dependent, no doubt, on the action, with the effect increased by the scenery, costumes and the dramatic dialogue or soliloquy. This Hary Janos, a boastful peasant, having returned to his village, tells, as an old man of the wonders he has seen, the deeds that he has done. He overthrew in battle Napoleon at Milan—Napoleon trembled and wept as soon as he caught sight of Hary; and Hary rescued Marie Louise and took her to her imperial father in Vienna—hence the boisterous march in the nature of a Hungarian Rhapsody that ends the suite.

The burlesque battle scene is amusing, but how much more entertaining it would be in the opera house! The prodigious orchestral sneeze with which the prelude opens is also amusing, a clever instrumental trick, but what would a hearer make of it, were he not told that in Hungary when any one perpetuates a whopper, an accidental sneeze from man of woman in the company is an assurance of the narrator's truthfulness, however incredible the tale may seem. There is beautiful music in the section entitled "Song," where Hary and his sweetheart long to see again their fatherland. Here, as elsewhere in the suite, Kodaly uses Hungarian melody. This suite, as we have said, is entertaining, the work of an accomplished musician, who, while understanding and able to write in the ultra-modern idiom, is not afraid of melody even when it is frankly national or has undergone sophistication. Although Kodaly is known as an enthusiastic lover and collector of folk songs, his hobby has not made him a parochial composer. He is not forced for inspiration to sit in a village belfry.

Mr. Koussevitzky gave a brilliant and eloquent reading of Schumann's symphony; so eloquent that one forgot for the time being the oft repeated slurs on Schumann's orchestration and the oft heard remark that he wrote as if for a piano and then awkwardly handed the music to the orchestra. All in all a delightful concert.

It will be repeated tonight. The program of next week comprises Haydn's Symphony in G major called "The Surprise"; Rubin Goldmark's "Negro Rhapsody" and Cesar Franck's Symphony.

SYMPHONY AROUSES A RESPONSE

Enthusiasm Greets Kodaly and Stravinsky Pieces

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

There are two ways of persuading reluctant audiences to an acceptance of modern music—to play them the pieces that they have at first disliked until they have learned to like them, and to give them the occasional compositions that must win their hearts on a single hearing.

SPONTANEOUS ENTHUSIASM

The latter method was employed by Mr. Koussevitsky at the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon. Offering his sometimes unwilling listeners Stravinsky's "Apollo Musagetes" and the "Hary Janos" suite of Zoltan Kodaly, the conductor was rewarded by spontaneous and unaffected enthusiasm.

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Only a little less rapturous was the reception accorded the fanciful, humorous, amazingly ingenious and often beautiful music of Kodaly. The opera, now two years old, from which this suite is drawn, recounts the incredible adventures of the figure of Hungarian folk-lore akin to Baron Munchausen, and Kodaly's music has a freshness and an imaginative quality that had seemed wellnigh lost to the tonal art of our day. Popular this music must surely become with audiences here and elsewhere, and not only for such amusing conceits as the Garagantuan orchestral sneeze with which it begins, while at the same time the critical musician can have nothing but admiration for the skill and resource that have gone into the making of it. From the newer Hungary has come at least one piece whose claim to enduring fame must be everywhere apparent.

From first to last yesterday, conductor and orchestra were at top bent, and the concluding number, Schumann's "Spring" Symphony, appropriate to the temperature if not to the season, received a performance that was nothing short of re-creation, miraculously restoring to its fading pages its one-time raptures and romantic beauty. And like Stravinsky and Kodaly before him, Schumann found yesterday a responsive audience.

Composers, Conductor, Orchestra

Stravinsky, Kodaly, Schumann, New and Old, for a Full Symphony Concert

AFTER Stravinsky the lion, Stravinsky the lamb. . . . At the Symphony Concert yesterday, Mr. Koussevitzky repeated a favorite experiment—the playing of ballet-music as concert-piece. For once, it was altogether successful. At the end, the applause was instant, honest, general, hearty, directed to the conductor, the orchestra and to Mr. Burgin at the first violin who had borne conspicuous part. No doubt it included also the composer who—the program-book assured readers—was "now living." He is, indeed, being no other than Igor Stravinsky, domiciled in Paris, probably the most influential and significant figure in the music of his generation. The piece in question was "Apollo Musagetes"—Apollo, Inspirer and Protector of the Muses—ballet in two scenes. They filled twenty-five minutes, during which there was not a sign of restlessness or boredom. They constituted a ballet of action—as Stravinsky indicated in a program-note overlooked by the venerable editor—not a ballet with a plot: Prologue representing the birth of Apollo, saluted by two goddesses, receiving nectar, ambrosia and a girdle of gold, conducted toward Olympus; Variation of Apollo, testing his limbs; Entrance of Calliope, Polymnia, Terpsichore, each receiving from the god the symbol of her function (Pas d'action), each exemplifying it for his pleasure (More Variations); Second Variation of Apollo, to the glory of the newborn arts of Poetry, Miming and The Dance; Pas de Deux for Apollo and Terpsichore as significant and pleasing above her sisters; Coda for the assembled four; Apotheosis as they move together toward Oympus.

No one, yesterday, thought twice about any lacking "synopsis;" sufficiently the music spoke for itself. As a stage-show, except among a few remembering spectators who had seen it in Washington, Paris or London, "Apollo" had no ex- in Symphony Hall and needed Once more Stravinsky had writ- music self-contained and self-ex- g. In the theater, however, his pose stood clearer. He was seek- revive the classical ballet as it ed through the eighteenth, and through the nineteenth, century. are the personages out of Roman mythology, arrayed half omes their legendary state, half conventional trappings of the g stage. (Is not Stravinsky at hen he makes Polymnia the Muse ning ("La mimique") and gives mask; whereas she commonly for the Lyric Muse wearing the bearing stylus and parchment?) is the simple, static fable, unfold- elf, so far as it unfolds at all, in es and embroideries according to d technique—Variations, Pas d'ac- Pas de Deux, Coda, Apotheosis. is the archaic suggestion in the g and the miming, as Mr. Balan- devised and ordered them for Paris ondon. And there is the exhibi- f virtuosity in the classic dance the day of Vestris to the day of e. Finally, a simplified music and luced orchestra. Stravinsky em- the strings only. In the original of the ballet he listed twenty-five. oussevitzky assembled nearly his string choir. The gain in depth onority was appreciable and desir-

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SYMPHONY AROUSES A RESPONSE

Enthusiasm Greets Kodaly and Stravinsky Pieces

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

There are two ways of persuading reluctant audiences to an acceptance of modern music—to play them the pieces that they have at first disliked until they have learned to like them, and to give them the occasional compositions that must win their hearts on a single hearing.

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Throughout, Stravinsky writes a singular limpid and plastic music. At every turn the melodic line runs clear. No counterpoint may divide it; no play with rhythm divert it; no harmonies smother it; no instrumental coloring overlay it. Only rarely does it desiccate, so to say, into figures obviously provided for the virtueso-dance. At moments, Bellini himself has not more chosen with a find hand to woo the ear. As this line is limpid, so also is it supple. The impression is as though Stravinsky saw in imagination his measures transmuted into the motions of the dancers, shaped and rhythmed them accordingly. These rhythms, simple as they seem, are adroitly poised and balanced; bring not a moment of monotony. Now and again, as in the Variation of Terpsichore, they run —to make a paradox—in clear intricacy. Once, Stravinsky even permits himself a few bars of paper-music—his play, in the Variation of Calliope, with the midpause in classic French verse. Melodically there is little development and scanty modulation. The smooth and luminous harmony obtrudes hardly a dissonance. The instrumental coloring, though it discloses a deep knowledge and a sensitive feeling for the range of a

PASTE OVER

string choir, is always transparent. Phrasing his melodies in a music of line, Stravinsky leaves not an edge unrounded. He ends, and the final cadence melts into the air. The orchestra—he has said to himself—shall be as susceptible as the human voice.

Hearing this music, the restless spirits who are always harking back to some one or other, surge. Back to Rameau and Monteclair, back to Chaikovsky and Gounod, back to Mendelssohn and Delibes, they shout, pointing at Stravinsky derisive fingers. "This is your classic ballet," they say in scorn, "with one dance (Apollo and Terpsichore) verging on a waltz, and another (First Variation of Apollo) so pseudo-oriental that Delibes might have tucked it into the second act of 'Lakmé'! Is this the Igor we have followed from 'Petrushka' through 'Œdipus'?" And so forth with occasional wringing of the hands. . . . There is another point of view as plausible and rather more satisfactory to such of us as do not believe that everyone in this world must be ticketed and act accordingly ever after. "Apollo" is return to a species of ballet that persisted through nearly two centuries (1700-1900). During those years it knew many sorts of music —from Rameau through Delibes. If it pleases Stravinsky to proffer a synthesis of these styles, let him take his pleasure. Any one with a grain of imagination can guess the mental exhilaration in the making of it.

Let Stravinsky also be his rich and many-sided self. He is upon many a page of "Apollo." Thence upspring the grave and lofty measures of preluding; the clean-cut vigors of the fugue to which Apollo is born; the grace, the charm, the inexhaustible delicacy and finesse of the Muses' dances; the deepening and upswelling of the music toward the close as though the god had achieved a consecration; the close itself in measures of proud and profound ecstasy. For beauty is the charioteer of these four as to Olympus they ascend. . . . A pendant to "Œdipus" is this "Apollo." Again has Stravinsky transmuted his model into his own abounding self. Never before has this music sounded as yesterday across Symphony Hall. Monsieur Igor is a workaday conductor. With any of his scores Mr. Koussevitzky far outdoes him. And the strings of the orchestra were paragons.

After this theater-music, more music of the stage, again in fortunate transfer. At Buda-Pest Kodály's "Háry János" was a play with music, a comic opera with plentiful dialogue. The Suite for the concert-hall strips away much that encumbered it; preserves and distills the musical essence. There emerges a four-fold piece—of Kodály the technician in

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Between: the intermezzo of the Hungarian dance, flinging out and drawing in with the moods of a blessedly temperamental race; the intermezzo of the homesick Háry—the stillness of the night, the piercing, longing, fervid Hungarian tune; the tears to the eye, the tug at the heart in the hearing. A music of nostalgia written with a candor and poignancy that are almost cruel. Here it is outspoken; elsewhere in the Suite it is undernote, unexpectedly and artfully emerging, as suddenly and adroitly caught in again. Wherever Háry goes, he remains the peasant; under all his rodomontade hears the voice of home. It is the pathos of Kodály's comedy, the half-hidden keynote, the finer atmosphere.

Last, the third novelty of the day, though it stood upon the program as Schumann's Symphony in B-flat major, No. 1, originally played at Leipzig, eighty-seven years ago. . . . Nowadays, most conductors play Schumann dutifully. He is, or he was, a classic; no doubt he deserves occasional place; give it to him and have done; audibly he is ageing. Not so Mr. Koussevitzky, who plays Schumann as though he believed in him, bathing him in the outflow of another romantic temperament. Never more so than yesterday when this "Spring Symphony" seemed miraculously transfigured. Schumann passes for a composer deficient in instrumental color. The orchestra abounded in it; by its tone made good the shortcoming. Schumann, the books say, repeated rather than developed his musical thoughts. Mr. Koussevitzky, imagining for him, gave each repetition new voice, fresh ardor. The conductor can overdo sentiment; by the same token he can call from Schumann's Larghetto the sentiment still deep and warm within it. Add the exuberance of the first movement until it sounded like an upleaping, overflowing music, the freed hand, the warming spirit. (Perhaps the brass blew too hard.) Recall the finale—
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Two pieces new to Boston and Schumann's First Symphony filled yesterday's Symphony program. The novelties, suites from Stravinsky's latest ballet "Apollo, Leader of the Muses," and Zoltan Kodaly's opera, "Hary Janos," were not too modern in musical character to win hearty applause. The performance of Schumann's familiar symphony was exceptionally brilliant.

Stravinsky's "Apollo," a series of conventional divertissements for ballet, was first performed at the chamber music festival of the Library of Congress in Washington last April. It has since been given in London and Paris as a ballet. Yesterday's performance of the suite was apparently the first in any concert hall. The music, scored for strings only, is composed of eight more or less fragmentary episodes.

Stravinsky's recent works have been so various in style and so astonishingly different from his earlier and better known productions that those critics who delight in finding and consistently employing one or two descriptive adjectives to pigeonhole a man's work have been baffled. They said of the piano concerto that it was "like Bach," or "Oedipus" that it was derived from Handel's opera, and of "Apollo" some have written that it is an attempt to emulate the ballets of Lulli.

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the modernist sense; of Kodály the folk-lorist; of comic invention out of folk-tale; of the half-hidden pathos that is little sister to comedy. The Hungarian has the modernist feeling for instruments individualized; matches imagination with skill; has not written until he knows how to write; produces a music teeming with vivid strokes, graphic and unlabored in the play of orchestral voices. He is abundantly acquainted with the new devices and procedures. At will and need he uses them — unobtrusively, unarrogantly, without toil by the midnight lamp—for a clear end clearly gained. There is no quarreling with dissonance or anything else that is modernistic when it has such pith and point as Kodály gives it. Not many in that clapping matinée audience suspected that though they listened to folk-music, it had been run through a modernistic sieve.

The word is that only the Prelude and the Intermezzo are music made wholly out of the composer's head. All else is directly derived from Hungarian folk-tunes, harmonized, clothed orchestrally, otherwise made presentable in theater or concert-hall by Kodály. Be it so; but his mind, spirit and hand are so impregnated with this native matter that the whole Suite sounds as a single music indivisible. Kodály, besides, is wiser in folk-ways than was his compatriot and colleague, Bártok. His Piano-Concerto, last winter, was nearly incomprehensible to those without an Hungarian ear and background. Page after page seemed uncouth sequences of dissonant sound. Kodály's Suite is well on the way around the non-Hungarian world and every audience grasps both the musical and the delineative content. He has laid hand upon folk-melodies that convey and animate his design; adapted and clothed them so that they are defined, enlarged, enriched, made universally viable. The ear hears an exotic native music, but with no half-vague, half-piquant, impression of mere strangeness. Here go musical ideas for the mind; fantasy, humor, irony, pathos, for the imagination. The only measures in the whole Suite that do not "come off" instantly and fully is that feat of virtuosity at the beginning designed to generate an orchestral sneeze.

Háry János is a legendary Hungarian peasant—he cannot be older than the last century—who dreamed dreams and recounted them as realities. He saw himself rescuing Marie-Louise, the Hapsburg Princess who wedded Napoleon, thereby winning her love; at the Hofburg in Vienna engrossed, child-like, in the wonders of a clock with soldier-figures stepping in and out; beating to his knees the French Emperor in battle; standing by, nay, joining the procession, when the Imperial Family marches ceremonially through that same Hofburg. Once, between whiles, holding his wife's hand, he pines for the sights and sounds, the quiet and content, of his village. The Suite must needs put by the adventure with Marie-Louise; but for all else Kodály writes a many-voiced music. Now it is exuberantly comic rodomontade, as in the battle with Napoleon overthrown. Again it is the gentle, quasi-ironic comedy of the soldier-clock. What children we all are to gape and nudge and grin—along with Háry—at such toys! Last the big-bow-wow of the Imperial March; for so Háry sees and hears it. Withal, humorous, not to say ironic, undertones. Can it be that Kodály makes a wry face at these pageants?

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It is true enough that Stravinsky's recent work lacks the obvious radicalism that breaks startlingly with the whole past history of music. It is not true, however, that he has in any one of his recent productions been particularly an imitator of any one classic composer.

Conventional Dance Rhythms

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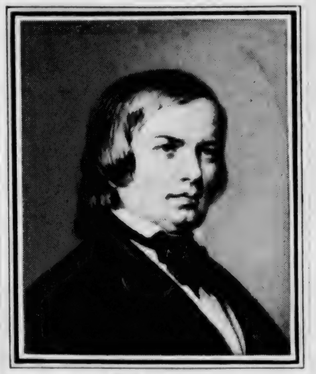
P. R.



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"Apollon Musagète" in Concert Form

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These chaste tableaux were welcomed with grateful surprise by a holiday afternoon audience. Having come, many of them, no doubt, prepared to manifest disapproval (was not the "Sacre" a ballett, too?) they remained to applaud with relief. Here was music a man could understand—had tunes to it.

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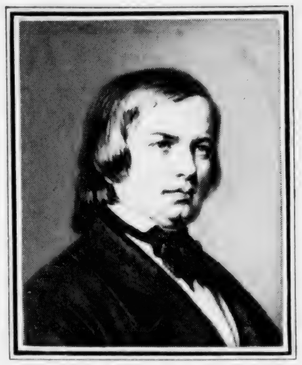

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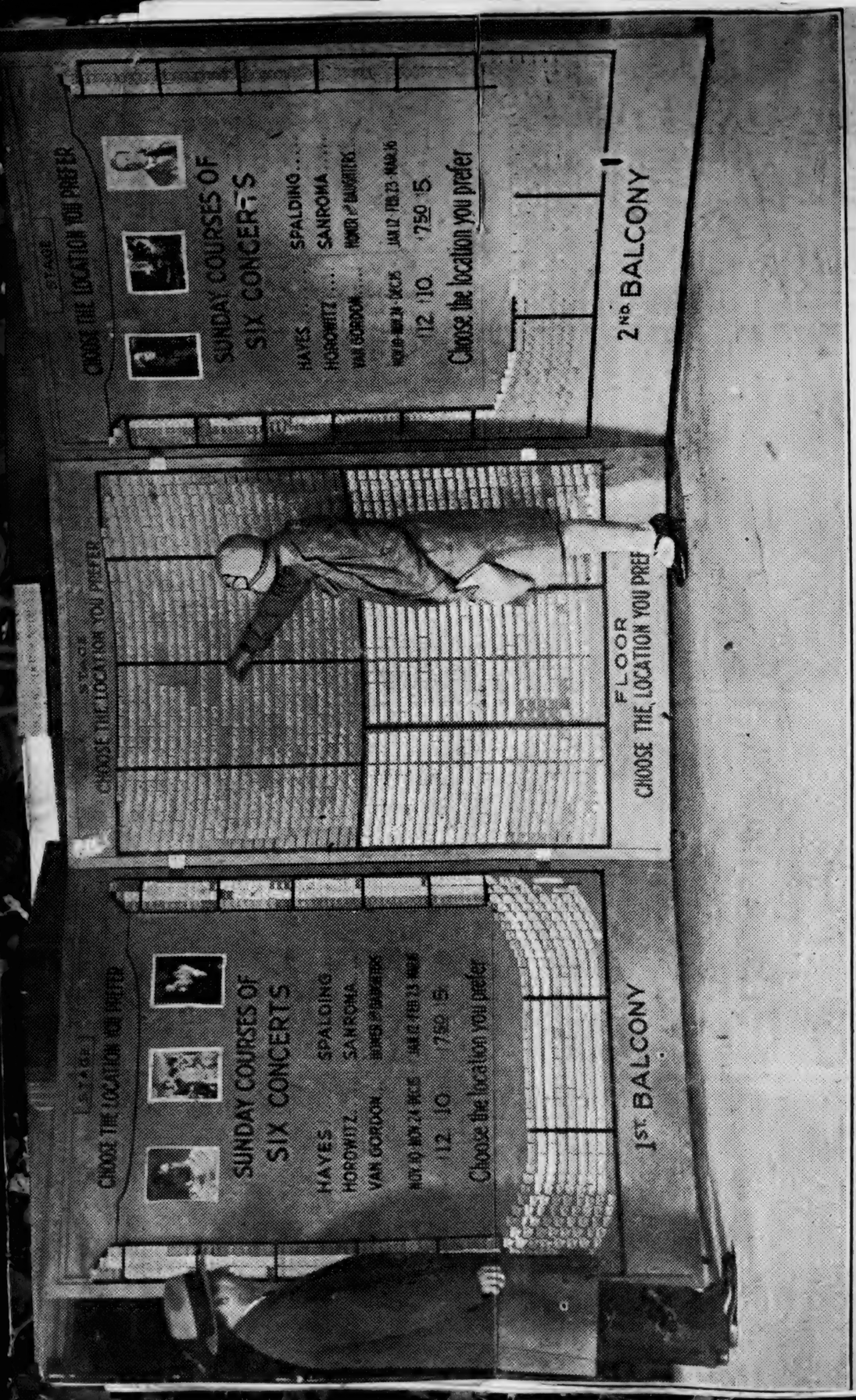
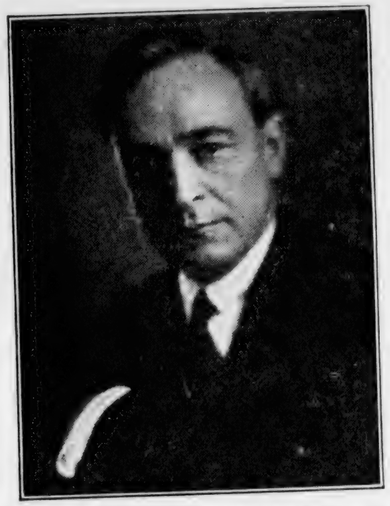


(Colby—Transcript)

The Public's Own Box-Office at Symphony Hall

The Ticket-Rack in the Huntington-Avenue Corridor for the Course of Six Sunday Concerts Next Season. For Every Seat There Is A Ticket-Stub.
The Buyer Sees the Whole Hall; Makes His Choice; Signs His Name—and Departs Content

SYMPHONY HALL - - - BOSTON
WEDNESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 17, 1928



Only Boston Recital

by

Serge
Koussevitzky
DOUBLE-BASS

ASSISTED BY HENRI CASADESUS, VIOLA D'AMORE

PROGRAMME

LORENZITI . . . . SYMPHONIE CONCERTANTE
For Viola d'Amore and Double-Bass

KOUSSEVITZKY . CONCERTO FOR DOUBLE-BASS
Double-Bass Solo

BORGHI . . . . . SONATA NO. 3
For Viola d'Amore and Double-Bass

LORENZITI . . . . . PETITE SUITE
For Viola d'Amore

ECCLES . . .	LARGO FROM SONATA IN G MINOR	DOUBLE-BASS SOLO
BEETHOVEN	MINUET	
LASCA	BERCEUSE	
KOUSSEVITZKY .	VALSE MINIATURE	

Tickets, $1 to $3 (no tax) at Box Office
Tickets dated October 15, good for October 17

Winter Music Sounds Across Summer Night

Koussevitzky's Double Bass and Casadesus's Viola to Rapturous Hearers

Trans. —Oct. 18. 1928.

INEVITABLY, the first curiosity had abated. Most of us, at all interested, discovered a year ago that Mr. Koussevitzky plays the double-bass as signal virtuoso and susceptible musician; that the double-bass, so played, is an instrument in its own right, no mere "foundation" for the string-choir in the symphonic concert room. Upon the Manhattanese, who will hear Mr. Koussevitzky, single-voiced, for the first time next Wednesday, will the earlier sensation be renewed. Consequently there were empty seats at Symphony Hall last evening; but in those that were filled—quite three-quarters of the whole—sat an ardent company. It was not the audience of Friday or of Saturday at the Symphony Concerts. Nor was it a blending of the two. Rather it was a Koussevitzkian assemblage bound together, high and low, by a single, devoted admiration.

The conductor has been warmly welcomed to his stand, but not as the double-bassist was thrice and four times applauded when yesterday he came to his place. The end of every number, whether it was solo-piece for Mr. Koussevitzky or duet with the assisting Casadesus of the viola d'amore, rekindled these raptures. "Extras" were demanded—asked is too mild a word—and accorded even before the end of the program. Flowers were conveyed along an aisle and handed up to the platform. Behold—and consider—the reward for "personalities" when they tread (as the saying is) the American scene. . . . And all this on a soggy summer evening that more invited a concert on the terrace than a concert indoors. If the audience panted —and also fanned—greater were the burden and heat upon the two players. Though they screwed at the frets and passed the drying handkerchief along the strings, moisture laid traps for true intonation. Yet only rarely and briefly—to the glory of their ears and fingers—was it snared.

Modestly but distinctly, Mr. Koussevitzky asserted the superiority of the double bass over the violoncello as instrument of song and gave reason for the assertion. Recall the voice of the 'cello as it has sounded slow movements in concertos and melancholy sighs in salon-pieces times without number. Oftener than not the tone-quality is clouded; the musical speech thickens as it flows; ornament fattens; the whole impression is coagulated. In the old Adagios and Largos, in Mr. Koussevitzky's own Andante, in the transcription from Eccles, his double-bass—in comparison—sang clear and light and slender; twined in and out with garlands; dulled no rhythms; caught the very image of the music. Through the duets, upon its darker tone, as upon a velvet cushion, lay the bright, quasi-metallic arabesques of the viola d'amore. Now and then, as well, came euphonies between the two instruments—of Beauty and the Beast, exceeding smooth-tongued at the hands of its present Russian dompteur. (The French word implies more mastery than does our "tamer"). Yet once and twice Mr. Koussevitzky bade it rumble in its throat quite as though Beethoven were laying on the lash. Even with pet instruments these Russians—it is half the pleasure of contact with them—will show their teeth.

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An enthusiastic audience that filled the hall heard old and beautiful music beautifully played. It would be interesting to know how much editors and instrumentalists have done to compositions by Lorenziti and Borghi; whether this music in its original and naked form would have today the same charm: whether the "revision" has been strictly in keeping with the spirit of the 18th century. Hans von Buelow took all manner of impertinent liberties with the sonatas of Scarlatti. Modern music has suffered from editors. Rimsky-Korsakov's sandpapering and polishing of Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunov" is an instance of an editor's willingness to improve a work, to correct original ideas which seemed to him crudities or errors in musical grammar. Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas" has been maltreated within recent years.

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Since Mr. Casadesus was side-partner, the ancients had liberal inning. Doubtless they wrote for the double-bass as solo-instrument; certainly they mated it with other instruments of their string choir upon which, in chamber-pieces, they liked to ring the changes. Out of Lorenziti (XVIII Century) and Borghi (XVIII Century)—who that frequents concert-halls does not love these programmatic chaplets laid upon old heads?—came a Sinfonia Concertante and a Sonata for Viola d'Amore and Double Bass. Lorenziti yielded Mr. Casadesus a "Little Suite," possibly more or less arranged; while for one of his solo-pieces, transcribed from the violoncello, Mr. Koussevitzky went back to an eighteenth-century Eccles.

The duets and the Suite, with or without Mr. Casadesus's revising hand, were not of that ancientry which ravishes the ear and melts the heart in slow movements, flicking the senses as well through opening Allegro and closing Rondo. The Largo or the Adagio exhaled grace, charm, sentiment, in the measured eighteenth-century sense of the word and the quality. The introductions and finales were agreeable pieces of workmanship turned off with a pretty readiness. Sinfonia, Sonata and Suite were "house-music" in the adept and elegant practice of their time. As such, for their own pleasure, Mr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Casadesus have played them in Parisian salons. As such, albeit across the broad, high spaces of Symphony Hall, the audience heard them spell-bound. A whisk through a Finale, the songful-sentimental curve of an Adagio, and its ear and heart were won. A domestic race are we Anglo-Saxons. Though in these lazy days we prefer to seek our "house-music" in the concert-room, there we unfeignedly enjoy it.

So it was that the palm for composition, even as last October, fell to Mr. Koussevitzky. Again he played his Concerto of 1904; again it proved well-invented, well-conducted, well-decorated piece. It has musical substance and it gives musical pleasure. It is written with unobtrusive skill. The learned say that it assimilates, rather than imitates, earlier models. Certainly, it displays the double-bass, yet keeps mood, manner and musical chastity. Next in quality was the little piece of another double-bassist, the Cradle Song of Laska—the lyric note, the flowing hand, the smooth and muted instrument. Though Mr. Casadesus renewed the tone of the viola d' amore—the liqueur, pale-surfaced, subtle-sweet, fine-edged upon the ear, among the heady, bodied wines of the string choir—decidedly the evening was the evening of double bassists.

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(Bachrach)

APOSTLE OF OLD MUSIC

Permission Richard Copley Concert Bureau

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HENRI CASADESUS

Performer on the Viola d'Amore, Who Is Assisting Serge Koussevitzky in His Recitals This Fall. They Appeared in Symphony Hall, Boston, Last Evening, and They Will Play in Carnegie Hall, New York, on the Evening of Oct. 23. (Moniton)

Mr. Serge Koussevitzky has changed the date of his recital from October 15, to October 17, because of the recent announcement of Mr. Herbert Hoover's visit to Boston on the former date.

Tickets already purchased for October 15, will be good on October 17.

Third Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 19, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 20, at 8.15 o'clock

Haydn . . . . Symphony in G major, "The Surprise"
(B. & H. No. 6)

I. Adagio; Allegro assai.
II. Andante.
III. Menuetto.
IV. Allegro di molto.

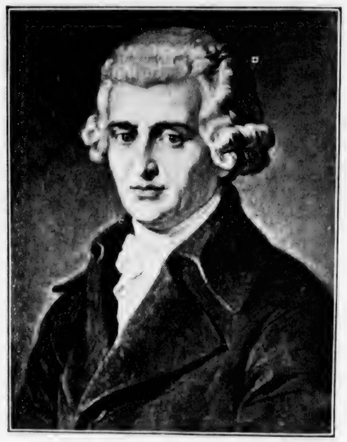
R. Goldmark . . . . . A Negro Rhapsody
(First time in Boston)

Franck . . . . . Symphony in D minor

I. Lento; Allegro non troppo.
II. Allegretto.
III. Allegro non troppo.

There will be an intermission before Franck's symphony

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



HAYDN

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Herald By PHILIP HALE Oct. 20, 1923

The third concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Haydn, Symphony G major, "The Surprise." Rubin Goldmark, A Negro Rhapsody (first time in Boston). Cesar Franck, Symphony, D minor.

Mr. Koussevitzky is so fortunate in his interpretation of Haydn's music; so intelligently appreciative; so content to let the music speak for itself in its 18th century way; so regardful of the composer's clarity of expression, the finish of his workmanship and his friendly, homelike spirit, one wishes that more symphonies of Haydn, and less familiar ones than those played from time to time, were heard under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction. There are conductors who say to themselves: "I suppose I must play one or two of Haydn's symphonies this season to satisfy the old fogies." And so they select from the few they know and conduct them in a perfunctory way, apologizing, as it were, to the young and voluble amateurs in the audience who think that there was no music before Debussy; that even his music is now "old hat," too obvious and melodic. This symphony as it was conducted and performed yesterday is fresher, more spontaneous, more charming music than many works of the last decade, which, when they were performed here were hailed as "original," "remarkable," even "epoch-making," and now are in the capacious dust-bin of Time.

Mr. Goldmark's Rhapsody, composed in 1921-22, was performed for the first time by the Philharmonic Society of New York in January, 1923. It has been heard in other cities of this country and was recently played in London. The name of Carl Goldmark's nephew was not unknown to our symphony audiences. His overture to "Hiawatha" has been performed twice at the concerts of this orchestra; his tone-poem "Samson" has also been played here. For the thematic material of his "Negro Rhapsody" the composer naturally took what are known as "Spirituals," with the exception of a Tennessee river tune. The themes are inherently interesting; they should lend themselves easily to emotional or rhythmically brilliant treatment.

Mr. Goldmark has composed the Rhapsody in what might be called the post-war orthodox manner. Perhaps it was the only way to treat these themes. He knew that the melodies themselves, the stirring rhythms, at times after the fashion of a negro "break-down," with thunderous climaxes, would excite immediate applause. He is an excellent musician, well grounded in the grammar and rhetoric of his profession. He brought out the effects he wished to make. His labor was rewarded yesterday by enthusiastic applause. He was twice obliged to acknowledge the tribute. He acknowledged it modestly, rising from his seat on the floor; not making a frantic rush with flying coat tails to the platform.

As the "Pelleastres" for a time did Debussy harm, so the "Franckists" injured the reputation of Cesar Franck. They insisted on his aloofness from earthly strife, joy, sorrow, passion. They proclaimed him a mystic, dwelling in the seventh heaven and hearing, if not the celestial choir, at least the music of the spheres. His compositions were of plenary inspiration: not a note could be added; not a note could be taken away.

A reaction was inevitable. Younger composers, escaping his influence, were tired of his alleged perfection. Older composers, envious no doubt of his fame, were wearied by the recital of his private and musical virtues. Was he overestimated soon after his death? For some years it has been the fashion to underestimate him; to speak of "the false mysticism of the old Belgian angel." Too frequent repetitions of his music, even of that masterpiece the violin sonata and of his symphony were not of benefit to him. (It was as with Tchaikovsky and his "Pathetic" symphony.)

Today it is only just to recognize Franck's eminence among composers. To say that his symphony is flawless is not so easy. We believe that in the first movement the return of the sombre introduction, even with a changed tonality, before the full exposition, development and continuance of the main body of the movement was a mistake. It might reasonably be said that there is in this movement over-elaboration, a surplusage of detail, unnecessary repetitions of thematic fragments given in turn to various instruments or choirs of instruments, a favorite device of Tchaikovsky's. There might something be said with regard to diffuseness in the other movements.

The performance was dramatic. Even a spiritually endowed organist may be pardoned for being dramatic in his music. Too much has been said about Franck's piety and humility. There should be no quarrel with Mr. Koussevitzky about his fiery reading of the work; but, surely, the finale does not admit of the rapid pace at which he, as other conductors in the past, took the movement. The music demands breadth and continuous, stately sonority. Here is not a quick allegro, even though there are two beats in the measure. The rapid playing makes the finale feverish; and gives a certain triviality, even flippancy to passages that should be dignified and imposing.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Prokofieff, "Classical" Symphony. Debussy, prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun." Michal Kondraczki, Partita. Brahms, Symphony in D major, No. 2.

"NEGRO RHAPSODY" AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Rubin Goldmark Hears His Work Performed

Koussevitzky Conducts Brilliant Performances of Two Symphonies

Rubin Goldmark, the well-known composer and teacher long resident in New York, heard at yesterday's Symphony concert an eloquent performance of his "A Negro Rhapsody." At the end he rose in his place near the front of the floor and bowed repeated acknowledgments of the very hearty applause. Mr Koussevitzky had put two symphonies on the program, Haydn's "Surprise" and Cesar Franck's. He gave remarkably brilliant interpretations of both of these familiar classics. If applause is a test yesterday's concert pleased the subscribers far more than either of the earlier ones of the new season.

Goldmark, a nephew of the composer of the "Sakuntala Overture" and numerous other long popular works, was educated in Vienna and New York. A man in his 50s, he is naturally conservative rather than futuristic in his work. "A Negro Rhapsody," written in 1919-22, is based on seven themes, either taken over bodily from Negro tunes, or in the same general style. "Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen," "O Peter Go Ring dem Bells," "Oh Religion is a Fortune," "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child," "Oh When I come to Die," and an unfamiliar tune collected years ago in Tennessee, provide the principal melodic ideas. The counter themes are of the composer's own invention.

Sonorous Climaxes

Mr Goldmark has treated these now universally popular tunes skillfully, building up enormous climaxes by piling together phrases from several different ones. He has scored his music for orchestra with a rather self conscious ingenuity.

The audience was delighted with the piece even before it discovered the presence of the composer. Such potpouris as this do not of course claim to have profound originality or great imaginative depths. But it is perhaps better to write unpretentious music that succeeds in pleasing an audience than to strive unsuccessfully to produce a masterpiece.

Mr Koussevitzky and the orchestra gave a thoroughly enjoyable and remarkably fine performance of Haydn's "Surprise Symphony." The only attempt at innovation in the conductor's interpretation was the unusually slow pace at which the minuet, marked "Allegro molte" was played. This movement has usually been taken very rapidly by other conductors. It gains notably by Mr Koussevitzky's reading.

One wonders just what "allegro molte" meant in the 18th Century. Dr Muck used to take the first movement of Mozart's G minor Symphony, also marked "allegro molte," more slowly than anyone else plays it. In this case also as with yesterday's Haydn minuet, the slow pace plainly suits the music better than the rapid one.

Haydn has not lost his hold on audiences, as yesterday's applause showed. One may smile at this apparent naivete and find his "surprise" no longer startling, but the flow of amiable, high spirited melody, the occasional hints at solemnity, the imaginative vitality of the music is unquestionable.

Franck's Symphony

Franck's Symphony Mr Koussevitzky rightly regards as a romantic and energetic piece, with no mysticism or "otherworldliness" about it. Play it as though it were Liszt, as he does, and it gains by what some will call lack of reverence. Passages of this music are strident, boisterous, almost vulgar. Even the slow movement has much more in common with Berliez than with Palestrina. Its real distinction is an originality of style that verges on mannerism, witness the incessant modulations, the curiously characteristic rhythms.

After all, the outstanding French composers since 1830 have been the original men like Berliez, Franck, Debussy, Ravel, Florent Schmitt, Honegger, not the correct and clever people like Saint-Saens, nor the sentimentalists like Gounod and Massenet. One can think of more examples of originality of style among French 19th century writers than among Germans.

There is much more obvious connection between the music of Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann and Brahms than between that of the Frenchmen named above.

Next week's program is to include Prokefieff's "Classical Symphony," Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," a Partita by an unknown Polish composer, Kendraczki, and Brahms' D major Symphony.—P. R.

Two Symphonies With Spirituals Placed Between

Mr. Koussevitzky Proffers a Native Rhapsodist, Haydn and Franck

SIGNS of the times are evident in Mr. Koussevitzky's programs for the Symphony Concerts. They could be read in the list of pieces yesterday afternoon. They are plain upon the list proposed for next week. The first journey of the orchestra in the current season draws near. Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus, Pittsburgh are included cities. Numbers pleasing to those communities, displayful also of conductor and band, should be made ready. . . . It is also the outset of the symphonic year nearer home. An "active" repertory must be reconstituted, available not only in Boston, Cambridge and New York, but serviceable likewise for chance occasions. Hence, possibly, Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony, and Franck's as well, on yesterday's program. Hence, with equal reason, Prokofiev's Classical Symphony and Brahms's in D major for next Friday and Saturday. All of which is to say that these are the inevitable weeks of preliminary paces, offset, it is true, by so fresh and stimulating a program as that of last week and by the stately list, less the intrusive Hindemith, for autumnal beginning.

These repertory programs—as it is not unfair to call them—serve a further purpose, creditable to the conductor's tact. The larger part of the symphonic public hears gladly these familiar pieces. Yesterday, though the performance was hardly remarkable, it clapped and clapped again over Haydn's agreeable little Symphony. It was as content with Franck's and in far less numbers than usual disposed to regard a symphonic finale as an exit march. Add the middle piece—Mr. Rubin Goldmark's "Negro Rhapsody"—written with dutiful regard for most of the conservatisms, teeming with obvious, familiar melodies—and the

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delights of the day were full rounded for most that received them. A week on and they will take like pleasure in the light fingers and the quick wit of Prokofiev through his Classical Symphony; while only to churlish reviewers—the outcasts of the occasion—will it occur that the conductor administered Brahms plentifully last season and might reasonably give hearers respite as he then did from Beethoven. Mr. Koussevitzky, however, is wise with the wisdom of the children of light. Before long, he will be leading forth his modernists. He has, it is said, a stable full of them, all "r'aring to go." The incurious and the conservative will give signs of resentment. "But I must balance the programs," the conductor might reply courteously, running a finger down his present lists. "After these classics, the moderns as well."

None the less there are other symphonies of Haydn that would have given equal pleasure with the little "surprise"; that are seldom, or maybe never, heard at Symphony Hall. He wrote abundantly; from his "collected works" custom has chosen this and that; to the upper shelf, where busy conductors seldom look, relegated the rest. By many proofs Mr. Koussevitzky can be delver and discoverer in eighteenth century music. Most creditable "finds" have been his reward. They are also possible among Haydn's Symphonies. Sometimes he wrote them out of his graver moods, with an invention, imagination, device, that drew nearer to his loftier contemporaries and curiously anticipated these latter days. There are slow movements in which he sings as one under reflective emotion; first movements in which he does more than weave skilful, pleasing patterns; pages upon which he is craftsman with "surprises" rather more subtle, certainly more unexpected, than the dividing chords of yesterday's Symphony. Not always was he court-musician to serene Esterházy highnesses, purveyor to fashionable concerts in Paris and London.

Too often for his own good, Papa Haydn—cocked hat under his arm, smile on his face, playful piper in the symphonic choir—patters down the centuries. In the "Surprise" Symphony the play with the theme and variations of the slow movement is neat and amusing, drum-taps, tutti and the rest. The Finale twinkles out a pleasing tune, runs at a gay pace. The Minuet is—a Minuet, and there were scores of them, written almost hourly, in Haydn's Vienna. The first movement unfolds and decorates an

easy-going design. In short, Haydn fanciful, skilful and merry, ministering comfortably to his public—not the Haydn who spans deeper, bolder, richer, even to this day, to heart and hand joining also a mind. Nor did the performance trip too lightly and gracefully along the pleasant hills and valleys of the music. A sultry summer day, dripping into autumn, does not clarify strings or put conductors to their full mettle.

The times are not too favorable to the once celebrated Symphony of Franck. Nowadays most of us are not so sure as were his devoted followers thirty years ago that he speaks with the tongues of men and of angels. "Father Franck," as they called him—it was rather a paternal conceit—wrote out of an innocent mind and an aspiring heart. Innocence has gone out of the fashion in this third decade of the twentieth century. When we aspire we look around the earth rather than imitate his heavenward glance up from the organ-loft in the Gothic arches of Saint Clotilda's church. We thrust through rather than grope as did he. When we have found our way and made our affirmations, it is not in us to be so honestly joyous and full-throated. (What is that doubt we are muttering under our breaths?) Besides, the Franckian way of making a symphony—"cyclic" progress and the like—no longer irritates or pleasures us. By this time "Franck in D minor" has become rather an institution.

It is even within belief that the conductors suspect—if they are as ambitious as Mr. Koussevitzky—that something ought to be done. For his part, the Russian releases his own temperament and sets to "le bon père" as though he were half-brother or at least first cousin, to Peter Iltych Chaikovsky. He wrings the last expressive drop from the pervasive and songful theme of the first movement; sends it up-soaring upon proclaiming strings and deepening winds. Over the second division he distributes sentiment, sweetness and light with Russian flavors unmistakable. The Finale ascends in pomps and splendors. Franck is sonorous and Mr. Koussevitzky loves sonorities. Give both the brass choir of the Boston Orchestra—above all, Mr. Böttcher and his fellow-horns—and Rimsky-Korsakov, hearing, would have embraced conductor and composer. The devotées say that Franck was a universal genius. In Symphony Hall, at any rate, he can wear a Chaikovskian mantle and achieve a Korsakovian apotheosis. All things to all men said the Apostle—even Franck à la Russe.

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ials, and nothing else, are e long and wide vogue of Rhapsody. They have rope as well as through ates—music of the Afro- Twenty, fifty, composers days by their workman- ark prevails by his sub- he is no Kodály adding tion to folk-music, sharp- g, enriching, even as he ansfer and exhibition counter, well arranged r. Goldmark's all. . . . omposer rose from his ledge hearty, honest shoulders, to half an lack faces were peer- ing. H. T. P.

Virtuoso to Conductor

By L. A. SLOPER

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY reappeared this week in the rôle of contrabass player as well as orchestral conductor. Interest ran high in his recital, which in a sense might be called his first public appearance in America as doublebass virtuoso; since the occasion which drew him to play at Brown University was quite private, and his concert of last season, which was for a charitable purpose, was open to the public only at very high prices.

In Symphony Hall on the evening of Oct. 17, he was heard at usual recital prices in a program in which he was assisted by Henri Casadésus, performer on the viola d'amore. Together they played a "Symphonie Concertante" by Lorenziti and a Sonata of Borghi. M. Casadésus played a "Little Suite" by Lorenziti for viola d'amore, and Mr. Koussevitzky played his own Doublebass Concerto and a group of short solo numbers.

The impression made at last year's recital by Mr. Koussevitzky was renewed at this one. His astonishing technique was devoted to musical purposes, not to display. In the ensemble pieces, the voice of his instrument was always held to its proportional value. His full-bodied, vibrant tone, his tasteful phrasing, his architectural sense, above all, his poetic imagination, profoundly stirred the large audience whose applause was spontaneous, general and long-continued.

M. Casadésus Appreciated

Nor was M. Casadésus less appreciated. The founder of the Société des Instruments Anciens is no stranger in Boston. His collection of old instruments now rests in Symphony Hall. He appeared as soloist with the orchestra last season, and had previously been heard with his organization in chamber concerts. Not only his virtuosity, but his modesty and his musicianship made him on the present occasion a full member of a partnership whose pleasure in their music was as evident as that of their listeners. Mr. Bernard Zighera, first harpist of the Boston Orchestra, deserves a word for his discreet piano accompaniments.

In fine, this concert afforded one of those opportunities that come not too often of hearing pure music devotedly as well as expertly performed. It is a pity that Mr. Koussevitzky's duties as conductor prevent him from appearing oftener as solo player. In a remarkably vivid interview with Rena Gardner, printed recently in the Boston Herald, the conductor was enabled to present the case of the hard-working artist, in sharp contrast to that of the ease-loving critic. "This delicate subject causes Mr. Koussevitzky to quiver. 'The poor artiste work, he work, he work!' clasping his iron-gray head with a gesture of profound fatigue. 'He play!' sawing passionately at an imaginary bass viol —'He practice late at night, he rehearse, he have not sleep!'"

But then the critic! "'It is fine morning. He choose his tie, his handkerchief, he say, "Ha, hum, I must go criticize!" He listen, he has never heard that piece before, he hear it once, and the next day, "This piece was very bad," or, "This piece was so-and-so."'"

The Symphony Concert

That is probably the world's best statement of the ancient complaint of artist against critic. It is touching; it makes one hesitate to say that no doubt it was the extra work of the recital that caused Mr. Koussevitzky to lead off his program for the week's symphony concerts with Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony. But it would be a mistake to conclude that he gave the symphony a perfunctory reading. That would be a feat very difficult for Mr. Koussevitzky to accomplish. He cannot help giving himself to what he does. Although, with this orchestra of drilled experts, in this transparent music, he did not find it necessary to use great physical exertion, the results of his training were evident. Because the music is transparent, it is likely to betray short-

easy-going design. In short fanciful, skilful and merry, mi comfortably to his public—not the who spans deeper, bolder, richer to this day, to heart and hand also a mind. Nor did the perfo trip too lightly and gracefully al pleasant hills and valleys of the A sultry summer day, drippin autumn, does not clarify strings conductors to their full mettle.

The times are not too favorable once celebrated Symphony of Nowadays most of us are not as were his devoted followers years ago that he speaks wi tongues of men and of angels. Franck," as they called him—rather a paternal conceit—wrote an innocent mind and an aspiring Innocence has gone out of the in this third decade of the tw century. When we aspire w around the earth rather than imit heavenward glance up from the loft in the Gothic arches of Sai tilda's church. We thrust t rather than grope as did he. W have found our way and made firmations, it is not in us to be estly joyous and full-throated. (W that doubt we are muttering unc breaths?) Besides, the Franckia of making a symphony—"cyclic" ress and the like—no longer irrit pleasures us. By this time "Fra D minor" has become rather an tion.

It is even within belief that th ductors suspect—if they are as tious as Mr. Koussevitzky—that thing ought to be done. For hi the Russian releases his own te ment and sets to "le bon père" as he were half-brother or at leas cousin, to Peter Iltych Chaikovsk wrings the last expressive drop fr pervasive and songful theme of the first movement; sends it up-soaring upon proclaiming strings and deepening winds. Over the second division he distributes sentiment, sweetness and light with Russian flavors unmistakable. The Finale ascends in pomps and splendors. Franck is sonorous and Mr. Koussevitzky loves sonorities. Give both the brass choir of the Boston Orchestra—above all, Mr. Böttcher and his fellow-horns—and Rimsky-Korsakov, hearing, would have embraced conductor and composer. The devotées say that Franck was a universal genius. In Symphony Hall, at any rate, he can wear a Chaikovskian mantle and achieve a Korsakovian apotheosis. All things to all men said the Apostle—even Franck à la Russe.

Out of five Negro Spirituals, each, by this time more or less familiar, plus a work-song heard in Tennessee, Mr. Goldmark made his "Negro Rhapsody." He sets forth his basic matter unmistakably. As the piece proceeds it returns as easy to recognize as the neighbor next door. He makes play with sundry counter-subjects and the ear remains quite sure that the Spirituals have the better voice. He leads them along an harmonic and an instrumental course. full-voiced, warmly clad in the orthodox fashion of the nineteen-tens. Intent upon them, the hearer begins to believe them capable, like Voltaire's Habakuk, of all things. The other evening they figured in an American review. Yesterday they furnished forth a symphonic Rhapsody. In three weeks Mr. Hayes will be singing them with a poignant simplicity: a fortnight more and a Negro Choir will give them camp-meeting voice. And through all these migrations they will remain spontaneous song and lay hold upon the white folks' ears and imaginations.

These Spirituals, and nothing else, are the source of the long and wide vogue of Mr. Goldmark's Rhapsody. They have carried it to Europe as well as through these United States—music of the Afro-American soil. Twenty, fifty, composers prevail in these days by their workmanship. Mr. Goldmark prevails by his subject-matter. For he is no Kodály adding another imagination to folk-music, sharpening, intensifying, enriching, even as he assimilates. Transfer and exhibition over a symphonic counter, well arranged and lighted, are Mr. Goldmark's all. . . . The good gray composer rose from his place to acknowledge hearty, honest plaudits. Over his shoulders, to half an imaginative eye, black faces were peering, black lips moving. H. T. P.

Virtuoso to Conductor

By L. A. SLOPER

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY reappeared this week in the rôle of contrabass player as well as orchestral conductor. Interest ran high in his recital, which in a sense might be called his first public appearance in America as doublebass virtuoso: since the occasion which drew him to play at Brown University was quite private, and his concert of last season, which was for a charitable purpose, was open to the public only at very high prices.

In Symphony Hall on the evening of Oct. 17, he was heard at usual recital prices in a program in which he was assisted by Henri Casadésus, performer on the viola d'amore. Together they played a "Symphonie Concertante" by Lorenziti and a Sonata of Borghi. M. Casadésus played a "Little Suite" by Lorenziti for viola d'amore, and Mr. Koussevitzky played his own Doublebass Concerto and a group of short solo numbers.

The impression made at last year's recital by Mr. Koussevitzky was renewed at this one. His astonishing technique was devoted to musical purposes, not to display. In the ensemble pieces, the voice of his instrument was always held to its proportional value. His full-bodied, vibrant tone, his tasteful phrasing, his architectural sense, above all, his poetic imagination, profoundly stirred the large audience whose applause was spontaneous, general and long-continued.

M. Casadésus Appreciated

Nor was M. Casadésus less appreciated. The founder of the Société des Instruments Anciens is no stranger in Boston. His collection of old instruments now rests in Symphony Hall. He appeared as soloist with the orchestra last season, and had previously been heard with his organization in chamber concerts. Not only his virtuosity, but his modesty and his musicianship made him on the present occasion a full member of a partnership whose pleasure in their music was as evident as that of their listeners. Mr. Bernard Zighera, first harpist of the Boston Orchestra, deserves a word for his discreet piano accompaniments.

In fine, this concert afforded one of those opportunities that come not too often of hearing pure music devotedly as well as expertly performed. It is a pity that Mr. Koussevitzky's duties as conductor prevent him from appearing oftener as solo player. In a remarkably vivid interview with Rena Gardner, printed recently in the Boston Herald, the conductor was enabled to present the case of the hard-working artist, in sharp contrast to that of the ease-loving critic. "This delicate subject causes Mr. Koussevitzky to quiver. 'The poor artiste work, he work, he work!' clasping his iron-gray head with a gesture of profound fatigue. 'He play!' sawing passionately at an imaginary bass viol —'He practice late at night, he rehearse, he have not sleep!'"

But then the critic! "'It is fine morning. He choose his tie, his handkerchief, he say, "Ha, hum, I must go criticize!" He listen, he has never heard that piece before, he hear it once, and the next day, "This piece was very bad," or, "This piece was so-and-so."'"

The Symphony Concert

That is probably the world's best statement of the ancient complaint of artist against critic. It is touching; it makes one hesitate to say that no doubt it was the extra work of the recital that caused Mr. Koussevitzky to lead off his program for the week's symphony concerts with Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony. But it would be a mistake to conclude that he gave the symphony a perfunctory reading. That would be a feat very difficult for Mr. Koussevitzky to accomplish. He cannot help giving himself to what he does. Although, with this orchestra of drilled experts, in this transparent music, he did not find it necessary to use great physical exertion, the results of his training were evident. Because the music is transparent, it is likely to betray short-

comings. But the performance yesterday was limpid and beautifully balanced. The agreeable little surprise was carefully prepared, and was not over-stressed when it arrived. The Finale was taken briskly and indefectibly.

The position of honor on the program was occupied by Rubin Goldmark's "A Negro Rhapsody," heard for the first time in Boston, with the composer present to acknowledge the applause. This composition, based on tunes of Negro folk character, is vividly and effectively scored for a large orchestra. It contains nothing to distress, in this second quarter of the twentieth century, those who deplore the course taken by music since the third quarter of the nineteenth.

We were made familiar two years ago with Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretation of the Franck Symphony. Some complained at that time that he had deprived it of its grandeur. Fortunately he had. Too long had we sat reverently before this masterpiece. The banality of some of its material was becoming too evident. There was once an exponent of the less reputable press who used to lecture on the subject, "Yellow Versus Colorless Journalism." Without becoming "yellow," Mr. Koussevitzky is never colorless in his readings. This symphony, which was in danger of becoming dull, he has revitalized and dramatized. The audience yesterday rewarded him by lingering to applaud until the men were called to their feet for the third time in the afternoon.

SYMPHONY EASY UPON LISTENER

Goldmark's "Rhapsody" Wins Rounds of Applause

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

As though in anticipation of the none too stimulating weather conditions, Mr. Koussevitzky had prepared for the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon a programme by no means taxing to the listener.

For beginning and end came two familiar and well-liked symphonies—Haydn's "Surprise" and that of Cesar Franck, while the remaining and novel piece was the readily assimilated "Negro Rhapsody" of Rubin Goldmark.

Composed between 1919 and 1922, Mr. Goldmark's Rhapsody has already found favor in other cities, and yesterday's audience plainly rejoiced in it. From his seat near the stage the composer, who had come over from New York for the occasion, bowed in acknowledgement of the long-continued applause, nor did the audience rest content till the members of the orchestra had likewise arisen.

That Mr. Goldmark's music should win such immediate response is easily understandable. Going for his thematic material to seven Negro melodies, six of them Spirituals, Mr. Goldmark has used this expressive material with musicianly resource and frequent effectiveness. But on the whole this admirably made piece seems oversuave, sophisticated and polite. One misses the primitive, the ecstatic note. And the orchestral dress, although sumptuous and sonorous, does not always escape the reproach of undue thickness.

The Symphony of Haydn, beloved of Mr. Koussevitzky, was played delightfully. How fresh this music sounds after close on a century and a half. Fresher, it is temptation to write, than that of Franck, which yesterday companioned it.

With Mr. Koussevitzky's conception of this latter work it is still possible here and there to disagree, albeit his version of the music has become somewhat modified, more tempered and restrained, since first it was disclosed to us in Boston. In it the essential Franck is often to be found, his native eloquence heightened and intensified. But in the background there still lurks, and from it now and then emerges, an alien figure, a sort of Belgian Tchaikovsky reveling in frenetic outbursts and sentimental rallentandos. By the audience, consistently enthusiastic throughout the concert, this vivid, gorgeously colored reading of the symphony was rapturously received, and once again the conductor answered his listeners' insistent plaudits by summoning the musicians to their feet.

Fourth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 26, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 27, at 8.15 o'clock

Prokofieff . . . . . "Classical" Symphony, Op. 25

I. Allegro.
II. Larghetto.
III. Gavotte.
IV. Finale.

Debussy . . . . . "Prélude à l'Après-Midi d'un Faune"
(Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun)
Eclogue by S. Mallarmé

Ibert . . . . . Féerique
(First time in Boston)

Brahms . . . . . Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 73

I. Allegro non troppo.
II. Adagio non troppo.
III. Allegretto grazioso, quasi andantino.
IV. Allegro con spirito.

There will be an intermission before the symphony

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

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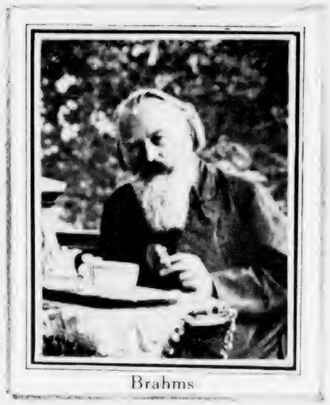

Brahms

MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Herald By PHILIP HALE Oct. 27, 1923

The fourth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, 48th season, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday in Symphony Hall: Prokofieff, "Classical" symphony. Debussey, prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun." Ibert, "Feerique." Brahms, symphony No. 2, D major.

Ibert's name was not unkonwn in Boston before yesterday. His orchestral pieces, "Escales" and "Les Recontres," his "Chant de Folie" for chorus and orchestra have been played at the Symphony concerts. The flute players club gave a performance of two movements for two flutes, clarinet and bassoon.

"Feerique," brought out in Paris three years ago, was played yesterday for the first time in Boston, probably for the first time in this country. An ingenious Parisian has said that it was Ibert's intention to evoke "a purely imaginary realm of sounds, rhythms and timbres," that the hearers should take their time in searching "either the poetic plan which they have not found there or the scheme and speech of pure music which they also have not found." A profound and Orphic saying, but what is the precise meaning of it? We are told that there is no "literary" program for the music.

"Feerique" not only means pertaining to the fairy kingdom; it also means magical, wonderful, marvellous. If this music is taken by the hearers to portray fairyland, the robust, not to say inexplicable, section suggests that ogres giants, ghouls and vampires are among the dwellers in that imaginary realm. The opening section has poetic feeling, though the solo for the oboe over the whispering strings is not fascinating. This mood is not long sustained. There is an abrupt change into orchestral violence. Here the listener is not tempted to say "Marvellous" to Ibert's musical narrative, after the manner of Dr. Watson punctuating the surprising story in which Sherlock Holmes reveals his shrewdness. Neither the rhythmic play, nor the musical ideas, nor the orchestration leads one to shout "Wonderful." "Feerique" is apparently an amorphous work without marked significance, without exquisite nuances, without glowing color.

Mr. Prokofieff is pleasingly versatile. He can be superbly barbaric, impressive by his wildness, as in his "Scythian Suite" "Seven, They Are Seven" and the "Ballet of Steel"; he can write admirably for the piano with orchestra; in his "Classical" symphony he has shown that he can be delightfully and artistically simple, employing his invective ability and technical resources to charm the ear and refresh the spirit. They who go in for "thunder and guns and all that" in a musical composition may sniff at this symphony, complain of its small dimensions, its apparent naivete. Ah, how hard it is to write simply and say something in each sentence! As in literature, so in music. Here is a work without superfluity, redundancy, padding. There is no attempt to startle, to thrill the hearer. How the quick movements sparkle and gaily bubble! What old-time, but not affected grace in the middle movements! And when Prokofieff has said his say, he stops. He is not overcome by his ability. He is not unduly enamortd of his speech.

There was a beautiful performance of Debussy's prelude, one of continuous and ravishing euphony. For the unalloyed enjoyment it was not necessary to think of Mollarme's cryptic poem or Edmund Gosse's explanation of it. If the prelude had been entitled "Summer Afternoon" or merely "Music," the effect on an audience would be the same, for the prelude is entrancing without suggestion of a faun remembering sensuously a vision of visiting nymphs—however "divinely tender and indulgent" they may have been to him. The whole orchestra was as a poetically inspired virtuouso, yet one cannot refrain from mentioning the flute of Mr. Laurent, the oboe of Mr. Gillet and the horn of Mr. Boettcher.

Mr. Koussevitzky is not afraid to give dramatic emphasis to the symphonies of Brahms when he detects the drama therein. For this reason, perhaps, his interpretation may disconcert those who, hearing the music of Johannes under preceding conductors, felt comfortably a disposition to sleep, believing that Brahms was a safe man who would do nothing musically indecent while they slumbered. Yet in spite of Mr. Koussevitzky's vivid interpretation, his poetically dramatic reading of details and the whole, his galvanizing the padding into momentary life—for Brahms could pad with the worst of his colleagues, including Bach—the symphony seemed yesterday inferior as a work of art to the first and the third; but when Brahms remembered Hungary, or was melodically and rhythmically piquant as in the third movement, then there was genuine enjoyment, with full appreciation.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be out of town next week, visiting Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus, Pittsburgh. The program for Nov. 9-10 will comprise Jacobi's Indian Dances, the Third Symphony of Sibelius and Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy."

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There is a superficial imitation of Mozart's musical rhetoric in this modern attempt at 18th-century music, but Prokofioff has not been able to invent melodies, or to impart to his fluently-written score anything of the nobility and pathos that in all Mozart's major works stir the listener to the depths of his soul. He cannot even make his music graceful except after the rather wooden fashion of Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite."

"Afternoon of a Faun"

Mr Koussevitzky no doubt had the orchestra repeat Prokofieff's already familiar jeu d'esprit because they can play it with such delightful smoothness and clarity. Seldom has the orchestra sounded better than it did in this number yesterday. But why waste such virtuosity on pseudo-Mozart when so little of the real Mozart has been heard at these concerts under Koussevitzky?

Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" Mr Koussevitzky has always played here, as he did yesterday, much more slowly than other conductors take it, and in the spirit of Massenet, a composer who had very possibly more influence on Debussy than one likes to admit. This version makes the melody of almost cloying sweetness, displaying the virtuosity of the woodwind players in the orchestra and subduing all the other instruments unduly.

The performance was very warmly applauded, and obviously gave many listeners keen delight. But one wonders what Debussy, who had a caustic tongue, would have said about it. The nocturnes for orchestra heard the other day gain greatly by Mr Koussevitzky's brilliantly personal reading, but one feels that "The Afternoon of a Faun" might better be left to speak for itself.

Brahms' Second Symphony

Of Ibert's "Feerique" little need be said. The composer, a Parisian now just under 40, is known here by other works. This tone poem has no story, poem, or picture back of it. The title suggests an intention of evoking the atmosphere of fairyland. The music is fluently written and cleverly scored for orchestra. It says almost nothing, but says it well. Mr Koussevitzky strove in vain to impart some of his own emotional fervor to Ibert's score. The audience gave it scant applause.

Paris seems to be full of musicians who can write music cleverly, without pedantry, sporting with sound and with orchestral color, and never resorting to obvious banality. But like Ibert, they invariably fail to put any imaginative intensity into their music.

Brahms, whose Second Symphony ended yesterday's concert, had not a tithe of Ibert's skill in writing for orchestra. He scores everything with the clumsiness of the proverbial Teuton; he is always ponderous, and not seldom a pedant. But he writes from the heart, and his music at its best goes straight to the listener's heart.

This D-major symphony is the lightest and least clumsy of his four. Mr Koussevitzky, who does not appear to believe that the first movement of a symphony can ever be lyric rather than dramatic in character, tried with yesterday's Brahms, as he usually does with Schubert's "Unfinished," to make the first movement heroic and profound. He gave the whole slow movement the character of a songful theme for violoncello, by which it gained in beauty over all previous interpretations.

The performance as a whole was an interesting and moving one, though the orchestra had not been as thoroughly rehearsed, to all appearances, as in the other numbers. The brass, in particular, was more than once at fault.

Next week the orchestra goes on a Western tour.

P. R.

Symphony

Debussy's Day, Brahms's Too, Lighter Pieces

Mr. Koussevitzky Makes Ready For his Western Journey, Pleasing the People

Brams. —— Oct. 27, 1928.

ON the first program of the Symphony Concerts for the new season Mr. Koussevitzky set two of Debussy's Nocturnes—"Clouds" and "Fêtes." On the fourth, yesterday, he added "The Afternoon of A Faun." The sea-pieces have been played too recently by conductor and orchestra to warrant immediate repetition; while "Pelléas and Mélisande," being music-drama of the theater, lies beyond their scope. Could he have assembled all five pieces, say within a month, his hearers might have heard in entirety and close association, the greater and the lasting Debussy. True, "Iberia" is played as often as the two Nocturnes or the Prelude of the Faun; but in that "Image" the mistrustful descry the first signs of decline; while the other two members of the triptych—"Gigues" and "Rondes de Printemps" are played too seldom, the world over, for anyone to hold a reasoned opinion about them. At Symphony Hall, for instance, they have not been heard —unless recollection slips—since Dr. Muck's time. With either or both, Mr. Koussevitzky, excelling in all things Debussyan, might well freshen a program. Enough, perhaps, for the present that in the short space of twenty days he has chosen three of Debussy's masterpieces; played them as such; once more reminded audiences of their enduring beauty and continuing fame. The two Nocturnes are now twenty-eight years old; the Prelude of the Faun, thirty-four. Yet for the while and for the future—so far as we mortals may foretell it—they sound ageless.

No pieces, moreover, better disclose the sensuous beauty possible to the orchestra now remade in Mr. Koussevitzky's image. Through the whole of the Prelude, in the vel- texture. the soft, translucent he gentle under-pulse of tone, asion for delight and reason for Here light and shadow dappled sures as though harmonies and were a leafage that the sun of ion was piercing. There they a hazy radiance like the mem- ubling the Faun. Or they dark- his musings, and the composer's, nelancholy. Single instruments, Laurent's flute or Mr. Gillet's used Debussy's phrases with the beauty of the notes, intensified diated it. The supple orchestra eet or as lingering as the Faun's Its euphonies were the inter- of edgeless sounds. The whole vam in the golden mist through ebussy perceived his vision. It as Poussin in French painting. strange to French music until set it there. Like the memory asured caress was the sensuous f the performance—the very fall e ear of Mallarmé's melodious Recall the slow motion, expan- asing, changeful colorings, meet- d partings of euphonies in Mr. itzky's version of "Clouds"; the rogress and star-dust glint of his of "Fêtes," and here in Boston present acme of Debussyan per- e.

usical times, reflecting the world them, are not favorable to De The fact stood plain in the tepid e when into the final orchestral he Faun had faded. Preluding Debussy writes a music of evan- suggestion conveyed in subtle s. Our day would have the nusical fact stated in unmistak- norities. These nineteen-twenties ose, hear prose, think prose. The y of the masterpieces preferred His whole music is a fleeting , now large and bold as at mo- n "The Sea," again, as in "The of gossamer fineness. We brush through as we do with the cob- the morning grass; or else we hear his high, full note above the of Monsieur Honegger's locomo- the whirr and snap of Herr ith's busy choirs. Yet as the of the Faun proceeded, the hush he hall was unbroken. Whether t possesses us, we do know when in the presence of the beauty that another—most fortunate of men distilled into words or sounds or surfaces to be perdurable magic heir fellows. "Clouds," "Fêtes," lude of the Faun, "The Sea" and s" yet lay such spell. Over a nwilling they still prevail.

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Mr Koussevitzky no doubt had the orchestra repeat Prokofieff's already familiar jeu d'esprit because they can play it with such delightful smoothness and clarity. Seldom has the orchestra sounded better than it did in this number yesterday. But why waste such virtuosity on pseudo-Mozart when so little of the real Mozart has been heard at these concerts under Koussevitzky?

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The performance was very warmly applauded, and obviously gave many listeners keen delight. But one wonders what Debussy, who had a caustic tongue, would have said about it. The nocturnes for orchestra heard the other day gain greatly by Mr Koussevitzky's brilliantly personal reading, but one feels that "The Afternoon of a Faun" might better be left to speak for itself.

Brahms' Second Symphony

Of Ibert's "Feerique" little need be said. The composer, a Parisian now just under 40, is known here by other works. This tone poem has no story, poem, or picture back of it. The title suggests an intention of evoking the atmosphere of fairyland. The music is fluently written and cleverly scored for orchestra. It says almost nothing, but says it well. Mr Koussevitzky strove in vain to impart some of his own emotional fervor to Ibert's score. The audience gave it scant applause.

Paris seems to be full of musicians who can write music cleverly, without pedantry, sporting with sound and with orchestral color, and never resorting to obvious banality. But like Ibert, they invariably fail to put any imaginative intensity into their music.

Brahms, whose Second Symphony ended yesterday's concert, had not a tithe of Ibert's skill in writing for orchestra. He scores everything with the clumsiness of the proverbial Teuton; he is always ponderous, and not seldom a pedant. But he writes from the heart, and his music at its best goes straight to the listener's heart.

This D-major symphony is the lightest and least clumsy of his four. Mr Koussevitzky, who does not appear to believe that the first movement of a symphony can ever be lyric rather than dramatic in character, tried with yesterday's Brahms, as he usually does with Schubert's "Unfinished," to make the first movement heroic and profound. He gave the whole slow movement the character of a songful theme for violoncello, by which it gained in beauty over all previous interpretations.

The performance as a whole was an interesting and moving one, though the orchestra had not been as thoroughly rehearsed, to all appearances, as in the other numbers. The brass, in particular, was more than once at fault.

Next week the orchestra goes on a Western tour.

P. R.

Symp

Debussy's Brahms Lighte

Mr. Koussevitzky For his Weste Pleasing th

Trans.

ON the first pro phony Concert son Mr. Kouss Debussy's No and "Fêtes." On the he added "The Aftern The sea-pieces have be cently by conductor a warrant immediate "Pelléas and Mélisand drama of the theater, scope. Could he have pieces, say within a m might have heard in e association, the greater Debussy. True, "Iberi often as the two Nocturn of the Faun; but in t mistrustful descry the cline; while the other the triptych—"Gigues" Printemps" are played world over, for anyone t opinion about them. At for instance, they have —unless recollection Muck's time. With eith Koussevitzky, excelling bussyan, might well fre Enough, perhaps, for t in the short space of has chosen three of D pieces; played them as reminded audiences of beauty and continuing Nocturnes are now twe old; the Prelude of the F Yet for the while and so far as we mortals they sound ageless.

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course of the Prelude, in the velvet-like texture, the soft, translucent glows, the gentle under-pulse of tone, were occasion for delight and reason for marvel. Here light and shadow dappled the measures as though harmonies and timbres were a leafage that the sun of imagination was piercing. There they diffused a hazy radiance like the memories troubling the Faun. Or they darkened as his musings, and the composer's, turned melancholy. Single instruments, like Mr. Laurent's flute or Mr. Gillet's oboe, suffused Debussy's phrases with the intrinsic beauty of the notes, intensified and irradiated it. The supple orchestra was as fleet or as lingering as the Faun's revery. Its euphonies were the intermelting of edgeless sounds. The whole music swam in the golden mist through which Debussy perceived his vision. It was old as Poussin in French painting. It was strange to French music until Debussy set it there. Like the memory of a treasured caress was the sensuous beauty of the performance—the very fall upon the ear of Mallarmé's melodious Eclogue. Recall the slow motion, expansive phrasing, changeful colorings, meetings and partings of euphonies in Mr. Koussevitzky's version of "Clouds"; the aerial progress and star-dust glint of his playing of "Fêtes," and here in Boston is the present acme of Debussyan performance.

The musical times, reflecting the world around them, are not favorable to Debussy. The fact stood plain in the tepid applause when into the final orchestral mists the Faun had faded. Preluding of him, Debussy writes a music of evanescent suggestion conveyed in subtle shadings. Our day would have the plain musical fact stated in unmistakable sonorities. These nineteen-twenties write prose, hear prose, think prose. The Debussy of the masterpieces preferred poetry. His whole music is a fleeting imagery, now large and bold as at moments in "The Sea," again, as in "The Faun," of gossamer fineness. We brush by and through as we do with the cobwebs on the morning grass; or else we cannot hear his high, full note above the rumble of Monsieur Honegger's locomotive or the whirr and snap of Herr Hindemith's busy choirs. Yet as the Prelude of the Faun proceeded, the hush upon the hall was unbroken. Whether or not it possesses us, we do know when we are in the presence of the beauty that one and another—most fortunate of men—have distilled into words or sounds or lines or surfaces to be perdurable magic upon their fellows. "Clouds," "Fêtes," the Prelude of the Faun, "The Sea" and "Pelléas" yet lay such spell. Over a world unwilling they still prevail.

TIGHT BINDING

Prokoflev's "Classical Symphony," about to be carried "up-State" in New York and across-State in Ohio, has gone the way of much such musical lace and feathers. It has become show-piece, joint proof of the virtuosity of conducto and orchestra. The composer's rhythms are light; Mr. Koussevitzky would now make them instant touch-and-go. Outside the little Larghetto, Prokoflev's pace is swift; the conductor would now have it breathless. Allegro, Gavotte, Finale race their course: the rhythmic accents fly up and down like sparks off the Koussevitzkian wand. No doubt the worthy burghers of Buffalo and Columbus, their wives and their children, will sit up, take notice and clap their hands for delight, as did their next of kin in Symphony Hall; while only a few kill-joys on the outskirts will mutter that this speed and snip-snap are detriment to both music and performance.

The "Classical Symphony" is jeu d'esprit, playful exercise in instinctive musical scholarship and witty musical invention, artful "throw-back" in form and fancy. Note my subject-matter—Prokoflev seems to be saying; follow my arabesques; observe my episodes—and smile at all three. Outdoing the minor, and sometimes the major, eighteenth-century composers at their own game, he agrees to amuse or charm, to be suave o sparkling in alternate periods, almost in alternate phrases. He cannot keep his pledge, win his laurels, provide our pleasure, when his measures go skurrying by merely nipping at our ears as though some Russian Puck had made them. He cannot charm by this tick-tack nor be suave in split-seconds. His skill, wit and fancy are flipped away. In their turn, the speeding players have no time to shape and shade their tone. It is catch-as-catch-can, bow to strings and lips to mouthpiece—which is to do injustice, especially en voyage, to the string and the wind choir of Mr. Koussevitzky's ardent making. Two years ago he shared Prokofiev's smiling poise and touched in a elegance not always at the composer' call. Now vivacissimo is his only word.

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Better, far better, the Koussevitzky of Brahms's Second Symphony, likewise made ready for the impending journey. It is the conductor's finest tempered, least distended Brahms. He preserves the tender mood of the middle movements, yet nowhere sentimentalizes them. Under his hand, the Allegretto proceeds from the Brahms who cherished Schubert and found his own way, out of a different temperament, to a kindred lyric sweetness. (Who knows—from the Viennese air they may have drawn it.) The conductor feels and releases the close-packed pages of the Adagio; un-

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In the main, however, the Symphony subscribers like best of all these programmes of familiar music, while the above mentioned polishing process resulted yesterday, as it did a week ago, in performances of a rare finish. Excelling its previous self is the Boston Symphony Orchestra this season, refining upon refinements, adding new glow and lustre to its tone, acquiring an even greater pliancy, a still more dazzling virtuosity, a vivider brilliance.

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Intrinsically Prokofieff's quasi-Mozartian Symphony is slight almost to inconsequentiality, but it admirably displays the present tonal and rhythmical virtues of the band, and not in memory has Debussy's Prelude received so ravishing a performance. From the air, in the first breaths of Mr. Laurent's flute, came this fragile music, and into the air it ultimately vanished, leaving in the mind of the listener, as in that of Mallarme's Faun, an impression in which the real and the imagined were inextricably mingled.

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From Brahms' Symphony Mr. Koussevitzky now draws very nearly the utmost musical value. Here and there an over-eager brass marred in degree the serenity of the first movement, but in the rest was little enough of which to complain and much to call forth unstinted admiration.

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Fourth Program of Boston Orchestra

Monitor — Oct. 27. 1928.

One novelty graced the fourth program of the Boston Symphany Orchestra, given Oct. 26 and 27 in Symphony Hall. This was Jacques Ibert's "Féerique," which was played for the first time in Boston. Following as it did the "Prélude à L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," it gave the impression in its opening measures that its composer had rewritten Debussy, trusting to the lapse of 30 years to hide his plagiarism, and that Mr. Koussevitzky, setting the two compositions side by side, was giving the game away. Either that, it seemed, or the conductor had offered a deplorably constructed program.

We were quickly undeceived. Ibert's fairyland presently was demolished by gusty winds from the Mediterranean, and we sailed off to some more Ports of Call, in the last of which we heard another "Chant de Folie." This curious composition came to a close with a crashing chord, which, whatever its musical value, was an effective close to the first half of the program. Thus it is seen that Mr. Koussevitzky knew quite well what he was about.

In order to realize just how well, one must know that the opening number was Prokofieff's "Classical" Symphony. Was it not natural for an audience to expect that since the composer of "Sept, Ils Sont Sept" had given us such a pretty piece, the author of the "Chant de Folie" would be as gentle? The rending of the gossamer veil was the little surprise of M. Ibert, and its effect was enhanced by the clever stage management of the conductor.

The concert closed with a fervid performance of Brahms' Second Symphony. Except for one or two minor slips, the orchestra played throughout the afternoon yesterday with amazing precision and flexibility. Mr. Koussevitzky, with reason, is obviously proud of his instrument.

L. A. S.

Concert-Chronicle

M. Jacques Ibert is a musician of great delicacy, considerable finesse, and rare intelligence, a musician who has shown a singular sureness of touch in his various symphonic works. All this together with a gift toward the precious and toward subtlety as a colorist. "Féerique" confirms this irapression, but without displaying as yet that harmonic evolution in this remarable artist which one had hoped for. The composer informs us that his work has no literary program or commentary, that everything occurs in a purely imaginary realm the realm of sounds, rhythms, timbres. This purely symphonic work may be classed neither as a symphony, for the symphony even in its freest form is nevertheless subject to certain architectural principles, nor as a symphonic poem, which always rests upon the basis of a program. A theme of pastoral character runs through the entire piece. This theme undergoes such a variety of transformations that its appearances are often rather vague. The work assembles a piquant succession of harmonies in which there is an insistent admixture of polytony. . . . . It abounds in studied and singular effects. With an unusual dexterity M. Ibert multiplies matters of detail analogous to those which characterize certain works of M. Ravel, to which "Fèerique" is related to the general conception if not by its writing, which is highly personal. But one had hoped for a work from the dexterous composer of "Escales" that would be both ampler and more significant.

A. H. M.

Fifth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 9, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 10, at 8.15 o'clock

Jacobi . . . . . Indian Dances

I. Buffalo Dance.
II. Butterfly Dance.
III. War Dance.
IV. Rain Dance.
V. Corn Dance.

(First time in Boston)

Sibelius . . . . . Symphony No. 3, Op. 52

I. Allegro moderato.
II. Andantino con moto, quasi allegretto.
III. Allegro.

(First time in Boston)

Scriabin . . . . . "The Poem of Ecstasy," Op. 54

There will be an intermission after the symphony

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

Fourth Program of Boston Orchestra

Monitor — Oct. 27, 1923.

One novelty graced the fourth program of the Boston Symphany Orchestra, given Oct. 26 and 27 in Symphony Hall. This was Jacques Ibert's "Féerique," which was played for the first time in Boston. Following as it did the "Prélude à L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," it gave the impression in its opening measures that its composer had rewritten Debussy, trusting to the lapse of 30 years to hide his plagiarism, and that Mr. Koussevitzky, setting the two compositions side by side, was giving the game away. Either that, it seemed, or the conductor had offered a deplorably constructed program.

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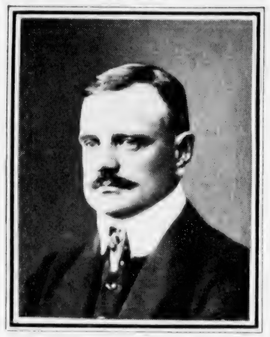

Sibelius

MUSIC

Herald. Nov. 1st 1926.

BOSTON SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Jacobi, Indian Dances. Sibelius, Symphony No. 3. Scriabin, "The Poem of Ecstacy." The symphony and the Indian Dances were performed for the first time in Boston. The first performance of the latter anywhere was by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Cambridge last Thursday night.

It has been asked why the third symphony of Sibelius did not attract the attention of successive conductors in Boston. The Finnish composer has long been a favorite here. Conductors in other American cities have passed this symphony by. The only performance we have been able to note in this country was by the Russian Symphony Society in New York early in 1908, the year after the symphony was composed. That performance, if the local critics at the time did not err, was wholly inadequate; wretched, as one wrote.

Hearing this noble work yesterday, one was the more surprised at the long delay. There are possibly two reasons, say, rather excuses. The symphony is technically difficult. A conductor, no matter how excellent he was in other respects, lacking imagination, not detecting the fine qualities of the music, might have thought that the labor of rehearsal was not worth while; that the audience would fail to appreciate the symphony, as he had failed, and applause, dear to conductors in every land, would not follow thhe final movement; that there would be a fourth movement viz: That of bored and disgusted hearers from the hall.

Today the Boston Symphony Orchestra is more euphonious and plastic, more a body of virtuoso musicians than even before. It's conductor, Mr. Koussevitzky, is richly endowed with imagination. He has the skill, the art of bringing his poetic conception of a work into vivid realization. He found in this symphony what others had failed to find or did not try to find. And what was the reward of his ability and courage? How was the orchestra repaid for its eloquent performance?

The great audience listened to the music as to a revelation of something strangely beautiful in its now sombre, no wexciting moods; it recalled the conductor enthusiastically and compelled the players to acknowledge the tribute paid them. Those who in past years knew Silebius, the symphonist, only by his first two symphonies, hearing the third would hardly have recognized the composer: The plan and the carrying of it out are so different. The customary Andante or Adagio and Scherzo are here one movement with music of an elegaic nature; a repetition for the most part of insistent measures adroitly changed from time to time, but with the same idea. This constant repitition does not breed monotony, but holds the hearer fast, hypnotizes him even against his will; nor would he have Sibelius introduce contrasting episodes. This movement is not a mere tour de force: it is a constant impressive reiteration of a tragic mood, not starkly austere, never lacrymose, but heroic with an underlying tenderness.

The opening movement is a masterpiece of conciseness. There are no themes of sugary sensuousness, no themes that bid for immediate popu- of expectation, with its exciting movirility of the music with its arousing larity, but from the very beginning the ments, its sudden changes of thought, all contributing to the sweep and at times the fury of the movement—the aviodance of tiresome overdevelopment annd distracting ornamentation—these make this allegro remarkable. There is also now and then a wildness of expression as Nature herself is often wild, but even in these moments Sibelius is himself, as one "master of the spasms of the sky and of the shatter of the sea, master of nature and passion and death." Perhaps the finale does not attain an equal height, but it is a fitting ending for an uncommon work.

Mr. Jacobi, having sojourned with Indians in New Mexico, is greatly interested in their music. His string quartet in which Indian's themes are employed has been played here by the Flonzaley and Lenox quartets. Auber said of Felicien David, who was influenced by oriental music, as shown in his symphonic ode "The Desert" and his opera "Lalla Roukh:" I wish he would get off his camel"; but Mr. Jacobi does not go so far as to insist that music to be genuinely "Ameur-r-rican" must be based on Indian or negro themes. These orchestral dances as a whole have more of ethnological than universal musical interest. We are not told whether the themes are presented in their bald simplicity or have been shaped somewhat for sophisticated ears. Some of the themes in the Five Dances have a primitive charm, as in the Buffalo Dance and the Rain Dance. The orchestration of the Butterfly Dance is ingenious. There is appropriate savagery in the dance of warriors. The suite was warmly applauded. Mr. Jacobi was in the hall and bowed in return.

Mr. Koussevitzky was an intimate friend of Scriabin; they made musical tours together. It is natural that he, as

other Russians who loved Scriabin as man, composer and mystic, should hold him in lively admiration and conduct his huge works with a peculiar gusto. Yesterday's performance of "The Poem of Ecstasy," the third conducted here by Mr. Koussevitzy, was extremely brilliant. The reception by the audience was enthusiastic.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week the programs have been arranged with a view to the Schubert centenary: Friday afternoon Schubert's "Unfinished" and "Tragic" symphonies with songs to be sung by Hulda Lashanka; Saturday night the Symphony in B flat major, the great symphony in C major and a group of songs, different from those on Friday, to be sung by Mme. Lashanka.

In order that all subscribers may hear both the "Unfinished" and the C major symphonies, these works will be repeated later in the season.

MUSIC

Herald Nov. 3, 1928

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

For the first symphony concert of the season—last night in Symphony hall—Mr. Koussevitzky arranged an extremely judicious program. To do it justice the players were there in all their finest fettle. And to direct the players to do their wonderful best there was Mr. Koussevitzky in his own finest fettle. A concert resulted truly superb.

Not so enamored as sometimes of strident brass or the racing pace that kills, Mr. Koussevitzky, when he made his moderate use last night of stridency and haste, employed both those musical means to advantage. Thus the exultant final pages of Beethoven's Leonore No. 3, with which the concert began, gained the brilliancy that comes of audible strings as well as tearing brass. The last movement of Schumann's B-flat symphony, not driven but buoyantly led, rejoiced all hearers like the very burst of spring itself. The first movement, too, gave hint, last night, of spring, not of sultry August, with its thunder storms and dog days.

Between the classic there ought always to be at a symphony concert and the romantic music sure to please, came the new piece subscribers ought to be made to hear, whether they will or no. Stravinsky's ballet, on this occasion, "Apollon Musagete." "A Gothic Apollo," said Hawthorne, or words to that effect, "seems ludicrous at first." What would he have said to a Muscovite Apollo, or a knowing one of Paris? Pretty music, at all events. Stravinsky did write, though it seems a trifle overweighted with the responsibility of half an hour's entertainment alone; of course it counted on the aid of Russian dancers, graceful and deft-footed.

And for full measure there were the two nocturnes of Debussy. For the musical sweet reasonableness that characterizes the first, the amazing combination of brilliancy and poetry transfusing the Fetes, who can equal Mr. Koussevitzky. And yet—let us make bold to prophesy—of the next 10 recital-givers who essay a Debussy piano piece or a song, nine of them will perform that piece or song as though Debussy wrote mush, void of rhyme or reason, melody or rhythm.

A better way they could have learned if they were on hand last night. Let us hope they were, for the delight the evening afforded, let alone the instruction.

R. R. G.

Koussevitzky Ventures Third Sibelius Symphony

Monitor. Nov. 10. 1928

The third Symphony of Jan Sibelius, op. 52, was first performed in 1907 at Helsingfors. It was produced in New York, Jan. 16, 1908, by the Russian Symphony Society, conducted by Modest Altschuler. Not even Mr. Philip Hale, the editor of the program notes of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has been able to find record of any other performance in the United States. This symphony was considered for performance, according to report, by Dr. Muck, by Mr. Fiedler, and finally by Mr. Monteux, and in 1921 it was even announced that Mr. Monteux would play it, but he did not. Greatly daring where his predecessors had quailed, Mr. Koussevitzky placed it on the fifth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, scheduled for Nov. 9 and 10, and actually directed its performance at the concert of yesterday afternoon. So far as any indications to the contrary were concerned, it seemed reasonable to expect that he would repeat the performance at the Saturday evening concert.

After hearing this work one must conclude that the former Boston conductors passed it by not because of any extraordinary difficulty involved in performance, nor because of any complexities which might baffle an audience, but rather because of an austerity which surpasses even that of the first, the fifth and the seventh symphonies. No one is more aware than Mr. Koussevitzky of the effectiveness to be found in a piece of music; but neither is there a conductor with more courage in putting forward music in which he believes, without regard to its chances of popular success. He nevertheless had his reward yesterday. The audience applauded until, on his second recall, he beckoned the players to their feet.

Certainly this applause was a tribute to the interpretation, as well as to the music and the musical capacity of the listeners. Beyond any other music of Sibelius known to us, this score is stripped, rugged, uncompromising. It lacks form in the sense that form is usually understood in symphonic music. Nevertheless one feels that the structure of sound conceived by the composer has been logically completed. Its rigor expresses neither poverty nor pose, but restraint. Disdaining both rules and popular appeal, Sibelius seems to have set down his musical thought with utter candor: take it or leave it.

The results of this attitude are apparent in the Andantino, which contains matter very similar to that of the famous, or notorious, "Valse Triste." But the curious thing is that in this instance there is none of the falseness that mars the earlier piece. Here is all the beauty of the material, with no theatricality in the presentation. The same quality of almost forbidding artistic integrity pervades the other movements. They contain a deal of persistent repetition, but this is never carried to the point of satiety; rather, emphasis is thus attained. It is possible no doubt to discover in this work that cold northern landscape which it is customary to find in Sibelius' compositions. One prefers to see in it an expression partly racial perhaps, but intensely individual.

Mr. Koussevitzky chose to close his program with another composition which had been played in America for the first time by the Russian Symphony Society in 1908. But there the resemblance between the works ends. If Mr. Koussevitzky planned to leap from one extreme to another he could have found nothing further removed from Sibelius' Third Symphony than Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy." This synthetic piece of fustian, woven of the least admirable elements of Tchaikovsky and Liszt, may bombinate until the roof falls, but the ecstasy remains only Scriabin's. It did, however, serve to emphasize the glorious capacities of the orchestra, which, except for two or three moments when brass instruments crumpled under the strain, yielded to the conductor amazing tonal riches.

The concert opened with the Indian Dances of Frederick Jacobi, heard for the first time in Boston. The composer supplied notes which explained that the music was intended not as a reconstruction of Indian music, but as impressions of the ritualistic dances of the Indians of the American Southwest—"spectacles magnificent and profoundly moving." It must be confessed that in spite of its respectable workmanship Mr. Jacobi's music failed to evoke anything that would justify those characterizations.

L. A. S.

"INDIAN DANCES" AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Frederick Jacobi Hears His Music Played

Globe. Nov. 10. 1928

Sibelius' Third Symphony Given Its First Boston Performance

Frederick Jacobi's "Indian Dances" were played for the first time here at yesterday's Boston Symphony concert. The composer, now a resident of Northampton, Mass, was present to share the applause that greeted his music. Sibelius' Third Symphony, now more than 20 years old, was also played for the first time in Boston, as previous conductors had found it uninteresting. Skriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy," music in which Mr Koussevitzky excels as an interpreter, closed the program.

Mr Jacobi explains in a program note that the five dances in his suite are "not intended to be in any sense a reconstruction of Indian music." They represent merely his impressions of the ritual dances which he has witnessed among the Pueblo and Navajo Indians, spectacles which he has found "magnificent and profoundly moving." The themes are borrowed from

Indian music heard during a sojourn in New Mexico and Arizona, but the treatment of them is free. It is the spirit, not the letter, of savage music he has sought to convey in this suite. Mr Jacobi disclaims any desire to base American music on Indian music.

The themes in this set of dances are many of them strikingly individual in character. The bare statement of them evokes the atmosphere Mr Jacobi has found so impressive. His sober and rather timid use of this material is, however, a bit disappointing to a listener thinking what dazzling tone poems Prokofieff and Stravinsky in the days when that sort of thing was their forte might have made out of these salient fragments of primitive music. The audience, after it discovered the presence of the composer, applauded with its customary politeness.

Third Symphony Played

Sibelius' Third Symphony is said to have been considered for performance and rejected by Dr Muck, Mr Fiedler and Mr Monteux, each of whom conducted much of the composer's other work here. Mr Koussevitzky, however, succeeded in making the music so attractive that the audience welcomed it with hearty and prolonged applause.

There are only three movements in this symphony, an allegro moderato; an andantino con moto, quasi allegretto; and an allegro. Of these the second, with a chief theme of folk song character, is remarkably ingratiating. The themes in the other movements have the individuality that distinguishes all Sibelius' work. The treatment of them is curiously episodic, recalling Beethoven's way, in his last quartets, of stating his ideas without persistent development.

The first movement opens rather surprisingly with a theme given to double basses, then carried through the other strings. In the finale there is an impressive peroration on a theme of churchly character. Only a sympathetic and eloquent performance could make this Third Symphony appealing. This Mr Koussevitzky and the orchestra provided.

One wished at times, however, that accuracy as well as eloquence had been among its musical virtues. There were, throughout yesterday's concert, too many attacks that lacked precision and some false entrances that betokened either inexcusable carelessness or insufficient rehearsal. Why does not the present Boston Symphony invariably play with the superb and unerring precision in ensemble that distinguished the orchestra in the days of Dr Muck, and, if report speaks true, in those of Gericke?

SIBELIUS' THIRD BY SYMPHONY

Post Nov. 10. 1928

Music, Far in Advance of Its Time in 1907, Now Modern

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Rejected by three conductors of the Symphony Orchestra and ignored by a fourth, Sibelius' Symphony in C major, No. 3, came yesterday afternoon at the hands of Mr. Koussevitzky to its initial hearing in Boston.

In the performance the present conductor's faith in this remarkable composition was clearly proclaimed, and in the audience's enthusiastic reception of the piece that faith was accorded vindication and endorsement.

DATES FROM 1907

From 1907 dates this Third Symphony of the Finnish master, and so far in advance of its own day was this singular music that only now can its prophetic qualities be realized; while the composer himself, once the experiment had been tried, thereafter relapsed into somewhat more conventional ways.

Admittedly the chief trends of immediately contemporary music are toward an absence of unnecessary elaboration, a simplification and economy of means and of material, toward an emphasis on rhythm as an element in itself, toward a return to a virile diatonicism and toward an individualizing of the several choirs and single instrumental voices of the orchestra.

Forecasts the Moderns

Hear, then, Sibelius forecasting in this Third Symphony each and every one of these modern procedures, writing a music bare almost to nakedness, yet of an unescapable strength and vigor. Small wonder that the ears of the first and second decades of the present century heard this music for the most part hostilely or uncomprehendingly, or even that Mr. Monteux in the third should have put it in rehearsal only to pronounce it, upon such investigation, unworthy of performance.

The French temper is many leagues removed from the Finnish. Not too nicely on Parisian ears must fall this Northern rudeness, these stark, elemental simplicities.

Creates Favorable Impression

Yet with yesterday's marvellously sympathetic performance to plead its cause this music made upon an audience of 1928 an unmistakable impression. If, outside the brief and hauntingly lovely closing theme of the exposition, the first movement offers little that can be rolled under the musical tongue, the second has the appeal of homely folk-melody, of lilting rhythm and a strangely beautiful orchestration, while the propulsive force of the march-like tune that ends the otherwise unusual Finale might hardly be resisted. Twice returned to the stage at the end, Mr. Koussevitzky finally called upon the players to share in the applause.

For beginning came yesterday, for the first time in Boston, five Indian Dances by Frederick Jacobi, skilfully made, exhaling a subtle rather than an obvious savagery, and withal a trifle monotonous to hear in succession. The composer, who was present, was liberally applauded.

A glowing performance of Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy" brought the concert's close, and the rites of commendation that had followed the symphony were here repeated.

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Nov. 10. 1928

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Trans. Nov. 10. 1928

Symphony Concert in Which, for Sibelius and Skriabin, Koussevitzky Excels

UNTIL the end of the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon, applause for Mr. Koussevitzky was tepid; whereas at every turn it should have beaten high. At the close of Mr. Jacobi's Indian Dances the composer, rather than the conductor, occupied the audience. Sibelius's Third Symphony baffled it. As the author hereabouts of its being, the conductor paid the penalty. Only upon the full-mouthed climax of Skriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy" came the clapping thick and fast. After any such deluge of sound—the cynics, doubtless, said—any audience will drip with plaudits. The good cause is making progress—the few believers in tonal theosophy may have thought—as they listened to that same response. Here and there on the outskirts were those who hoped and believed that Mr. Koussevitzky was the target of these fervors. For in five seasons at Symphony Hall, seldom, in a single corncert, has he appeared to more advantage.

With the Indian Dances, there again was the conductor finding place for a music that smacked of the soil, signed by a composer still young, American to boot. So far as it asked the resources of the orchestra or the play of his own abilities, upon it he lavished both. He passed to Sibelius's Symphony in C major. Through a whole concert-going generation it has lain on the shelf, because successive conductors misunderstood or mistrusted it. Mr. Koussevitzky examined, admired, believed in it; with his usual faith and courage prepared the performance. In it he surpassed himself. His mind read the music clearly; his hand gained like lucidity from the orchestra. He felt the mood and the purport of the piece, infusing both into the playing. He was in no wise baffled by the singular style in which Sibelius has written. Grasping it himself, he enjoined it upon his forces. The stripped surfaces, rhythmic impetus, tense, terse brevity; the misted song, the naked in-

terplay of separate voices or contrasted choirs, the sense of stillness becomes sound that haunts the music, were all within his divining and projecting powers. Withal he set to the Symphony the vitalizing fire that purges and concentrates it upon those who hear with imagination. A more discerning, revealing, communicating performance of a given piece were hard to conceive.

Finally, the conductor set to "The Poem of Ecstasy." Believe or disbelieve, in the music itself, under his hand, the orchestra became the striding, seething, heaven-scaling mass for which Skriabin wrote. It gave to his passion of sounds and senses an apocalyptic voice. Yet through this welter, as many unbelievers will call it, sounded the horns and trumpets that the composer heard from celestial ramparts; while across it, out of higher strings and lighter wood-winds, floated those tatters of vision that upon Skriabin's imagination were gold and purple. Again a performance that was vitalization and intensification not only of the staves but of the mind and heart behind them—a music set free and winged.

Nor was this all. Like most men and women, we Bostonians live in a self-centered community. The daily routine, the domestic, the local, interest press close upon us. Humanly enough, "we count our blessings while we may," tell them over, perhaps, quite as often as need be; tend to be self-content, even smug, as we contemplate them. For us, if we have any imagination at all, Mr. Koussevitzky is ever opening new doors. Yesterday we ranged musically from the Indian tribes of the Southwest and their American spokesman, to the self-searching soul that sits thoughtful by Finnish lakes or strides impetuously over Finnish forests to write measures like no others coming to our ears. Yet again, and we were at the feet of the neurotic, erotic, palpitating Russian, tearing in tones through the haze of his theosophic dreams. Within easy memory, Mr. Koussevitzky bade us listen to Schumann singing on his German hillsides; to Franck earthy-gay or celestially beatific and all from his organ-loft; to Stravinsky, after his fashion, companioning Apollo and the Muses; to Beethoven who would write music of all humanity, to Brahms searching a single heart; to Ibert—to leap to the other end of the scale—who is only one more dextrous and dilettante Parisian.

With his whole mind and heart, Mr. Koussevitzky practices a world-embracing art. With him he bids us roam the universe, traverse the centuries, find interest and pleasure in the good or the less good, wherever we may encounter it, even in our own time. His ambition and curiosity ever whip him forward. He is

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By repetition, it is said, Theodore Thomas persuaded audiences in the eighteen-eighties to the customary excerpts, as they now seem, from Wagner's music-dramas. By similar process the devoted Koussevitzky is not persuading all the doubters to Skriabin's tone-poems; but he is disclosing to some skeptics qualities in that music undiscerned before. Insist that "The Poem of Ecstasy" is a huge, inchoate welter of Wagnerian procedures without Wagner's imagination and craft to conduct and proportion them. Insist again that not a little of the visioning and the aspiring are but emanations of a half-mystic, half-erotic temperament, neurotic and feverish always. Assert that much too often Skriabin's luxuriance of sound and frenzy no whit lessens the emptiness of his measures. And yet, and yet, there are moments when his horns and trumpets call across the skies; when his strings twine and coil in the play of a voluptuous imagination; when the heart of the composer and the pulse of the music almost cease to beat—as in those stilled measures near the end—before the ecstasy that has wrapt them. Our education in Skriabin should go forward—and, outside Russia, Mr. Koussevitzky is his one surviving apostle.

For some of us, to hear after years of waiting and doubting, Sibelius's Third Symphony, was to sit breathless and possessed before the revelation. It were difficult to imagine a more economical music or a music in which the means so completely and inevitably accomplish the ends. Con the score under the study-lamp, listen with every faculty in stretch and not a note seems unwarranted, much less wasted. Read and reread each measure, hear it spoken and intensified by conductor and orchestra, and in every one all seems said that the composer would say. Here first, in this Symphony in C major, Sibelius is attaining that goal of every conscious artist—the conveyance and the expression become as one body and one spirit with the idea or the mood. Listen to those pages in which the strings whirr like so many voices of the darkling air; while across them the woodwinds, the horns, or both, lead strangely spoken, strangely lighted, melodies, and a music sounds, new of voice and imagination. The impression is affirmed when the sombrer strings fall in successive chords upon the ear, as upon the eye, at a turn in the mountain pass, a line of cliffs marches toward infinity. It recurs again when the woodwinds wander faint and far—the voices of the forest—and the strings give them back the deeper calls of us men.

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in B-flat major....Schumann

Prospects

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our apostle of change, our antidote to a narrow content, our monitor of the open and restless mind. By the art he practices, and beyond it, he is perpetual goad and stimulus to a full, far-reaching life that shall break over local bounds. He is not only illustrious conductor of music; he is force for our intellectual good and spiritual salvation. The temperament, as well as the talents, deserve our homage.

Within recollection, various Spaniards, young or middle-aged, said one to another: "Behold and hear, we will write music that shall sound truthfully of our race, land and living." Forthwith they wrote it, but few foreign hearers praised and fewer believed, because most such were accustomed to a prettyfied, a rhetorical, an otherwise conventionalized, Spanish music. (Compare, as the learned say, Rimsky-Korsakov's "Spanish Caprice" or the Introduction to the Fourth Act of Carmen.") In similar plight Mr. Jacobi may find himself with his Five Indian Dances. There is reason to believe that he has transfused into a symphonic music of the concert-hall both the tonal characteristics and the embodied moods of the aboriginal music that he heard in the Southwest. Here are abrupt rhythms, irregular phrases, changeful structure; harsh, plain-coated harmonies, monotony, rather than variety, of instrumental color; singleness of feeling, direct, terse, unshaded—for the most part qualities not exactly those with which preceding composers have impregnated their Indian pieces.

There is no questioning Mr. Jacobi's veracity. He heard Indian music at first hand, studiously, receptively. Then, through himself filtered it into the matter, manner and inner content of his present pages. The Indian backgrounds seeped into him. He agreed to the Indian absence of rhetoric, the Indian fixity of mood. He would not overdo, beyond Indian proportion, the chosen musical means. Out of all five dances rises a suggestion of ritual—uncouth in the Buffalo Dance; urgent in the Rain Dance; impetuous in the Corn Dance; wearing a barbaric dignity and inflexibility in the War Dance; curiously tinged with melancholy in the Butterfly Dance of the ripened girls. Almost everywhere the voice, motion, color, fall strangely upon the ear. Here, plainly is the truth, plus a modest infusion of the composer, about Indian Dances; but the newness of it confuses the receiving faculties. Recovered from this embarrassment, they eagerly absorb Mr. Jacobi's music; but it is music to be replayed immediately, upon ears first clarified, then sympathetic. This evening, in such hearers as frequent both concerts, should upspring responsive mood.

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Consider, again, the matter and the manner of this music. There is room and to spare for such pondering. Did Igor the Great invent the rhythms that set the hands clenching and the blood tingling? They have beaten from 1907 in the first movement of this Third Symphony of Jan Sibelius, biding his time in remotest Helsingfors. The week has brought a new opera by Richard Strauss, rediscovered another of his prime. The old lion's paw still strikes out orchestral colors to stir the listening senses. Yet there is not one, even in the work of his noon, that more seizes the imagination than that blackish-grey which Sibelius conjures into tones from rock-bound lakes under leaden skies. Before him others have drawn from the simplicities of folk-song a beauty of sound which words may only cloud. In the slow movement of this Symphony in C major he gives that beauty a vaporous quality—muted strings gradually unmuted. Brightened, shadowed, by the wood-winds, the melody dissolves into silence. . . .

Of a sudden the musical ideas of the symphony are in turbid motion nowhither; of a sudden a Life Force —Mr. Shaw's phrase in another meaning—orders and rhythms them. Up they sweep, enlarging and ampler voiced; the urge relaxes; they snap, sigh deep and are gone, and Sibelius has written his Finale. A bare, rough music sounding upon too many smooth-soft ears; a dun-colored music woven across a garish time; an utterly individual music to irk those who would always run with the herd! Too often common report is the abomination before the Lord. Year in and year out it has declared Sibelius's Third Symphony a failure; whereas, at Mr. Kussevitzky's hands upon an enkindled orchestra, it sounds very like a masterpiece.

H. T. P.

Orchestral

MONDAY evening at 8.15 in Symphony Hall, first supplementary concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conductor. The program:

Overture, "Leonora," No. 3 ..... Beethoven
"Apollo Musagetes," Ballet played as Concert-Piece ..... Stravinsky
Nocturnes, "Clouds," "Fêtes" ..... Debussy
Symphony, No. 1, in B-flat major .... Schumann

Incidents and Prospects

Mr. Koussevitzky will take his first holiday for the current season after the visit of the Symphony Orchestra to New York on Nov. 22 and 24. At the concerts in Symphony Hall on Nov. 30 and Dec. 1, Mr. Burgin will be conductor and Mr. Ganz, assisting pianist.

Jacobi Draws A Background To His Dances

Trans. — Nov. 10. 1928

From Personal Contacts Came The Pieces Played at Symphony Hall

THE transcontinental comes to a stop in the middle of the vast plateau which is western New Mexico. Under the hot sun of early autumn lies Gallup, with its Main street sprawling back from the railroad tracks. The street is alive, swarming with Indians from all parts of the Southwest. They come from far-off Taos, at the foot of the Colorado mountains, dignified in their white robes, their black braids hanging heavily over their shoulders; from the hot brown villages of the Rio Grande valley, from the Mesa villages, the fortified hilltowns of the Zunis and the Hopis. And the Navajos, eternal shepherds, eternal nomads, with raven locks and arrogant moustaches, their blouses hung with silver and turquoise, are riding in from their neighboring grazing lands, high on horse, followed by wives and children, like conquering hordes from the plateaux of Tibet. They have come to take part in the Inter-Tribal Festival. Already impatient groups are singing and dancing. The brass band is playing. It is a Wild West Show, really wild and West, with Madison square far away.

It is not possible to describe what takes place in Gallup for three days and three nights. A sun-dance by the Indians from Zia — the dancers' half-naked bodies gorgeously painted, some golden, some black, (the black ones, Night, with their long hair falling wildly over their faces) is a symbolic orgy—the clash between Night and Day—beside which the most exciting moments of the Russian Ballet seem pale. A Bow-and-Arrow dance by the Indians of Tesuque is of a rhythmic intensity and power unknown to us in our concert-halls. In the charming Basket-dance by the Indians from Santa Clara the men weave beautiful designs around the women, who, scarcely moving from one spot, supply a sort of

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To Record Music of Boston Symphony

Trans. — Nov. 13. 1928

Performances of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, to date heard only in a limited number of cities in the United States, will be made available to all the world in the near future through recordings of the Victor Talking Machine Company, which began today in Symphony Hall. Experts from the Victor plant in Camden, N. J., have installed recording instruments in the famous auditorium and during the next three days they will record the performances of several major musical works played by the complete orchestra under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky.

It is interesting to note that the Boston Symphony was the first great American orchestra to be recorded by Victor. This work was done several years ago by the old acoustical system, under which only an incomplete musical organization could be used and then only in the confined laboratory at the Victor plant. Since this time the principle of orthophonic recording has been developed, with the result that the entire orchestra, playing exactly as it would at a public concert, can be utilized. The sensitive microphone catches every note of every instrument and carries them to the wax discs from which they are later transferred in permanent form on the familiar black records.

The intricate recording apparatus which has been installed in Symphony Hall is identical with that used in the most modern Victor laboratory. By bringing it to Boston the Victor Company is able to record not only performances of the famous orchestra but to reproduce them under actual conditions, even to capturing the far-famed acoustical qualities of the auditorium itself.

The selections to be recorded have not yet been announced, but they will be chosen from among the numbers for which the orchestra is most famous. Since the contract between the Victor Company and the Boston Symphony Orchestra is of long duration, it is probable that many other recording sessions will be held in Symphony Hall in the future. The recording work in Boston will be supervised by L. Howell Davis of the Victor Company's artist and repertoire department and Edward E. Eckhardt of the recording department.

With the release of these records to the public the Boston Symphony will take its place with the great orchestras of the world already recorded by Victor.

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The music of the Indians is in some ways simple and crude. Instruments of exact pitch are practically unknown to them and they must express themselves completely in the fundamental elements of music, rhythm and melody, the rhythm of their instruments of percussion and the melody of their voices. The contrapuntal cathedrals of Palestrina have come and gone. Harmony has evolved from Monteverdi to Schoenberg. Indian music still stands where it was, in its primeval simplicity and strength.

The simplicity of their music, though, is more apparent than real. Their rhythms are remarkably complex. They have an amazing way of swinging abruptly from one to another and then back again to their first—a momentary jolt, a discomfort which makes the comfort of the initial rhythm all the more pleasurable. Their phrases are rhythmically free and not, like ours, constrained by bar-lines and symetrically-shaped periods. In this way their music retains much that we no longer have. With an instinct for sustaining simultaneously two or more rhythms, far more subtle and genuine than ours, they constantly sing in rhythms of three against drum-beats of two, and vice-versa. And they do these things quite naturally, with ease and precision. At the moment of sunrise, in the Hopi Snake-dance, it is said that as many as seven distinct rhythms are kept going simultaneously —a frenzied delirium of rhythm.

Their melodic sense is less striking. Often charming in line, the melodies are expressive of a number of clearly defined moods, a gentle tenderness, a barbaric wildness and fury and a virile full-throated jubilance. They are almost invariably pentatonic, though it is not always the same five notes which are used. We find sometimes wild combinations of chromatics with very clear suggestions of quarter-tones—a gorgeous impurity of sound. The War-songs, strangely enough, are usually of a very open and major character.

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Indian music is music of today. It is more of Stravinsky than of Brahms. It has a certain objectiveness. Not sentimental, not descriptive or anecdotal, it has clarity and strength of form. As in jazz, the rhythmic element predominates, but here the rhythm is a more integral part of the melody, of the phrase. There is also far more diversity of rhythm than in jazz.

The Indians do not care much for our music. With apparently no direct contact between theirs and ours, as there is between ours and the negroes', their music remains uninfluenced; and we, until now, have not been ready for Indian music. Today we feel kinship with primitive man and respond to it for the first time.

Crude and primitive this music may be, but, throbbing with intense energy, its wild insistent rhythms, its barbaric dynamics fascinate us. One is reverent before its spirit, for the Indians' music is most often a part of their ritualistic dances—Rain-dances, Corn-dances, War-dances—and acquires therefore a religious, or at least a symbolic significance. This is great and unconscious art, which finds its roots deep in the past, in æons of racial unity and race-tradition. In the early-morning atmosphere of the Far West one's senses are reborn. One marvels anew at sunset and sunrise and at those two eternal phenomena—melody and rhythm. And one sees in the simple strength of Indian music, wild, yet ordered, a complete expression of the soul of a great race.

FREDERICK JACOBI

[Reprinted from the League of Composers' Review]

To Record Music of Boston Symphony

Trans. Nov. 13. 1928

Performances of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, to date heard only in a limited number of cities in the United States, will be made available to all the world in the near future through recordings by the Victor Talking Machine Company, which began today in Symphony Hall. Experts from the Victor plant in Camden, N. J., have installed recording instruments in the famous auditorium and during the next three days they will record the performances of several master musical works played by the complete orchestra under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky.

It is interesting to note that the Boston Symphony was the first great American orchestra to be recorded by Victor. This work was done several years ago by the old acoustical system, under which only an incomplete musical organization could be used and then only in the confined laboratory at the Victor plant. Since this time the principle of orthophonic recording has been developed, with the result that the entire orchestra, playing exactly as it would at a public concert, can be utilized. The sensitive microphone catches every note of every instrument and carries them to the wax discs from which they are later transferred in permanent form on the familiar black records.

The intricate recording apparatus which has been installed in Symphony Hall is identical with that used in the most modern Victor laboratory. By bringing it to Boston the Victor Company is able to record not only performances of the famous orchestra but to reproduce them under actual conditions, even to capturing the far-famed acoustical qualities of the auditorium itself.

The selections to be recorded have not yet been announced, but they will be chosen from among the numbers for which the orchestra is most famous. Since the contract between the Victor Company and the Boston Symphony Orchestra is of long duration, it is probable that many other recording sessions will be held in Symphony Hall in the future. The recording work in Boston will be supervised by L. Howell Davis of the Victor Company's artist and repertoire department and Edward E. Eckhardt of the recording department.

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W. S. Quinby Dies Suddenly in Brookline

President of W. S. Quinby Co. Victim of Heart Disease at Beacon-Street Home

Trans. —— Nov. 21, 1928

Winfield S. Quinby, president of the W. S. Quinby Company of this city, tea and coffee dealers, died very suddenly soon after noon today at his home, 1563 Beacon street, Brookline. There had been little premonition of his condition, and members of his concern talked with him during the forenoon. Heart disease is believed to have been the cause of his death.

Mr. Quinby will be especially remembered for having arranged to broadcast some of the weekly concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which was first tried out three years ago.

Musa Domestica

For the Schubert Centenary, W. J. Henderson, Still Working as Reviewer, Revives His Own Verses of 1905

OH, winter snow shall whirl and drift
Till spring shall kiss the mead and mere;
And summer days may follow swift
Where all the lilies lean and lift,
Till autumn shadows chill and sear.

Oh, far beyond the lambent west
The moon shall mask her blazing eye;
But thou, blithe soul, forever blest,
Shall joy the world with thy bequest;
The songs that live and shall not die.

The theater's gilded, shallow glare,
The hum of jeweled vacancy,
The tinsel pageant's fret and blare,
The buskined stride, the tragic stare,
Are not, oh happy heart, for thee.

But thine the hearth and thine the fire,
And thine the comrade, pipe and bowl,
The child, the wife, the heart's desire,
The strings of God's great human lyre,
Are thine, thou singer of the soul.

(From "Pipes and Timbrels" via The Sun.)

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 16, at 2.30 o'clock
SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 17, at 8.15 o'clock

SCHUBERT CENTENARY

PROGRAMME FOR FRIDAY AFTERNOON

Symphony in C minor, No. 4, "Tragic"
I. Adagio molto; Allegro vivace.
II. Andante.
III. Menuetto: Allegro vivace; Trio.
IV. Finale: Allegro.

SONGS (with pianoforte)
Des Mädchen's Klage (The Maiden's Lament)
Du bist die Ruh' (Thou art Repose)
Heiden Röslein (Hedge Rose)
Der Tod und das Mädchen (Death and the Maiden)
Hark, hark the Lark!

HULDA LASHANSKA, *Soprano*
PIERRE LUBOSHUTZ, *Accompanist*

Symphony in B minor ("Unfinished")
I. Allegro moderato.
II. Andante con moto.

PROGRAMME FOR SATURDAY EVENING

Symphony in B-flat major, No. 5
I. Allegro.
II. Andante con moto.
III. Menuetto: Allegro molto; Trio.
IV. Allegro vivace.

SONGS (with pianoforte)
Litaney (Litany)
Der Neugierige (The Questioner)
Ungeduld (Impatience)
An die Musik (To Music)
Die Böse Farbe (The Enchanting Color)

HULDA LASHANSKA, *Soprano*
PIERRE LUBOSHUTZ, *Accompanist*

Symphony in C major, No. 7
I. Andante; Allegro non troppo.
II. Andante con moto.
III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace; Trio.
IV. Finale: Allegro vivace.

STEINWAY PIANO USED

There will be an intermission after the group of songs in each programme

In order that all subscribers may hear both the "Unfinished" and the C-major symphonies, these works will be repeated later in the season.

Musa Domestica

For the Schubert Centenary, W. J. Henderson, Still Working as Reviewer, Revives His Own Verses of 1905

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PIERRE LUBOSHUTZ, *Accompanist*

Symphony in C major, No. 7
I. Andante; Allegro non troppo.
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IV. Finale: Allegro vivace.

STEINWAY PIANO USED

There will be an intermission after the group of songs in each programme

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SCHUBERT

Hulda Lashanska

Anniversary Rites Begin For Schubert

Two Symphonies, Five Songs, from Mr. Koussevitzky and Mme. Lashanska

Trans. Nov. 4. 1928.

THE CEREMONIAL of a Beethoven Centenary sorts ill with the marking of a hundredth anniversary for the smaller-voiced and homelier Schubert. Who has forgotten that memorable Monday evening, eighteen months ago in Symphony Hall, when a bust of the great Ludwig overlooked the scene; the eminences of music in Boston sat in august array on the stage; while Mr. Ernest Newman, imported from London for the occasion, divided Beethoven's life and works into three periods—division not unknown to at least a hundred previous commentators? No bust of Schubert stood above the orchestra yesterday afternoon; that excellent band, in the diminished numbers proper to the music before it, filled its usual place. Dignitaries, if any were present, distributed themselves unobtrusively about parquet or balcony; Mr. Koussevitzky went about his conducting business as though the Friday in 1928 nearest to the nineteenth of November, were any other Friday on the concert-calendar. So true to rule and custom was the occasion that eleventh-hour prophecies stood fulfilled. No sooner had sundry young gentlemen from the university discovered "The Unfinished Symphony" at the end of the program than they declared with one voice that when the slow movement was sighing saddest and sweetest, there would be audible departures from the hall. There were.

This or that circumstance, however, seemed out of the common. With its reduced ranks the orchestra looked hardly itself. Empty was the corner of the percussion-instruments—dear to the modernists. The harps had gone on holiday. Five trumpets and five trombones forgetting eight horns—would armed the ghost of Schubert as ays before they had solaced the f Skriabin. In the eighteen-, to which we were all supposed rking back, Schubert was magi- upon the wood-winds, drawing em euphonies and tints, sighs s of song, unknown to his prede- but in each group two—and not 's three or Strauss's four—suf- n. By their own fit spirits, upon struments, did the singing com- work their miracles. . . . For t time, also, since Mr. Koussetook over the Symphony Conhe record-keepers said in the inon—songs to piano-accompaniad place upon a program, five in of Schubert, sung by Mme. ska. . . . Finally, not a sign coverable in the audience that it ebrating centenary rites for "le te que jamais." Even the usuer-flowing editor of the programuble-leaded his pages, as though were experiencing shortage of

oussevitzky chooses "The Faun" frequenter suite out of Ravel's is and Chloë," and we listeners to another: "Now we shall hear w the virtuosity of the orchestra." ds in Strauss's Eulenspiegel or sky's Petrushka and again we our ears "for to see and to ad- Yet, in kind, Schubert's "Tragic" nfinished" symphonies—still more phony in C major of this evening est and disclose the players. They eed of their choicest shaping of , balancing and blending of voices; nodulate with sensitive lips and keep both swift and fluent stibly; cultivate a tone unpass at the composer's will the Andante of "The Unfin—through sundry periods "la iste musique que jamais"—to the an glint of the earlier Finale. As l that standard or novel piece goes in the course of a season, we the orchestra for poignancy, cy or delicacy through measures strumental song." Put by the rt of the perfunctory or the carepetitions, and his orchestra must rpetually sensitive and accomsinger. It was such throughout ncert yesterday, at the bidding and the stimulus of Mr. Koussevitzky's scernment and devotion. In plasogress, transparent tone, lyrical Mozart himself could not have been served.

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—not forgetting eight horns—would have alarmed the ghost of Schubert as seven days before they had solaced the shade of Skriabin. In the eighteen-twenties, to which we were all supposed to be harking back, Schubert was magical hand upon the wood-winds, drawing from them euphonies and tints, sighs and tears of song, unknown to his predecessors; but in each group two—and not Debussy's three or Strauss's four—sufficed him. By their own fit spirits, upon a few instruments, did the singing composers work their miracles. . . . For the first time, also, since Mr. Koussevitzky took over the Symphony Concerts—the record-keepers said in the intermission—songs to piano-accompaniment had place upon a program, five in all, out of Schubert, sung by Mme. Lashanska. . . . Finally, not a sign was discoverable in the audience that it was celebrating centenary rites for "le plus poëte que jamais." Even the usually over-flowing editor of the program-book double-leaded his pages, as though he, too, were experiencing shortage of matter.

Mr. Koussevitzky chooses "The Faun" or the frequenter suite out of Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloë," and we listeners say one to another: "Now we shall hear and know the virtuosity of the orchestra." He leads in Strauss's Eulenspiegel or Stravinsky's Petrushka and again we perk up our ears "for to see and to admire." Yet, in kind, Schubert's "Tragic" and "Unfinished" symphonies—still more the symphony in C major of this evening—may test and disclose the players. They have need of their choicest shaping of phrases, balancing and blending of voices; must modulate with sensitive lips and fingers; keep both swift and fluent inexhaustibly; cultivate a tone unflecked; pass at the composer's will from the Andante of "The Unfinished"—through sundry periods "la plus triste musique que jamais"—to the Rossinian glint of the earlier Finale. As this and that standard or novel piece goes its way in the course of a season, we praise the orchestra for poignancy, pungency or delicacy through measures of "instrumental song." Put by the Schubert of the perfunctory or the careless repetitions, and his orchestra must be perpetually sensitive and accomplished singer. It was such throughout the concert yesterday, at the bidding and under the stimulus of Mr. Koussevitzky's skill, discernment and devotion. In plastic progress, transparent tone, lyrical voice, Mozart himself could not have been better served.

Making centenary programs the conductor confined himself to the symphonies and the songs of Schubert. He had no mind to excursions among curiosities or to adventures among resurrections both of which anniversary pastimes usually evoke the commoner, cheaper, locally Viennese Schubert, prone to dance-tunes, military rhythms and choir-gallery formulas. Even the theater-pieces with which Schubert outfitted "Rosamond, Queen of Cyprus"—sleazy play that endured through one performance—did not tempt him, though most conductors have found them the only off-set to the symphonic Schubert. Back to the Symphony in C minor, written in the composer's twentieth year; somehow, somewhere, sometime labelled "The Tragic," Mr. Koussevitzky went for beginning; with the inevitable "Unfinished" made his end; between set not too fortunate songs.

Had any other name than Schubert's been signed to this Fourth Symphony, long since it would have descended into oblivion. Probably symphonies quite as meritorious were known to the Vienna of 1816 from hands that even the learned doctors of music nowadays hardly recognize. Yet it has moments. Underneath surface-suavities, the slow introduction gains a gravity of substance and motion not too frequent in the music of a superficial time and city, though Beethoven himself wrote for them. Play of feeling, deeper than songful fertility, may be detected in the ensuing first movement. The slow division now and then breathes a sweet-sad melancholy and escapes, for the most part, tempting lapses into formula and commonplace. The minuet and trio are nothing else, while the finale, speedy, fluent and bright, suggests a youthful Schubert frequenting the Italian opera, in his day at high vogue in Vienna. Consider also the adroit playing of the orchestra and these centenary twenty-five minutes were not wasted.

At the end of "The Unfinished," it were possible to write Donne's line: "This is a melting heart, and a troubled heart, and a wounded heart." Then count the reviewer's task done. For the record—that precious shibboleth—he might add that Mr. Koussevitzky read the piece with fewer singularities than he sometimes ventures; responded to it more deeply and less sentimentally; yet will still lead in significant or returning themes, notably the first, as though Chaikovsky, a composer of quite another kidney, were looking over his, and Schubert's, shoulders. If more is needed, this "torso" confirmed the belief that it is a finished statue in tones; that Schubert had sounded, in

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Herald. Nov. 17. 1928

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When it came to the songs it seemed as if there should have been three singers if the composer were to be well represented in this field: a dramatic soprano, a lyric soprano, and a baritone. Few of the great songs are on the programs of this week. One misses "Die Allmacht," "Die junge Nonne," "Gretchen am Spinnrad," "An Schwager Kronos," "Der Doppelgaenger," "Gruppe aus dem Tartarus," "Am Meer," "Der Atlas," "Der Wanderer," "Die Stadt," "Erkoenig," and others, not forgetting "Der Zwerg." Mme. Lashanska is a lyric soprano. She naturally chose the songs she thought best suited to her voice; yet she was most successful yesterday as a singer and an interpreter in "Tod und das Maedchen," which brought out the richest notes of her voice. And it is not purely lyrical.

She was first heard in Boston at a Symphony concert nearly eight years ago. Her voice was then even and beautiful. Yesterday the upper tones lacked agreeable quality, and in "Heidenroeslein." flexibility, spontaneous delivery were missed. "Du bist die Ruh" calls for a sustained mood of calmness, an absence of emotional stress. This was lost by reason of the evident labor in producing the upper notes of ascending phrases. There was always intelligent conception of the songs; the excellent intention was evident, but the voice did not always lend itself to the carrying out of the aesthetic purpose. Mr. Luboshutz played the accompaniments musically. The singer was loudly applauded.

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The performance of the "Tragic" and the "Unfinished" was of noteworthy excellence. It would be late in the day to rhapsodize over the latter miracle of musical poetry. Yet M. Bourgault Ducoudray, writing of the first movement some years ago, found that at the return of the "funereal shadow which overspreads the initial theme" after the enchanting song first sung by violoncellos, "the spectre of death rises before us! Mortal joys are fleeting; the roses of earthly happiness are soon faded, and Nature has put into man's heart a craving for a bliss which knows no satiety." Fine words, but it is better to hear the music and forget what has been said about it. The noblest music is not to be explained nor translated. The "Unfinished" symphony—who would have had even Schubert complete it; or Coleridge his "Kubla Khan"?

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these two movements, the depths of the matter and the moods within him; that he would not and could not further go; that those sketches for a Scherzo were the warning and the discovery.

Be it also said that those who descant upon the dramatic and the pathetic content of "The Unfinished Symphony" possibly overdo discretion. Schubert could not put action into music—the action, for example, that thrills out of Beethoven's first movements, say in "The Eroica," and sends his finales upleaping; the more reflective, less turbulent action that stirs through similar movements of Brahms, in the first Allegro of the Symphony in C minor, in the Passacaglia-Finale of the fourth. No more could Schubert release the depths of woe or wring the heart with pity. He could muse sadly; muse longingly; infuse his measures with the wistful melancholy that is one phase of the romantic temperament. He could give voice to these moods with the unfolding tenderness suffusing the "Unfinished Symphony." Throughout, it was this subdued and melting note that Mr. Koussevitzky sounded yesterday in a truer, more objective version of a symphony in which, at his first coming, he surprised us all. Yet Schubert's melancholy passes quickly. In his heart he is all for the major keys. This evening we shall hear them at longest and fullest.

The conductor believes with reason that Schubert's genius flowered in the best of his songs, particularly in some that are seldom heard in the current, hackneyed, repertory. He would have had eight sung—a few rarities and masterpieces among them—at either centenary concert. Miss Gerhardt, the one singer capable and ambitious for the task—he discovered regretfully—is spending the autumn in Berlin. His second choice, Mme. Rethberg, was deep in rehearsals at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mme. Lashanska was his refuge in time of embarrassment. Her voice, however, is too light and thin for the depths or the heights of Schubert song-writing. It lacks the necessary warmths, elasticities, colors. She misses the Schubertian felicities, animations, divining strokes. What is there to say of a singer of Schubert, though she succeed in degree with the contrasts of "Death and the Maiden," who somehow misses the heart-wringing transition, when the melodic curve pauses, stays, then remounts at deeper concentration in "Du bist die Ruh'?" Or whose lark wings the earth rather than the skies? And is "Heiden Röslein," lilting song though it be, representative of any but the too fluent, too careless, Schubert?

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Mme. Lashanska's singing of "Litanei" was the vocal feature of the concert. In this song, the more eloquent section of her voice was heard in all its richness; and in this song her tones were produced with a natural ease that was not so noticeable in the melodies demanding lightness, lyrical purity and euphony. The audience applauded her after each song enthusiastically—and without discrimination.

The fifth symphony shows plainly enough that it was composed for a small orchestra. Mr. Koussevitzky, therefore, reduced his forces. The performance, delightful as it was, could not give importance to a composition without marked originality; one that recalls now Mozart, now Haydn; with only faint traces of the Schubert to come. There is a singular absence of color, and the amazing skill in modulation peculiar to the Schubert of the later years is not in evidence. Yet six years passed and there stood forth the Schubert of the "Unfinished" symphony.

The performance of the great symphony in C major was brilliant in all respects. For once Schubert did not seem garrulous. The famous passages for trombones; the horn call in the second movement—all the portions of the work that have excited the admiration, occasionally hysterical, of the devout admirers—these were not alone noteworthy. Mr. Koussevitzky's treatment of the lovely details in the Andante, his choice of tempi—and he knew that the orchestra could play with clarity even when driven at a furious pace, as in the Scherzo—his appreciation of the changing moods and shifting play of sentiments and emotions, with the virtuoso splendor of the orchestra itself, made the performance a fitting tribute to the composer, who, poor and ignored in his own city, is now proudly claimed by Vienna as one of its illustrious men.

SCHUBERT WEEK WITH SYMPHONY

"Tragic" and "Unfinished" With Songs Given Yesterday

Post — Nov. 17. 1928

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

It is not the way of Mr. Koussevitzky to do things by halves. Hence at the Symphony Concerts of this week a double programme in which is honored the memory of Franz Schubert, who died at Vienna, Nov. 19, 1828.

Yesterday afternoon came the Fourth or "Tragic" and "Unfinished" Symphonies, with five of Schubert's songs sung by Hulda Lashanska. Tonight the orchestra will be heard in the Symphony in B-flat major, No. 5, and in the great Symphony in C major, while Mme. Lashanska offers another and wholly different set of songs.

FOUR NOT HEARD BEFORE

The earlier and lesser symphonies of Schubert have been largely neglected at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Numbers 1, 2, 3 and 6 have gone altogether unheard. Until yesterday there had been but one performance of the "Tragic" as a whole (under Mr. Monteux in 1921), and this evening will mark only the third appearance on a Boston Symphony programme of the Symphony in B-flat. But let not the Schubert partisan protest at such oversight. For the composer of the "Unfinished" and C major Symphonies, of the greater songs and certain outstanding pieces of chamber-music, is not the composer of these other symphonies, for the most part tentative works that lean heavily upon Haydn and Mozart.

And yet the "Tragic" Symphony has its points, and it was clear that yesterday's audience liked this music upon which conductor and orchestra had spent much pains.

Melancholy and Charming

For a 19-year-old boy in the year 1816 the introduction to the first movement, with its mood of fatefulness and yearning, its harmonic freedom and its sombre coloring, was no small achievement. Less original but well contrived are the two chief themes of the movement itself, though their development betrays a lack of resources and experience.

Furthermore the Andante, which in the early days of the Orchestra was occasionally heard as a separate piece, has the true Schubertian flavor. Granted that the contrasting theme is stilted and conventional, there remains for admiration and enjoyment the oft-recurring principal melody, a theme of definite charm exhaling the melancholy peculiar to its composer. Schubert realized, as few composers have realized, that the major mode and sadness are not necessarily incompatible.

With the Andante the distinctions of the "Tragic" Symphony virtually end. The Minuet, a curious experiment in chromatic writing, does not "come off" in performance, and the last movement, save for a few measures in which we seem to feel the tightened fist of Beethoven, is bustling and cheerful in the fashion of Italian opera of the Rossini school.

A pity, since Mr. Koussevitzky had set his heart upon a vocal interlude, that a singer with a more adequate grasp of Schubert's style had not been found. With "Death and the Maiden," to be sure, Mme. Lashanska fared exceedingly well. But her performance of the other songs was scarcely what these solemn centenary rites, demanded. As piano accompanist Pierre Luboshutz rendered capable assistance.

The "Unfinished"

Finally there was the "Unfinished" to rejoice those who like best that with which they are most familiar. As in past performances Mr. Koussevitzky made the most of the obvious dramatic character of the first movement.

But in the Andante his hand was now and then over-heavy. Unlike the first movement, this Andante will not bear underscoring. Calmly and pellucidly it must run its course, euphony melting into euphony. So played, the piece remains a unique achievement, a fitting monument to its composer.

SCHUBERT MUSIC AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Centenary of Composer's Death Commemorated

Globe. — Nov. 17. 1928

Hulda Lashanska Heard as Soloist in Five of Schubert's Songs

The centenary of the death of Schubert, which occurred Nov 19, 1828, is commemorated at this week's Boston Symphony concerts. Mr Koussevitzky has chosen two programs of his music. Yesterday the Friday subscribers heard an unfamiliar early work, the "Tragic Symphony"; five songs sung by Mme Hulda Lashanska to pianoforte accompaniment, and the "Unfinished Symphony."

Tonight the Saturday subscribers are to hear a different early symphony, in B flat; five songs, not the ones sung Friday, and the C-major symphony. It it hard to fathom the reason for offering two programs where but one was expected. A note in the program promised that both the "Unfinished" and the C-major symphonies will be repeated this season, so that all subscribers will eventually hear both works. But there are those who would like to hear more of the early symphonies, now almost never played. If two programs were thought necessary they should have been given in successive weeks, so that the two subscription series, announced as identical, might remain so.

The difference between the boyish, groping Schubert of the "Tragic Symphony," written when he was 19, and the full-fledged genius of the "Unfinished Symphony," written when he was 24, is startling. The early work is full of the influence of Beethoven, crude, immature, and, save for the lovely theme of the andante, not distinguished by that melodic invention which is the most notable quality in Schubert's work.

It is of doubtful service to Schubert's memory to disinter from oblivion such things as this "Tragic Symphony." Only a perfect performance could now make it appealing. But yesterday's performance was far from perfect. Mr Koussevitzky, as usual, gave a reading that had eloquence and vigor, but the

orchestra played with ragged attacks and uncertain phrasing which betokened scanty rehearsal.

The "Unfinished Symphony," on the other hand, was very beautifully played. Mr Koussevitzky when he first conducted this masterpiece in Boston departed, and not fortunately, from all traditions, in a misguided endeavor to make music essentially lyric portentously dramatic. Though he seldom alters his readings, he has now abandoned that conception of the work. Yesterday, except that the andante con moto was taken somewhat too slowly, one could pick no flaws in his interpretation. There was much to praise, much to enjoy. Every measure was given full value without detracting from the whole composition. Each of many felicitous details contributed to the general impression. The orchestra played the familiar music with exquisite euphony. Maj Higginson, with whom this symphony was a favorite, would have been pleased with the performance.

Mme Lashanska, one of the earliest of Mme Sembrich's pupils to achieve a notable success in the concert hall, greatly pleased the audience by her singing of five Schubert songs, "Des Madchen's Klage," "Du bist die Ruh," "Heidenroeslein," "Der Tod und das Maedchen" and "Hark, Hark the Lark." All but the first of these were, of course, familiar to everyone, so that the omission of the texts from the program book, necessitated by a late choice of program, did not greatly matter. Tonight Mme Lashanska will sing "Litany," "Der Veugierige," "Ungeduld," "An die Musik" and "Die Bose Farbe," a list distinctly less familiar.

The program announced Mme Lashanska as a soprano, and she plainly wishes to be so considered. Yet nature has gifted her with an exquisite mezzo-soprano voice. Yesterday her singing of "Death and the Maiden," with its sustained low notes, was of startling beauty. In the other songs, as for instance, "Du bist die Ruh'" she was obliged to force her tone to an unpleasant and at moments breathless shrillness on high notes, though when she sang not more than mezzo forte, and not beyond her natural voice range, her tones were of rare loveliness. Her interpretations were unaffected and in the right spirit, though they lacked the distinction of style found in the work of such specialists in Schubert as Elena Gerhardt.

Schubert is preeminently the lyricist among composers. It is the songlike quality of the B-minor and C-major symphonies that makes them immortal. It is the exquisite romanticism of the best songs, such as "Du bist die Rur'" and "Auf dem Wasser zu Singen," the blending of melody into mood, that touches the heart of the listener. These qualities would win enduring fame for a composer with faults far graver and more numerous than Schubert's.

There are no subscription concerts here next week, as the orchestra goes on tour. Mr Burgin will conduct the next pair of concerts here, Nov 30 and Dec 1.

P. R.

"SCHUBERT WEEK" BEGINS HERE TODAY

Centennial of Famous Composer to Be Observed

Herald — Nov 19, 1928

The climax of a year's tribute to Franz Schubert, in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of his death, in the form of an international Schubert week, will be observed in Boston this week, continuing through next Sunday. "Back to Melody" will be the keynote of the activities which have been planned. Gov. Fuller is honorary chairman of the Boston committee.

Twenty-six nations are participating in the centennial, which had its origin in America. Otto H. Kahn heads an advisory group of leading American musicians, civic, religious and educational leaders, who are carrying out the program in this country.

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Seventh Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 30, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 1, at 8.15 o'clock

RICHARD BURGIN will conduct these concerts

Miaskovsky . . . . . Symphony No. 8, Op. 26

I. Andante; Allegro.
II. Allegro risoluto e con spirito.
III. Adagio.
IV. Allegro deciso.

(First time in Boston)

Beethoven . Concerto for Pianoforte No. 5 in E-flat major, Op. 73

I. Allegro.
II. Adagio un poco moto.
III. Rondo: Allegro ma non tanto.

Strauss . . . . . Salome's Dance from the Opera, "Salome"

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The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

orchestra played with ragged attacks and uncertain phrasing which betokened scanty rehearsal.

The "Unfinished Symphony," on the other hand, was very beautifully played. Mr Koussevitzky when he first conducted this masterpiece in Boston departed, and not fortunately, from all traditions, in a misguided endeavor to make music essentially lyric portentously dramatic. Though he seldom alters his readings, he has now abandoned that conception of the work. Yesterday, except that the andante con moto was taken somewhat too slowly, one could pick no flaws in his interpretation. There was much to praise, much to enjoy. Every measure was given full value without detracting from the whole composition. Each of many felicitous details contributed to the general impression. The orchestra played the familiar music with exquisite euphony. Maj Higginson, with whom this symphony was a favorite, would have been pleased with the performance.

Mme Lashanska, one of the earliest of Mme Sembrich's pupils to achieve a notable success in the concert hall, greatly pleased the audience by her singing of five Schubert songs, "Des Madchen's Klage," "Du bist die Ruh," "Heidenroeslein," "Der Tod und das Maedchen" and "Hark, Hark the Lark." All but the first of these were, of course, familiar to everyone, so that the omission of the texts from the program book, necessitated by a late choice of program, did not greatly matter. Tonight Mme Lashanska will sing "Litany," "Der Veugierige," "Ungeduld," "An die Musik" and "Die Bose Farbe," a list distinctly less familiar.

The program announced Mme Lashanska as a soprano, and she plainly wishes to be so considered. Yet nature has gifted her with an exquisite mezzo-soprano voice. Yesterday her singing of "Death and the Maiden," with its sustained low notes, was of startling beauty. In the other songs, as for instance, "Du bist die Ruh'" she was obliged to force her tone to an unpleasant and at moments breathless shrillness on high notes, though when she sang not more than mezzo forte, and not beyond her natural voice range, her tones were of rare loveliness. Her interpretations were unaffected and in the right spirit, though they lacked the distinction of style found in the work of such specialists in Schubert as Elena Gerhardt.

Schubert is preeminently the lyricist among composers. It is the songlike quality of the B-minor and C-major symphonies that makes them immortal. It is the exquisite romanticism of the best songs, such as "Du bist die Rur'" and "Auf dem Wasser zu Singen," the blending of melody into mood, that touches the heart of the listener. These qualities would win enduring fame for a composer with faults far graver and more numerous than Schubert's.

There are no subscription concerts here next week, as the orchestra goes on tour. Mr Burgin will conduct the next pair of concerts here, Nov 30 and Dec 1.

P. R.

"SCHUBERT WEEK" BEGINS HERE TODAY

Centennial of Famous Composer to Be Observed

Herald — Nov 17, 1928

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Nikola Miaskovsky

MUSIC

Herald Dec. 1. 1928.

By PHILIP HALE

Symphony Concert

Miaskovsky's Eighth Symphony was played yesterday for the first time in Boston; probably for the first time in this country. Rudolph Ganz played with the orchestra Beethoven's fifth piano concerto. The program also included Salome's dance from Richard Strauss's opera. Mr. Burgin, the concertmaster, conducted in the absence of Mr. Koussevitzky.

The Russian Miaskovsky, a man of ten symphonies, is now professor of composition at the Moscow Conservatory. Born in 1881, having been educated for a military career, he turned musician. He served in the world war; was kept in the army until 1920. He seemed at first as a composer to be of a romantic nature—witness his symphonic poems "Silence" (after Poe) and "Alastor" (after Shelley; yet his first symphony and his second were composed before these pieces. Even in the eighth, which as a whole cannot be called poetically imaginative, there are traces of romanticism, detected in his thematic material rather than in symphonic treatment of it. The themes more suave, especially the second of the first movement and that of the trio in the scherzo, are of Russian folk-song nature; and the livelier and more sturdy motives may have the same origin. The theme of the adagio is, as we are told, a Turkestan melody. It is very beautiful. The measures before its announcement have a singular charm and provoke anticipation of what is to come. Sir Richard F. Barton said that Englishmen have the finest women in the world but do not know what to do with them. Here is Miaskovsky fortunate in having found this song from Turkestan, but how does he use it?

He gives it a rocking, cradle-like accompaniment which by its persistence becomes monotonous and finally annoys. That which is exotic in music quickly becomes tiresome unless the composer has the comprehension and the ability to be concisely exotic in his turn. Here is where Rubinstein had the advantage by putting his oriental themes, or imitations of them, into his Persian songs. Yet this adagio is the most interesting movement of the symphony. The others are for the most part of a scholastic nature, dry from lack of harmonic and orchestral color, and sharply defined contrasting moods. There is spirit; it does not seem spontaneous, but as if the music were flogged into animation. Nor is there any truly dramatic, tragic, or even idyllic mood; nothing imposing, emotional, noble; nothing of arresting beauty except the Turkestan theme and the first measures of its distribution among the instruments. In its naked form for the English horn it was poetically played by Mr. Speyer. It has been said that there is a "program" for each one of Miaskovsky's symphonies, though he is unwilling to divulge them. It would be interesting to know what was in his mind, when he wrote the eighth: probably the purpose to write a symphony.

Mr. Ganz, who has hitherto been known to the audiences of the Boston symphony orchestra as a brilliant player of concertos by Liszt and Saint-Saens, gave an admirable performance of Beethoven's music, technically and aesthetically. He was content with Beethoven as he is, not as some think he should be. He did not allow the first movement to be wearisome; nor did he, as some pianists, emphasize the kangaroo jumps of the chief motive in the finale.

Strauss's gorgeous music for the head-hunting Salome, disporting herself voluptuously, brought a sensuous end to preceding musical sobriety.

Mr. Burgin's task, introducing the new symphony—it was produced at Moscow in 1926—was not an easy one, but he gave the audience a satisfactory idea of the merits and feelings of the work, though Mr. Victor Belaiev of Moscow makes bold to say that Miaskovsky as yet has no interpreter of his symphonies who can show "all the depths of their contents." Is this the fault of the now prominent conductors or of the composer thinking too deeply?

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct Handel's Concerto Grosso in B minor, No. 4 for strings; also Mahler's "Song of the Earth," a symphony in six parts for tenor (George Maeder) and contralto (Mrs. Charles Cahier). The text is taken from Hans Bethges's translation of verses by old Chinese poets. This symphony will be performed in Boston for the first time.

Mr. Burgin Takes the Baton

Monitor Dec. 1, 1928. By L. A. SLOPER

AFTER the first New York trip of the season, which is reported to have been very successful, Serge Koussevitzky withdrew for a week from the dictatorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, turning the baton over to Richard Burgin, concertmaster and assistant conductor. For the ferial feast of Nov. 30 and Dec. 1, the regent was not content to proffer merely warmed-over fare. Instead, greatly daring, he ventured to introduce to the audiences of these concerts the Russian composer Nicolas Miaskovsky, using his Eighth Symphony for the purpose.

Since Miaskovsky has divided musical Russia into two camps, it should not be surprising if his acceptance abroad is not immediately unanimous. After listening for the first time to symphonic music from his pen, it seems clear that he is in the German-Russian line of descent from Tchaikovsky, and that he learned very little, while a student in the Petrograd Conservatory, from Rimsky-Korsakoff. It is difficult to agree with his supporters, who contend that there is originality in his use of the classic symphonic structure. There is the old lyricism—though the melodic ideas are not strikingly beautiful—and the familiar Russian melancholy, but the only new thing seems to be a moderate use of dissonant harmonies. It all strikes us as merely Tchaikovsky gone Red.

Without doubt it takes a Russian to appreciate this form of highly personal self-expression. The difficulty is to discover just what the composer is so unhappy about. Is his mental state the result of living in Soviet Russia? For he seems more gloomy even than Tchaikovsky himself, who in the midst of his self-pity could pause to sing a pretty dance tune. Miaskovsky's desolation appears to be continuous, and not particularly interesting.

This Eighth Symphony recalls many works of Russian literature, and especially Tchekhov's play, "The Three Sisters." There, it will be recalled, the persistent theme is the longing of the sisters to go to Moscow. Now there was no reason whatever why they should not have gone to Moscow at any time. They had the necessary means, and nothing to hold them where they were, especially after the garrison had departed. But they seemed unable to overcome their inertia. This kind of sorrow is very difficult for the Western mentality to comprehend. What would be thought of three young women in Leavenworth, Kan., whose ambition it was to go to New York to live, whom there was nothing to detain in Leavenworth, but who merely sat about on their front porch bewailing that they were not in New York? Yet we must believe that that is the way people behave in Russia, because all their artists tell us so. This Miaskovsky undoubtedly is the brother of those Tchekhovian sisters.

Mr. Burgin, as concertmaster, as solo violinist and as leader of the Burgin String Quartet, is a shining figure in Boston's musical life. As conductor he has grown much in the last few years. He satisfied us yesterday that he had brought to light all that there was to be seen in this symphony. Whether the music appeals to us or not, Mr. Burgin is to be thanked for giving us the opportunity to hear it. For closing number, he offered Salome's Dance, from Strauss' opera. This difficult score he conducted with precision and energy, but could not quite bring it to the boiling point.

It was a keen pleasure to listen again to the playing of Mr. Rudolph Ganz, whose performance of the Fifth Beethoven Piano Concerto filled the middle portion of the program. A scholar who never becomes dull nor pedantic, a virtuoso who does not attempt to dazzle his hearers, an artist who employs power, delicacy and taste for purely musical ends, Mr. Ganz is always welcome.

New Symphony, Fresh Classics, And Mr. Burgin

Concert Without Koussevitzky, Safeties, Sanities and Russian Intruder

Trans. —— Dec. 1, 1928.

EASTWARD the course of dullness takes its way. Time was when Germany was the birthplace of symphonies of large dimensions, thick texture, clouded contours, involved, semi-articulate speech. In homesick moments even Dr. Muck proffered them; they are to be found among Mr. Fiedler's "novelties"; may be detected in the earlier records of the Symphony Concerts. Nowadays the younger Germans have sloughed away such accumulations of adipose tonal tissue. Hindemith, Toch, Jarnach, write as stripped and lean music as the most convinced modernist could desire. Their elders have learned lucidity from Strauss, obviousness from Puccini. Thick-woven as are Schrecker's scores, more than a little "comes through." To Russia has passed the vanished German practice, and in Moscow or Leningrad middle-aged composers still fatten symphonies. Glazunov set them the fashion, taught and encouraged it. Rakhmaninov, with many a German predilection, is not guiltless. Skriabin, though of different mettle from the other two, wrote no stripped scores. While we foreigners admired the bald Musorgsky, the next composing generation in Russia had no mind to walk in his ways. For it the bare Balakirev and the luminous Rimsky are no better than old masters in the history-books. Only Chaikovsky is tolerable—less for substance or procedure than for morbid, dolorous mood.

Instead, there is, for one, Miaskovsky, whose Eighth Symphony and whose only Symphony known to Boston, was played yesterday at the Symphony Concert. It is longish, filling three-quarters of an hour, putting aside nothing in the four movements of convention. It is scored abundantly—woodwinds in threes, six horns, complementary brass and percussion, proportionate strings. Miaskovsky is prolific in the invention and the division of themes. The listener may even fancy that a catalogue, from this Eighth Symphony, would be nearly as

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Koussevitzky to Restore a lected Composer to the Symphony Concerts

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Return of Mahler

Mr. Koussevitzky to Restore a Neglected Composer to the Symphony Concerts

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long as the list of motivs in "Die Walküre." Miaskovsky develops his "subjects" tirelessly; knows every device of the schools; cultivates procedures of his own; smothers at birth the rejecting or the self-critical impulse. His harmonic web runs in thick strands; he prefers grouped instruments to single, sharpened voices. He clouds sonorities; chokes moods or else obscures them in a perpetual restlessness. Through the thick wood it is hard to discover the thematic tree, much less to watch it sprouting; while upon the leafage blows hardly a wind of imagination or even fancy. As the hearer receives it in the concert-hall, he can hardly recall so eventless a Symphony, save here and there at the

beginning or the end of a movement. It is as monotonous—to compare it with something equally close-woven—as the under side of a Brussels carpet.

A reason is not far to seek. Miaskovsky, the books say, is studious, solitary, self-absorbed. His is the composing temperament that writes paper music. Scrutinize the score at leisure of this Eighth Symphony, and there is reason to praise it. The principal themes are significant and of musical worth. Miaskovsky develops, contrasts, interlaces them with no little fertility, in significant detail, by happy strokes. The dullest score-reader perceives the architectural faculty that rears large and intricate tonal structures, convolution upon convolution. He descries as well a composer who has thoroughly assimilated the orchestral medium. There are hints of bleak mood, occasional vistas down dimly lighted corridors of imagination.

In the instant commerce of the concert-hall these merits are nearly undiscoverable. The mind sits confused before such intricate patterns as those of the second and fourth movements; while the ear struggles in vain to pierce through these thick, tight surfaces to what may be the living heart of the music. The listener is baffled, bewildered, repulsed; soon wearies of the effort to understand; waits for the moment that may enlighten or stir; almost never finds it; rejects Miaskovsky of the Eighth as dull and of none effect, ponderous, plodding, obscure. By the evidence of the score, he has written a significant and individual music; but the imparting faculty is not in him. The absence of it denies his music revelation, character, event, life. He is not complacently platitudinous like the later Glazunov: he is not content with reverberation after the manner of Rakhmaninov. To music-paper he sets his thoughts and moods; and on paper they remain, notes and signs in black and white like the print of a book. The fault, the misfortune, is inaudibility, multiply, thicken, assort them as he may. There are adepts who say that most symphonies are better read than heard. Ten volumes of Miaskovsky await them.

It is easy to say that a more expert conductor than the substituting Burgin would have pulled apart and pointed up Miaskovsky's score, clarifying and intensifying it, as did Mr. Koussevitzky, the other day, with Sibelius's Third Symphony. Possibly, even probably, so far as sympathy with the Russian's half-veiled, half-articulate moods may go. Usually, however, Mr. Burgin's conducting suffers from no lack of understanding. He studies scores; penetrates them; is ready to transmit all that he finds within; while

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at the second part of the day. After Mast measures of Beetsounded like an imperie rhythms, the vigorous m, candid matter beat e largeness and scope, nd power. Mr. Ganz's ry. Clearly and boldly Beethoven's patterns; rising warmths; to the lighter, gentler hand. anist wove their arabfull-voiced melod of nt; persuaded it from ess, from fervor to ex- transition into the achieved a stirring in- then caught and held vein through all the returns of the motivs. frequent, to play this to" as a grave and Mr. Burgin and Mr. rhapsodic and impro- ethoven gives them

f Salome, there are ous, measures. The ng of languorous or ild or seductive moicements and excite- shing and bejewelled rhythms, the pene- e modern orchestra naster at prime. In this broad land Sa-

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ice will demur. Rather the austerest ers, the sternest moralists, will clap the nds of pleasure. Like "Till Eulensegel," "Don Juan" or "Heldenleben," is one of the Straussian classics, perurable and hallowed. But set the Dance on the stage as a part of the performce of the whole opera; entrust it to dancer whose presence and movements eck nearly every illusion of the music and loud is the outcry. Then is Same and the Dance of Salome the unspeakable, the forbidden thing. Some day, someone, with a smile about his lips and a twinkle in his eye, will catalogue our dear paradoxes of prohibitions. Why upon the French only should the good God have bestowed logical minds?

H. T. P.

BURGIN AT HELM WITH SYMPHONY

Post Dec. 1, 1928.

Miaskovsky's Eighth Fails to Impress Audience

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

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SOVIET MUSIC DREARY

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Setting aside the chief theme of the first movement, a melody of the Oriental flavor, to which Russian composers have long accustomed us, the rhythmic ingenuity of the Scherzo in 7—4 time, the effective if eventually monotonous employment in the slow movement of a haunting melody from Turkestan and the rhythmic and dynamic excitements of the closing pages, this Eighth Symphony is little more than a dreary waste. Nowhere is there visible sign of a significant personality.

Little Color in Welter

The musical idiom is distinctly eclectic, more reminiscent of older ways than typical of new or prophetic of ways to come. A vast orchestra is used, but little that is striking in the matter of color effects emerges from the tonal welter. And while the composer's powers of construction may not be denied, the wisdom of fashioning so imposing an edifice of mere lath and plaster may well be questioned.

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Ganz Loudly Applauded

Only in the last movement, which was played by all concerned with extraordinary verve, did the performance attain true distinction. Mr. Ganz is an admirable pianist, but there are other pieces in which one would prefer to hear him. He was warmly applauded.

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TIGHT BINDING

beginning or the end of a mo
It is as monotonous—to compare
something equally close-woven—
under side of a Brussels carpet.

A reason is not far to seek.
kovsky, the books say, is studio
tary, self-absorbed. His is the
ing temperament that writes pape
Scrutinize the score at leisure
Eighth Symphony, and there is re
praise it. The principal themes
nificant and of musical worth.
kovsky develops, contrasts, in
them with no little fertility, in
cant detail, by happy strokes. T
est score-reader perceives the a
tural faculty that rears large an
cate tonal structures, convolutio
convolution. He descries as well
poser who has thoroughly assi
the orchestral medium. There a
of bleak mood, occasional vista
dimly lighted corridors of imagina

In the instant commerce of t
cert-hall these merits are nearly
coverable. The mind sits confu
fore such intricate patterns as t
the second and fourth movement
the ear struggles in vain to pierce
these thick, tight surfaces to wh
be the living heart of the musi
listener is baffled, bewildered, r
soon wearies of the effort to und
waits for the moment that n
lighten or stir; almost never find
jects Miaskovsky of the Eighth
and of none effect, ponderous
ding, obscure. By the evidence
score, he has written a signific
individual music; but the impart
ulty is not in him. The absen
denies his music revelation, ch
event, life. He is not complacent
tudinous like the later Glazuno
not content with reverberation a
manner of Rakhmaninov. To
paper he sets his thoughts and
and on paper they remain, not
signs in black and white like th
of a book. The fault, the misfor
inaudibility, multiply, thicken,
them as he may. There are ade
say that most symphonies are
read than heard. Ten volumes
kovsky await them.

It is easy to say that a more
conductor than the substituting
would have pulled apart and poi
Miaskovsky's score, clarifying
ensifying it, as did Mr. Koussevit
other day, with Sibelius's Thir
phony. Possibly, even probably, s
sympathy with the Russian's ha
half-articulate moods may go.
however, Mr. Burgin's conductin
from no lack of understandi
studies scores; penetrates them;
to transmit all that he finds with
a willing orchestra awaits his bidding and a sympathetic audience lends him ear. He was as clear as the day with the intricate, changeful Dance of Salome out of Strauss's opera, missing no significant mood, overlooking no essential accent. He balanced adroitly the orchestral voices in Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto; gave Mr. Ganz's piano-part just place and proportion; kept well the character of the whole as a full-wrought, free-spoken, ardent music.

Rather, Mr. Burgin's shortcoming is lack of energy in transmission. His beat misses tension and zest. To the orchestra it is polite invitation rather than urgent command. Mr. Burgin grasps the music before him, but fails to stimulate the men who are to be its voices. He sets it forth admirably; but he neither enlarges, enriches nor intensifies it upon the hearing ear and imagination. When he has such a masterful composer to aid as Beethoven or Strauss of yesterday, he succeeds well enough. When he must release the tight-voiced Miaskovsky or pull together the smeary Schrécker of last year, the task is beyond his powers.

Thus it was that the second part of the concert saved the day. After Miaskovsky, the first measures of Beethoven's Concerto sounded like an imperious call. The tense rhythms, the vigorous progress, the firm, candid matter beat home. Here were largeness and scope, freedom, plenty and power. Mr. Ganz's tone was not too dry. Clearly and boldly he struck out Beethoven's patterns; caught his improvising warmths; to the variations set a lighter, gentler hand. Orchestra and pianist wove their arabesques about the full-voiced melod of the slow movement; persuaded it from largeness to loftiness, from fervor to exaltation. At the transition into the Finale Mr. Ganz achieved a stirring instant of suspense; then caught and held the improvising vein through all the turns, twists and returns of the motivs. It is possible, even frequent, to play this "Emperor Concerto" as a grave and graven classic. Mr. Burgin and Mr. Ganz agreed to a rhapsodic and improvising voice. Beethoven gives them warrant.

In the Dance of Salome, there are erotic, even lascivious, measures. The whole is a conjuring of languorous or pulsing flesh, of wild or seductive motion, of carnal enticements and excitements, into the flashing and bejewelled tones, the whipping rhythms, the penetrating song of the modern orchestra in the hands of a master at prime. In any concert-hall of this broad land Salome's Dance may be heard and not a voice will demur. Rather the austerest livers, the sternest moralists, will clap the hands of pleasure. Like "Till Eulenspiegel," "Don Juan" or "Heldenleben," it is one of the Straussian classics, perdurable and hallowed. But set the Dance upon the stage as a part of the performance of the whole opera; entrust it to a dancer whose presence and movements wreck nearly every illusion of the music—and loud is the outcry. Then is Salome and the Dance of Salome the unspeakable, the forbidden thing. Some day, someone, with a smile about his lips and a twinkle in his eye, will catalogue our dear paradoxes of prohibitions. Why upon the French only should the good God have bestowed logical minds?

H. T. P.

BURGIN AT HELM WITH SYMPHONY

Post Dec. 1, 1928.

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Miaskovsky has been known here only by name. In Russia he is regarded as a composer of genius. His music has been played occasionally in recent seasons at orchestral concerts the world over. His Eighth Symphony, written in 1924, is a long and elaborate composition. If Tchaikovsky were living today, and a man of talent rather than of genius, he would probably write much as Miaskovsky has here done. There is a great deal of restless reiteration of themes not in themselves salient or stirring. and very little development of musical ideas.

The music sounds as though written to tell a story, paint a picture, or point a moral, not as though Miaskovsky's imagination had conceived far-flung, mounting musical patterns.

It is said that he has had a program in mind for each of his 10 symphonies, but that he has resolutely refused to tell anyone what.

The most interesting passages in each of the rapid movements occur by way of coda at the end. The third movement an adagio, uses a pseudo-Oriental theme which does not recall Rimsky Korsakoff but sounds monotonous enough to be genuinely primitive. This for a time is appealing.

The performance was painstaking and not devoid of eloquence. Mr Burgin has now become a conductor with authority and experience to supplement a not inconsiderable musical gift. Yet he failed to make Miaskovsky's music attractive or significant. It recalled such Russian composers as Medtner and Glazunoff rather than Stravinsky or Prokofieff.

Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto, to give it the common nickname he never authorized, sounded after Miaskovsky's long and dreary symphony like an even greater masterpiece than it is. Mr Burgin made the rhythms of the orchestral accompaniment more strong than subtle. Mr Ganz erred in the opposite direction in the first two movements, putting more sentiment, more glamor, into his interpretation than Beethoven probably intended. The finale was not very clearly played. It became at times a jumble of flying notes that the listening ear could scarce disentangle. Mr Ganz, an excellent pianist and a good musician, has been heard here to greater advantage on other occasions. Yet despite all drawbacks of performance the genius of the composer triumphed. The music seemed superb, triumphant.

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Next week Mr Koussevitzky will conduct the first Boston performance of Mahler's monumental "Lied von der Erde," to be preceded by a Handel concerto grosso.

P. R.

A New Russian To Be Praised Or Thrust Away

With an Eighth Symphony Miaskovsky Enters These Precincts

Trans. ——— Nov. 29. 1928.

ONCE AGAIN the Symphony Concerts will introduce to Boston on Friday and Saturday a notable figure among the newcomers to the world's music. That he is still a newcomer may surprise when it is recalled that this Russian, Miaskovsky, is a composer with ten symphonies already to his credit. It is the eighth of the symphonies (new when it came to Mr. Koussevitzky's desk last spring) in which Mr. Burgin will conduct this week.

Nicola Yakovlevitch Miaskovsky was born at Novogeorgievsk (now a part of Poland) on April 8 (or 20, depending upon which calendar one uses) in 1881. In Russia he was a pupil of Rimsky-Korsakov and of Liadov. The war only partially interrupted his musical activities. Though he was with the army from 1914 to 1920, the third, fourth and fifth symphonies date from the years 1914, 1917, 1918, respectively. Since his discharge he has been professor of composition at the Conservatory in Moscow, leading the quietest and busiest of lives. Already he numbers among his pupils composers who themselves are begininng to attract attention.

Miaskovsky prefers the larger forms and the bulk of his music is written for orchestra. His first orchestral work (1909-11) was a symphonic poem on Poe's "Silence." The subject is significant, as comment will presently indicate. There is another symphonic poem on Shelley's "Alastor," dating from 1912-14. The ten symphonies have been written at fairly regular intervals of three or four years from 1908 to 1928. Miaskovsky has also composed four sonatas for piano—in D minor (1907-10); in F-sharp minor (1912); in C minor (1920); in C minor (1925). A sonata for 'cello in D major dates from 1911. Miaskovsky has further shown some activity as an essayist.

Time and place have prevented, or at least retarded, publication and performance of much of Miaskovsky's music. Only in Russia is he played as much as one would expect with a composer of ten symphonies. In London there was a performance of "Alastor" at a Promenade ert in October, 1923, and a perform- of the Sixth Symphony in March, both under Sir Henry Wood. In rica Mr. Stokowski was the first to duce Miaskovsky. On Jan. 2, 1926, Philadelphia Orchestra played his Symphony and on Nov. 26, the . On Feb. 17, 1927, the New York armonic under Furtwängler played Seventh. This week's performances constitute the first hearing of the th in this country. The Ninth and h were played on April 29 and April this year by the "Persimfans" (con- rless orchestra) at Moscow.

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In the program books of the Philadelphia Orchestra and the Philharmonic Society of New York Mr. Gilman raises the point that there is internal evidence in most of Miaskovsky's works for the belief that the composer had a program in mind. He points in proof to the presence of a chorus intoning the "Dies Iræ" in the Sixth Symphony and to the appearance of other song-themes. It has also been remarked that the same theme ("Dies Iræ") is found in the Second Sonata; and it has been said that Miaskovsky has used this theme as a "leit-motif of death." In writing upon the performance of the two latest symphonies Mr. Victor Belaiev, friend and benefactor of Russian musicians in general, and author of critical comment on Miaskovsky in particular, is responsible for the statement that the Tenth Symphony is avowedly programmatic and that the composer now admits programs for all his symphonies, but is "unwilling to divulge them."

It is Miaskovsky's custom to spread a large canvas and to lay on with a full brush from a palette of many colors. The economies of the latest generation of fashionable composers have not affected him. He learned his trade under Rimsky-Korsakov and turns to Chaikovsky as the composer nearest his heart. And the second part of that statement is more significant than the first; for Rimsky also nurtured the great Igor, the brilliant Prokofiev—and others. Mr. Belaiev says point blank that Miaskovsky has his roots in Musorgsky. It is generally admitted that both Glazunov and Skriabin have affected his style, Glazunov his formal and orchestral schemes, Skriabin his harmonic idiom.

But one does not "get very far" with discussing Miaskovsky from a purely technical point of view. The key to him is to be found in the something which lies beneath technic, which goes beyond the ordinary "influences" of older or contemporary musicians, and absolutely dictates style. If "style is the man" it is evident that one must know the man in order to explain his style, and conversely, that by knowing well his style one

can make a fair picture of the man. And "style" in this sense is something very different from a technical analysis of its component parts.

Miaskovsky has both admirers and detractors among the Russians, who admittedly know him best. Both agree, however, that he is a perfect musical counterpart to Dostoievsky, the novelist. Beneath much of the comment, be it favorable or otherwise, can be read also a corresponding appreciation or depreciation of Dostoievsky. The gloom, the darkness, the pessimism which traverses all the shades and degrees of a neurasthenic morbidity in the great Russian authors are also to be found in this latest Russian composer. Thus it is that Chaikovsky's Pathetic Symphony is the programmatic musical parent of the work of Miaskovsky. Thus his choice of the morbid Edgar Allan Poe's "Silence" as the subject of his first symphonic poem takes on new significance. Thus one understands why it is that through his work runs "a leit-motif of death."

Belaiev probably explains best Miaskovsky's preoccupation with these gloomy subjects:

> His music expresses a constant striving after an inaccessible state of disembodied, spiritual existence. This ideal reveals itself in a great variety of ways, but its fundamental otherwordliness remains unchanged. In trying to reconcile his ideal with the meanness of the surrounding world and the instability of human nature, Miaskovsky is forced to study life in all its aspects and his own relations to it, and thus his work reflects infinite breadth of understanding and sympathy, infinite love of nature, and an all-embracing comprehension of the aspirations of the human soul. His work leads the hearer to the greatest problem of human existence —the problem of death, symbolized by the mediæval theme of the "Dies Iræ," which plays a considerable part in his works as a recurrent motto. From the individuality to the world, and from the world to the riddle of its ultimate fate—this is the line of Miaskovsky's creative thought, freshly explored in every new work he writes.

Belaiev may thus be taken as representative of those who fully believe in the greatness of Miaskovsky. They idolize him in phrases such as "the standard-bearer of the Russian symphony," "the Musorgsky of the symphony." Mr. Lenoid Sabaneyev, in his book on modern Russian composers, represents a point of view somewhat less sympathtic, that attempts greater critical detachment. It is evident that the Dostoievsky-Miaskovsky pessimism or morbidity does not strike a responsive chord in Sabaneyev.

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pregnant theories.
nse of "advancing"
e is not a brilliant
genius of such elec-
le to compel general
ork. Sabaneyev goes
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But even so, Mias-
company. Many, if
egatives can be ap-
sky, and to go far-
s. These have won
er truth and power
e beauty and force
There is room for
ranks. Meanwhile,
s advocates admit
alone Miaskovsky
h to be known, his
tion and keeps the
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o those composers
raries judge with
who are eclectics,
but who have a
essage. History
worth. And it will
the worth and the
ssage. A. H. M.

Rudolph Ganz

can make a fair picture of the
And "style" in this sense is som
very different from a technical a
of its component parts.

—

Miaskovsky has both admirers a
tractors among the Russians, w
mittedly know him best. Both
however, that he is a perfect n
counterpart to Dostoievsky, the n
Beneath much of the comment, be
vorable or otherwise, can be read
corresponding appreciation or de
tion of Dostoievsky. The gloom, th
ness, the pessimism which traver
the shades and degrees of a neura
morbidity in the great Russian a
are also to be found in this lates
sian composer. Thus it is that Ch
sky's Pathetic Symphony is the pr
matic musical parent of the work o
kovsky. Thus his choice of the
Edgar Allan Poe's "Silence" as th
ject of his first symphonic poem ta
new significance. Thus one under
why it is that through his work r
leit-motif of death."

Belaiev probably explains best
kovsky's preoccupation with these g
subjects:

His music expresses a cons
striving after an inaccessible stat
disembodied, spiritual existence.
ideal reveals itself in a great var
of ways, but its fundamental ot
wordliness remains unchanged.
trying to reconcile his ideal with
meanness of the surrounding w
and the instability of human nat
Miaskovsky is forced to study lif
all its aspects and his own relat
to it, and thus his work reflects
nite breadth of understanding
sympathy, infinite love of nature,
an all-embracing comprehensior
the aspirations of the human
His work leads the hearer to
greatest problem of human exist
—the problem of death, symbol
by the mediæval theme of the "
Iræ," which plays a considerable
in his works as a recurrent m
From the individuality to the w
and from the world to the riddl
its ultimate fate—this is the lin
Miaskovsky's creative thought, fr
ly explored in every new work
writes.

Belaiev may thus be taken as
sentative of those who fully belie
the greatness of Miaskovsky. The
ize him in phrases such as "the sta
bearer of the Russian symphony,"
Musorgsky of the symphony." Mr. I
Sabaneyev, in his book on modern
sian composers, represents a poi
view somewhat less sympathtic, th
tempts greater critical detachmen
is evident that the Dostoievsky-Mia
sky pessimism or morbidity doe
strike a responsive chord in Saba

Listen to him debating with himself on the subject: "Occasionally it is as though Miaskovsky deliberately wished to strike us with extreme melancholy, with an oppressive poverty of thought, in order that we might feel the more glaringly the void caused by its absence. It he is a great artist then it cannot be otherwise. The composer's sincerity is not subject to doubt." Mr. Sabaneyev, in the course of his article, also questions (although tentatively) the value of many of Miaskovsky's musical ideas, his skill as an orchestral colorist, even at one point his constructive ability. This hostile point of view is also summed up in a phrase, "an inflated Glazunov."

Turning to the Miaskovsky of the impending Eighth symphony, one cannot but find him a constructive musician of high order. Whatever may have been the case in earlier works, in these four movements Miaskovsky has reared four magnificent structures. The ideas are musical, without any of the conscious striving after originality characteristic of much present music. The workmanship is masterful. The harmonic combinations run the gamut of emotion—pleasant and ingratiating, acrid, sinister, gloomy. The harshness of polytonality Miaskovsky assumes and discards at will, slipping into and out of it exactly as if it were any other idiom. The rhythms are now strong, now melliluously insinuating; the swing of some is akin to that of the waltz.

—

Miaskovsky belongs to those composers of whom one can speak more readily in negatives than in positives. He is not a great innovator, nor an exponent of new and pregnant theories. He makes no pretense of "advancing" musical progress, he is not a brilliant colorist, nor is he a genius of such electric force as to be able to compel general acceptance of his work. Sabaneyev goes even farther. "No special distinguishing marks," writes he! But even so, Miaskovsky is in good company. Many, if not most of these negatives can be applied also to Chaikovsky, and to go farther afield, to Brahms. These have won their place by the sheer truth and power of their ideas, by the beauty and force of the proclamation. There is room for newcomers in these ranks. Meanwhile, opponents as well as advocates admit that in Russia, where alone Miaskovsky has been heard enough to be known, his music holds the attention and keeps the admiration of the multitude. In sum, Miaskovsky belongs to those composers whom their contemporaries judge with difficulty; composers who are eclectics, rather than pioneers, but who have a strong individual message. History alone will decide their worth. And it will decide it according to the worth and the permanency of the message. A. H. M.

Rudolph Ganz

Eighth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 7, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 8, at 8.15 o'clock

Handel . . . . . Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra in B minor, No. 12

Largo—Allegro—Larghetto e piano—Largo—Allegro

Mahler . . "Das Lied von der Erde," Symphony for Tenor, Contralto and Orchestra ("Song of the Earth")

I. Das Trinklied vom Jammer der Erde. (Tenor)
(The Drinking Song of Earthly Woe.)
Poem of Li-Tai-Po (702-763)

II. Der Einsame im Herbst. (Contralto)
(Autumn Solitude.)
Poem of Tschang-Tsi (800)

III. Von der Jugend. (Tenor)
(Of Youth.)
Poem of Li-Tai-Po (702-763)

IV. Von der Schönheit. (Contralto)
(Of Beauty.)
Poem of Li-Tai-Po (702-763)

V. Der Trunkene im Frühling. (Tenor)
(The Drunkard in Spring-time.)
Poem of Li-Tai-Po (702-763)

VI. (a) In Erwartung des Freundes. (Contralto)
(Awaiting a Friend.)
Poem of Mong-Kao-Jen (Eighth Century)

(b) Der Abschied des Freundes. (Contralto)
(The Farewell of a Friend.)
Poem of Wang-Wei (Eighth Century)

Translation of Chinese Poems by Hans Bethge
(First Performance in Boston)

Tenor—GEORGE MEADER
Contralto—MADAME CHARLES CAHIER

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

A Slight Man May Make Vast Music

Returned at Last to Place in the Symphony Concerts

HLER'S
ORK BY
SYMPHONY

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ven With Voices,
First Time Here

Dec. 3. 1928.

WARREN STOREY SMITH

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SIX CHINESE POEMS

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Marvelously Beautiful Finale

Like many another work of acknowledged greatness, this "Song of the Earth" is not throughout its length of even worth and interest. There are passages wherein Mahler seems to have written a music intellectually calculated, and passages in which the musical thought is so reticent and so restrained as to be almost inarticulate. But at its best, as in the ineffably sad yet marvellously beautiful final section, the "Farewell of a Friend," it calls to mind certain of the supreme things in music—the last quartets of Beethoven, the third act of Wagner's "Tristan." But little below this nobly sorrowful page is the second song, "Autumn Solitude," music of rare poignancy and haunting loveliness.

And oddly enough for Mahler, who had just finished his Symphony of the Thousand, this beauty is often evoked by the simplest musical and orchestral means. Despite the literal sentiments of the poem, the fifth son, the "Drunkard in Springtime" rises here and there to heights of beauty, as though the text were a sort of symbolism. And if the third song, "Of Youth" and the fourth "Of Beauty," seem by comparison rather light and superficial, they are fashioned exquisitely, and they bring the needed element of contrast into a work predominantly sombre in tone.

Mme. Cahier a Singer

The effect of the first song, the "Drinking Song of Earthy Woe," might have been better realized yesterday had a tenor of ampler voice than Mr. Meader been pitted against the sonorities of Mahler and the zeal of Mr. Koussevitzky. Elsewhere Mr. Meader could be better understood, while for Mme. Cahier there can be nothing but unqualified praise. As though transfigured by the music she, and conductor and orchestra with her, attained in the final movement to a memorable and moving eloquence.

Handel's Concerto Grosso No. 12, in B minor, began a concert in which, exceptionally, there was no intermission. The audience may be said to have received the Symphony of Mahler with warmth. After each movement Mr. Koussevitzky was forced to restrain by an admonishing hand the applause that broke forth, and at the end it found full vent.

A Slight Man May Make

Returned at Last to Place in the Sym

MAHLER'S WORK BY SYMPHONY

"Song of the Earth" Given With Voices, First Time Here

Post Dec. 3. 1923.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Already deeply in Mr. Koussevitzky's debt, the public of the Symphony Concerts has now been placed under further obligation to him for the performance yesterday afternoon and this evening of Gustav Mahler's "Song of the Earth," a masterpiece of modern music written 10 years ago but until yesterday unheard in Boston.

SIX CHINESE POEMS

Composed between the gigantic Eighth and the uncompleted Ninth symphonies, this "Song of the Earth" is itself styled a symphony for tenor, contralto and orchestra, and may therefore be considered the ninth of the monumental series of which Boston had thus far heard only the First, the Second and Fifth.

Although Mahler lived three years after composing this setting of six Chinese poems of the eighth and ninth centuries, he was fated never to hear the work that is now generally held to be the crown of his career. Not until six months after his death, in November of 1911, was this "Lied von der Erde" brought to performance. Alternately the six sections of the piece are assigned to the tenor and the contralto, and these voices in the current performances at Symphony Hall fall to George Meader and Mme. Charles Cahier respectively. No mere accompaniment, the orchestral portion, truly symphonic in caracter and scored with an imaginative ingenuity altogether remarkable, is for much of the time sufficient unto itself. There are lengthy preludes, interludes and postludes, and often the voice-part, as in the Wagnerian music-drama, is important only for its delivery of the text.

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Globe Dec. 8. 1928

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Mme Charles Cahier and George Meader Heard in Vocal Solo Parts

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The exacting vocal solos were sung yesterday by Mme Charles Cahier, contralto, and George Meader, tenor. The concert began with Handel's Concerto Grosso in B minor, unheard here since 1905, in which the strings in the orchestra regained the tonal beauty and suavity which was once their constant glory. Owing to the unusual arrangement of the program, the customary intermission was omitted.

Mahler's work, never before given in Boston, is unique in structure. It is a curious experiment at combining the song cycle and the symphony. There are six parts, each with a vocal solo by either tenor or contralto interwoven with an elaborate orchestral background. Only in the last part is there a lengthy orchestral interlude. The texts are German adaptations of Chinese lyrics.

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Those whose vague memories of Mahler's Second and Fifth Symphonies heard here under Dr Muck, led them to expect that "Das Lied von der Erde" would be ponderous, intricate, baffling music, were agreeably disappointed.

This score is not really simple, but it sounds so. There is a constant flow of beautiful melody and ingratiating rythm, always with a half mocking note, always with an undercurrent of hopeless melancholy, which wells up and overflows poignantly in the end of the final part.

Despair has never been more movingly expressed in music than here. The hysterics and histrionics of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic Symphony" are not to be compared with it. Future historians are likely to note that the romantic movement in the arts ended in 1914. "Das Lied von der Erde" belongs to the era of Strauss' "Tod und Verklaerung" and Schoenberg's "Verklaerte Nacht." Its imaginative affinities are with Brahms and Wagner, not with Stravinsky or Hindemith, from whose work it is far removed as is a Schubert song from a Mozart air.

Mahler, judged by this work, was certainly a genius, but not a faultless one. His craftsmanship is that of a master, but he shares the worst fault of Wagner, needless prolixity. He might have said what he wanted to say in half the space with 10 times the effect on the average listener.

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P. R.

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The work is a symphony in six parts for tenor and contralto (alternating), and orchestra. The text is taken from Hans Bethge's "The Chinese Flute," a collection of verses said to be written by Chinese poets of the 8th and 9th centuries. Whether Bethge's translations into German are not really paraphrases; whether he dealt with these poets as Fitzgerald treated Omar Khayyam is not known to us. It is said that Mahler changed the Chinese poems somewhat "to express one predominating idea, withdrawal from the world." As a young man he studied diligently German philosophical works, and in his later years of trials and disappointments, his philosophy was that of the pessimist. The sixth poem of the symphony is considered as the farewell to his artistic career, authough he wrote two symphonic works after "The Song of the Earth." He is alone; he awaits death, yet the earth will still bloom, the sky will still be blue, when he has at last found rest.

Those who without undue prejudice judge Mahler, the composer, admitting his faults, discussing them at length, dwelling on undeniably fine qualities, regard "The Song of the Earth" as his most complete, his highest achievement, though they assert that his artistic life was greater than his own musical works, which greatly planned, did not attain fulfilment and were often imitative. The sincerity of the composer was never doubted; the failure to secure that for which he strove, is therefore the more pathetic.

He was of an intensely nervous nature. His life as a conductor—and he was a great conductor— the feverish atmosphere of the opera house—his going from city to city until his ability was recognized in Vienna and later at the Metropolitan, the death of a dearly loved child, the fact that he was a Jew who had turned Catholic—these with musical intrigues and controversies from which he suffered, gave him no mental or aesthetic poise. It was his ambition to continue the work of men he revered, Beethoven and Wagner. In spite of his indisputable talent he was not the man to do this. In the nearer approaches to the ideal that was in his mind he was simply an imitator; not a convincing, not even a plausible one.

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Boston has heard Mahler's second and fifth symphonies—huge "machines." What was found in them was found yesterday in "The Song of the Earth." Restlessness that at times became hysterical; reminders of Wagner, Berlioz, Strauss; melodies in folk-song vein, often naive, at times beautiful, but introduced as at random and quickly thrown aside; an over-employment of the wood-wind, used too often as solo instruments; passages for the brass which recall the fact that as a child Mahler delighted in military bands. Sudden changes from screaming outbursts to thin and inconsequential instrumentation; trivial moments when the hearer anticipated the movement of a country dance; diffuseness, prolixity that became boresome; an unwillingness to bring speech to an end; seldom genuine power or eloquence; yet here and there measures that linger in the memory. There is appropriate lightness and fantastic instrumentation in the sections "Of Youth" and "The Drunkard in Spring-time." The mood of the final section, gray and sad, would be impressive if it were not sustained beyond endurance. It was of this Finale that Adolf Weissman, who puts a high value on "The Song of the Earth," wrote: "It is an unforgettable experience to hear that 'Ewig' rendered by such a singer as Mme. Cahier in that mysterious, almost supernatural landscape . . . the farewell of a lonely spirit to a world in which it has dwelt as an alien."

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After it is all over what is now in the memory: the concerto of Handel with that nobly serene and beautiful slow movement that only the superb Handel could have written; the singing of Mme. Cahier, with or without one's thought of Mahler; and the orchestra led by Mr. Koussevitzky.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will comprise: Martinu's "La Symphonie"; Copland's Two Pieces for orchestra; Prokofieff's Violin concerto (Lea Luboshutz, violinist) and Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony. Herald. Dec. 8. 1928

NOTES and LINES

By PHILIP HALE

To W. G. C.: The author of "The Night Club" verses published in The Herald of Dec. 4 is Mr. Daniel M. Lyons. His name was accidentally omitted.

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The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, will, with the assistance of Mme. Cahier, contralto, and Mr. Maeder, tenor, perform Gustav Mahler's "Song of the Earth" this week. It will be heard here for the first time. There was a performance in Philadelphia in 1916. The verses to be sung are from a German translation or paraphrase of ancient Chinese poems. The first and only other composition to be played at the concerts this week is good old Handel's Concerto Grosso in B minor, No. 12. There will not be an intermission Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, but there will be a short pause after the performance of Handel's concerto to admit late comers.

Mme. Cahier was first known in Boston as Mrs. Morris Black. For several years she has been applauded in opera houses and concert halls of Europe. Since her return to the United States she has sung in opera (at Philadelphia) and in many concerts.

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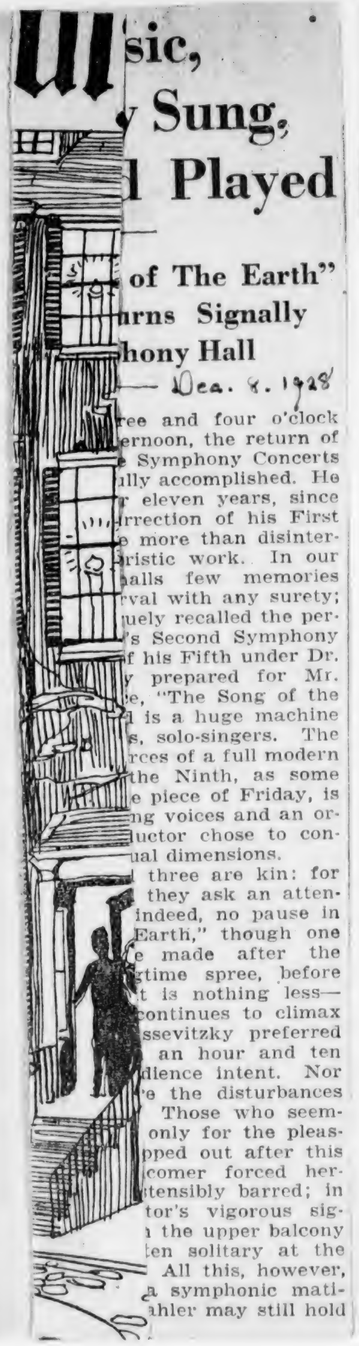
THE course of the music permits no intermission at the Symphony Concerts of Friday and Saturday. At the end of the first number—approximately at 2.50 in the afternoon and 8.35 in the evening—there will be a pause for the admission of late-comers. The doors will then be shut for the remainder of the concert.



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In one respect, all three are kin: for an hour and upward they ask an attentive ear. There is, indeed, no pause in "The Song of The Earth," though one might reasonably be made after the music of the springtime spree, before the tone-poem—for it is nothing less—with which Mahler continues to climax and close. Mr. Koussevitzky preferred no halt and through an hour and ten minutes kept the audience intent. Nor above the usual were the disturbances of Friday afternoon. Those who seemingly seek a concert only for the pleasure of leaving it, slipped out after this or that song; one incomer forced herself through doors ostensibly barred; in spite of the conductor's vigorous signalling, two women in the upper balcony clapped loud and often solitary at the end of each division. All this, however, is relative peace at a symphonic matinée, by which sign Mahler may still hold an audience.

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Symphony, it may have pleased Mahler to call these songs of the earth while some esoteric design may have given his acute and imaginative mind reason for the designation; but in the music there is no hint of symphonic structure. Tonally each of the six songs is a self-contained entity with no motivs or allusions to motivs to bind it to those that have preceded or will follow. The unity of design, such as it is, is a unity of matter, style and mood rather than of form and symbol. All the verses are verses of Chinese poets; often in the music, especially in the lighter middle pieces, the modulations and progressions, the instrumental and harmonic color, bear Chinese suggestion or what passes for it in the West. The first of the songs mourns the burden and the disillusion of living and doing; the vanity and the hollowness of terrestrial things; bids man turn to pleasure as solace for himself and bane to the ghosts that haunt him. The second song refines upon this weary and wo-

ful brooding. The third and fourth refine upon the pleasures that may for the time dispel it; the fifth turns them in another and homelier face. The sixth concentrates and consummates the woe of weariness, the disenchantment of striving, the longing for rest and parting from a world of the unfulfilled, yesterday, today, forever, time without end.

Ever-present in words and music is the age-old earth. In the first and the final songs it renews itself in bloom and strength while man wastes and passes. Or it is chill, empty and silent as in the second and, again, the last, of the soliloquies. Through the middle numbers it is seat of youth and sensuous desires, zestful, joyous, light-bathed. In such quality and course, within as well as without, not in any ordered symphonic structure, lies the unified design and the unified impression of this songbook—Mahler's Ecclesiastes or the Preacher in tones: "One generation passeth away and another generation cometh: but the earth abideth forever."

Contrary to Mahler's usual predilection for long-breathed, far-flung themes, the several songs spring from short motivs—one, two or three to each piece; in the final number many times repeated in more and more fragmentary iteration. These motivs are developed, transformed, interwoven, colored and harmonically enriched by the orchestra, while the tenor or the alto voice—in alternation through the six pieces—unfolds the verses in unsparing declamation. Sometimes Mahler uses a full orchestra in the modern sense of the word but never heavily or obscuringly. From four-score instruments and more, he can draw surprisingly light and glittering tone. Again, he prefers a fragment of his forces as when, more than once, he confides mournful melodies to violas, oboes, clarinets, horns, as though he would give them a single piercing voice. Seldom has he been more resourceful and versatile of hand, lighter of stroke and fancy, more sensitive and imaginative with harmonic and instrumental means than in the Chinese coloring that fills the songs of youth and beauty.

Often the music is intricate no less to eye than to ear; yet complex as are the means, it eventuates, page after page, in rare simplicity and directness of impression. Only with the setting of the final song—a veritable symphonic poem to which the alto voice is intermittent obbligato—comes suggestion of music overworked until it is stripped bare and dry. Even there, intensity of mood, the unescapable personal note, save the day. Mahler is emptying his spirit of the stuff that

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"Song of the Earth" in Boston

Monitor Dec. 8, 1928.

By L. A. SLOPER

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Mahler, the composer, is not without honor save outside his own country. Mahler, the conductor, was generally praised from Vienna to New York; but when he set down notes on ruled paper, the results divided the world into two sections, one of which was Central Europe. And even there, Germany is said to be far more restrained than Austria in its enthusiasm over Mahler's compositions. Until this week, Boston had known little of these works beyond the Second and the Fifth Symphonies, and some songs. Mr. Koussevitzky, back from his week's respite, proffered the first Boston performance of "The Song of the Earth," enlisting the services of Mme. Charles Cahier, the original singer of the contralto part, and Mr. George Meader, tenor.

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Clearly, too, Mahler's melancholy gained in effect by being set in succession to an example of the Russian variety. How could a Viennese—though an adopted one—take anything, even his own sorrow, too seriously? Tchaikovsky, Scriabin, Miaskovsky—they must lie on their backs, like naughty children, and scream their displeasure. Let us not blame them; it is their nature. But neither can we sympathize with them. Their grief lacks dignity. Their ululations end by boring us.

But the Mahler of this symphony for two voices and orchestra commands our respect, as a musician and as a man. For as a musician, although he has perhaps added nothing to the symphonic art, and even owes a rather patent debt to some of his predecessors, in particular Wagner, he nevertheless displays a vigorous melodic gift, a superior craftsmanship, a keen harmonic sense, a mastery of orchestral means. Here is an enormous orchestra, used for the most part as if for chamber music. Reliance is placed not on turgidity but on expressiveness. The musical material, like the emotion, is controlled. The man is revealed by his score. He suffers, but with fortitude; he grieves, but he is not too sorry for himself.

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ful brooding. The third and fo
fine upon the pleasures that may
time dispel it; the fifth turns
another and homelier face. Th
concentrates and consummates
of weariness, the disenchantment
ing, the longing for rest and parti
a world of the unfulfilled, yester
day, forever, time without end.

Ever-present in words and n
the age-old earth. In the first
final songs it renews itself in blo
strength while man wastes and
Or it is chill, empty and silent a
second and, again, the last, of th
quies. Through the middle nur
is seat of youth and sensuous
zestful, joyous, light-bathed.
quality and course, within as
without, not in any ordered
phonic structure, lies the unified
and the unified impression of th
book—Mahler's Ecclesiastes
Preacher in tones: "One generatio
eth away and another generation
but the earth abideth forever."

Contrary to Mahler's usual pred
for long-breathed, far-flung them
several songs spring from short m
one, two or three to each piece;
final number many times repea
more and more fragmentary it
These motivs are developed, transl
interwoven, colored and harmonic
riched by the orchestra, while th
or the alto voice—in alternation t
the six pieces—unfolds the verses
sparing declamation. Sometimes
uses a full orchestra in the moder
of the word but never heavily or
ingly. From four-score instrume
more, he can draw surprisingl
and glittering tone. Again, he pr
fragment of his forces as when
than once, he confides mournful m
to violas, oboes, clarinets, hor
though he would give them a singl
ing voice. Seldom has he been
resourceful and versatile of hand,
of stroke and fancy, more sensiti
imaginative with harmonic and
mental means than in the Chinese
ing that fills the songs of yout
beauty.

Often the music is intricate no
eye than to ear; yet complex as a
means, it eventuates, page after p
rare simplicity and directness of i
sion. Only with the setting of the final
song—a veritable symphonic poem to
which the alto voice is intermittent obbligato—comes suggestion of music overworked until it is stripped bare and dry. Even there, intensity of mood, the unescapable personal note, save the day. Mahler is emptying his spirit of the stuff that haunted and harried it, stirring his hearers to sympathy and relief. He is writing his tone-poem of the unfulfilled for testament and memory. He has earned his lengths. Forgive him his repetitions.

Nowhere has Mahler written with more lightness than in the Song of Youth, a willow-pattern in Chinese tones, piquant with rhythm, bright with color, plastic of motion, delicate of suggestion, simple always—the silken sheen of exotic music. Beside it goes the Song of Beauty when it pictures the maidens plucking the lotus flowers by the stream, eyes raised and shining toward the swains at their sport beyond the bank. They afford the contrasting passage—of the racing steeds—in which Mahler churns the orchestra into fiery motion flinging off as fiery colors. In the song of the springtime spree he summons the homeliness of voice that often sings out of the journeyman's songs; for like many a Viennese composer from Beethoven to Bruckner and beyond, Mahler knows peasant humor.

In this song of the toper, moreover, when the bird sings down to him, when from sky to earth the world blooms around him, Mahler paints in his brightest tonal colors. At the other end of his palette are the tints that blend into as illusory tone-picture of the chill and dead autumnal earth in the second song and of the empty and toil-worn earth wrapped in the solace of the sleep that is forgetting. Perhaps the final measures of this song of farewell are the last that Mahler set to paper—drooping horns, wistful oboe, mourning strings, the sighing and visioning voice. If they are so, then at the end he gained for an instant his goal of a music that into beauty should open dreams and secrets. . . . Such a piece was bound to kindle Mr. Koussevitzky. To Mahler's orchestral mastery he joined his own. The exotic touches his fancy and quickens his hand—and here through the middle pieces ran a Chinoiserie. And what Russian has thought more darkly of the world and the soul, stretched himself upon a sharper rack of disillusion than this Bohemian-Austrian Jew; out of such obsession vanished into ghostly shadows. The conductor, re-creating, matched the temperament that had created—and better shunned excess.

H. T. P.

"Song of the Earth" in Boston

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Mr. Koussevitzky opened the concert with Handel's Concerto Grosso in B minor, No. 12. It was a performance distinguished by its sonority and balance. There was some sensitive solo work by Messrs. Burgin and Theodorowicz, violinists, and Bedetti, cellist. Nevertheless there is still room for betterment in the string ensemble. We should like not to be able to hear the concertmaster enter ahead of his colleagues. And we have a notion that if the conductor's beat were a little more definite this improvement would be achieved.

Händel

Ninth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 14, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 15, at 8.15 o'clock

Martinŭ . . . . . "La Symphonie"
(First Performance)

Copland . . . . . Two Pieces for String Orchestra
(First Performance)

Prokofieff . . . . . Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 19
I. Andantino.
II. Scherzo.
III. Moderato.

Beethoven . . . . Symphony No. 6, in F major, Op. 68, "Pastorale"
I. Awakening of serene impressions on arriving in the country; Allegro, ma non troppo.
II. Scene by the brookside: Andante molto moto.
III. Jolly gathering of country folk: Allegro; in tempo d'allegro Thunderstorm; Tempest: Allegro.
IV. Shepherd's Song; Gladsome and thankful feelings after the storm: Allegretto.

SOLOIST

LEA LUBOSHUTZ

STEINWAY PIANO USED

There will be an intermission before the symphony

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

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From A Mind, Music

Martinu

Again The Symphony Concerts Open to Him

MUSIC

Symphony Concert

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the ninth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, given in Symphony hall, yesterday afternoon, was as follows: Martinu, "La Symphonie"; Copland, Two pieces for string orchestra. Prokofieff, Concerto for violin and orchestra; Beethoven, "Pastoral" symphony. Lea Luboshutz was the solo violinist. The pieces by Martinu and Copland were performed for the first time.

Even if the hearer had not been informed that Martinu's "Symphonie" was composed in remembrance of the presentation of the first Czekoslovakian flag to the first regiment of that country at Darney, France, in June, 1918—"the first grand solemn act in the independence of Czechoslovakia"—he would have been aware at the beginning of the performance that there was military, patriotic jubilation. Here is no "symphony" in the present meaning of the word. In years gone by an overture, a prelude or postlude to a song or chorus, a bit of incidental music to a play, was called a symphony. One may, if one pleases, speak of Martinu's composition as a symphony in three movements without pause, but the composer prefers to speak of it as "a grand march with a melodic contrast." This section of contrast—is it based on some folk song, or written in folk song spirit? Is it a reminder of past oppression and suffering? It is in an elegaic mood, beautiful, and treated with an impressive simplicity. As in Martinu's "La Begarre" ("Tumult") there is in the first and the closing sections the rhythmic urge and frenzy peculiar to this man of talent. The whole impression made by "La Symphonie" is, with the needed contrasting measures excepted, the expression of a jubilant crowd, delirious in their joy, discordant at times in the shouting to the heavens. It is true that Beethoven portrayed the same popular and tumultuous emotion in the last section of his "Egmont" overture, and took less time in doing it, but Martinu succeeds in maintaining the excitement, the hysteria of rejoicing. Unlike the music of certain contemporary composers who rely chiefly on rhythm, there is in "La Symphonie," the carrying out of a set purpose; if rhythmic patterns are repeated and repeated, it is as if the exulting people only grew more and more exalted at the thought of triumph and freedom. There is a refreshing solidity to this music, not frittered away by experiments in orchestral variants and digressions. The fugued pages towards the end are those that one might the most easily spare.

Mr. Copland's Two Pieces were first written for a string quartet: the second, a Rondino, in 1923; the first, a slow movement was completed last April. Of the two, the Rondino is the more effective, the more interesting in its new form. The slow movement begins in a promising manner, but it is not so firmly knit, so expressive in sentiment. As the music is playing one is tempted to say that Mr. Copland's joy is that of The Miller in the song: "To Wonder." The pieces, however, are more musical than his piano concerto and organ symphony, which have been performed here. It is a fair question to ask whether this composer is not more fortunate in the smaller forms. No one, hearing the Two Pieces, could again consider him as anti-Christ in music, or a musical bolshevik of dark and sinister deeds.

Prokofieff's violin concerto was first played in this country by Mr. Burgin three and a half years ago. The concerto well bears closer acquaintance by the brilliance of the taxing solo part and by the charmingly original instrumentation of many pages. Yesterday Miss Luboshutz, who is at the head of the Curtis music school in Philadelphia and the leader of the Curtis string quartet, was the soloist. Her performance was spirited, intelligent, excellent. Prokofieff does not favor the soloist with sweet romanzas or the opportunity to display emotional feeling to any noticeable extent. He seems to have entrusted his sensuous measures to the orchestra. And so the concerto is far from the traditional idea of a commanding violin and an obsequious accompaniment. It might be interesting to hear the concerto without the solo violin, but as it stands the work is highly original, pleasingly fantastic. Miss Luboshutz was heartily applauded—and deservedly.

Mr. Koussevitzky's sane and at the same time poetic reading of the "Pastoral" symphony is known. No doubt some of the ultra-conservatives allow the entrance of the cuckoo—though the name of the bird is unpleasing to the married ear—because the great Beethoven introduced it.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Bach, Brandenburg Concerto, No. 4. Satie-Debussy, "Gymnopedies." Ravel, Rapsodie Espagnole, Block, "America" (first performance).

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Martinu's 'La Symphonie' in First Performance

Prokofieff's Violin Concerto Played by Lea Luboshutz

Two pieces for String Orchestra, by Aaron Copland, and Martinu's "La Symphonie," both performed for the first time anywhere, were the novelties on yesterday's Symphony concert program. Lea Luboshutz made her Boston debut as soloist in Prokofieff's concerto for violin. Beethoven's Sixth Symphony was the concluding number.

Copland, known here from other works as perhaps the most notable of the younger generation of American composers, wrote the two pieces heard yesterday for string quartet, one of them, a rondino, in his student days at Paris in 1923, the other last Spring. Last Summer at the MacDowell Colony in Peterboro, N H, he rescored them for string orchestra.

The "Lento molto" written last Spring is a grave, flowing melody rather in the spirit of some of Stravinsky's recent slow movements, such as that in the piano concerto. Though there are suggestions of the style of 17th and 18th century composers Copland like Stravinsky has not "played the sedulous ape" to anyone in particular. His melody and harmony are of notable originality and beauty. Here is a young man willing and able to write as he feels. The performance was eloquent.

The little rondino written as a student exercise is a curious piece of ingenuity. The notes of the chief theme were designed, according to the composer, to spell the name "Gabriel Faure." After reading a detailed explanation of how this improbable feat is accomplished, perhaps a listener might detect it by looking at the score, but one doubts if anyone merely hearing the rondino performed would ever have fond Faure's name concealed like an acrostic in the notes.

How many listeners to Schumann's "Carnaval" ever read the riddle of his "Sphinxes," which is "Asch" the name of a town in Bohemia; yet that is simple, at least in German notation, compared with Mr Copland's remarkable homage to Faure. The rondino is fluent and agreeable but not memorable music. There was a considerable amount of applause, but the composer did not come forward to acknowledge it. One wishes other composers would follow this admirable example.

Martinu, a Czech living in Paris, is remembered here by his "Bagarre" played last season. The program decorously translated this French word as "tumult," though "rumpus" would be much more literal. The piece heard yesterday, though entitled "La Symphonie," has nothing to do with symphonies either in form or in content. It is another "rumpus," this time a patriotic one, suggested by "the historic scene when the first Czecho-Slovak flag was presented to the first Czecho-Slovak regiment in 1918." The music is like a reminiscence of a military march, interrupted by recollections of patriotic airs. Tchaikovsky's "1812" is perhaps its nearest musical analogue. Martinu's modernistic rowdiness is rather too self-conscious to ring true. Clever manipulation of rhythms is the most remarkable characteristic of a piece not otherwise notable.

Miss Luboshutz, who has appeared in other cities in joint recital with Josef Hofmann, teaches at the Curtis Institute. Her technique proved amply adequate for the considerable difficulties of Prokofieff's concerto, first heard here three years since from Mr Burgin. She was cordially applauded.

This concerto, like the other modern pieces heard yesterday, suffers from the excessive ingenuity, the self-conscious cleverness that deadens the imaginations of so many 20th-century artists. Prokofieff's scherzo is an amusing "stunt" piece in the genre of Bazzini's "Ronde des Lutins." The other two movements also fail to stir the listener's emotions.

Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony" was not well played. The staccati in the first movement were not neatly executed. There were too many sloppy attacks, too many passages where one group of instruments completely drowned out another. Mr Koussevizky succeeded, however, in making the thunderstorm more plausible than usual, and in giving a romantic tone to the "Scene by the Brook."

This symphony is one of Beethoven's most characteristic works, revealing the strength and the weakness of his imagination. The theme of the finale is unsurpassed among his lyric melodies, yet his treatment of it reminds one of the remark by some Englishman that "Beethoven seemed always trying to say things for which the words had not yet been invented."

The program for next week includes a Bach Brandenburg concerto in G major, Satie's "Gymnopedies," Ravel's "Spanish Rhapsody," and the first performance of Bloch's prize composition, "America," in which the Harvard Glee Club will assist.

P. R.

Three Moderns For Pleasures And Penalties

Martinu, Copland, Prokofiev, Through a Variegated Symphony Concert

THROUGH the intermission at the Symphony Concert superior persons grumbled. Plainly the new pieces from Martinu and Mr. Copland were no masterworks. Not long would they linger in any repertory. At best both were "occasional." With emotion Martinu had seen the first Czechoslovakian flag handed to the first Czechslovakian regiment; into music had transmuted scene and sensation. Sorting his papers, Mr. Copland had come upon two movements for string quartet written five years apart; as summer task had scored them for full string choir. Mr. Koussevitzky, considerate of young composers in whom he believes, had accepted both manuscripts; allotted them a third of a Symphony Concert when countless masterpieces from Bach to Bloch lay mute upon the shelves. The grousers groused: the gong rang; all concerned sat down to Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony." Of that, as the Grand Inquisitor puts it in "The Gondoliers, there could be no possible, probable shadow of doubt.

Yet why talk of masterworks when Martinu's "La Symphonie" and Mr. Copland's Lento and Rondino are in question? Or why pretend to have expected either to be such? When these grumblers receive from the bookseller a parcel of new novels, they are content if it contains amusing stuff, discloses current and promising talents. They go to the play, and a well-flavored comedy or a full-fashioned drama gives them pleasure. They turn into the picture-show. No Velasquez and no Cézanne there await them; but they are well pleased to see "what the new men are doing." Why then apply this perpetual test of masterpieces to the one art of music much-enduring? For no sane reason that can be discovered or invented—unless it be that sorry thing which is custom. Year in and year out, in any

f symphony concerts, the fre- hear much Bach and Beethoven, and Debussy, hear them usually Must everything else aspire to talted standards? Must we pass s and nights, as the rhetoric of plaisance has it, in unbroken nion with the masterpieces?" man being, unless he were fos- with self-righteousness, could en- ch an existence in the arts. or literature, painting or the would stiffen into rigor mortis such conditions. If an art is en of our own time are working f we care at all about it, except l for our assumed superiorities, to know what they are doing. odds it is the obligation of sym- concerts to renew at due interval sterpieces of music. It is equally ligation to make the musical dis- , to publish the musical news, present hour. When Mr. Koussesets on a program these pieces tinu and Mr. Copland he is disg an essential part of his duty luctor, in the autumn of 1928, of strious orchestra playing to an nt public. As reasonably talk of pieces when one shuts the covers Bridge of San Luis Rey"; drops ee the newest John; sits before s latest piece?

r though they may be, both "nov- were interesting and pleasurable nselves; while on the lap of time, where else, rests their future. In lays or any other, masters that are not, to be have written cases. Only last week at the Sym- Concerts Handel turned off one while all the solemnities and supe- s bowed before it because, for- Handel is a classic. Yet he was m that in the year of grace, 1739, e handed these Concerti Grossi to isher. In this autumn of 1928, ot Martinu and Mr. Copland have eir opportunity?

Inu stood by at a military spec- sensation and emotion stirred in Ie casts them into a large-framed, ced march-movement—and sub- it. His musical material escapes nplace; bears witness to tense and g mood; moves in reiterated s, harder and harder driving; sonorities like a rich vesture; exonce into songful measures that he ear, diffuse emotion, exhale t sensuous bitter-sweetness which ltage to the Czechs of tones. for those that hear also with hinds, Martinu, seeking a form uld suit his sensations and imag- has experimented with a contrac- the orthodox symphonic struc- Enough surely for one composer piece upon a single afternoon.

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This concerto, like the other modern pieces heard yesterday, suffers from the excessive ingenuity, the self-conscious cleverness that deadens the imaginations of so many 20th-century artists. Prokofieff's scherzo is an amusing "stunt" piece in the genre of Bazzini's "Ronde des Lutins." The other two movements also fail to stir the listener's emotions.

Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony" was not well played. The staccati in the first movement were not neatly executed. There were too many sloppy attacks, too many passages where one group of instruments completely drowned out another. Mr Koussevizky succeeded, however, in making the thunderstorm more plausible than usual, and in giving a romantic tone to the "Scene by the Brook."

This symphony is one of Beethoven's most characteristic works, revealing the strength and the weakness of his imagination. The theme of the finale is unsurpassed among his lyric melodies, yet his treatment of it reminds one of the remark by some Englishman that "Beethoven seemed always trying to say things for which the words had not yet been invented."

The program for next week includes a Bach Brandenburg concerto in G major, Satie's "Gymnopedies," Ravel's "Spanish Rhapsody," and the first performance of Bloch's prize composition, "America," in which the Harvard Glee Club will assist.

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series of symphony concerts, the frequenters hear much Bach and Beethoven, Brahms and Debussy, hear them usually at best. Must everything else aspire to these exalted standards? Must we pass our days and nights, as the rhetoric of self-complaisance has it, in unbroken "communion with the masterpieces?"

No human being, unless he were fossilized with self-righteousness, could endure such an existence in the arts. Music or literature, painting or the theater, would stiffen into rigor mortis under such conditions. If an art is alive, men of our own time are working in it. If we care at all about it, except as ritual for our assumed superiorities, we wish to know what they are doing. By all odds it is the obligation of symphony concerts to renew at due interval the masterpieces of music. It is equally their obligation to make the musical discoveries, to publish the musical news, of the present hour. When Mr. Koussevitzky sets on a program these pieces of Martinu and Mr. Copland he is discharging an essential part of his duty as conductor, in the autumn of 1928, of an illustrious orchestra playing to an intelligent public. As reasonably talk of masterpieces when one shuts the covers of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey"; drops in to see the newest John; sits before O'Neill's latest piece?

Minor though they may be, both "novelties" were interesting and pleasurable in themselves; while on the lap of time, and nowhere else, rests their future. In these days or any other, masters that are, or are not, to be have written casual pieces. Only last week at the Symphony Concerts Handel turned off one such; while all the solemnities and superiorities bowed before it because, forsooth, Handel is a classic. Yet he was far from that in the year of grace, 1739, when he handed these Concerti Grossi to a publisher. In this autumn of 1928, may not Martinu and Mr. Copland have also their opportunity?

Martinu stood by at a military spectacle; sensation and emotion stirred in him. He casts them into a large-framed, full-voiced march-movement—and sublimates it. His musical material escapes commonplace; bears witness to tense and kindling mood; moves in reiterated rhythms, harder and harder driving; wears sonorities like a rich vesture; expands once into songful measures that seize the ear, diffuse emotion, exhale into that sensuous bitter-sweetness which is heritage to the Czechs of tones. Maybe, for those that hear also with their minds, Martinu, seeking a form that would suit his sensations and imaginings, has experimented with a contraction of the orthodox symphonic structure. Enough surely for one composer in one piece upon a single afternoon.

Mr. Copland with his two pieces is also in good case. The other day in these columns, someone was saying that the young modernists have no melody, cannot write it, if they would. One answer is the melody, single-voiced, unbroken, unflagging, that fills Mr. Copland's slow movement. It has substance, shape and fertility; by design but without labor it never relaxes the chosen pace; the harmony, the distribution of the string choir, round and support it. The sensuous ear takes pleasure; the mind follows close the progress; between composer and hearer flows the changeless mood. Mr. Copland has written a singularly complete and self-contained little piece; in miniature it is rather a tour de force gently accomplished. As pendant he sets a brief Rondino all artifice and delicate syncopation, both adroitly contrived. When poets would so amuse themselves they write triolets, vilanelles and the like, and no one misjudges them. They are taking their pleasure in belles-lettres and metrical forms, sharing it with us who read. There is a similar field in music and upon it in this Rondino Mr. Copland is no graceless performer. Again enough for two pieces from one pen on a single afternoon. There is no need to talk of masterpieces until the masterpiece comes and rends the composer's vitals. It would be a torturing process—every day.

Nor need our grumblers be quite so sure that these "novelties" from living hands forthwith descend into oblivion. Four years ago next spring Mr. Burgin played Prokofiev's Concerto for Violin upon the platform of Symphony Hall. Yesterday, on that selfsame stage, Miss Lea Luboshutz repeated it, and first impressions were renewed and deepened upon a far more receptive audience. Into a withering form, Prokofiev infuses like-giving injections. There are departures from orthodox structure. The musical substance, the mood that has engendered it, the composer's warming purpose, condition shape and movement. There are no deliberately displayful passages for the solo-instrument. Prokofiev asks much of it and of the violinist, but always in union or interplay with the orchestra. The moods are not the conventional moods of concertos. They are rooted in native wildness; they enter, declare themselves, give way to others, briefly, fitfully. They draw sap from the folk-song of the composer's native Russia; upspring from the ardors and candors of his own temperament. For no velvet- coated virtuoso in no orthodox mold of the concert-hall goes the whiplash scherzo—stinging rhythms, short phrases flinging up and down. The finale pushes its way into tonal being; out-

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The new and the old sharply divided the Symphony concert of yesterday afternoon. Before the intermission came compositions by three out-and-out moderns, Martinu, Copland and Prokofieff, the first two in their initial performances. After the pause the audience was permitted to rest and refresh its ears with the suavities of Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," a work that has always received from Mr. Koussevitzky a particularly happy interpretation.

MARTINU'S CONTRIBUTION

The piece by Martinu, by title "La Symphonie," is the second composition by this Parisianized Czech to be heard at the Symphony Concerts. Its predecessor of last season, "The Tumult" aimed to suggest such excitments as those of a crowd at a football game. "La Symphonie," which is in fact not a symphony at all, was written in memory of the ceremony at Darney, France, when the first Czechoslovakian flag was presented to the first Czechoslovakian regiment. Martinu, then, finds his inspiration in the world of events, and he writes with a great muscularity and vigor, stressing rhythm at the expense of other factors. In "The Tumult" this energy is unremitting. In "La Symphonie" there is a quasi-melodic interlude for English horn solo accompanied by chords for the strings.

Had "La Symphonie" been briefer its effects would have been greater. Renewed when the interlude is done, Mr. Martinu's vigors after a time begins to pall.

Lento Molto Is Reposeful

From Mr. Copland comes ever the unexpected. The first piece by this young Brooklynite to be heard in Boston, the Symphony for organ and orchestra, proclaimed him a musically dangerous character. It was Walter Damrosch who declared that the man who could write a piece like this might some day commit murder. Yet the second Copland work to be made known to us by Mr. Koussevitzky, the Music for the Theatre, revealed genuine fancy. The hopes inspired by this ingenious and grateful composition were, however, soon after dashed by the extravagant Concerto for piano and orchestra. But now in the Lento Molto for strings of yesterday's concert we find Mr. Copland attempting, and not altogether unsuccessfully, to pour the new harmonic wine into the old bottles of the Bachian or Handelian Adagio.

There is in this piece a classic breadth, dignity and repose, if no marked melodic inventiveness. Its companion piece, also for strings, composed in 1923, is of less importance. The notes of its chief theme are taken, either as letters or syllabic names, from the name Gabriel Faure G-A-B-re-si-E-la, etc., a procedure adopted at the time of Faure's death by several of his countrymen. But vital tunes come not this way, and Mr. Copland's recurring theme has little distinction. Nor do the contrasting matter and the musical treatment bring compensation.

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pulses and inexhaustible fertility; a Con-
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sprang; a Concerto alive because it breaks
half the rules and gives good musical rea-
son for such incontinence. It taxes the
violinist; yet Miss Luboshutz, once prote-
gée of Josef Hofmann, not once dimin-
ished it as free and full musical speech. It
demands a native wildness and her tem-
perament answered to the call. It is cut
and thrust, unless Prokofiev stays for
folk song, and Miss Luboshutz can make
rhythms bite and phrases shrill. No
doubt Prokofiev has disordered the con-
certo-parlor; but it no longer smells of
mildew; turmoil, if the hearer likes, but
also air and light.

Mr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra
have found the way, for these days, with
the Pastoral Symphony. They are con-
tent to charm. The conductor's hand is
light; he phrases gracefully; keeps the
pace alert, the rhythm rippling; turns
the harmonic and instrumental colors
into pastel-tints; is all for sunny and
transparent tone; would be as simple-
minded and humorsome as Beethoven
himself. The great Ludwig took his ease
and his sport when he meandered the
pleasant Viennese countryside. He was
no romantic, awed, exalted and frenetic
before Nature with a very large N. He
may even have missed some of the emo-
tions that Monsieur d' Indy and the pro-
gram-book lavishly assign him. For
music-making, his Nature was the gentle,
prettified Nature of eighteenth-century
poets. He was comforted and pleasured;
his spirits brightened; he gave fancy wing.

To this day, the bright texture, the
singing voice, the poetizing imagination
of the first two movements have little
aged. Hear, for rare sensation, a
Beethoven who lets his melodies ramble;
spins filagree; is content with the calm
loveliness of musical sounds. Note for
note Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra
deepen the general and particular de-
light. Through Part Two—the playful
peasants, the thunder-storm in the
drums, the shepherd's piping, the song
of thanksgiving—it all depends. Naïve
listeners may still hear and believe.
Others will take their pleasure in Mr.
Koussevitzky's water-color brush and in
the virtuosi of the orchestra. Bassoon,
oboe, flute, clarinet, horns and strings,
they point Beethoven's humors, gild for
his sake many a commonplace. As "mas-
terpiece." the Pastoral splits midway.

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Lea Luboshutz Soloist With Boston Orchestra

The imagination of Bohuslav Martinŭ seems to be running of late in open spaces; not empty ones, but those populated by surging crowds and by imposing pageants. Last year the Boston Symphony Orchestra produced his "La Bagarre," which was intended to portray the tension of spectators at a football game, and was dedicated to the memory of Lindbergh's landing at Bourget. At Symphony Hall yesterday, Mr. Koussevitzky conducted the first performance of the composer's "La Symphonie." The title is somewhat mystifying. The work, though well built, is not the apotheosis of the symphonic form.

This musical historian now offers us a souvenir of the scene at Darney, France, when with much ceremony the first Czechoslovakian flag was presented to the first Czechoslovakian regiment, marking the Nation's independence. It was natural that Martinŭ should have been stirred by this event and that he should have wished to make a historical musical painting of it. No doubt the success of his previous landscape encouraged him, too.

In the rhythms that represent the movements of the crowd there is much that is reminiscent of the earlier effort. But this is not all. There is a melody of the folk type, given to the English horn (and beautifully played by Mr. Speyer), which evidently represents melancholy racial memories; and there is a majestic march doubtless intended to convey the military pomp of the occasion. This last owes something to Moussorgsky—the Slavic pageantry outshines the French. As a whole, not great music, but a well-made, entertaining bit of work. Yet the Friday afternoon audience did not recall the conductor even once.

Mr. Copland, author of the well-liked "Music for the Theater" and the much-debated Piano Concerto, was represented on this program by "Two Pieces for Orchestra of Strings." These were composed for string quartet and performed by the Lenox Quartet at a Copland-Sessions Concert of contemporary music in New York last season. One, a Rondino, was written in 1923; the other, Lento Molto, was finished last April. Both were scored last summer for orchestra. Mr. Copland has announced that he has forsworn jazz, which played a prominent part in his past compositions. And in fact, there is little trace of it even in the older of these two pieces. They might have been written together. Both are melodious, pleasing and undistinguished.

Far more novel than a musical novelty in Mr. Koussevitzky's programs is the appearance of a soloist. Yesterday Lea Luboshutz was heard in Prokofieff's Violin Concerto, which was first played in America by Mr. Burgin, concertmaster of the Boston Orchestra, three years ago. The favorable impression made by the music at that time was renewed on the present occasion. The soloist distinguished herself by the apparent ease with which she conquered the difficulties of her part, making no effort to display her technical proficiency, but rather employing it in conjunction with the orchestra for the projection of the composer's musical thought.

As concluding number, Mr. Koussevitzky offered for contrast with all these modernists the simple joys of Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony, bestowing upon it as much care as he had given the less familiar works, and bringing it to a charming realization.

L. A. S.

Tenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 21, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 22, at 8.15 o'clock

Bach . . . . . Brandenburg Concerto No. 4 in G major for Violin, Two Flutes and String Orchestra

Satie . . . . . "Gymnopédies" (Orchestrated by Debussy)

Ravel . . . . . Rapsodie Espagnole

I. Prélude à la Nuit
II. Malagueña
III. Habanera
IV. Feria ("The Fair")

Bloch . . . . . America, An Epic Rhapsody

I. Poco lento
(. . . . -1620)
II. Allegretto
(1861-1865)
III. Allegro con spirito
(1926- . . . .)
(First time in Boston)

There will be an intermission after Ravel's "Rapsodie Espagnole"

A lecture on this programme will be given by Mr. John P. Marshall on Thursday, December 20, at 5.15 o'clock in the Lecture Hall, Boston Public Library.

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

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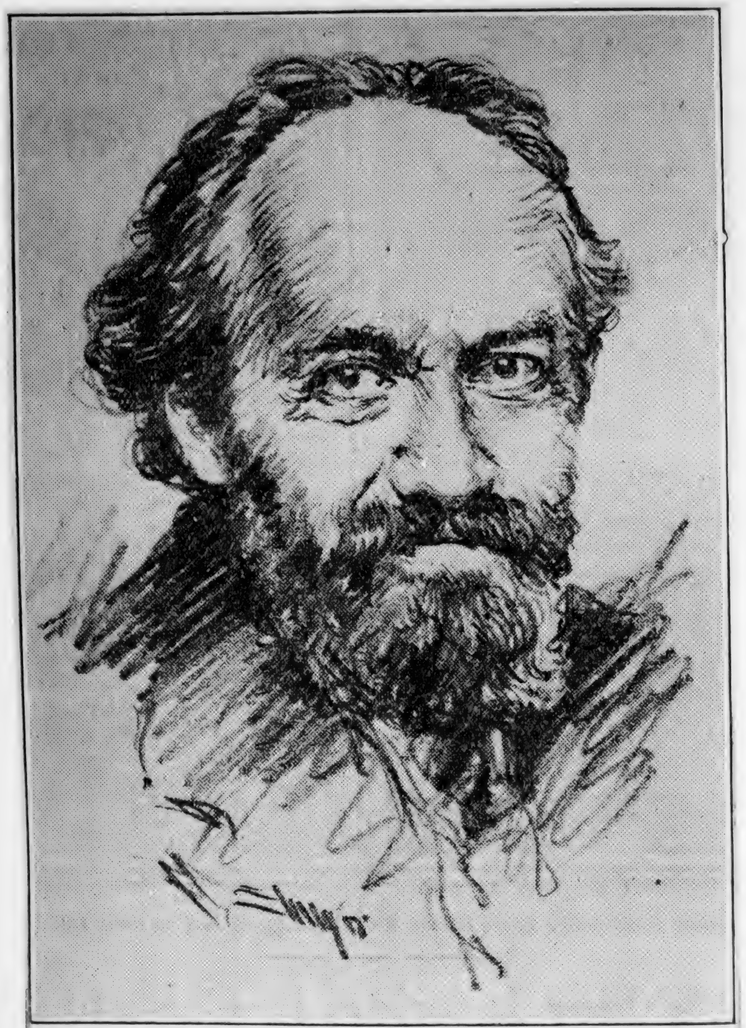

ERNEST BLOCH

MUSIC

BLOCH'S "AMERICA"

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, gave its 10th concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program comprised Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony; Ravel's "The Waltz," and Bloch's "America: an Epic Rhapsody in Three Parts." Members of the Radcliffe Choral Society and the Harvard Glee Club sang the hymn at the end of "America." The rhapsody was performed in Boston for the first time.

One can be a "100 per cent. American" without being excited over Mr. Bloch's panoramic, dioramic musical history and glorification of the United States. He attempted to portray in tones the North American Indians, the Mayflower leaving England, the landing of the Pilgrims and their trials and tribulations, the years of the civil war, the materialism and the mechanization (with anvils in the score) of the present age, the return of spiritual progress and hopes, and the United States handing out the hand of friendship to all the nations of the earth. A formidable task, indeed. And all this in one rhapsody.

The score is annotated with quotations from Walt Whitman. It is dedicated to his memory and to the memory of Lincoln. The titles of the tunes introduced from those of the Indians and "Old Hundred" to "I went to the hop joint" and the "Coon-can Game," are given: a thoughtful precaution on the part of Mr. Bloch, for a few of them are hardly recognizable in the performance on account of the thick instrumentation.

The first section ". . . 1620" is the most musical and the most interesting of the three. The Indian tunes have character and are not too sophistically treated. The contrast between the exultation of the arriving Pilgrims and their hours of depression and danger is well brought forward. The remaining portions of the rhapsody are too often bombastic after the manner of Mr. Babbitt addressing a meeting of Rotarians. What Hazlitt said of Marquis Wellesley speaking on affairs in India might often be applied to Mr. Bloch in his many enthusiastic moments: "Writhing with agony under a truism, and launching a commonplace with all the fury of a thunderbolt."

It was expected of Mr. Bloch that he would weave his selected tunes into the cloth of his orchestral loom with technical skill; not using them in the construction of a pot-pourri; for certain works of his that have been performed here—especially his concerto and those fired and glowing with his racial spirit—have shown his ability as a musical architect and decorator. But this ability is not so clearly displayed in "America" and the prevailing color, in his quiet and most boisterous moments, is drab.

There is little in this rhapsody to quicken the pulse or charm the spirit. His hymn at the end is of the Sunday school order, perhaps designedly so, for he wishes the congregation to rise and sing the hymn whenever the rhapsody is performed. He might as well have asked the congregation of yesterday to wave pocket American flags as they rose, for no music was provided for the worshippers—at least we saw none—and no one ventured to pipe up the patriotic strains.

Is it not probable that Mr. Bloch in his fervent appreciation of this country, in his love of its past history and his commendable hope for its future, undertook a task that no one could accomplish and remain a musician?

It is true that this rhapsody won the prize when 92 manuscripts were submitted in Musical America's "symphony contest." In 1861 Joachim Raff was awarded a prize by a Vienna society for his symphony "To the Fatherland." Raff attempted in this symphony to portray in tones the "deep thought, the civilized gentleness, the conquering perseverance of the German people," the love of the Germans for the chase and for song; the domestic hearth with wives and children all made happy through the cultivation of the Muses; the sorrow caused by the dismemberment of the united fatherland; but "Hope, the consoler, takes the composer by the hand, and filled with longing and presageful, he sees the new victory-crowned flight of his people to a glorious unity." This symphony, when performed, had no success. Mr. Nikisch brought it out in Boston early in 1890. The audience—musicians and laymen—would not have it; yet Raff was a musician of parts and a flaming patriot. Absit omen!

Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra did all that was possible for the success of the rhapsody. The stentorian ending naturally aroused applause.

There was a beautiful performance of the "Unfinished" symphony; that of Ravel's "Waltz" was greatly enjoyed by the audience.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week, as announced, is as follows: Bach, Brandenburg concerto, No. 4, G major; Toch, concerto for piano and orchestra (Mr. Sanroma; pianist); Carpenter, "Skyscrapers." It is probable that the program will include another piece.

Ernest Bloch In Rhapsody Upon America

To the Symphony Concerts Comes His Prize-Piece, For Better, For Worse

ERNEST BLOCH is a romantic idealist. In these days they are not many. Being such, he is simple of spirit, visionary, fervent, almost to fanaticism. Being such again, he chooses the vast conception, the manifold, far-spreading implication. Setting a title to his new symphonic piece, played yesterday afternoon by Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Orchestra, he does not hesitate to use the word "epic." Most of us, schooled to discretions and repressions, shiver at the thought of it, turn it this way and that, finally discard it. Mr. Bloch, about to set pen to music-paper, shapes a grandiose design; fills it with passionate utterance; would lift it to heaven-scaling climax. His unfinished Symphony, "Israel," bears these birthmarks. They are traceable in his setting of Psalms and in his "Jewish Poems"; discoverable in his Rhapsody, "Schelomo." They are also cut deep upon his new "America."

The play of Mr. Bloch's imagination can be vast, visionary and vague. Throughout "America" it is in such ferment. He contemplates us as humankind in the mass. He is profoundly moved by the abstractions of democracy. Confidently and rejoicingly, he embraces the future. For him all humanity is not too great or too baffling an image. Out of spiritual kinship, he sets a motto from Walt Whitman over his "Epic Rhapsody"; strews the score with other quotations as interpretive guides. They are the phrases of a similar temperament that found in words its expressive medium. Mr. Bloch stretches his tonal canvas from The Pilgrims of 1620 to the present day. Between, the Civil War nothing daunts him. For close, he turns seer and prophet. And all this in fulfillment of a faith and a vision, a desire and a passion, haunting him since he first saw these shores on an August day, twelve years ago.

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Thrice unhappy, however, will be the state of the realists. They will seem indeed as devil's advocates. With a prayer for mercy from the idealists for this deafness, blindness and earthiness, here may be set down, one and another thought traversing their heads. . . . To assemble a myriad of American folk-motivs, to weave them into a continuous tonal texture, to touch one and another with musical beauty and significance, is not to write the music of America. Rather, it is the scholarly and absorbent approach of a European minded to write such a music. Mr. Chadwick, in the Scherzi of this and that Symphony, in two divisions—"Noel" and the finale—of his "Symphonic Sketch s" wrote a music that none but an American could have made. Mr. Carpenter did likewise in his Concertino; Mr. Hill in his recent Symphony. Yet how sparingly, or not at all, did they utilize American folk-motivs.

To judge by his swarming quotations Mr. Bloch draws endless inspiration from Walt Whitman. From the earliest times to the present day, he has been a European rather than an American admiration. To unfold a tonal panorama of America, A. D. 1620, A. D. 1861-65, A. D. 1926, is not necessarily to absorb the American temperament as it flowers into music in Mr. Chadwick, Mr. Carpenter, Mr. Hill, even Mr. Gershwin. At bottom Mr. Bloch's American voice and spirit is basically a thing of labels, quotations, folk-material. For twelve years he has dwelt and worked in America from New York to San Francisco, through vicissitudes endured and conquered. For twice and thrice that time Mr. Loeffler has dwelt and worked in Boston. He remains in his kind an individual composer, looking in his mind and heart to write. So also does Mr. Bloch, though he stock his tonal pantry with scores of American jars.

Mr. Bloch is a romantic idealist, ardent and sincere. By that very nature he lapses into occasional simplicities, even naïvêtes; tumbles headlong into the banalities of his Anthem. Musically, emotionally, all three are hard to bear. Much too closely, they approximate "America: an Epic Rhapsody" to "The Birth of a Nation: Epic of the Screen." By all means let Mr. Bloch tune his orchestra to the glories of democracy and sound his visions of its future. To do so is the privilege—or the fate—of the idealist. There are those, wrestling daily, as St. Paul says, with the beasts at Ephesus who may be pardoned when they fail to rise to this exaltation. Or, if human fellowship must be intoned, does it not require the genius of Beethoven, writing his final Symphony, to persuade these sons of earth and daily living? . . . Enough and more than enough. Kicks and blows are ever the portion of the realists—individualists all, lacking "communal" vision. They love too much the small thing done from day to day but done exceeding well.

Upon Mr. Bloch's Rhapsody Mr. Koussevitzky had evidently bestowed the rehearsals of the week. Thereby he achieved a performance that technically overlooked nothing and adjusted everything; that glamoured or intensified many a page, illuminating the thought or deepening the vision by the beauty or the puissance of the orchestral tone. Yet it is permissible to believe that the conductor has less intuitive sympathy with the assimilated and idealistic Americanism of Mr. Bloch than with the native and more earthly Americanism of Mr. Carpenter and Mr. Hill, Mr. Copland and Mr. Sessions. Competently, the Harvard-Radcliffe chorus did its feeble part.

Two repertory pieces, therefore, filled the remainder of the program: first, Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" in cameo-cut, beautifully lyrical, gently impassioned performance—the very voice and loveliness of the music. Second, Ravel's tone-poem, "The Waltz"—Franco-American sheet-anchor when rehearsal of other numbers presses hard—in less sharp-edged and vividly colored version than is the conductor's wont. Or did the contrasting impression from the two familiar musics spring from the new seating of the orchestra all on the stage-level? Certainly the finer blendings, the clearer purities of tone thus gained, contributed to the beauty diffused by Schubert's pages. Possibly, "The Waltz" sounded less brilliant, less graphic, under the mellowing that the change from tiers may bring. In these matters the listener easily persuades himself that what he chances to believe is the actual sensation. If only the orchestra could be levelled or lifted at the composer's and the conductor's will! The newer picture houses do almost as much. H. T. P.

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In the first of its three movements this rhapsody paints the America of the aborgine and the coming of the Pilgrims; in the second the days before and during the Civil War; in the third the feverish present and, as the composer visions it, the glorious future. By way of conclusion and intended climax comes a so-called anthem to words presumably of the composer's authorship and which, according to the printed score, should be sung by the people, though in yesterday's performance at Symphony Hall it was sung only by the choruses of Harvard and Radcliffe stationed on the stage.

At intervals throughout the printed score come also quotations from Walt Whitman, together with explanatory footnotes that suggest, as does much of the piece itself, a musical accompaniment for a motion-picture. Most pointedly, indeed, does the second section bring to mind that epic of the screen, "The Birth of a Nation." At the beginning the listeners can almost smell the magnolia blossoms about a Southern mansion and vision the leisurely life that passed behind the tall white portico. Later come "Dixie," "John Brown's Body," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," drum-rolls and other martial paraphernalia in a stirring ensemble. Throughout the rhapsody Mr. Bloch has made liberal use of our folk-music. Indian themes for the first movement; "Swanee River," "Pop Goes the Weasel" and "Hail, Columbia" in the second; "blues" and "coon-songs" in the third.

Eloquent in Spots

With the expected mastery and craftsmanship Bloch has marshalled this material and, knowing the man in his previous music, we are led to believe with sincerity as well. Now and then his music rises to genuine eloquence especially in the exalted close of the first section. There is no resisting the nostalgic mood of the beginning of the second movement, and the end of this section is deeply felt. The final anthem, which is prefigured from the commencement, is, however, intrinsically commonplace, and when all is said and done the characterizing word which first occurs is that term beloved of critics of the theatre "hokum."

Since the words of the anthem, themselves as trite as the tune they fit, were not yesterday printed in the programme-book they might not be sung, as the composer directed, by a standing audience. Nevertheless after the song was fairly begun two or three members of the audience rose, and most of the rest forthwith followed suit.

Orchestra on Level Stage

There was applause aplenty at the end, yet it can hardly be said with accuracy that the piece created a sensation.

And the performance, brilliant as it was, might have been more effective had not Mr. Koussevitzky misguidedly seated his orchestra on a level stage, to the obvious dulling of the tone quality, responsible for the relatively colorless a state of affairs no doubt likewise performance of Ravel's "La Valse" that yesterday followed the Symphony of Schubert.

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SYMPHONY PRESENTS "AMERICA"

Bloch's Prize Piece Good in Spots, But Has Hokum

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

An irony as subtle as it was unpremeditated went into the making of yesterday's Symphony programme. At the beginning stood Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony that for 43 years was known only to the man into whose possession it had chanced to fall. At the end came Bloch's epic rhapsody, "America," the name of which, thanks to liberal publicity, had been on every concert-goers' tongue long before its first performance in New York two days ago.

Yet it is quite safe to prophesy that the Austrians' symphonic fragment will be played and beloved for decades upon decades after the Swiss-American's composition has passed into oblivion.

AWARDED $3000 PRIZE

To rehearse information lately in the public prints, Ernest Bloch's "America" was awarded last June the prize of $3000 for a "representatively American symphonic work," offered by the periodical Musical America. Five conductors of American symphony orchestras made the jury: Messrs. Damrosch, Hertz, Koussevitzky, Stock and Stokowski. And New York, San Francisco, Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia all received their initial hearings of the piece either yesterday or the day before.

A native of Geneva, of Jewish blood, and incidentally one of the outstanding composers of the day, Bloch has since 1916 made his residence in America. And like many another emigre to our shores, he has been moved by American ideals. The rhapsody "America" by testimony of an inscription on the score, bears witness to his "love for this country," his "reverence for its past," his "faith in its future."

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works submitted in competition for a prize of $3000 offered by Musical America. The judges were all orchestral conductors, Messrs Walter Damrosch, Hertz, Koussevitzky, Stock and Stokowski. To avoid dispute over the coveted honor of giving the "world premiere," it was agreed that Bloch's work should be played at the subscription concerts of the Boston Symphony, New York Philharmonic, Philadelphia Orchestra, Chicago Symphony and San Francisco Symphony this week. The Cincinnati Orchestra is also giving it.

The first of the subscription concerts this week in New York and Cincinnati came Thursday evening instead of Friday afternoon, as in the other four cities. One would like to know, however, the the origin of the Associated Press dispatch from New York, printed all over the United States in the Friday morning papers, announcing that the New York Philharmonic Orchestra had given Thursday evening "the world premiere of Bloch's 'America,'" adding that within a few days it was to be played in lesser cities. It is clear that Messrs Hertz, Koussevitzky, Stock and Stokowski may feel that Mr Damrosch, or his press agent, has stolen a march on them.

The important question to a member of the audience is not, of course, whether the performance is a "world premiere," but whether Bloch's Rhapsody is music worth hearing. He has divided it into three parts, "1620—The Soil-The Indians-England-The Mayflower-The Landing of the Pilgrims"; "1861-65—Hours of Joy-Hours of Sorrow," and "1926—The Present-The Future." There is a motto from Whitman "O America, because you build for mankind, I build for you," and a dedication to the memory of Lincoln and Whitman. Without this program the music would not be intelligible or coherent.

Bloch's score is an epitome of almost all the various methods so far devised for writing "American music." It begins with quotations of American Indian themes, as in MacDowell and his school. Then there are an English folk song and a snatch of "Old Hundred," as in Stillman Kelley's "New England Symphony." Then in the second part there are popular tunes of the 1860s, notably "Swanee River" and "Pop Goes the Weasel" as in Converse's "California." In the finale there is some realistic, but rather poor jazz, and a good deal of orchestral imitation of big city noises, traffic, machines, and so on, as in Carpenter's "Skyscrapers" and Converse's "Flivver Ten Million." Through this historical potpourri, which one sceptical listener yesterday described as "The Young Musician's Outline of American History," run strains of Bloch's own invention, all of them forecasting the sonorous peroration, the anthem which he hopes may become nationally accepted.

Bloch has written very skillfully, introducing his familiar musical quotations gracefully, and planning his grand final climax effectively. The anthem has breadth of style and the singable quality needed for his purpose, though it did not strike one yesterday as on a par with Haydn's Austrian Hymn or Lvoff's Russian Hymn. It is, however, quite as good as the tune to which we sing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and better suited to its purpose than "The Star Spangled Banner." There are other admirable passages such as depicting the voyage of the Mayflower.

We wondered, when it was over, whether this sort of thing was worth doing at all. Heard as music, without reference to program notes and without consciousness of the associations clustering round 'Swanee River" and "Old Hundred," Bloch's Rhapsody would sound fragmentary and baffling. Of the three movements, the finale is by far the most effective, and the last cluttered up with musical allusions. But, on the whole, "America" proved disappointing. P. R.

SYMPHONY PROGRAM

By PHILIP HALE

Ernest Bloch's "America: an Epic Rhapsody in three parts" will be performed this week by five leading orchestras of the country. The Philharmonic Society of New York will play it this afternoon. Boston will hear it tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening. The Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe choir will be the chorus for the end of the Rhapsody. The composer hopes that the audience will also lift up their voices in patriotic strains. Will Mr. Koussevitzky give the word by saying: "The congregation will now rise and sing 'America'"?

Incidents and Prospects

Mr. Bloch's prize-piece—the new Symphonic Rhapsody, "America"—exacts diligent preparation. Into the finale a chorus must be fitted. Therefore Mr. Koussevitzky has returned to repertory numbers for the first part of the Symphony Concerts on Friday and Saturday: Schubert's Unfinished Symphony; Satie's "Gymnopédies" as originally announced; Ravel's "The Waltz," as unescapable, year in and year out, in Boston as it is in Paris.

Mr. Sanromá, wearing a new aspect of young maturity, has returned from his studies in Europe. At the Symphony Concerts of next week, he will play Toch's Piano-Concerto; on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 12, in Jordan Hall, venture a recital of his own. Toch, a new composer hereabouts, is a German modernist who has dared to turn a concerto into music witty and gay.

Bloch's "America"

By L. A. SLOPER

A NEW anthem to America has sounded this week in the concert rooms of five of the symphony orchestras of the United States; within a month it will have been heard in a dozen such halls. This anthem brings to a conclusion Ernest Bloch's "America," an Epic Rhapsody in three parts for orchestra, which was chosen unanimously from among 92 scores as the winner of a prize of $3000 offered by the periodical Musical America. The judges were five conductors: Messrs. Damrosch, Hertz, Koussevitzky, Stock and Stokowski and the performances of the present week were given by the orchestras which they direct in New York, San Francisco, Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia.

It is perhaps significant that Ernest Bloch should have been the author of a prize-winning musical epic of America. He is by origin a Swiss Jew who migrated to the United States in 1916, and has been an American citizen only since 1923. Further, as a composer he has been known as distinctly the spokesman in tones of his own ancient race, its trials and its aspirations. Thus some of his best-known works are "Three Jewish Poems"; "Psalms," for soprano and orchestra; the Symphony "Israel"; "Schelomo," a Hebraic Rhapsody for cello and orchestra. To some it may seem a strange thing indeed that such a man should assume the mantle of musical chronicler and prophet of the United States.

Chamber Music

But not all of Bloch's music has been Hebraic. Those who are familiar with chamber music he has written since arriving on western shores—his string quartet and his violin sonata—know a wider than racial aspect of him. Of the sonata the present commentator wrote in 1923:

"It seems to represent the struggle of the individual to escape the commercialized stamp of the standardized product. The first movement, with its savage percussive piano rhythms stamping out the ineffectual cries of the violin, may well be taken to represent the violence of mob opinion crushing the dissenter. The quiet but perturbed second movement seems to express the emotions of the victim, suppressed but unyielding. The final Moderato seems to portray again the desperate determination of the crowd to punish nonconformists; but it concludes with a restatement of the unconquerable faith of individualism. Whether any of these meanings was intended by the composer, it is evident that music which can release such thoughts must be the product of profound conviction which goes deeper than the largely racial impulse which seemed to motivate Bloch's 'Schelomo' and the 'Psalms.'" Clearly, Bloch has not within a few months, and merely at the prompting of a prize, overleaped the racial boundaries.

Bloch, indeed, is very devoted to his adoptive country. Like many others among the new Americans, he perhaps appreciates its opportunities more than some of its native sons. He is, too, besides being a poet in tones, a thinker, a student of society, of history and of government, a natural democrat and an idealist. He has scanned American history and poetry; he profoundly admires some of America's great men, in particular Lincoln and Walt Whitman. To them, "whose vision has upheld its inspiration," this composition is dedicated. "This symphony has been written in love for this country, in reverence to its past—in faith in its future."

And in any event, why should it seem odd that a Jewish-American should sing of America? The United States is no longer an Anglo-Saxon nation. People of Bloch's race constitute a considerable portion of its population. They have not only contributed to commercial and financial development; they have had a strong influence in its artistic growth; and in particular they hold today probably a predominant place in its musical life. Perhaps, then, it is singularly appropriate that one of them should appear as America's tonal laureate.

Program Music

Bloch's "America" will do for

musical companion-piece to Stephen Vincent Benét's "John Brown's Body." On the flyleaf of the score, published by C. C. Birchard & Co., Bloch has written: "The Ideals of America are imperishable. They embody the future credo of all mankind: a Union, in common purpose and under willingly accepted guidance, of widely diversified races, ultimately to become one race, strong and great. But, as Walt Whitman has said: 'To hold men together by paper and seal, or by compulsion, is of no account. That only holds men together which aggregates all in a living principle, as the hold of the limbs of the body or the fibers of plants.' Though this symphony is not dependent on a program, the composer wants to emphasize that he has been inspired by this very ideal."

The composition seems, however, very definitely to be program music. The first movement carries the story up to 1620; the second covers the period of the Civil War; the third deals with the present and the future, concluding with the anthem of faith in America. This anthem, the composer explains, "symbolizes the Destiny, the Mission, of America. The Symphony is entirely built upon it. From the first bars it appears, in root, dimly, slowly taking shape, rising, falling, developing, and finally asserting itself victoriously in its complete and decisive form." The motif, or motto, of the anthem, appears on the very first page, as an ascending and descending fourth, and is heard recurrently in development throughout.

For his other material, Bloch has gone to sources, employing an old English march, a sea shanty, Indian dances, Negro tunes, popular songs. An American audience is constantly recognizing familiar strains: "The Old Folks at Home," "John Brown's Body," "Hail Columbia," even "Pop Goes the Weasel." Dangerous material; your ordinary composer could hardly employ it without being trivial, making a mere medley. Bloch has so interwoven the songs that a musical tapestry of much beauty results. The depiction of armed conflict by means of these themes in the second part of the rhapsody does perhaps recall the "1812" Overture, and may in time become a similar object of contumely; but at this stage the experiment seems justified.

Captions, notes and directions by the composer and quotations from Walt Whitman are liberally scattered through the score. Bloch announces they are meant for guidance of the performers rather than for reproduction in programs; yet they would help the listener as well as the players to an understanding of the composer's purpose. The first section tells of the Soil, the Indians, then of old England, the Call of America, the passage, hardships, the landing, the forebodings and the faith in the future ("Old Hundred"). The second, after the passages already outlined, describes the mourning of the Nation at the close of the Civil War. The third, to depict "the present," is very jazzy and "blue" at the start. There are anvils, steel plates and an automobile horn to picture the turmoil of the period. "Material 'prosperity' —Speed—Noise—'Man Slave of the Machines,'" writes the composer at the foot of the page. Note that Bloch the idealist quotes "prosperity." After a long passage of this increasing violence, during which "America's Call of Distress" is heard, there comes "the inevitable collapse." Bloch cannot believe that such materialism can reign always. The descendant of a race of prophets looks to the future and speaks, again after Whitman: "Give me solitude, give me Nature, give me again, O Nature, your primal sanities!" Again the Call of America, and a gradual crescendo leading up to the affirmation of the anthem.

A History and an Augury

Such is Bloch's vision of America. A simple musical message, he considers it, understandable to everybody, except possibly the "highbrows" whom he disdains; at once a history and an augury in tones, a song of praise and hope. It expresses serene and noble beauty, impassioned revolt, assured faith. In conception and execution it warrants the qualification of "epic." The culminating anthem, being designed for the people to sing, is appropriately simple and stirring. Will it be adopted, as the composer hopes, by America? Will the work as a whole take a permanent place? It would be rash to attempt to answer these questions now.

The composer has reason to be grateful for the setting forth of his music by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, assisted by a chorus from the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society. The work had been prepared with great care under the direction of Mr. Koussevitzky. Its performance, which came after those of the "Unfinished" Symphony of Schubert and Ravel's "La Valse," was vibrant with eloquence. The slow building up of the climax in the final movement was masterly. The fresh, young voices of the collegians gave forth fervently the message to the Nation.

The composer hopes that this anthem "will become known and beloved, that the audience will rise to sing it." As it is not as yet sufficiently known, Mr. Koussevitzky probably was wise in refraining yesterday afternoon from inviting the audience of Symphony Hall to join in the singing. But the audience, either knowing what was expected of it or responding directly to the composer's emotion, rose of its own accord, and though it did not try to sing, remained standing until the work was finished, and lingered thereafter to applaud until the conductor called the performers to their feet to share the tribute.

Bloch's Symphony, "America," To Have Premier in N. Y. Today

Composition Dedicated to Abraham Lincoln And Walt Whitman Will Be Played Here Tomorrow

NEW YORK, Dec. 19 (AP)—A symphony called "America," dedicated to Abraham Lincoln and Walt Whitman, built around "Yankee Doodle," "Dixie," and some of the latest negro "Blues," and having for its climax an anthem which the audience is supposed to sing, will have its world premier in Carnegie hall tomorrow afternoon by the New York Philharmonic orchestra, with Walter Damrosch conducting.

The composer is Ernest Bloch, director of the San Francisco Conservatory of Music. Mr. Bloch, now an American citizen, was born in Switzerland. In his youth, while struggling to obtain his musical education, he sold cuckoo clocks in Geneva. He now is one of the most widely known of contemporary composers.

Following its premier by the Philharmonic orchestra tomorrow afternoon, "America" will be played tomorrow night and Friday by the Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and San Francisco symphony orchestras. It will be given also in the near future by the Los Angeles, Cleveland and Cincinnati orchestras.

KOUSSEVITZKY ONE OF JUDGES

"America" won a $3000 prize last summer in a contest sponsored by "Musical America." The judges were five of America's most distinguished conductors: Walter Damrosch, Leopold Stokowski, Philadelphia orchestra; Serge Koussevitzky, Boston orchestra; Frederick Stock, Chicago orchestra, and Alfred Hertz, San Francisco orchestra.

Mr. Bloch has entitled his symphony "America," an epic rhapsody in three parts for orchestra. It is a sort of national historic panorama in music. The score is heavily footnoted with quotations from Walt Whitman.

The first movement bears the inscription "1620—The Soil—The Indians —England—The Mayflower—The Landing of the Pilgrims." A Chippewa war song furnishes one of the themes. The hymn Old Hundred another, and there are suggestions of ancient chanties and old English marches. Sub-titles are "Struggles and Hardships," "Loneliness," "Memories of the Past" and "The Call of America to the Nations of the World," which is later built up into the anthem of the climax.

SUBSEQUENT MOVEMENTS

Mr. Bloch calls the second movement: "1861-1865—Hours of Joy—Hours of Sorrow." Here he introduces a southern ballad, a negro song, a lullaby, Old Folks at Home. Into this movement also comes Pop Goes the Weasel, Hail Columbia, Dixie, and snatches of John

Brown's Body, Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, and The Battle Cry of Freedom.

The third movement, entitled: "1926—The Present—The Future," opens with jazzy tunes and negro "blues." He calls that particular section "The Turmoil of the Present Time." There are snatches of old popular songs of the 90's, too. Then it swings into the anthem, to be sung by the audience, and finally winds up with a conclusion in which Yankee Doodle is used.

Mr. Bloch has written words for his anthem, the music of which, according to critics who have read the score, resembles slightly the old hymn "Jerusalem." The audience is supposed to rise to its feet to sing this anthem.

WORDS OF THE ANTHEM

The composer has said that the idea of the anthem came to him in 1915, while he wandered about the streets of New York—a stranger in the new world, penniless and unknown, although he had even then a reputation in Europe.

"I have written here an anthem that is simple," he said at the time of the award. "A bootblack can understand it."

His words follow:

"America! America! Thy name
is in my heart;
My love for thee arouses me to
nobler thought and deeds,
Our fathers builded a nation for
freedom, justice and peace,
Toward higher aims, toward brighter
goals,
Toward brotherhood of nations,
Our hearts we pledge, America,
To stand by thee, to give to thee
Our love, our faith, and our lives."

The Philharmonic chorus of 150 voices will lead the audience in singing the anthem tomorrow afternoon.

Mr. Bloch has a long list of compositions to his credit. His first symphony, written in Munich when he was 21, was played by the Philharmonic orchestra last season.

The composer will not be here for the premiere tomorrow. He will hear his symphony played for the first time by the San Francisco orchestra.

Items of the Day

Sir Georg Henschel, as he now is, was the first conductor of the Boston Orchestra, and it is believable that in 1931 he expects to attend the semi-centennial rites. The other day in London, tempted by the British Broadcasting Company, he sang to his own accompaniment four or five of Schubert's songs — in the voice and style of his prime. And Sir Georg is in his seventy-ninth year.

Young Idea

ldren's Concerts with helling as Teacher· Playmate

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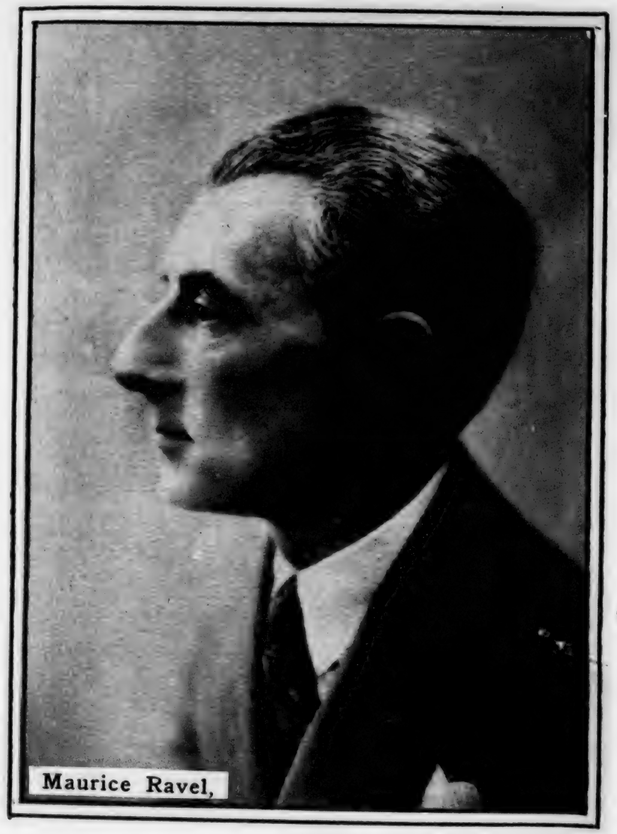

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The Young Idea

Four Children's Concerts with Mr. Schelling as Teacher-Playmate

THE admirable ladies bestir themselves; the children with a past sit up expectant; Mr. Schelling agrees to come again; an amplifier is in the air. All of which is to say that for another winter there are to be four morning concerts for the musical pleasure and profit of youngsters. The dates are Saturdays, Jan. 12 and 19, Feb. 16 and 23; the hour is eleven o'clock; the place, Jordan Hall. But Jordan Hall, for the first time, with an amplifier to carry to the rearmost row of the balcony every one of Mr. Schelling's words. He will speak out, and all at last will hear.

Otherwise the concerts will take the usual course. An orchestra on the stage, borrowed from Symphony Hall. (The children are not impressed by this lofty origin; but their mothers are.) A screen for pictures; a song to be sung—the more voices the merrier. At every turn, Mr. Schelling. Now he is telling a story about a composer; next he is explaining an instrument; then he is talking familiarly about the piece in hand; soon he will wave his stick over the orchestra and the youngsters will hear it. They learn and hardly suspect it; they begin to associate music with a good time, which is two-thirds the battle. . . . Seats at all prices—$12.50, $8.50, $8 and $2—are still plenty. Mr. Carl P. Dennett at 80 Federal Street will receive the orders.

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Maurice Ravel,

Eleventh Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 28, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 29, at 8.15 o'clock

Sibelius . . . . . Symphony C major, No. 3, Op. 52

I. Allegro moderato.
II. Andantino con moto, quasi allegretto.
III. Allegro.

Toch . . . . . Concerto for Piano and Orchestra Op. 38

I. Allegro.
II. Adagio.
III. Rondino disturbato.

(First time in Boston)

Carpenter . . . "Skyscrapers" (A Ballet of Modern American Life)

Soprano: MARIE SUNDELIUS
Tenor: JOSEPH LAUTNER

SOLOIST

JESÚS MARÍA SANROMÁ

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

There will be an intermission after the symphony

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

Ernest Toch

Composer of The New Piano-Concerto at The Symphony Concerts

BOSTON SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, gave the 11th concert of its 48th season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Sibelius, Symphony No. 3; Toch, concerto for piano and orchestra, op 38 (First time in Boston); Carpenter, "Skyscrapers" (A ballet of modern American life). Mr. Sanroma was the solo pianist. The few measures for soprano and tenor in "Skyscrapers," were sung by Marie Sundelius and Joseph Lauuer.

Toch's concerto, composed in the spring of 1926 was performed for the first time in this country at a concert of the Chicago Symphony orchestra on Feb. 3, 1923. Elly Ney was the pianist. She had played the piano part in Berlin on April 23, 1927. This is said to have been the first performance; but it is also said that there was a prior one at Duesseldorf in October of the year before, when Mr. Gieseking was the pianist.

The concerto is intensely modern. Not because the piano is only an instrument in a symphonic ensemble, for the piano has often been treated in this manner; but because the composer is of the "atonal and polytonal" school, shunning every musical expression that is obvious and might be anticipated; not anxious about sensuous measures that would please the ladies; reckless in his employment of dissonances. Changing the pace at will and snapping his fingers at traditional form. For all this the concerto, no doubt, will shock those characterized by Mr. Daniel Gregory Mason as "moronic conservatives" and throw the "moronic radicals" into spasms of delight.

It is an interesting work, not impressive, not beautiful, in the accepted meaning of the word, though the second movement contains pages of wild, irregular, desultory beauty, not emotional in any deep or sentimental way; it is interesting if only for its frenzied recklessness, for its agreeable impudence, for curious tricks in the instrumentation. The first movement is not an easy nut for any audience to crack unless it should be a special one composed exclusively of those who regard even Debussy and Ravel as old fogies; despise all inventors of tunes from Mozart to Bax, and applaud rapturously music that secretly bores them or rasps their nerves. There is poetry in the second movement; humor in the riotously jolly finale, the "allegro disturbato." The composer calls on the conductor to join in his practical joke, by stopping the performance and saying a few words to the players.

Mr. Sanroma played here in public for the first time since his return from Europe, where he studied with Schnabel of Berlin and Cortot of Paris. He was coached for this concerto by Toch and was the pianist when Mr. Koussevitzky produced the concerto in Paris last May. Mr. Sanroma's excellence as a musical pianist was gratefully acknowledged in Boston before he went abroad for further study. Yesterday the composer gave him only the opportunity of displaying brilliant technical proficiency, and a charming touch in the less robust or screaming measures. There was little or no opportunity for emotional display.

The repetition of the symphony already performed this season, was welcome, for the music has an imaginative quality that was not dissipated by a second hearing. The admiration that the symphony excited last November for the originality of the thought and the expression was yesterday increased not diminished, but the third movement still seemed an inadequate ending of the noble work; a movement not so firmly knit, not planned on so high a plane as those that precede it.

Carpenter's "Skyscrapers" fares better when it is taken from the theatre into the concert hall than many ballets; it is less dependent apparently on action, scenery and costumes. It is an amusing work, amusing in the best sense; exterior music when deprived of the action, adroitly conceived and executed, with the introduction of a few sentimental pages and many of "near-jazz," with the joyous strains for saxophones. Would Mr. Carpenter have written the music that gives the impression of building, riveting and all that, had he not had Stravinsky in mind? If it were so, it would detract from the general effect of the work. The performance was greatly enjoyed by the audience, and with good cause.

This interesting concert, interesting by reason of the compositions and the high quality of interpretation and technical performance, will be repeated tonight.

As the orchestra will give concerts in New York, Brooklyn and Springfield next week, the 12th pair in Boston will be on Jan. 11, 12, when Arthur Honegger will conduct, as a guest. The program will comprise these works by him: Chant de Nigumon, Pastorale d'Ete, Horace Victorieux, Concertino for piano (Mme. Andree Vaurabourg Honegger, pianist) and orchestra; Nocturne from the opera "Judith" (Mme. Cobina Wright, soprano) and "Rugby."

The Day of Music from Living Hands

Sibelius, Toch and Carpenter, Set in Contrast Through A Brave Afternoon

EVERY ONE that sits before the arts—listener, spectator, reader—knows those occasions when all things join together for full accomplishment and deep pleasure. Consciously, no one concerned works the harder or heeds the more intently. Yet a kindling spirit fills the air, infusing itself into all who breathe it. Chance rules the world, and none may say when or where it will light these fires. Yesterday, being kind, it bestowed them upon the Symphony Concert and the event beggars the descriptive word. True, there were incitements to these favors of fate. Sibelius's Third Symphony, repeated from the first performances last month; Toch's Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, played for the first time hereabouts; the concert-version of Mr. Carpenter's ballet, "Skyscrapers," filled the program. There is no reason to disparage Mr. Koussevitzky when from Bach to Brahms, he ranges through the classics of symphonic music; usually, indeed, there is reason to praise; but, being as he should be, man and musician of his own time, he most excels with the work of living composers. Sibelius, Toch and Carpenter are all three such.

Sibelius's Symphony is barely seven weeks old at Symphony Hall; Mr. Carpenter's ballet entered the repertory last year. With both, orchestra and conductor were familiar; had only to intensify and polish the grounding performances of an immediate past. Mr. Koussevitzky has re-made the band in his own image. Therefore it responds alertly, sympathetically, to modernist music. As such Toch's Concerto was piece to put both to their mettle. Nor was conductor, orchestra or audience indifferent to the fortunes of Mr. Sanromá as pianist. He has ripened his young abilities before their eyes and ears. ...ed and amplified the ... applause rewarded ...as the divine spark— ...ss—that made the af- ...dubitably was. That ... and when it listeth; ... to believe that such ...in Mr. Koussevitzky —the three composers ...and then attract it.

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Were Mr. Koussevitzky the ironist that Dr. Muck was, he might of purpose have set over against Mr. Bloch's visionary, vertiginous "America," Mr. Carpenter's "Skyscrapers," firm-set in an American substance, clear-spoken with an American spirit strange to that European dreamer about human destiny and universal brotherhood, that unfolder in tones of anecdotical-historical panoramas. The conductor is gentler and kindlier. Though he debated long with himself, his musical intuition—usually his truest guide—finally fastened upon "Skyscrapers"; while from Boston to Paris and back again the response of audiences justified his faith. For the while, Mr. Carpenter's ballet has receded from the repertory of the Metropolitan Opera House (where the dance is a weak sister), only to gain new prestige in the concert-room. More listeners, wider spread, would hear it as symphonic poem, in free and realistic speech, of that urban America where music and the other arts have their traffic.

Upon the American escutcheon is inscribed work, the harder the better. It hammers up skyscrapers—and Mr. Carpenter's rhythms pound: while his musical matter rises, sonority upon sonority. Heedless we pass underneath, and he can write measures in deliberately dry routine. The dissolving hour strikes, when the toil of the day melts into the pleasure-seeking of the night. Who has not felt it as he watches the streams flowing in and out of subways; or upon no more than a strap and a foothold himself breasts them? For this mood and motion, Mr. Carpenter finds graphic musical symbols. To play, then, in restless crowds, whipping now this way, now that, as some new curiosity prompts them; returning always to the dance that is release both to the relaxed mood and the tense underlying temperament. Clip it with syncopation, streak it with sentiment, and a jazzed music sounds. The sentimental vein deepens; at small provocation, anywhere, everywhere, amongst us, it may come uppermost; and Mr. Carpenter's negro chorus—yesterday personified in Mme. Sundelius and Mr. Lautner—is singing its moon-struck melancholy tune; then snapping away into the tapping rhythms. Tap and tap, sing sweet and wistful; hammer and hammer hard; for the music is building skyscrapers again.

Mr. Carpenter has rhythmed the American temperament; into tones transmuted its contrasting energies. Both emerge in the terms of a music self-contained and self-generating. Of a music that does as well its idealizing office. It dances—to a jazz of imagination, not of the night- ...snaps—through ...oice of devoted, ...ot the imitated ...n rivets. (Con- ...terday did feats ...rchestra touched ...utspread jazzed ...hiteman himself ...d applaud. The ...e beginning and ...uscle and sinew ...tretch, and beat- ..., a few reviewers, ...w-composer, the ... a Parisian audi- ...tor foreign-born ..., have heard in ... of our urban ... There are none ...ill not hear their ...hat America à la ...ained vanities?

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... pedantic foot-notes ... hold first upon in- ...magination, finally ... beginning is tense, ...Toch whips the lis- ...en swirls away into ...d. The intensive ...of free, firm, pro- ...of suggestion, the ... pauses of serenity, ...ith Hindemith, out- ... vitality conquers ...ion. Proclamation ...he climax mounts, ... The slow move- ...s sentiment; pro- ...vard mood, works ...he imagination by ...nd timbres, by con- ...nd the divided and ... by evasive melody. ... Into fantasy and ...s it with the means ...in a new temper to ... . . . "The Dis- ... finale springs to ...ts, runs; in sheer ...d only to fling out ...an than Hindemith ... him.

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Yesterday he renewed and amplified the proof. An earned applause rewarded him. Even so, it was the divine spark—for it is nothing less—that made the afternoon what it indubitably was. That fire descends where and when it listeth; but it is tempting to believe that such virtue as dwells in Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra—the three composers aiding—may now and then attract it.

The commentators and the learned Doctors of Music who compile program-books, take their own course with Sibelius. They draw word-pictures of the Finnish landscape; recount old tales out of Finnish sagas; set forth the minds and the hearts of the folk; survey their handiwork as who should say: "Behold Sibelius as racial and nationalistic composer." Yet what listener, hearing the Symphony of yesterday, thought twice of these antecedents and settings? It prevailed as music, as universal music, as nothing else. It prevailed, likewise, as music from which every veil was stripped. It is the custom of these same wise men to say that composers "expose" their themes. Sibelius lays his as bare as the nerves that surgeons uncover with their knives. They quiver with musical life; vibrate upon the ear; pierce through to the imagination; hold it fast. The venerable Doctors of Music call these themes "musical thoughts." They are also born of a musical emotion, which becomes occasion of a like emotion in others. Sibelius, again as the analysts say, "works" these themes, generating the strangely spoken, strangely lighted music in the first division of this Third Symphony—the whirr of the darkling strings; the wood-winds singing in uncanny tones, the vistas of chords up and down the orchestra.

The themes and "the working" generate no less the simple beauty, now misty, now sun-pierced, of the slow movement. Men of imagination in all the arts reach out for it. There is a passage in "Twelfth Night"—about the knitters in the sun—in which Shakspeare, as unconsciously as Sibelius, gains it. For the composer the finale of his Symphony ensues. The rhythms swirl; upon them the themes are tossed like leaves; the gale abates; falls still, as though silence had cloven sound. Again the impression has been wholly musical, deepened by the incisiveness of the orchestral voices; intensified by their range over Sibelias's gray-hued palette. A few conductors scanned the surfaces of this Third Symphony; played it to none effect. Mr. Koussevitzky searched out and opened its secrets; now bids hearers share them. In all his five years in Boston, he and his orchestra have done no finer deed than this release of a sealed music.

Were Mr. Koussevitzky the ironist that Dr. Muck was, he might of purpose have set over against Mr. Bloch's visionary, vertiginous "America," Mr. Carpenter's "Skyscrapers," firm-set in an American substance, clear-spoken with an American spirit strange to that European dreamer about human destiny and universal brotherhood, that unfolder in tones of anecdotical-historical panoramas. The conductor is gentler and kindlier. Though he debated long with himself, his musical intuition—usually his truest guide—finally fastened upon "Skyscrapers"; while from Boston to Paris and back again the response of audiences justified his faith. For the while, Mr. Carpenter's ballet has receded from the repertory of the Metropolitan Opera House (where the dance is a weak sister), only to gain new prestige in the concert-room. More listeners, wider spread, would hear it as symphonic poem, in free and realistic speech, of that urban America where music and the other arts have their traffic.

Upon the American escutcheon is inscribed work, the harder the better. It hammers up skyscrapers—and Mr. Carpenter's rhythms pound: while his musical matter rises, sonority upon sonority. Heedless we pass underneath, and he can write measures in deliberately dry routine. The dissolving hour strikes, when the toil of the day melts into the pleasure-seeking of the night. Who has not felt it as he watches the streams flowing in and out of subways; or upon no more than a strap and a foothold, himself breasts them? For this mood and motion, Mr. Carpenter finds graphic musical symbols. To play, then, in restless crowds, whipping now this way, now that, as some new curiosity prompts them; returning always to the dance that is release both to the relaxed mood and the tense underlying temperament. Clip it with syncopation, streak it with sentiment, and a jazzed music sounds. The sentimental vein deepens; at small provocation, anywhere, everywhere, amongst us, it may come uppermost; and Mr. Carpenter's negro chorus—yesterday personified in Mme. Sundelius and Mr. Lautner—is singing its moon-struck melancholy tune; then snapping away into the tapping rhythms. Tap and tap, sing sweet and wistful; hammer and hammer hard; for the music is building skyscrapers again.

Mr. Carpenter has rhythmed the American temperament; into tones transmuted its contrasting energies. Both emerge in the terms of a music self-contained and self-generating. Of a music that does as well its idealizing office. It dances—to a jazz of imagination, not of the night.

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The Day of Music from Living Ha

Sibelius, Toch and Carp
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A Brave Afternoon

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clubs. It pounds and snaps—through measures that are the voice of devoted, concentrated energy, not the imitated sound of hammers upon rivets. (Conductor and players yesterday did feats with it. A symphony orchestra touched in jazzed rhythms, outspread jazzed song, as though Mr. Whiteman himself were there to hear and applaud. The massed sonorities of the beginning and the end seemed the muscle and sinew of musical sound, in stretch, and beating.) Yet nobody except a few reviewers, one and another fellow-composer, the opera house in Munich, a Parisian audience, this one conductor foreign-born and bred and practised, have heard in "Skyscrapers" a music of our urban America at last achieved. There are none so deaf as those who will not hear their own voices. Can it be that America à la Bloch more touches ingrained vanities?

Toch's Concerto excels by two qualities in which modernistic music is often deficient—individuality and imagination. Too many such pieces, especially from minor hands, are written according to prevalent formula. As many more proceed by much taking of thought, by willed process, more appropriate to the solution of a mathematical problem than to creation in tones. Toch escapes both pitfalls; is wary of a third, also besetting his brethren. Throughout his Concerto, heard last winter, Mr. Tansman used the piano as instrument of percussion. Outside a few measures in the slow movement, he declined it as voice of song. Toch is no such doctrinaire. If it serves his purpose, he can be relentlessly staccato with the piano-part. If he would beguile it for the moment into songful measures, as here and there in his slow division, he does not hesitate to ply the means.

Similarly with other courses, dictated by a single criterion—the full attainment of the desired end. Toch can be unsparingly dissonant, "atonal" or "polytonal," as the technical terms go. Little music written nowadays avoids dissonance; as a conservative elsewhere in this newspaper admits, there is no turning back to the old concords. Whatever the future of "atonality" and "polytonality"—and no one, though he be seventy-five years old, can foresee that—they are current and available musical idioms. On the other hand, the pursuers of musical resemblances, may trace to Debussy or Ravel more than one page in Toch's Adagio; while the stark declamation for the piano, with which the Concerto begins, might hark back to Beethoven himself. In the course of the final "Rondo Disturbato," Toch makes play with a bit of musical humor—"The Disturbance." It is more

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Sibelius, Toch and Carp Set in Contrast Throu A Brave Afternoon

EVERY ONE that sits be arts—listener, spectator, knows those occasions v things join together for complishment and deep pleasur sciously, no one concerned wo harder or heeds the more intent a kindling spirit fills the air, itself into all who breathe it. rules the world, and none may s or where it will light these fire terday, being kind, it bestowed th the Symphony Concert and th beggars the descriptive word. there were incitements to these of fate. Sibelius's Third Symph peated from the first performar month; Toch's Concerto for Pi Orchestra, played for the first ti abouts; the concert-version of penter's ballet, "Skyscrapers," f program. There is no reason to age Mr. Koussevitzky when fro to Brahms, he ranges through sics of symphonic music; usually there is reason to praise; but, he should be, man and musicia own time, he most excels with t of living composers. Sibelius, T Carpenter are all three such.

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These, however, are pedantic foot-notes to a music that lays hold first upon interest, then upon imagination, finally upon emotion. The beginning is tense, incisive, imperious. Toch whips the listener to attention; then swirls away into the idioms aforesaid. The intensive rhythms, the sense of free, firm, procedure, the darts of suggestion, the flashes of power, the pauses of serenity, are irresistible. As with Hindemith, outpouring, unflinching vitality conquers every other sensation. Proclamation upon proclamation, the climax mounts, swells, rounds . . . The slow movement shuns obvious sentiment; projects a more wayward mood, works more subtly upon the imagination by shifting harmonies and timbres, by contrasts of the piano and the divided and subdivided orchestra; by evasive melody, winding fancy-free. Into fantasy and rhapsody Toch pursues it with the means of a modernist used in a new temper to an insinuating end. . . . "The Disturbance" aside, the finale springs to nervous rhythms, hits, runs; in sheer exuberance is checked only to fling out again. Another German than Hindemith can goad us all before him.

Mr. Sanromá might have played a hallowed Concerto; reaped the rewards of young and fine abilities so exercised. He preferred to play the music of this immediate day with unfailing technical resource, with the tense dynamic energy, the proud proclamation, the adventuring fantasy, the swift subleties that Toch variously asks. Under his hand and Mr. Koussevitzky's, full, brave and free went the Concerto. His unselfishness was his praise.

H. T. P.

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SYMPHONY SPRINGS A SENSATION

Tock's Concerto With Sansoma at Piano Arouses

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

From three moderns: the Finnish Sibelius, the Austrian Toch and the American Carpenter came the programme of yesterday afternoon's Symphony Concert. Of the three pieces from these contemporary hands one was new to Boston, namely, Toch's Piano Concerto, in which Jesus Sanroma bore the solo part, and which created the sensation that it has everywhere made during its bare two years of existence.

VITALITY OF TOCH'S MUSIC

For a time it seemed that the long maintained musical supremacy of the Teutonic countries had passed to some other lands, to France, perhaps, to Italy or to Russia, according to one's point of view. But in Paul Hindemith of Frankfurt, and in Ernest Toch, who now lives and works at Mannheim, Germany, has two composers who bid fair to win back for her the musical crown. Certainly in the five seasons that he has been conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, who is more assiduous than most in his devotion to the music of our own time, has brought forward no modernist piece more significant, more indicative of a great creative energy than Toch's Concerto of yesterday.

Even those to whom the modern tonal speech is as yet not wholly intelligible could not have failed to feel yesterday the enormous vitality that resides in Toch's music, its tremendous driving power, or have been deaf, for that matter, to the charm of his Adagio, in which the composer, for all his audacity, his impatience and independence of rules and formulas, seems not to have forgotten the heritage of beauty and expressiveness that is rightfully his.

Studied With Composer

Greatly exacting of conductor, orchestra and soloist, the Concerto received yesterday what may be safely termed a superb performance. Absent from Boston for 18 months, during which time he has studied with European teachers, incidentally studying this particular Concerto with Toch himself, Mr. Sanroma has returned to us a pianist of uncommon ability.

There was far more than mere competence in his playing yesterday of this exceedingly difficult composition; there was authority and mastery, intellectual as well as technical. An unusual display of enthusiasm rewarded his efforts.

Sibelius' Third

The noble Third Symphony of Sibelius, belatedly introduced to Boston earlier in the present season and repeated yesterday in a performance that, if possible, excelled its predecessors, began the concert, and Mr. Carpenter's "Skyscrapers," ballet of American work and play, brought it to a close. The voices of the colored singers in the "jazzy" Coney Island episode were safely entrusted yesterday to Marie Sundellius and Joseph Lautner. Better even than before the orchestra caught the spirit of this music which is authentically the voice of present-day America, palpitatingly alive and not a little vulgar.

TOCH CONCERTO AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Sanroma Applauded in Difficult Solo Part

J. A. Carpenter's "Skyscrapers" and Sibelius' Third Symphony Heard

Jesus Maria Sanroma, young Porto Rican pianist who received most of his musical education in Boston, was the soloist at yesterday's Symphony concert. He was warmly applauded for his brilliant and musicianly playing of the exacting solo part in Ernst Toch's Concerto, new to Boston.

Mr Koussevitzky repeated his eloquent interpretation of Sibelius' Third Symphony, first heard at the concerts of Nov 9 and 10. The concluding number was the excerpts from John Alden Carpenter's ballet "Skyscrapers," played here a year ago. The incidental solos were sung by Marie Sundellius and Joseph Lautner.

Mr Sanroma spent last season in Europe studying under Cortot and Schnabel and giving recitals in various cities. It was apparent from the opening measures of the concerto yesterday that his art has matured. He has always played deftly, with a fine command of rhythm, and a cultivated feeling for melody. To these gifts he has now added the ability to dramatize music. His style has gained breadth and depth. He is now an artist to be reckoned with, on the threshold of what should prove a notable career.

Toch's concerto, written in 1926, has been played in Berlin and Chicago by Elly Ney, at the Frankfort music festival by Walter Frey, and in Paris by Mr Sanroma. It has the conventional three movements, an allegro in first movement form, a romantic slow movement strongly recalling Debussy, and a scherzo finale, entitled by the composer "rondino disturbato."

Toch's music is original without freakishness, the work of a modernist who knows the best that has been written by his predecessors and contemporaries, yet has something of his own to say which he utters convincingly. A seeker for reminiscences could readily trace the influence of a dozen masters in this score, Bach, Wagner, Schoenberg, Debussy, Brahms, Bartok, Stravinsky, and so on. Yet there is no borrowed material. Toch, like Handel and many another of the great classics, has merely taken his own where he found it, fusing many styles into a new one.

The first movement stimulates the listener by its powerfully built climaxes in which the piano part is interwoven with the orchestra. The development recalls Bach rather than Beethoven. Toch uses polyharmony and polytonality that Bach would never have ventured or approved, but his working out of his material is polyphonic.

The slow movement has the whole tone scale, with the shimmering evanescent harmonies that to a modern listener now always recall Debussy. Yet very little of the music is actually like Debussy. Toch has borrowed the idiom to express his own emotions, his own ideas.

The finale is a sprightly and amusing little rondo, in which the final statement of the chief theme is delayed and disturbed by a mock heroic interruption. As a whole, this concerto is unusually interesting music, which ought to become part of the standard orchestral repertory. It is not a mere show piece, yet it affords a pianist ample opportunity to display his prowess. The performance was eloquent.

Mr Koussevitzky's genius for creative interpretation has never been better illustrated than by his reading of Sibelius' Third Symphony, dismissed as a failure by other conductors these 20 years past. Out of a rather baffling score he produces brilliant, glowing music, with a plaintive folk tune slow movement between two sonorous allegros. He probably achieves this triumph by taking liberties with Sibelius' directions about tempi, dynamics, and so so.

But it is Koussevitzky quite as much as Sibelius who is here the creator. In this instance a listener who intensely dislikes Koussevitzky's creative talents when they are displayed in the form of new readings of Beethoven, Mozart and Schubert can only praise, admire, and be grateful. The classics can and should speak for themselves. But Sibelius in his Third Symphony couldn't, without Koussevitzky's help.

The excerpts from "Skyscrapers" heard yesterday again proved Mr Carpenter's talent for writing "highbrow jazz," a talent akin to and perhaps equal to that shown by Mr Geshwin in his now celebrated "Rhapsody in Blue." Koussevitzky strove valiantly to get the orchestra into the swing of the rhythms.

The orchestra will be away next week. The composer Honegger will conduct as guest Jan 11 and 12 a program of his works. P. R.

Toch's Piano Concerto Performed in Boston

For the eleventh program of the season, Dec. 28 and 29, Serge Koussevitsky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra proffered the Third Symphony of Sibelius, Toch's Piano Concerto and the concert version of Carpenter's Ballet, "Skyscrapers." The pianist was Jesús María Sanromá.

Toch's concerto, performed in Berlin and Frankfort in 1927 and played by Elly Ney with the Chicago Orchestra last season, was heard yesterday for the first time in Boston. Possibly, if it had been composed and presented to us much sooner, it might have made a more profound impression. But it is many years now since we first gazed with amazement upon "Feuerwerke," and not a few

since "Horace Victorieux" burst upon our astonished vision. In the meantime, sitting at the feet of many instructors, from Stravinsky and Schönberg to Martinů and Copland, we have learned much about what may be done with tonalities, rhythms and orchestral colors. Thus nowadays, before mounting on pinions of enthusiasm, we are disposed to examine attentively the musical scene which is set before us.

Toch undoubtedly has the full equipment of the modern orchestral craftsman. Employing a huge aggregation of instruments, he can produce unpleasant sounds with the best of them. When he elects to return to the methods of the impressionists, as in his slow movement, he can even be ingratiating. But looking beneath his brave exterior, we are unable to discern what supports it. Was there substance here which required to be expressed? The musical material strikes us as undistinguished; the form and manner as highly competent, even brilliant, but in no way original. The humor, even, of the final movement is traditionally Teutonic. With regret, we are unable to share the expectation which has been expressed that this concerto "will rank in the course of time among the great pianoforte concertos of musical literature."

The concerto nevertheless had a warm reception. But this may very likely have been due in part to the playing of Mr. Sanromá, who is a musical product of Boston. He was graduated with honors from the New England Conservatory of Music and was formerly official pianist of the Boston Orchestra. For the last year and a half he has been in Europe, studying with Schnabel and Cortot. He also coached with Toch in this concerto, so that we may conclude that his interpretation of it was authentic. He accomplished a tour de force.

If we were bent on forecasting we should prefer to risk a surmise that the Third Sibelius Symphony has a better hope than the concerto of finding a permanent place in the repertory. The good impression it made on its first performance in Boston, six weeks ago, was confirmed yesterday. Mr. Koussevitzky was well advised in repeating it so scon. Carpenter's music again seemed to feel the need of its original setting on the Metropolitan Opera stage. L. A. S.

Some More Opinions on Bloch's "America"

SPECIAL TO THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

LOS ANGELES — At least two weeks before Ernest Bloch's "America" had its initial Los Angeles production by the Philharmonic Orchestra, Dec. 20 and 21, copies of the vocal portion of the score were distributed to regular patrons, community choruses and others; and yet when the time came for the audiences to do their part, the result left much to the imagination. Whether from self-consciousness or a desire to listen to the general effect, unsuspecting that hundreds of others had the same thought, many individuals in both audiences deprived themselves and everyone else of what might have been a fine experience.

The opening pages unfold a pregnant serenity that burgeons into some of the loveliest music of the work. As the first Indian theme approaches and as others slip in, they are like the peaceful gathering of tribes enjoying their primitive ceremonies and dances. The coming of the English and the landing of the Pilgrims are beautifully conceived.

The second part was more obvious, with its dexterously managed colloquial songs and dances. At times, for instance in the period of strife, one caught something eclectic about it.

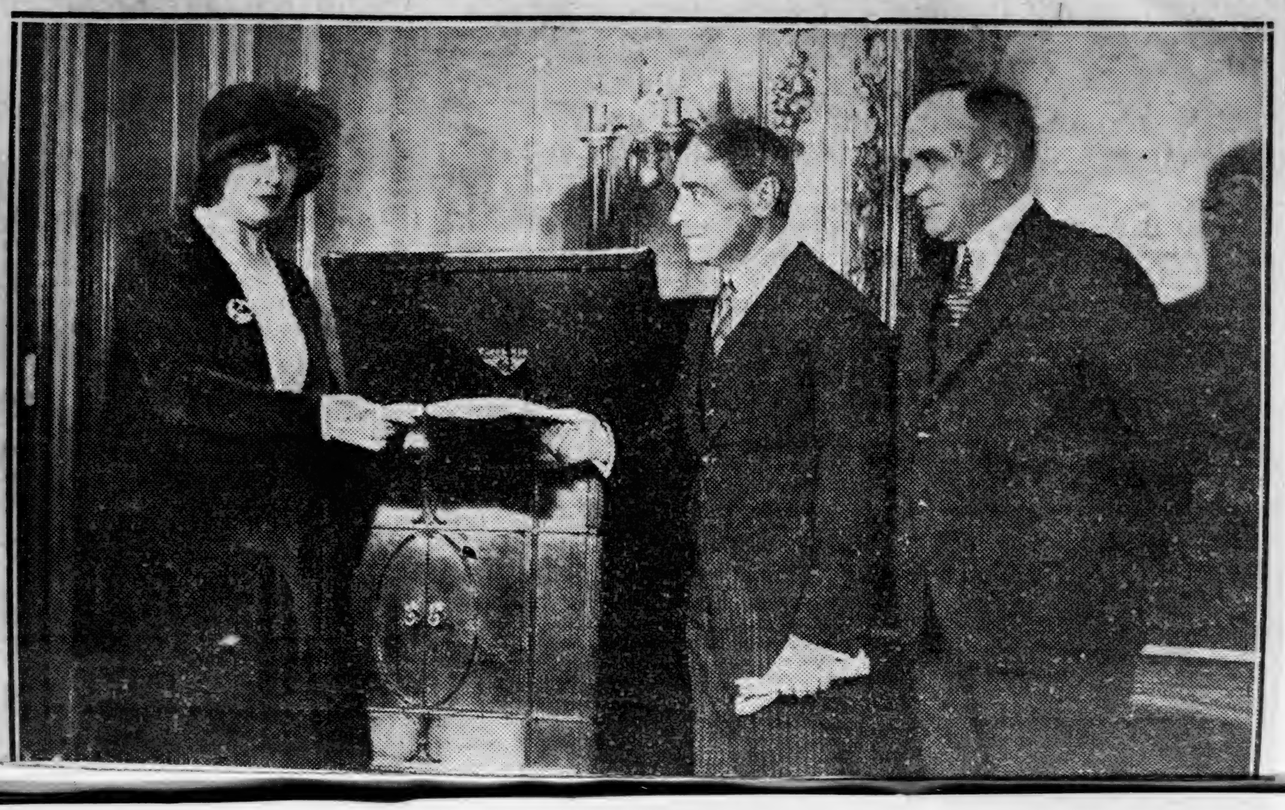
Bloch has not done his best writing in "America." Under the conditions he undoubtedly realized the futility of such an act if he hoped for popular approval, consequently he felt justified by past successes of other writers in picking up a large portion of jazz and its associates and dropping the whole jumble bodily into the first part of the third period, beginning with 1926. From this unpleasant example of the general trend at that time emerged, by the hand of a master, the inspirations, exaltations and ideals of the few who would raise high the country's standard.

As the "America" theme keeps entering in the various solo instruments and choirs, one is carried away more by the manner than by the mood. In fact it was this writer's feeling throughout most of the work; there was no forgetting the craftsmanship.

Jesus-Maria Sanroma (Walery, Paris)

Pianist in Toch's Concerto at The Symphony Concerts

Koussevitzky Receives a Christmas Gift



(Transcript Photo by Frank E. Colby)

Mrs. Alvan T. Fuller Presents Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, With a Set of Stravinsky Records Made Under His Baton, While Governor Fuller Stands By

WITH Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra as honor guest, prominent Bostonians interested in music, including Governor and Mrs. Alvan T. Fuller, met in the president's room of the Oliver Ditson Company, 179 Tremont street at four yesterday, and listened to the first records made by the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the Victor Talking Machine Company, under the direction of Mr. Koussevitzky.

The records were "Petrouchka" and "Apollon Musagete," both by Stravinsky, the first requiring five sides of three discs and the second the reverse of the last Petrouchka seal. Mr. Koussevitzky obviously was pleased with the reproduction and from force of habit "conducted" with the index finger of his left hand as the first was played. Later he explained that Stravinsky's works were peculiarly adapted to successful recording because they were so constructed that they brought out the individual tones of the several instruments and were not blurred or distorted by the intrusion of ensembles which are difficult to reproduce.

A package of the records, tied with holiday ribbon was presented to Mr. Koussevitzky by Mrs. Fuller. William Arms Fisher, vice president of the Oliver Ditson Company, master of ceremonies, pointed out that the records created a new era in phonograph history in the combination of their making by the foremost orchestra in the world, led by the renowned conductor, using the works of one of the greatest of modern composers and mechanically perfected by the leading phonograph company of the world. Mr. Fisher presented Mrs. Fuller with a gift similar to the package given to Mr. Koussevitzky.

Mrs. William Arms Fisher was hostess at the gathering on behalf of the Oliver Ditson Company and Miss Gretchen Myers was hostess for the Victor Talking Machine Company.

Next week the orchestra will give concerts in New York, Brooklyn and Springfield. The next regular pair of concerts will take place on January eleventh and twelfth

Twelfth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 11, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 12, at 8.15 o'clock

ARTHUR HONEGGER will conduct these concerts

HONEGGER

*Chant de Nigamon

*Prayer of Judith, from the Opera "Judith"
Soloist: COBINA WRIGHT, Soprano

*Three Songs from "La Petite Sirène"
a. Song of the Sirens
b. Berceuse
c. Song of the Pear
Soloist: COBINA WRIGHT, Soprano

*Pastorale d'Été

Horace Victorieux, Mimed Symphony
Camilla and Curiatius—Entrance of the Horatii—Entrance of the Crowd preceding the heralds—Fanfares announcing the combat—The Combat and the Pursuit—The Triumph of Horatius—Lamentations and Imprecations of Camilla—Murder of Camilla

*"Rugby," Orchestral Movement

*Concertino for Piano and Orchestra
Allegro non tanto—Larghetto—Allegro
Soloist: MME. ANDRÉE VAURABOURG HONEGGER

"Pacific 2–3–1," Orchestral Movement

*First time at these concerts

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

There will be an intermission after "Horace Victorieux"

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

The Manifold Modernist

Arthur Honegger (Modern Music)

Guest as Composer and Conductor at the Concerts of the Symphony Orchestra in Cambridge on Jan. 10, in Boston on Jan. 11 and 12.

ARTHUR HONEGGER

By PHILIP HALE

Arthur Honegger conducted, as a guest, the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall, yesterday afternoon. (He conducted the orchestra at the Cambridge concert last Thursday night.) The program of yesterday, made up wholly of his works, was as follows: Chant de Nigamon, Prayer of Judith from the opera "Judith." Three songs: Song of the Sirens, Cradle song of the Siren, Song of the Pear. Pastorale d'ete. Horatius Victorious. Rugby. Concertino for piano and orchestra. Pacific 2, 3, 1.

Mme. Andree Vaurabourg Honegger was the pianist; Mme. Cobina Wright, the soprano singer. "Pacific 2, 3, 1," was added to the program that had been announced. The orchestra rose to their feet when Mr. Honegger came on the platform; the audience welcomed him warmly.

The Chant de Nigamon, composed as an exercise for the orchestral class of the Paris Conseratory, is one of Honegger's earliest orchestral works. The subject is an episode in a story by Gustave Aimard of Hurons torturing Iroquois prisoners, who stopped their death chant to hear their chief Nigamon sing his last word. Three themes were taken from melodies of the North American Indians collected by Julian Tiersot. The composition might be described as pictorially romantic, planned according to then contemporaneous form: music expressive of tribal conflicts, exultant triumph, tortures and the final chant of tragic resignation; music that is appropriately savage, cruel, and then dignified, stoical in its lamentation. American composers who have summered and wintered with our Indians, and, as the saying goes, been through them with a dark lantern have not expressed savagery so forcibly as Honegger whose acquaintance with them was wholly derived from the ingenious Aimard. In comparison with Honegger's music for the torture, that of Puccini's in the second act of "Tosca" is agreeable and suave. This symphonic poem shows Honegger's technical skill, his grasp of effective orchestration, his ability to express himself pictorially, even emotionally. It does not reveal individuality, nor was individuality perhaps to be expected of a young man in a conservatory. No one hearing this music in 1918 could have foreseen the Honegger of "Horatius Victorious" composed in 1920-1 and of the still later works.

Mr. Monteux brought out "Horatius" for the first time in this country and by so doing disturbed the equanimity of orthodox Bostonians; woke them from their constitutional composure. Since that shock was administered by Mr. Monteux, these good people have learned resignation, they are prepared in a measure for what they consider the worst to come. Today "Horatius" probably no longer seems to them amorphous, horridly cacophonous and chaotic; some pages may appear deliberately brutal, but the subject is not one for mellifluous strains. Here one finds the true Honegger, standing on his feet, apart from the others, raising his own voice, virile, at times raucous, conscious of his own strength, a man to be reckoned with.

In marked contrast with "Horatius," which was originally for a mimed performance on the stage, is the "Summer Pastorale" with its pleasing poetical remembrances of country life and surroundings; amiable music, deftly made, with the to be expected employment of professionally pastoral instruments; music that a composer of less individuality might have signed after a restful vacation; music that charms the ears while it is playing; is vaguely remembered.

In "Pacific 231" and "Rugby" the true Honegger steps boldly forth, the man of the commanding position among composers of today. "Rugby" has been aptly described as a "melee of bodies", two football teams, two themes, "lyric dynamism". And in this symphonic movement Honegger shows that he can command at will a long, sweeping melody. As for "Pacific, 231" it might well bear for its motto Walt Whitman's lines to a locomotive:

". . . Through gale or calm, now swift, now slack,
Yet steadily careering;
Type of the modern—emblem of motion and power . . .

Fierce-throated beauty!
Roll through my chant with all thy lawless music . . .
(No sweetness debonair of tearful harp or glib piano thine)
To the free skies . . . unpent and glad and strong"

The "Concertino" seems a new departure; it is a fascinating, haunting composition. Here the frequent repetition of a theme—pattern, if you will—in dialogue for piano and orchestra—excites; it does not, as is often the case with repetitions, annoy. How charming the ornamentation by orchestral instruments of the melody for the piano in the middle section; how inspiriting the gay measures in the finale. No padding, no spinning out of a musical idea beyond endurance. Truly an admirable work, delightfully performed by the pianist and the orchestra. No wonder that Madame Honegger and her husband were recalled again and again.

Mme. Wright was not the woman to sing the music from "Judith." She has not the voice for it; there was no emotion, no spiritual exaltation in her performance. She was a little more fortunate in the short light and tripping "Song of the Peer."

Mr. Honegger, modest, honest in speech and in behavior, does not pretend to be a virtuoso conductor. Leading his own compositions, he knows what he should express. The orchestra yesterday was gladly responsive to his wishes.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week Enrique Fernandez-Arbos will be the "guest" conductor of the orchestra. His program will be as follows: Wagner, Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg." Halfter, Sinfonietta. Ravel, Alborada del Grazioso. Albeniz-Arbos, La Procession del Rocio. De Falla, Three Dances from "The Three-Cornered Hat."

NOTES ON CONCERTS

Herald By PHILIP HALE Jan. 11/28

It is hardly necessary to remind the concertgoers of Boston that Arthur Honegger will, as an honored guest, conduct the Symphony orchestra this afternoon and tomorrow night. The hall should be completely filled if only through curiosity to see the man to whom a locomotive engine and a football game suggested musical impressions. The program, consisting wholly of his compositions, includes one of his earliest and one of his latest. "Chant de Nigamon" was written as an exercise for the orchestral class at the Paris Conservatory and it was first performed there under his direction. The argument is taken from a story by Gustave Aimard about the Hurons and Iroquois: how one tribe burned their prisoners alive, scalped them; nevertheless, the unfortunates suspended their death chant to hear the solo of their chief, Nigamon. The "Pastorale d'Ete" has been performed here by the Boston Sinfonietta. These players have also performed the Concertino for piano and orchestra (Pauline Danforth, pianist). The pianist this week will be Mme. Andree Vaurabourg Honegger. "Horatius Victorious" and "Pacific 231"—which has been added to the program since the first announcement—have been performed by the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mme. Cobina Wright, a soprano, which has sung in Boston, will now sing Judith's "Prayer" from the opera in which Mary Garden portrayed at the Boston Opera House the patriotically bloodthirsty heroine. Mme. Wright will also sing three songs with the accompaniment of flute, violins, violas and 'cellos.

Ernest Schelling will give the first of his concerts for children tomorrow at 11 A. M. in Jordan hall.

Guest-Conductors To Symphony Hall

For Four Concerts in January Honegger from Paris, Arbos from Madrid

THE TWO guest-conductors, annually called to the Symphony Concerts, draw near. As last year, one, Arthur Honneger of Paris, is primarily a composer who conducts in his own music; the other Enrique Fernandez-Arbos of Madrid, is conductor and nothing else. Monsieur Honneger will direct the concerts of Jan. 9 at Cambridge and of Jan. 11 and 12 in Boston, making at these three his first appearances in the United States. To Senor Arbos fall the concerts of Jan. 15 in Providence and of Jan. 18 and 19 in Boston. Last spring he was guest-conductor in New York; but he has not re-visited Boston since the distant day, during Gericke's second term, when he was concert-master at Symphony Hall.

"King David" and "Pacific 231," in degree "Judith" and "Horace Vainqueur," have made Honegger the best-known modernist, save only Stravinsky, to the American public of concerts and opera; while above the rest—Stravinsky always excepted—he has interested and pleasured it. His vigor, directness, variety, the eclectic mind that makes him of all schools and of none, have alike commended him. A composer able to turn from the life and death of a Hebrew hero to the power and speed of a twentieth-century locomotive, was bound to win American ears. In "Judith," he gave new form and voice to opera, and audiences in Chicago and Boston found them good. In "Horace," he would do as much for ballet—and the time has passed when snarling old men, as happened in New York, could heap it with gutter-epithets. Recently, the so-called football piece, "Rugby," has engaged him.

What Honegger will proffer to Boston and Cambridge it is too early to say; but the other day in Paris he was conductor through this program of his own pieces:

Prelude to Shakspeare's Comedy, "The Tempest"
Suite from the Incidental Music to d' Annunzio's Tragedy, "Phædra"
Chant de Joie
Rugby
Concertino for Piano
Pacific 231

Honegger in America

Monitor Jan. 12. 1928.

By L. A. SLOPER

ARTHUR HONEGGER, who is perhaps the most interesting of the group of clever young Parisians who once advertised themselves so well as "The Six," has embarked upon a tour of the United States. His first American appearances were made this week as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at its concerts in Cambridge and Boston; Mr. Koussevitzky having retired for his annual mid-winter vacation.

The French composer, offering a program of his own works, permitted us to trace his development from his student days, when he wrote "Chant de Nigamon," to the recent "Rugby." Intermediate stages were represented by the "Pastorale d'été," "Horace Victorieux," the Concertino, "Pacific 2-3-1," three songs from "La Petite Sirène" and the Prayer of Judith, about to depart for the tent of Holofernes, from the opera "Judith." With all this, there was hardly room for "King David," which many persons consider his masterpiece.

"Chant de Nigamon," although a student effort, is not a composition that might have been written by any student in an orchestral class. In his treatment of the American Indian themes, the composer showed a remarkable knowledge of the orchestra. In the "Summer Pastoral" he chose to reveal his capacity for simple charm and ingratiating melody; but the charm does not escape a certain monotony. Possibly Honegger at the time was preparing, in a rural retreat, the attack on the Curiatii.

Certainly "Horace" came as a stupendous contrast. This musical battle picture we had heard some years ago from Mr. Monteux. The passage of time naturally has deprived it of the power to bewilder us. We are able now to view it calmly and to understand it without difficulty. This gives us a better opportunity to appreciate its rhythmic vigor and its orchestral mastery. It leaves us, however, somewhat doubtful of the value of its substance.

The Concertino

M. Honegger really was able to provide a surprisingly contrasted program from his own works. Thus the Concertino showed another of his many sides, introducing a touch of jazz in its final section. This is a pleasant, lively piece, which we should not care to find any longer. The piano part was played by Mme. Andrée Vaurabourg Honegger, whose personal charm and dexterity at the keyboard completely won the audience.

The opera, "Judith," was most successful in its choral parts. The Prayer of Judith, however, we remember as impressive in its restraint, on the stage. In Symphony Hall, yesterday, it failed to make a similar effect. This probably was due in part to the fact that Mme. Cobina Wright, the singer, though she has an agreeable voice, appeared to have little notion of the meaning of the words she was singing. This may also have been the reason why the other songs left so faint an impression.

It has been said that "Rugby" marks an advance over "Pacific 2-3-1," because it contains less descriptive realism. Would it not be more accurate to say that the composer has merely omitted the detailed verbal description of the progress of events which he supplied in the case of the earlier work?

If this concert did not convince us that Honegger is one of the first line composers, it did serve to draw attention to a peculiarity of his compositions which seems to constitute an identifying idiom. This is the persistent use of a brief and rugged figure in the doublebasses, tuba and trombones, which serves variously to portray an Indian dance, the entrance of Roman gladiators, the exertions of a laboring locomotive and the movements of football players.

As a conductor M. Honegger showed himself lucid and authoritative, even if not so vivid an expositor of his own compositions as such an artist of the baton as Mr. Koussevitzky. The opportunity of seeing him and of hearing his own interpretations of his works was warmly appreciated by the audience of yesterday.

HONEGGER DAY WITH SYMPHONY

Entire List of Pieces by and Led by Composer

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The world of music is revolving rapidly these days. Not so long ago the name of Arthur Honegger was one with which to frighten the musically timid. Yesterday afternoon Monsieur Honegger led the Symphony Orchestra through an entire programme of his compositions, and the audience, far from protesting, applauded most of them with genuine fervor and, in a far larger proportion than is customary at the Friday matiness, sat the concert through.

KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS

Many pictured likenesses have made Honegger's face familiar to the readers of musical periodicals, the scanners of music-pages in the daily press. It is a strong face, rather massive in contour and surmounted by a shock of unruly black hair. Seen in the flesh the composer gives as a man the impression of energy and vitality that is created by his music. Thick-set, of medium stature, he has few of the graces of the prima-donna conductor, but he leads an orchestra as one familiar with the essentials of the craft and, what is more to the point, as one who knows what he wants and obtains it with no excess of gesture.

Next March Honegger will pass his 37th birthday. Already he has established himself as the leading figure among the newer composers of France. This is not a day of musical masterpieces, but he has made at least one in his "King David," produced here last spring by the Symphony Orchestra and the choirs of Harvard and Radcliffe. And to judge by a single hearing, he has made another in the tone-poem "Rugby" (he styles it an orchestral movement), played yesterday for the first time in Boston.

"Rugby" Good Music

Those who expected in this latest Honegger score a repetition of the somewhat crass realism of the locomotive piece, "Pacific 2-3-1" were doomed to disappointment. Save in the general suggestion of conflict and motion there is little in "Rugby" of either the externals or internals of a football match. There is, in fact, a recurring lyric theme of a marked, if fleeting, beauty that is difficult to place in such surroundings. Perhaps it has reference to the fair devotees of the sport. But regarded solely as a composition, "Rugby" seems to have in it the elements that make for life. Beyond doubt it will become a part of the standard orchestral repertory. "Pacific 2-3-1" which, by the way, concluded the concert of yesterday, seems to have come to stay; and "Rugby" is far the finer piece of the two.

To begin the concert Monsieur Honegger offered an early composition on an American Indian subject, "The Song of Nigamon," that is little more than a worthy student-exercise. The Prayer from the opera "Judith," sung by Cobina Wright, strengthened the impression made by the opera itself, that the solo passages are relatively ineffective. Three songs with orchestra from "La Petite Sirene" proved of slight interest—though they might have been more convincingly sung—and another early work, "A Summer Pastoral," played here once by Mr. Fiedler's Sinfonietta, has no more than a passing charm.

"Horace Victorieux"

With the ensuing number, the mimed symphony "Horace Victorieux," introduced here by Mr. Monteux in 1922 to a generally perplexed and even resentful audience, the real, the characteristic Honegger emerged. This music that vividly describes the victory of the Roman Horatius over the three Alban Curiatii and his subsequent murder of his own sister, because she lamented the death of one of the vanquished, has a power that is inescapable. Six years of modernist music have tempered somewhat the sting of its dissonances. But it is not for those who delight only in agreeable sounds. Yet yesterday's audience received the piece with undisguised enthusiasm. Verily we are making progress.

Between "Rugby" and "Pacific 2-3-1" came yesterday the Concertino for piano and orchestra, the solo part played by the composer's wife, Mme. Andree Vaurabourg Honegger. This Concertino, which was performed here last season by Pauline Danforth at a chamber concert of modern music, is a piece that should disconcert no one. The final movement, a sort of polite and modified jazz, pleased particularly yesterday, and there was much applause for Mme. Honegger, who played with a crystal-clear tone and delightful sense of rhythm.

HONEGGER CONDUCTS SYMPHONY CONCERT

Noted Composer Leads Program of His Works

"Rugby," New Football Piece Heard for First Time in America, Pleases

Arthur Honegger, noted Swiss composer, appeared as guest conductor at yesterday's Boston Symphony concert. His interpretations of a program filled with his own works were of unusual interest. "Rugby," the new tone poem suggested by a football game, was played for the first time in Boston on this program. Honegger's American debut as conductor was made Thursday evening at Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, in the same numbers the Boston subscribers are hearing, including the first performance in America of "Rugby."

Andree Vaurabourg (Mme Arthur Honegger) was very warmly applauded for her admirable playing of the piano solo in her husband's Concertino. Cobina Wright, an American soprano now living in New York, sang an air from the opera "Judith," and three songs from "La Petite Sirene."

Honegger, now 36, is world famous as the composer of the oratorio "King David," heard here last year; the operas "Judith," given here two years ago and to be repeated by the Chicago Opera Jan 29; "Antigone," the tone poem about a locomotive "Pacific 231," familiar to Boston audiences from many performances, and other works. His visit to Boston is an event to be remembered with the coming in former seasons of d'Indy, Richard Strauss, Stravinsky, and Ravel. This young modernist seems certain of a prominent place in the history of music in the 20th century.

Stocky and strongly built, of medium height, Honegger looks as much like an athlete or a young business man as like a musician. Only his face, surmounted by a high forehead and a mass of thick black curly hair betrays at a second glance the musician's sensitiveness lightening its heavy features.

He conducts with rather clumsy sweeping gestures, obviously intent on conveying his ideas about interpretation to the players, and completely oblivious of the presence of the audience. He is, in fact, not by profession a conductor, but a musician able to make his talent and his thorough understanding of the orchestra felt by players and audience.

The program, revised at the last moment by the welcome addition of "Pacific 231," ranged from the "Chant de Nigamon," written in 1917 as a student exercise in composition at the Paris Conservatoire to "Rugby," completed last Summer. It represented the development of Honegger's great gift as fully as was possible in the concert hall. It proved that his individual and powerful style has been logically developed.

Logic, indeed, is in Honegger's music a quality that verges almost on a defect. In "Horace Victorieux," for example, the rigor with which he carries through a long work a single train of musical thought results in a monotony of effect certainly not intentional.

Polyphony is as natural a musical idiom to Honegger as it was to Bach. His counterpoint is, of course, very "free" in the technical sense of the term. Yet his treatment of rhythm lacks the flexibility that lends the illusion of freedom to Bach's student fugues.

In the main Honegger's style escapes the selfconscious and imitative eclecticism that impairs the work of too many modern composers. He writes for orchestra with the modern technique that makes the old distinction between the four choirs of the orchestra almost insignificant.

The great thing about his music is that he has something to say, and notable skill in saying it in his own style. One felt yesterday that his music is never pictorial, never really descriptive of actual life, and wondered at his persistent following of the 19th century fashion of giving program titles to his work. Perhaps it is merely a business man's instinct for publicity. Pieces purporting to describe steam engines and football players are sure to be talked about by persons who would ignore them as pure music.

"Rugby," the only important work new to Boston on yesterday's program, does not sound at all like a football game. There is no imitation of actual noises, merely a solidly put together piece of music with a form

and a substance that command respect from the intellect and stir the emotions of the listener.

The "Pastorale" and the concertino prove that Honegger has in him a lyric contemplative romatic strain that derives from the German music, with which his spiritual affinities so plainly lie. His musical, as well as his actual genealogy, stems from German and Protestant rather than from French and sceptical sources. His parents were from Zurich, where he studied and lived as an adolescent. It is a meaningless accident that he was born in France and now lives in Paris.

The orchestra did its best for Honegger, and must have satisfied him. His wife, a fine pianist, was a thoroughly satisfactory interpreter of the difficult solo part in the concertino. But he was unfortunate in the singer chosen for his vocal works. P. R.

Mr. Fernandez-Arbos, who will conduct the Symphony concerts next week, has arranged this program: Wagner, Overture to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"; Halfter, Sinfonietta, Ravel, Alborado del Grazioso"; Albeniz-Arbos, "Evocation," "La Feta-Dieu a Seville," and "Triana" (orchestration of piano pieces in the suite "Iberia"); Turina, "La Procession del Rocio"; De Falla, Three Dances from the ballet "The Three-Cornered Hat."

Honegger's Creed

Communicated in 1920 to Paul Landormy

I ATTACH great importance to musical architecture. I would never see it sacrificed to literary or pictorial considerations. . . . My model, above the rest, is Bach Unlike sundry "anti-impressionists," I seek no return to harmonic symplicity. I hold that we are bound to utilize the harmonic material of the school that preceded us, but to different purpose —as basis for lines and rhythms . . . I do not share the [current] inclination for music of the side-show or the vaudeville theater. On the contrary, I prefer chamber music, and symphonic music, when they are gravest and most austere.

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fternoon Honegger ll-Rounded

hony Concert Arrays of His Pieces, riously Voiced

RIDGE the audience at the ny Concerts applauds as it had come together for an and was heartily enjoying n, at the matinée, the assem- y claps consideringly, cau- -consciously, as though it ite sure of its pleasure and ring whether "correct" mo- ted it. Consequently, Mon- ger seemed less warmly re- mphony Hall yesterday aft- he had been on Thursday Sanders Theater. Even so, e plentiful at every oppor- entrances of the composer- the end of the better-liked moment when he waved the its feet, shook its collective the wrist of Mr. Burgin; in the crescent, alert, grate-

the difference between the es, on both banks of the pping was longest and loud- ose of the Concertno. In it negger renewed every agree- sion of the evening; laid earers what her compatriots y personal" spell; while thur was once more model as composer, conductor— . The matinée audience ort charm and gayety into Hall. Madame Andrée led a stage where, since the emoiselle Germaine Taille- as been no such apparition. " seemed to come in an from every quarter of the For his part, Monsieur by the morning coat of convention for the short riped trousers of current de; at second appearance ent, and more confident, the Prestra; drew from it more re puissant performance.

As at Cambridge, eight numbers—to count collectively the songs from "La Petite Sirène"—filled the program. Two—Nigamon's orchestral song and "Summer Pastoral"—may be counted early Honegger. Into a middle period fall "Horatius Triumphant" and "Pacific 2-3-1"; while to a later and a present day belong the Concertino and "Rugby." For the purposes of the concert, somewhere in a limbo of their own hovered the fragment from the opera, "Judith"—her Prayer to Jehovah in Act One—and the three songs out of "La Petite Sirène" suggested by Andersen's tale of the little mermaid. "Judith" is drama in music; exists, therefore, in true and living self nowhere but in the theater. Only to students and connoisseurs of opera (there are such futile persons) was the Prayer of much interest—as illustration of Honegger's swift, salient operatic speech as though the shape, speed and substance of the word were on the instant fused into the shape, speed and substance of the music; as example, again, of the illusion or the emotion single instruments, stripped or hushed, may evoke.

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Honegger still passes the holiday months in German Switzerland whence he came. In landscape and atmosphere, in homely sights and sounds familiar and cherished, he found the moods, out of them made the music, for "Summer Pastoral"—the murmurous, musing, beginning; through the middle measures gentle gayety drifting out of the distance to thread the revery; the revery itself melting, as drowsy day-dreams do, into the summer glow. Yet note the lightening hand of Honegger. "Nigamon" was written stub fingered. "Summer Pastoral" runs in fine lines to fine shadings; the musical matter gives out aromas; fancy chooses it; grace and delicacy conduct it.

By so much "Summer Pastoral" may lead the way to the Concertino—the present flower, as Madame Andrée plays it, of the lighter Honegger. It is brief—yet not for lack of diverse matter or variety of mood. It is written as one writes in joy of the work growing under mind and hand. Every measure is transparent, every note falls into just place. The musical movement is supple and alert Here runs Honegger's melody; there his animated counterpoint; a few pages onward, his zest for fugue—he can even turn it playful; everywhere his harmonic readiness, his sensibility to timbres. Honegger, however, lives in his own time, and 1924 is the date upon the Concertino. Hence the piano as instrument of percussion as well as means to pseudo-song; hints of atonality and polytonality seductive, almost cooing; in the finale a syncopated dance; while over the way from the bassoons and the violas something very like jazz. (The austere programist will have it "a street song.") And all done with an infectious verve and charm as musical as the matter. A good leave-taking for the fanciful, the adept, the smiling Honeggers—since to do justice to Madame Andrée they must indeed be plural.

Through "Horatius Triumphant," "Pacific 2-3-1," the new "Rugby," the other and, as the books will surely say, the greater Honegger. The "mimed symphony" of the triple Roman combat, of the passionful and murdered Camilla received yesterday its meed of applause. Seemingly, the atonality and the polytonality of a music that lays on and spares not, irritated few ears, exasperated few mouths. Yet no longer ago than 1922, when Mr. Monteux, greatly daring, produced the self-same piece in that self-same room, feminine voices screamed with scornful resentment and senile lips quavered out gutter-epithets. Now intent listening and fervent applause. Are we at last agreed that the music of this immediate time is fundamentally and pervasively music of dissonance; that to it our perceptions are becoming accustomed, understanding, responsive, as they gradually attuned themselves first to Wagner, then to Debussy; that at the imagination, the will, the hands, of a Stravinsky or a Honegger, this dissonance becomes a means to power and beauty, the more such for their strangeness? Have we gained at last the victory over prejudices by which we see that atonality, polytonality and the kindred modernisms are but new instruments to old ends, to be used or disused, enforced or softened, as they may serve the purpose of the composer? Through yesterday's concert—blessed be the Divine Justice!—the signs were favorable.

Unmistakably, and after six years, this mimed symphony of Roman legend is modernist music of poignant beauty and impinging power. It is not easy to sit unmoved before the measures that sing the fated loves of Camilla of the Horatii and her Curatius; or that sharpen her agony and revolt when by her brother's hand her lover falls. She screams out imprecation—for "Horace Victorieux" is intrinsically tonal drama—and the page pierces with power. The brother runs her through—and the page seethes with the swift savagery of the deed; then swells into the silence that upon these Romans fell. Along the way to this climax other deeds of tonal power and musico-dramatic imagination. Vividly the two motivs contrast the combatants, foretell the victory; there the heralds proclaim—for once tersely; before and behind the crowd grinds; and ever, as it seems, the undernote of the fated Camilla.

Honegger writes a stark, sinewy music; grave, austere, the composer's eye and ear fixed on the object, not a measure of rambunctious rhetoric or romantic palaver; the high Roman fash-

Dec. 31, 1926, at 131.99
27, 1927, to....126.83
28, 1927, to.....133.00
h 7, 1927, to....129.84
31, 1927, to.....142.66
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19, 1928, to... 149.84
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LUME OF SALES

	Stocks	Bonds
2, 1929—		
M.....	513,600	$2,000,0(
M.....	1,210,100	3,045,0(
.....	1,723,700	*$5,054,0(
1929—		
M.....	665,700	$3,197,00
M.....	1,532,200	1,957,00
M.....	857,800	2,327,00
M.....	449,400	1,279,00
M.....	737,300	2,711,00
.....	4,242,400	*$11,471,0(
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M.....	671,400	$2,528,00
M.....	1,097,500	1,537,00
M	1,023,000	1,194,00

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500	217¼	208¼	211		—7¼
500	59⅛	47½	56½		+6½
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62½ —⅛
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Andree Vaurabourg-Honegger
Pianist and Wife to the Eminent Composer

Herald Jan. 11, 1929

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Burlingame Hill of Cambridge gave a tea and reception yesterday afternoon at the Chilton Club in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Honegger of Paris, Mr. Honegger, the Swiss composer, will make his first appearance in America this afternoon when he will be guest conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra. He will conduct again tomorrow evening.

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hard-bitten into a stripped realism. Nor
"Horatius Triumphant" merely a mus
of delineation and of mimed drama. B
yond both, it has its own integrity an
vitality, into them has fused all else
Two-fold, from Honegger conductin
and composing now came "Horace Vic
torieux." Thereby, no doubt, it wa
glamoured. Yet from it sounded
high imagination and large mastery
into music transfusing drama. The
way was clear for "Judith," "Antigone,"
and Honegger fertilizing a sterile stage.

Then to the other mastery—over the
music of motion. To us in America "Pa
cific 2-3-1"—the locomotive piece—first
disclosed it. Being human, and there
fore decently light-minded, the delinea
tive details primarily amused us. We
heard "the joyous monster," as a Pa
risian commentator named it, chugging
into motion, straining to grip the rai's.
From it sounded the whistle, even ac
cording to the rules; at the end it was
braked—there is no other word for the
sound—to a stop. (Honegger, by the
way, speeds up the Pacific beyond the
usual; but brings it to less graphic stand
still.) As descriptive music, the piece
would have been forgotten in a year.
Upon listening imagination and preserv
ing recollection it laid hold by far more
remarkable traits.

Here at last was a music primarily of
motion. Seventy-five miles to the hour the
Pacific raced the rails and spanned the
night. Honegger rhythmed the pace; sang
the song of the motion, filled the staves
with the zest and glow of such riding of
earth, air and darkness. Even the coun
terpoint felt the thrill. The imagin
ing was bold and sure; the accomplish
ing masterly. Our day, our living, by
no means inglorious, had entered into
symphonic music, Honegger for its voice.
Here were its steel and speed, here its
rasp and clatter rhythmed and made
music. By such titles, not as mere
locomotive piece, "Pacific 2-3-1" endured.
To this day we that love our own time
shamelessly, may not hear it without
emotion.

In succession, but to far fine achieve
ment, now stands "Rugby," already
labelled the football piece. (Honegger
finds locomotives amusing, even haunt
ing. Therefore legend about "Pacific."
Honegger once played football; still fol
lows the game. Therefore legend—al
ready accumulating—about "Rugby," no
more than four months old. Under any
other name it would have sounded as
potent. Here again is a music of mo

75½	74	74½	—1
64½	62	62½	—⅛
40½	38	39⅛	—⅜
91	91	91	+1
114½	107	110	+½
57½	53⅛	57⅜	+3½

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Andree Vaurabourg-Honegger
Pianist and Wife to the Eminent Composer

Herald Jan. 11, 1929

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Burlingame Hill of Cambridge gave a tea and reception yesterday afternoon at the Chilton Club in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Honegger of Paris, Mr. Honegger, the Swiss composer, will make his first appearance in America this afternoon when he will be guest conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra. He will conduct again tomorrow evening.

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Here at last was a music primarily of motion. Seventy-five miles to the hour the Pacific raced the rails and spanned the night. Honegger rhythmed the pace; sang the song of the motion, filled the staves with the zest and glow of such riding of earth, air and darkness. Even the counterpoint felt the thrill. The imagining was bold and sure; the accomplishing masterly. Our day, our living, by no means inglorious, had entered into symphonic music, Honegger for its voice. Here were its steel and speed, here its rasp and clatter rhythmed and made music. By such titles, not as mere locomotive piece, "Pacific 2-3-1" endured. To this day we that love our own time shamelessly, may not hear it without emotion.

In succession, but to far fine achievement, now stands "Rugby," already labelled the football piece. (Honegger finds locomotives amusing, even haunting. Therefore legend about "Pacific." Honegger once played football; still follows the game. Therefore legend—already accumulating—about "Rugby," no more than four months old. Under any other name it would have sounded as potent. Here again is a music of motion, variously and in
— abrupt, broken,
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conducted in contrast
combat. They are
mêlée of counterpoint
the phrase—that in
musical impression transcends "Pacific."

In this polyphony the game—if game there is—is played changefully, excitedly, dynamically. The zest of it, the joy of it—this is European, not collegiate football, football seen and heard through the imagination—burst here and there into songful measures, full-throated, elate. The end flings up a sturdy victory. And all by musical means used in musical imagery to musical illusion. For his purpose Honegger needs neither atonality nor polytonality; tosses away with as free a gesture the percussion group. Here again is music of our time, our living, our sport—and not merely are they machines; music built upon the foundations of the fathers, yet speaking our language in our voice to our answering emotions. "The ancients were the ancients"—composers included —"but we"—listening to music—"are people of today."

H. T.P.

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ARTHUR HONEGGER was born at Havre, France, on March 10, 1892, of Swiss-German Protestant parents, who went to France for business interests. It has been said of Honegger that, although like César Franck, he belongs to the history of French music, he is "profoundly Swiss," as Franck was "essentially Belgian." Honegger's parents were not especially musical, but his mother played the piano, and as a child he learned to love Beethoven and take a lively interest in music. When he was six years of age, an old lady, the wife of an Austrian consular official, prophesied that he would be a musician, and taught him rudiments of the art. His father had given him the first piano and violin lessons, according to Arthur Hoerée, but M. Roland-Manuel says that his parents gave the boy over to a piano teacher, later to Sautreuil, who gave violin lessons

Honegger has been represented at concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston by these compositions:

1922. November 24, "Horace Victorieux." Mr. Monteux, conductor. First performance in the United States.

1924. October 10, "Pacific 231." Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

1927. April 1, "Pacific 231." Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor. Also October 28, Incidental music to D'Annunzio's "Fedra."

1928. April 1 (Pension Fund Concert), "King David." Harvard Glee Club, Radcliffe Choral Society. Ethel Hayden, soprano; Viola Silva, contralto; Tudor Davies, tenor; Paul Leyssac, reader; John P. Marshall, organist. Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

Thirteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 18, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 19, at 8.15 o'clock

ENRIQUE F. ARBOS will conduct these concerts

Wagner . . . Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"

Halffter . . . . . Sinfonietta in D major

I. Pastorella.
II. Adagio.
III. Allegretto vivace (Minuetto).
IV. Allegro giocoso.

(First time in Boston)

Ravel . . . . . Alborada del Grazioso

Albeniz . . . . . Suite, "Ibéria" (Arranged for Orchestra by Arbos)

a. La Fête-Dieu à Séville.
b. Triana.

(First time in Boston)

Turina . . . . . "La Procession del Rocio," Tableau Symphonique

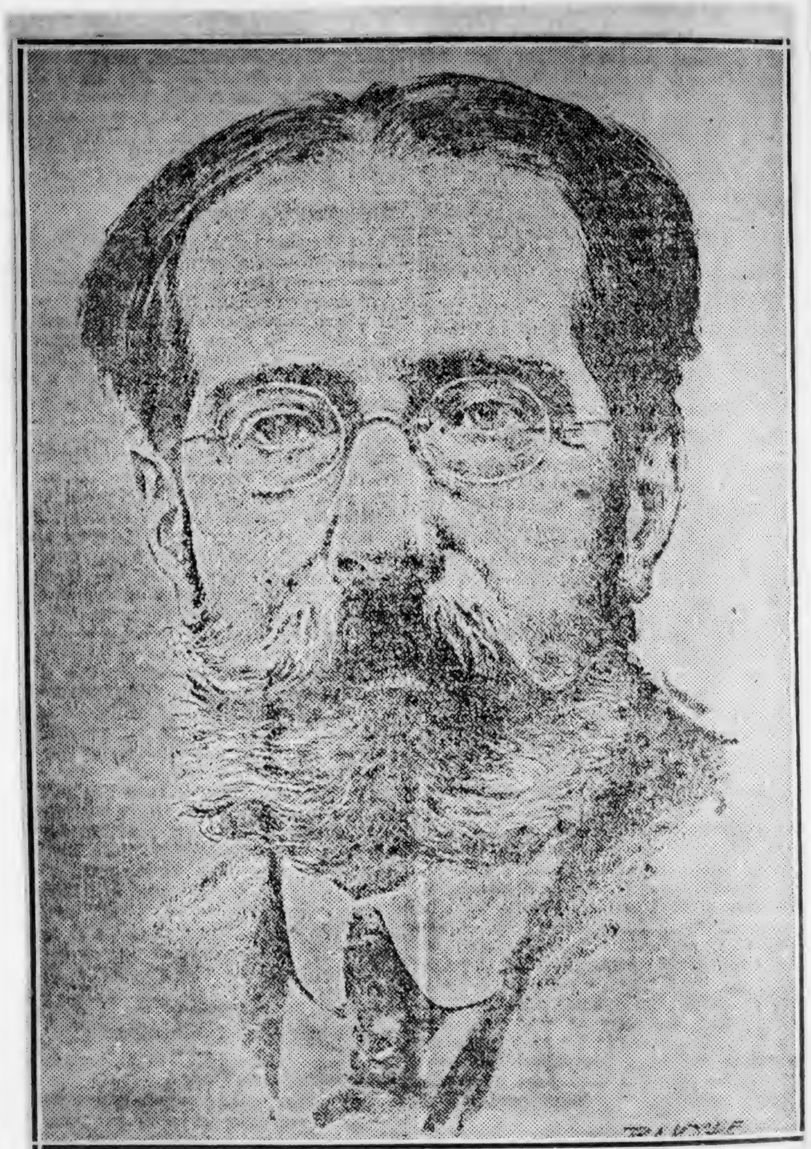
DeFalla . . . . Three Dances from "The Three Cornered Hat," Ballet

a. The Neighbors.
b. Dance of the Miller.
c. Final Dance.

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

There will be an intermission after Ravel's "Alborada del Grazioso"

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



Fernandez-Arbos (New York Times)

Guest-Conductor at the Symphony Concerts of Jan. 18 and 19

SYMPHONY RESPONDS TO ARBOS

Spanish Programme Seems to Please Audience

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Returning as guest conductor to an orchestra which 25 years ago he served for a season as concert-master, Enrique Fernandez-Arbos of Madrid directed the Symphony concert of yesterday afternoon. It is in the interpretation of the music of his own countrymen that Mr. Arbos by common consent excels as conductor and, save for Wagner's "Meistersinger" Prelude and Ravel's would-be Spanish "Alborada del Grazioso," the programme ran wholly to pieces by Spanish composers.

HAS CHANGED BUT LITTLE

To speak first of the man, Mr. Arbos has changed outwardly but little since last he appeared in Symphony Hall. H hair retains its raven blackness thoug His beard has grayed, and a slight sto makes him seem a shade less tall. conducting he is energetic, clear-cu generally economical of motion and trifle angular. By report the orchest warms to him as a man. Clearly it r sponded to him as musician and as co ductor.

In return he expressed his pleasure the band by graciously bidding the pla ers to rise at the end of nearly eve number on the programme. The aud ence participated in and heightened t general good-will; from first to last the applause yesterday was more than commonly plentiful and hearty.

His Spanish Pieces

In detail Mr. Arbos' Spanish pieces were a Sinfonietta by the 24-year-old Ernesto Halffter, composed when that precociously gifted pupil of De Falla was but 19; two numbers from Albeniz's piano suite "Iberia" in Mr. Arbos' orchestration; Turina's "La Procession del Rocio"; and three dances from De-Falla's ballet "The Three-Cornered Hat."

Of these pieces Halffter's Sinfonietta was new to Boston, as were Mr. Arbos' transcriptions, and Turina's "luminous fresco," to use a phrase bestowed upon it by Debussy, had been played here only by the orchestra of the MacDowell Club and by the People's Symphony.

Halffter's Sinfonietta in its general character suggests the suites of Handel and Bach, but it is Spanish for all that, and an extraordinary work to have come from so young a composer. There is some repetitiousness but no uncertainty of touch.

Albeniz Very Effective

More conventionally Spanish is Turina's Tableau Symphonique, brilliant and colorful. So effective were Albeniz's pieces, the Triana especially, in Mr. Arbos' version, that it would be a pleasure to hear others of the set. Ravel's "Alborado" is diverting; and so are De Falla's dances, although this music is less distinctive than the composer's "El Amor Brujo."

As programme-making per se such preponderance of music of a single type might be questioned, but there was no mistaking the audience's enjoyment of the concert. The performances of this Spanish music amply confirmed Mr. Arbos' reputation in it. Keenly he feels, vividly he imparts its rhythm and color. The "Meistersinger" Prelude, however, was too shrilled-voiced, tonally too high-pitched, over-violent in the brass. Wagner with sauce espagnole, a stimulating dish for those who relish a new point of view and are not disturbed by racial contradictions.

Mr. Koussevitzky will return to his post at the supplementary concert of the Symphony Orchestra next Monday evening, with Schubert's Unfinished Symphony and Franck's Symphony upon his program. He will divide the ensuing pair of regular Symphony Concerts, on Jan. 25 and 26, between Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony, in which he has never been heard in Boston, and Mr. Bloch's Rhapsody, "America," first played a month ago.. In the concluding "Anthem," a chorus from Harvard and Radcliffe will again assist.

SPANISH MUSIC

By PHILIP HALE

Enrique Fernandez-Arbos, a guest, conducted the 13th concert of the Boston symphony orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, where 25 years ago he sat on the platform as the concertmaster of that orchestra. His program was as follows: Wagner, Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"; Halffter, Sinfonietta D major; Ravel, Alborada del Grazioso; Alberiz-Arbos, "La Fete-Dieu a Seville," "Triana"; Turina, "La Procession del Rocio"; De Falla, three dances from "The Three-Cornered Hat." The sinfonietta by Halffter and the piano pieces by Alberiz as orchestrated by Mr. Arbos were played for the first time in Boston; the music by Ravel and Turina for the first time at these concerts. Mr. Koussevitsky handed over to Mr. Arbos the superb orchestra which during the years of his engagement he has shaped and fashioned until, according to the testimony of visiting conductors acquainted with bands in Europe and this country, it is now without an equal. Mr. Arbos played upon this instrument as a musician and a virtuoso; a conductor, respecting the composers; ever mindful of them; without disturbing and unwelcome personal display, yet shining by the service he rendered them. To speak in detail of his qualities as a conductor would be superfluous, if not impertinent, for his reputation has long been established in Europe; his ability was fully recognized last season in New York, where the conducted several concerts.

Take for example his interpretation yesterday of Wagner's Prelude. He remembered first of all that "The Mastersingers" is a comedy; that the Prelude is joyous. We have heard performances even in German opera houses, when one would have thought from the manner in which this musice was read that the opera was one

"Presenting Thebes, or, Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine."

Joyous, but with due consideration of the sections representing the square-toed, pedantic mastersingers; not forgetful of the lyric passages for Walther and Eva; a performance characterized by clarity even when there was extreme contrapuntal complexity; a buoyant spirit maintained throughout; a continuous flow of melody in which various episodes were not separate streams but tributaries to the mighty rush of the musical river, indispensable to the continuity. While there was an ever present regard for details, they too contributed to the general effect and did not appear as if they were all-important.

The spirit, the beauty, and the strength of the performance were at once appreciated by the audience. The conductor and the orchestra were enthusiastically applauded; the former wes thrice called to the platform. And enthusiasm reigned throughout the concert.

Of the Spanish music, familiar and unfamiliar, Halffter's Sinfonietta and the "Triana" of Albeniz, brilliantly orchestrated by Mr. Arbos, made the deepest impression. Ravel's orchestration of his piano piece is ingenious but "Alborada" cannot be ranked among his better works either in the original or in the magnified and enriched form. There are measures that promise something entrancing to come, but there is no arrival. Turina's "Procession" is not so interesting as the description of the festival printed by way of explanation in the score. The subject of the "Procession" and that of "Le Fete-Dieu" are about the same; the former is a too literal translation into tones; panoramic music; music for a film; the latter is gorgeous impressionism, if that word may be allowed.

Halffter is a young man but he has not been swept off his feet by contemporary influences, neither by Stravinsky nor by the preachers of atonality and polytonality. He is not so devoted to folk song that this Sinfonietta cannot make a universal appeal; yet it is evident that he is Spanish in musical feeling and expression. He has a pronounced sense of rhythm; he is not afraid to let drums have an important role (he uses two side drums); there are many hints at dance forms; nor does he require a huge orchestra to say what he has to say. The Pastorale is charmingly simple and melodious. The Adagio is too long. It contains fine passages, the prevailing mood holds the attention for the greater part; the technical treatment inspires respect; but Halffter could not stop after he had, for the audience at least, exhausted his subject. The Finale has more character than the Minuet. With the reservation made, the Sinfonietta is not an ordinary, not a conventional work. The composer has musical ideas, skill in expressing them and making the most of them. He does not shun melody or the semblance of melody, nor does he go far afield in the wish to avoid what some consider "too obvious."

If music can be said to dazzle by its brilliance, "Triana" is an amazing example. The piano piece calls loudly for orchestral color, dash, swing, rhythmic frenzy;; it might be called an admirable study for a master's instrumentation. The piano piece, when the pianist has the requisite technic and fiery imagination, it itself exciting; as Mr. Arbos has scored it, the music is intoxicating.

A concert that gave great pleasure. A proof of this is that only one or two before the final number left the hall, panting for tea, eager for social chatter.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony and Bloch's epic rhapsody "America."

By PHILIP HALE

Twenty-five years ago Enrique Fernandez-Arbos was concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for a season. This week he revisits Boston to conduct the concerts of this orchestra on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. A Spaniard, he naturally brings Spanish music with him for performance; his orchestration of piano pieces by Albeniz—"Triana" and "Fete-Dieu a Seville," which have been played here by pianists, and "Evocation," which may or may not be performed here this week; Turina's "Procession del Recio," which was introduced here by the MacDowell Club; three dances from De Falla's "Three-Cornered Hat"; Mr. Arbos will also conduct the prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," which is not at all Spanish; Ravel's "Alborada del Grazioso," which has a decidedly Spanish flavor, and a sinfonietta by the Spaniard Halffter, whose little quartet was played in 1927 by the Flonzaley Quartet.

Last season Mr. Arbos conducted three concerts of the Symphony Society of New York with great success. This season he will conduct as a guest concerts of Detroit's and St. Louis's symphony orchestras. He will be welcomed here, for though many years have passed he is remembered as an accomplished musician and a most companionable gentleman.

Mr. Arbós Conducts Boston Orchestra

Enrique Fernandez Arbós of Madrid, who 25 years ago was concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, yesterday occupied the dais at Symphony Hall. He is acting as guest conductor for the second week of the Koussevitzkyan hibernation. He was welcomed with unusual warmth by audience and orchestra, and the concert was punctuated by mutual felicitations of conductor, players and listeners.

If Mr. Arbós had been quite unknown, he would have established himself at once as an authoritative orchestral director by his rousing performance of the "Meistersinger" Prelude. Austere Wagnerites may find his reading "not Wagner," but upon one who had enjoyed of late a little too much of the neo-Bayreuthian devotional atmosphere, this bustle had the effect of a sea turn.

Every guest conductor must bring a novelty. Mr. Arbós had selected the D major Sinfonietta of Ernesto Halffter Escriche. So far as we recall, this is the first composition of Halffter's to be heard in Boston except the "Quartettino per archi," which the Flonzaley Quartet introduced two years ago. The Sinfonietta confirmed the excellent impression of the composer formed on that occasion. There has been some disputation whether the manner is more like that of Bach, of Handel or of Haydn. There are evidences of all these influences, and of that of Mozart as well. But what we like about the piece is its individuality and restraint.

Perhaps we have heard too much Honegger of late as well as too much Wagner. At all events, we are relieved to encounter again this young Spaniard, who can write a score that depends for its effect neither on extra-musical sounds nor on feeble echoes of the masters. Halffter does not find it necessary to issue a manifesto with his work, explaining that it implies a new theory of æsthetics, or, on the other hand, a "return" to this, that or the other classic school. Simply he sets down his own musical thoughts (and pleasing thoughts they are), using the forms that have been bequeathed to him by his predecessors, and employing modern harmonic and rhythmic resources with discretion.

If he does not require a swollen orchestra, reinforced with strange percussion devices, neither does he strive for effect by approximating the negation of sound. His score strikes us as honest, expert, transparent, witty and fanciful. We shall not be so reckless as to declare that the mantle of Bach is about to fall upon the shoulders of Halffter, but we are certain that the works of Halffter we have heard are in the direct classical line, and we have a notion that they are more significant than many opi of better advertised composers.

Ravel's "Alborado del Grazioso," vividly performed, closed the first half of the program. Thereafter we were made to feel that it is possible to hear too much Spanish music at a sitting. This feeling was roused by the sequence of Albeniz's "Fête-Dieu à Séville" and "Triana," orchestrated by Mr. Arbós; Turina's "La Procession del Rocio," and three dances from De Falla's "Three-Cornered Hat." The audience nevertheless received gladly this rather theatrical fare, and remained to pay further tribute to the conductor.

L. A. S.

ARBOS CONDUCTS SYMPHONY CONCERT

Spanish Musician Wins Heartfelt Applause

Pieces by Halffter, Ravel, Albeniz, Wagner and De Falla Heard

Enrique Fernandez Arbos, conductor of the Orquesta Sinfonica at Madrid, Spain, was guest conductor at yesterday's Boston Symphony concert. Mr Arbos is not a stranger to Boston, though he had not before conducted here. In the season 1903-4, he served as concert master of the Boston Symphony, then conducted by Gericke, and was heard in chamber concerts. To many in yesterday's audience he was an old acquaintance, to be cordially welcomed. The heartfelt and prolonged applause after each number on the program was a tribute to his remarkable skill as conductor, not the usual polite and meaningless hand-clapping.

Mr Arbos chose a program which proved that his native country has produced significant orchestral music. Except for Wagner's "Meistersinger" prelude and Ravel's "Alborada del Grazioso," every number was by a Spaniard. Halffter, Albeniz, Turina and De Falla were the composers represented.

The performance of Wagner's familiar prelude with which the concert began was the finest heard here in recent seasons. For a parallel one must go back to the days of Dr Muck. Mr Arbos' magnificent sense of rhythm and his rare ability to make the structure of music obvious to the listener while thrilling him with its emotional power are just what this music needs. Mr Arbos, a thorough musician, is a conductor able to get from an orchestra the kind of performance he wants and the music requires. His reading of this number alone proved that he deserves to be numbered with the foremost conductors.

In the modern pieces that filled the rest of the program, the same ability to attain brilliant and stirring performances with no sacrifice of clarity or precision of detail compelled the listener's wholehearted admiration for Mr Arbos' conducting. Seldom does the Friday audience applaud through an afternoon with the warmth it showed yesterday.

Ernesto Halffter, previously known here only by a piece played two years ago by the Flonzaley Quartet, has in the Sinfonietta in D major heard yesterday written one of the most spirited and ingratiating of modern pieces of light music, unless Mr Arbos' genius beguiled the listener. Each of its four movements is thoroughly enjoyable. The style is not violently modern.

Ie recalled Kodaly's "Hari Janos," rather than Honegger or Stravinsky, though Halffter, like the rest of the younger generation, has been influenced by 18th-century music. If Haydn had been born in 1905, as Halffter was, he would probably have written music like this—music which ought to take a permanent place in the orchestral repertory.

Halffter, born in the 20th century, shows none of the desire to use Spanish "local color" which betrays the 19th century romantic influence on Turina, de Falla, Albeniz and Ravel. His music has at least the cosmopolitanism of the 18th century, if not the universality of the masterpieces that are beyond age and time.

Granada and Seville have a picturesque appeal that has caught the fancy of many musicians, most of them foreigners like Bizet and Ravel, and Rimsky Korsakoff. The 19th century rule for writing Spanish music was to borrow the intriguing rhythms of Spanish popular dances and explain in a program note the scenery and incidents supposedly depicted in tones.

When done by a foreigner like Ravel this sort of thing is utterly artificial. Even when the local color is genuine, as is the work of Turina, Albeniz and de Falla, who employ Spanish rhythms and Spanish turns of melody with at least the illusion of spontaneity, this national music seems mannered and not devoid of affectation.

Mr Arbos' orchestration of piano pieces by Albeniz stood the test of comparison with Ravel's marvelous orchestration of his own "Alborada," written for piano. Rhythm, color, vivacity animated yesterday's concert. Mr Arbos should be heard here again as conductor. One would like to hear what he could do to other classics after delighting in his conducting of the "Meistersinger" prelude.

P. R.

Afternoon of The Spaniards, Young or Old

To the Symphony Concert Come Guest-Conductor And Composers

THE COURSE of the applause, yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall, was also the course of the concert. Both began auspiciously when Mr. Fernandez-Arbos, returning as guest-conductor, was welcomed heartily to the stage on which, as first violinist, he had sat twenty-five years ago. Bearded, grizzling and of a brownish complexion, he looked his years, which have turned into the sixties; but his manner and his conducting gave not a hint of declining vitality. In mutual good will guest and orchestra set to the first piece of the day, the Prelude to Wagner's comedy, "Die Meistersinger." They played it warmly and sonorously, at unflagging pace, in unbroken lines, with rhythmical or rhetorical accents uncommonly well placed, in manifold sweep to full-rounded climax. The audience answered with a tempest of applause—as though a stock-piece out of the universal repertory had been renewed upon its rejoicing ears.

Mr. Arbos passed to the Sinfonietta of the young Spaniard, Halffter. It filled long-standing forms with fresh inventions; enlivened surface-simplicities with sophisticated spice; kept throughout grace, charm, felicity. Even between the movements pleased hearers clapped tentatively; found the guest consenting to these plaudits; multiplied them at every pause. After Halffter, Ravel in the orchestral version of 'Alborada del Grazioso," more than once announced, at last achieved, "at these concerts." The Parisian was apt at every turn—light-voiced and sparkling at the beginning and the end; midway darker and full-throated. Again general pleasure and hearty tribute, acknowledged by conductor and orchestra in the usual crescent.

Through the intermission—it is not too much to say—many went rapturous-

ano-pieces—"Corpus Christi at and "Triana" (its disreputable sy suburb) transcribed from Albe- Mr. Arbos himself, resumed the Plainly both attention and ap- were relaxing. Another piece— s "Procession of The Dew"— n like lassitude. Then the usual out of de Falla's ballet, "The ornered Hat," but new-rhythmed playing; a few perfunctory hand- n audience making for the doors. concert had been no longer than horter in fact than not a few.

reason is not far to seek. Mr. s a Spaniard, practising his pro- in Madrid. Spanish composers, or middle-aged, are his friends. ey hand him for production their pieces. He has a just regard for nineteenth-century predecessor, De Falla aside, he knows how their names appear on symphonic ns outside Spain. Journeying to ted States, he would exhibit them, ple, to a new public. He erred, r, when he cut these samples milar cloths; or else his Spaniards no other. The two pieces from are sonorous of voice, vigorous hm, bright with color, alive with They contain contrasting meas- ric in mood and speech. They a simple delineative scheme, easy from the sounds. They abound estral vitality. They are not re- le for musical substance. Akin na's "Procession of The Dew"— es, rhythms, colors, contrast, sug- , pervading quality. too far away are the Dances out e Three-Cornered Hat." The mu- eb is thinner and more transpar- e rhythms beat more vividly and ly; the play of harmonies and tim- more ingenious and imaginative; s less formula and more flavor. ed ears note these differences and easure in them; but on the casual the impression from Turina and is again renewed. Even he—or days she—begins to crave more ce and less glamour; the musing l the ebullient mood. High-bred —not more than twice-removed— Alborada of Ravel. The inevitable was an increasing sense of same- haunting desire to put by orches- rnishes and feed upon musical

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The performance of Wagner's familiar prelude with which the concert began was the finest heard here in recent seasons. For a parallel one must go back to the days of Dr Muck. Mr Arbos' magnificent sense of rhythm and his rare ability to make the structure of music obvious to the listener while thrilling him with its emotional power are just what this music needs. Mr Arbos, a thorough musician, is a conductor able to get from an orchestra the kind of performance he wants and the music requires. His reading of this number alone proved that he deserves to be numbered with the foremost conductors.

In the modern pieces that filled the rest of the program, the same ability to attain brilliant and stirring performances with no sacrifice of clarity or precision of detail compelled the listener's wholehearted admiration for Mr Arbos' conducting. Seldom does the Friday audience applaud through an afternoon with the warmth it showed yesterday.

Ernesto Halffter, previously known here only by a piece played two years ago by the Flonzaley Quartet, has in the Sinfonietta in D major heard yesterday written one of the most spirited and ingratiating of modern pieces of light music, unless Mr Arbos' genius beguiled the listener. Each of its four movements is thoroughly enjoyable. The style is not violently modern.

Ie recalled Kodaly's "Hari Janos," rather than Honegger or Stravinsky, though Halffter, like the rest of the younger generation, has been influenced by 18th-century music. If Haydn had been born in 1905, as Halffter was, he would probably have written music like this—music which ought to take a permanent place in the orchestral repertory.

Halffter, born in the 20th century, shows none of the desire to use Spanish "local color" which betrays the 19th century romantic influence on Turina, de Falla, Albeniz and Ravel. His music has at least the cosmopolitanism of the 18th century, if not the universality of the masterpieces that are beyond age and time.

Granada and Seville have a picturesque appeal that has caught the fancy of many musicians, most of them foreigners like Bizet and Ravel, and Rimsky Korsakoff. The 19th century rule for writing Spanish music was to borrow the intriguing rhythms of Spanish popular dances and explain in a program note the scenery and incidents supposedly depicted in tones.

When done by a foreigner like Ravel this sort of thing is utterly artificial. Even when the local color is genuine, as is the work of Turina, Albeniz and de Falla, who employ Spanish rhythms and Spanish turns of melody with at least the illusion of spontaneity, this national music seems mannered and not devoid of affectation.

Mr Arbos' orchestration of piano pieces by Albeniz stood the test of comparison with Ravel's marvelous orchestration of his own "Alborada," written for piano. Rhythm, color, vivacity animated yesterday's concert. Mr Arbos should be heard here again as conductor. One would like to hear what he could do to other classics after delighting in his conducting of the "Meistersinger" prelude.

F. R.

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Two piano-pieces—"Corpus Christi at Seville" and "Triana" (its disreputable and noisy suburb) transcribed from Albeniz by Mr. Arbos himself, resumed the concert. Plainly both attention and applause were relaxing. Another piece—Turina's "Procession of The Dew"—passed in like lassitude. Then the usual dances out of de Falla's ballet, "The Three-Cornered Hat," but new-rhythmed in the playing; a few perfunctory hand-claps, an audience making for the doors. Yet the concert had been no longer than most; shorter in fact than not a few.

The reason is not far to seek. Mr. Arbos is a Spaniard, practising his profession in Madrid. Spanish composers, young or middle-aged, are his friends. Often they hand him for production their newest pieces. He has a just regard for their nineteenth-century predecessor, Albeniz. De Falla aside, he knows how seldom their names appear on symphonic programs outside Spain. Journeying to the United States, he would exhibit them, by sample, to a new public. He erred, however, when he cut these samples from similar cloths; or else his Spaniards weave no other. The two pieces from Albeniz are sonorous of voice, vigorous of rhythm, bright with color, alive with motion. They contain contrasting measures lyric in mood and speech. They follow a simple delineative scheme, easy to infer from the sounds. They abound in orchestral vitality. They are not remarkable for musical substance. Akin is Turina's "Procession of The Dew"—sonorities, rhythms, colors, contrast, suggestion, pervading quality.

Not too far away are the Dances out of "The Three-Cornered Hat." The musical web is thinner and more transparent; the rhythms beat more vividly and variously; the play of harmonies and timbres is more ingenious and imaginative; there is less formula and more flavor. Practised ears note these differences and take pleasure in them; but on the casual hearer the impression from Turina and Albeniz is again renewed. Even he—or on Fridays she—begins to crave more substance and less glamour; the musing as well the ebullient mood. High-bred cousin—not more than twice-removed—was the Alborada of Ravel. The inevitable result was an increasing sense of sameness; a haunting desire to put by orchestral garnishes and feed upon musical meat.

In turn, while Mr. Arbos is an able and interesting conductor, he does not impose himself at brief acquaintance upon an audience. He lacks "personality," as we Americans name that influ-

ence. Habitually we exact it from practitioners of executive arts—not least from conductors. Sir Thomas Beecham, for a remembered guest, deployed it and more shortcomings than one were forgotten. Out of Mr. Koussevitzky, upon virtually the same audience, it has poured through nearly five seasons, in undiminished potency. Mr. Monteux lacked it and missed just credit for many a virtue and valiancy. As the concert proceeded, there was no discovering it in Mr. Arbos. The Prelude to "Die Meistersinger" prevailed out of Wagner and an understanding conductor. Halffter's fancies and dexterities were no sooner heard than they pleased. Give Ravel a bundle of scoring paper and of it he makes a wand. To the contrary, by the conductor must Albeniz, Turina and, in degree, the de Falla of yesterday's dances prevail. Passing through him, their written music shall gain motion, color, character, life. Our guest from Madrid, so far as a single concert disclosed him, lacks this transfiguring "personality."

Mr. Arbos is enriched with experience, unmechanized into routine. He handled a strange orchestra as confidently and elastically as though it were his own. He made clear his will and his way, and the players gave him back his desire. He abounds in straightforward energy, never dawdling or distorting, courting no "little touches," fondling no contrived effects. Through the second half of the program it was easy to believe that he preferred sonority above finesse; that he heard composer and orchestra in mass rather than detail. Yet he had been adept and sympathetic with the light-fingered Halffter and the ingenious Ravel. There was no mistaking his zest and his aptitude for rhythm. Not a measure would he willingly leave lifeless. Glows of color warmed him, as sumptuous as Wagner's, as thick and "laid on" as Albeniz's and Turina's. Yet Halffter went undarkened, Ravel unfattened. Mr. Arbos missed nothing in the upward sweep of Wagner's Prelude; could depend upon an orchestra as supple as the music. He beat out stately and striding as well as snapping Spanish rhythms. He is no bungler with songful curve and flow. His abilities, understanding, sympathies, fidelities stood clear; but they lack, somehow, an individual stamp. In a day of "personality" he remains an objective conductor.

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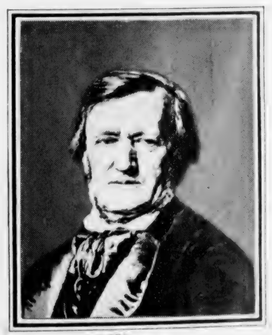

Wagner

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To the Symphony Concerts Senor Arbos Returns As Chief Guest

THE elderly and gentle lady who rather pathetically asked the management of Symphony Hall last Saturday whether it would not be possible soon to have some music of "pleasant sounds," will get her wish earlier than she expected. For a pleasant gentleman with kindly eyes and a fatherly beard has come out of that land of romance—as the old books have it—which is called Spain, to bring to her and to many another this week a program which begins with the solid old Prelude to Wagner's opera "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" and ends with the dances from de Falla's ballet, "The Three-Cornered Hat," with nothing more biting between than Ravel's or Albeniz's or Turina's working of Spanish dances, along with a Sinfonietta that some writers describe as similar to Bach or Handel in their lighter styles, but which others say is like nothing so much as Papa Haydn. The gentleman to provide the program is Senor Enrique Fernandez-Arbos, the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra of Madrid. The program other than the two numbers mentioned includes Halffter's Sinfonietta in D major; Ravel's "Alborada del Grazioso"; three out of Albeniz's set of twelve piano-pieces under the common title "Iberia"; Turina's so-called Tableau Symphonique, "La Procession del Rocio."

Mr. Arbos is not unknown to an elder generation of Bostonians. It will remember him as an excellent violinist who was concert-master of the orchestra in 1903-1904, the year after the resignation of Franz Kneisel. It may remember also, if its memory is good, that Mr. Arbos was then forty years of age; that he had enjoyed excellent training and plainly profited by it. The violin was his chosen instrument; upon it he studied with Monasterio at Madrid, Vieuxtemps in Brussels, Joachim in Berlin. In Brussels the excellent Gevaert also

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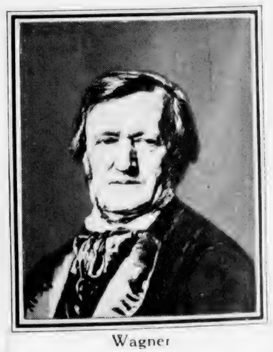

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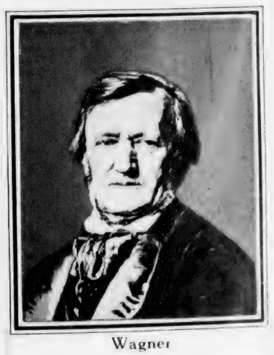

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guided him in composition. Not for a few months merely did he frequent these teachers; for a full three or four years he was with them. Since even ten years of study do not bring a man to the age of forty, be it said that previous to his one year in Boston (he believes it the coldest he ever spent in his whole life. What will he say of his present visit?) he had been professor of violin-playing at the Hamburg conservatory (where he went immediately after his study with Joachim); for a short time concert-master of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; finally professor of violin-playing at the conservatory of the city of his birth, Madrid. He had further spent considerable time travelling as virtuoso of the violin, and even better, had interested himself in quartet-playing.

From Boston Mr. Arbos went to London, where the Gulf Stream produces not only fog but also a degree of warmth, again to teach violin-playing, at the Royal College of Music. After a time he began spending his summers in Madrid, and conducting there. In 1916 he settled in that capital as conductor of the Orquesta Sinfonica. His good work spread abroad and he has done much "guest conducting" through the capitals of Europe. But like Mr. Koussevitzky in Russia, he spends much time taking his orchestra into the interior of Spain, playing before audiences that have never heard symphonic music before. Interestingly he relates that with them a Concerto of Bach will "go" at first hearing, while a Symphony of, say, Chaikovsky requires several repetitions to make proper impression.

Like the older Parisian orchestras, Mr. Arbos's orchestra in Madrid is an association of players without guarantee or endowment. At first it worked under handicaps elsewhere unknown: concerts for example were taxed more heavily than any other form of "amusement," bullfights included. Now concerts are taxed less than other entertainments Mr. Arbos, in spite of hampering conditions, reports high loyalty and good rehearsals as the rule with his men. . . . One more incident to make real the temper of the people to whom he plays. He brings to America the story of a crowd of 15,000, so enraged at a bull-fight that with difficulty they were prevented from wrecking the arena. The same evening at six o'clock, the hour of concerts in Madrid, the same crowd was listening reverently to music from Wagner's "Parsifal. . . . Mr. Arbos renewed his acquaintance with America last year when he conducted concerts for the New York Symphony Society and visited other cities as guest-conductor. He has also composed in the smaller forms, even

and aristocratic. Midway is a melodic trio. The form, with its cadences, and double bars and repetitions, follows the classical minuet. The finale is rhapsodic in character and form, now brilliant and exultant, now expressive and delicate, now "burlesqued." Probably the composer reaches the height of his originality (and he is an original young artist) in this movement. Altogether the Sinfonietta is clear proof that originality is possible with the use of not much more than the old devices of classicism and romanticism. Hitherto Halffter has been known to Bostonians only by a Debussyan String Quartet once played by "The Flonzaleys."

Ever since Ravel scored his "Alborada del Grazioso" the Symphony Concerts have been awaiting the orchestral version. Mr. Monteux included it in more than one prospectus. Mr. Koussevitzky has considered it. Mr. Arbos actually brings it. The piece belongs to the set of piano-pieces called "Miroirs" (1905). The orchestration was copyrighted in 1923. The term "alborada" is Spanish for the French "aubade," which in turn is the equivalent of morning serenade. Monsieur Jean-Aubry is responsible for the statement that a Grazioso is "a kind of buffoon, full of finesse—a sort of Figaro." He continues: "For such an incessantly alert being, it would seem as if night were never present; for him it is always the hour of the aubade—the hour of smiles and of delicacy. He is skilled in pleasant mockery and is loath to vociferate. He enjoys the sweetness of living and lingers over no reflections." The music begins with a dance in which 3-4 alternates with 6-8 meter. The middle section opens with a bassoon solo over string accompaniment. The student of orchestral methods will observe that here the strings are divided—first violins into six parts, seconds into six, violas into five, 'cellos into four, double basses into three. The last division adds new brilliances and new dance rhythms.

Mr. Arbos has orchestrated many of Albeniz's pieces out of the set called collectively "Iberia," and described as "twelve scenes from different corners of Spain inspired by the rhythms, harmonies and turns of phrase from Spanish popular music, particularly the songs and dances of Andalusia.' Much description is unnecessary as these pieces are heard frequently in piano recitals. For the present program Mr. Arbos has chosen "Evocation" (Allegretto expressivo), "Corpus Christi at Seville." Tri-

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Ernesto Halffter (Alban)

Entering the Symphony Concerts from The Music of Spain

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an opera of the Spanish zarzuela type. His instrumental arrangements and transcriptions show a keen and sensitive understanding of the orchestra. As a conductor he is clear, forceful, highly rhythmical, lucid in the exposition of music, at the same time strongly dynamic.

Ernesto Halffter, whose Sinfonietta in D major stands after Wagner's Prelude upon the impending program, is a young Spaniard of high musical ability, born at Madrid in 1905. He is a pupil of de Falla, and at Seville now conducts a chamber-orchestra founded by his teacher, the Orquesta Bética de Cámera. The present Sinfonietta is designed for an orchestra of that type. The program book at the première in Madrid declared that in character and form it approximated a Sinfonia Concertante of Haydn rather than a Concerto Grosso of Bach or Handel.

The Sinfonietta was written at Madrid between 1923 and 1927 and is dedicated to "mon cher maitre, Manuel de Falla, en hommage." It is scored for one each of the four usual woodwinds—flute, oboe, clarinet and bassoon; two horns, one trumpet, one trombone; tympani and two snare-drums, one smaller than the other; solo violin, 'cello, contra-bass; and the usual string quintet. The four movements are designated Pastorella; Adagio; Allegretto vivace (Minuetto); Allegro giocoso. In the first division both themes bear out the pastoral label. The first is well accented, is heard principally in woodwinds and horns; while the second is less rhythmical and is carried often by solo instruments, as the flute or the first violin. There is a closing theme that is entirely rhythmical, made of the alternation of two chords (tonic and dominant), played by the strings with the back of the bow, together with woodwinds, while the solo violin sounds in high harmonics. The score contains many unusual orchestral effects—much use of harmonics; glissandi in the double-basses, considerable solo measures for double bass. The whole is sensitively, deftly, "openly" scored. There is no sign of the hand of the beginner. The "working-out section" introduces some new material. Halffter avoids a formal recapitulation, and in conclusion develops portions of the second theme, with much emphasis on the closing theme.

The Adagio is expressive, distributed mainly among solo instruments—violin, 'cello, flute, horn. The chief contrast involves music with much delicate flute-embroidery. The Minuetto is entirely in the old tradition. The theme is full-bodied

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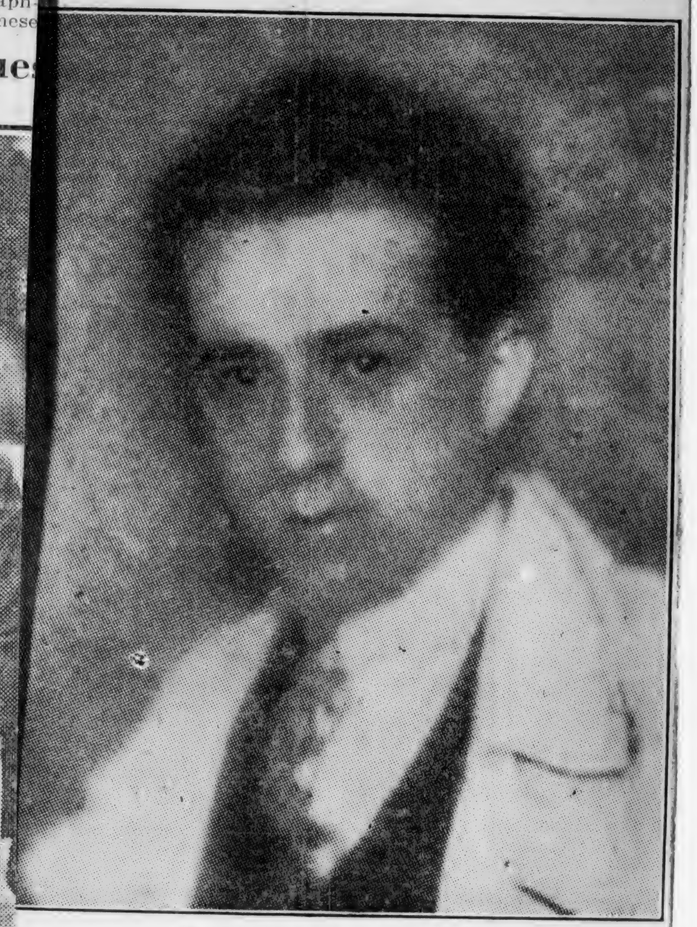

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ana.' In connection with the second the listener must remember the custom of the cathedral at Seville in preceding high festivals with dancing in the patio and even at the altar—a custom said in one legend to have received the sanction if not the special blessing, of the Pope. The piece begins, then, with dance figures; adds brilliance to brilliance; with these at white heat proceeds to choral measures, ending in quiet, religious mood. Mr. Arbos's orchestrations are masterful, brilliant, pointing both the exotic coloring implied in these pieces and the irresistible punch of the rhythms.

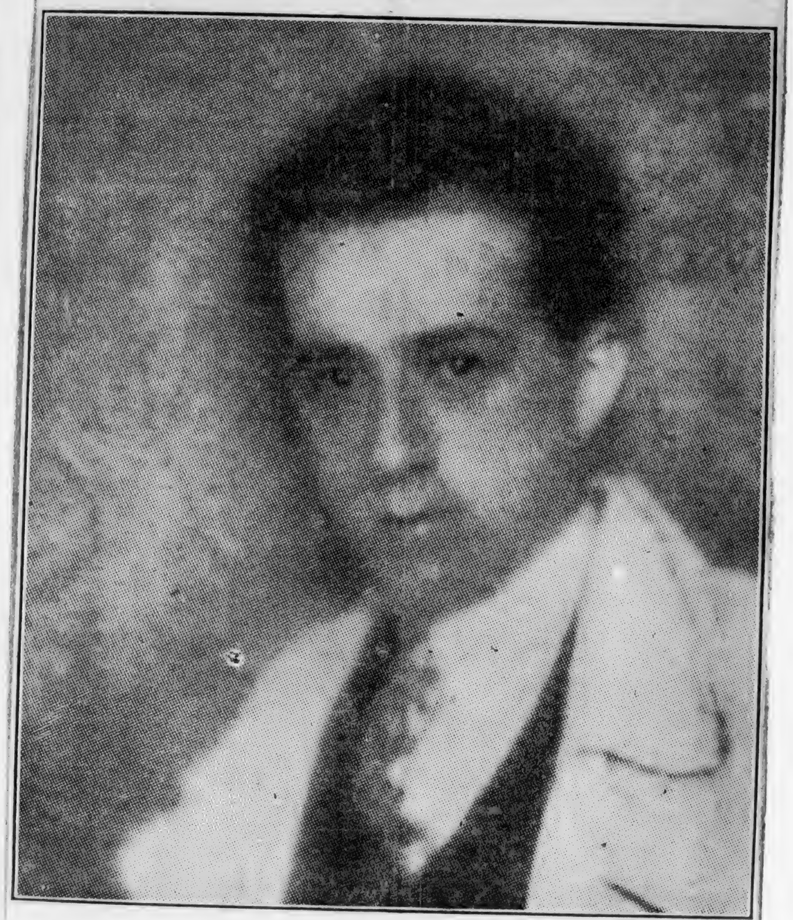
Joaquin Turina is another Spanish composer and scholar, born at Seville in 1882. He is no less know as writer on musical subjects than as composer. Although he is as "Spanish' as either Albeniz or de Falla, his outlook is said to be entirely different. "La Procession del Rocio," his chief symphonic work, has been called "a brilliant orchestral study which never fails to make its effect." It is dedicated to Mr. Arbos. On the first page of the score is this program:

> Every year in the month of June the Procession of Roses, in which the best families of the city take part in their carriages, makes its entry into Triana in honor of the Holy Virgin, whose banner is carried to the strains of music in the midst of a brilliant cavalcade, on a chair of silver drawn by a team of oxen. Triana is in festival array. "Soleares" (the French of this program note does not attempt to translate) are succeeded by seguidillas, a drunkard surprises a "garrotin," but the songs and dances are interrupted by the arrival of the procession, announced by flute and drum. The religious theme, several times played, bursts out triumphantly, mixed with strains of the royal march. Bells ringing a full peal add to the sum of the various sounds. The festal songs and dances are again taken up and continue vaguely until the end of the piece.

It is hardly necessary to add further analysis to so complete a description. Suffice it to say that the score is divided into two sections, "Triana en fete" and "La Procession," the latter, of course, introduced by flute solo. . . . Of the three dances from de Falla's ballet "The Three-Cornered Hat" it is probably no more necessary to speak than of Wagner's prelude: Mr. Monteux, Mr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Cassella have all played them.

A. H. M.

Again The New Generation



Ernesto Halffter (Alban)

Entering the Symphony Concerts from The Music of Spain

Fourteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 25, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 26, at 8.15 o'clock

Mozart . . . Symphony in C major, No. 41, "Jupiter" (K 551)

I. Allegro vivace.
II. Andante cantabile.
III. Menuetto: Allegretto; Trio.
IV. Finale: Allegro molto.

Bloch . . . . . "America," An Epic Rhapsody

I. Poco lento
(. . . . -1620)
The Soil—The Indians(England)—The Mayflower—
The Landing of the Pilgrims.

II. Allegretto
(1861-1865)
Hours of Joy—Hours of Sorrow.

III. Allegro con spirito
(1926- . . . .)
The Present—The Future.

Chorus from the RADCLIFFE CHORAL SOCIETY, G. Wallace Woodworth, Conductor, and THE HARVARD GLEE CLUB, Dr. Archibald T. Davison, Conductor

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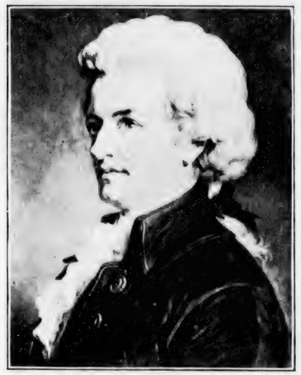
There will be an intermission after the symphony

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



MOZART

MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Koussevitzky, returning from his vacation of a fortnight, conducted yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall the 14th concert (48th season) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The program comprised Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony and Bloch's epic rhapsody, "America."

The symphony, a flawless work of art and beauty was played in flawless manner. The performance was the first under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction at these concerts.

What is more to be said? Yet one may ask if "The marriage of Figaro" was not in Mozart's head when he wrote the second section of the opening Allegro. One can hear Susanna roguishly singing, mocking the court, or arousing Figaro's jealousy Has there not too much been said about the marvelous display of science in the construction of the Finale? The wonder of it is that this display does not impress the hearers unduly. To him it is merely gay and charming music. It ravishes his ear without his taking interest in the technical devices, even if he could recognize and understand them. If the title should be "Symphony in C major with the fugue," the word "fugue" would not fill his soul with dismal foreboding. There has been only one Mozart, as there has been only one Handel.

It is not known who gave the title "Jupiter" to this symphony. There is nothing in the music that reminds one of Jupiter Tonans, Jupiter Fulgurator, Jupiter Pluvius; or of the god, who assuming various disguises, came down to earth, where by his adventures with women, semi-divine or mortals of common clay, he excited the jealous rage of Juno. The music is not of an Olympian mood. It is intensely human in its loveliness and its gaiety.

There are several reasons why Mr. Bloch's rhapsody should gain momentary popularity. First of all it has a story attached to the music; the audience is told what the composer attempted to and what it is to expect. There is attentive listening so that "Old Hundred" shall not go by unrecognized. There is joy when the orchestra plays "Pop Goes the Weasle" for the Virginia reel. This or that hearer hums "Old Folks at Home" when he hears the melody from the orchestra. In the third section there is a forcible reminder of an apartment house in process of construction and one Bostonian noble dame may whisper to another: "Do you think they'll allow them to go up on Arlington street, spoil the skyline and ruin the Public Garden? What a shame!"

Yes, this Rhapsody is panoramic music therefore more to be enjoyed by many than music that is only music. And so there are persons who look on anecdoted paintings, as Frith's "Derby Day" and "The Railway Station," as triumphs of art.

Not that Mr. Bloch's rhapsody is wholly without some fine or impressive pages.

The opening of the second section with its introductory solo for the English horn establishes a mood. The long crescendo leading to the anthem is well contrived and powerful, but what a little mouse to come out of this mountainous preparation! There was a Grecian gentleman who apologized for the stateliness and pomp of the funeral procession when the corpse was only his little 2-year-old girl. Does Mr. Bloch really believe that he has invented the anthem to be sung by all Americans when their hearts are aglow with patriotism? Or was he exhausted by the crescendo of preparation? Did his Muse forsake him, saying: "You have been fortunate with borrowed themes; now let's see you compose one for your grand climax?" O lame and impotent conclusion.

The singers were those at the first performance on the 21st of last December: Members of the Radcliffe Choral Society and the Harvard Glee Cub.

The concert wil be repeated tonight. Next week the orchestra will give concerts in Baltimore, Richmond, Washington, New York, Brooklyn and Hartford. The program of Feb. 8, 9 will be as follows: Bach, Brandenburg concerto No. 4 for violin, two flutes and strings. Mozart, piano concerto, A major (Nicolai Orloff, pianist). Strauss, "Also sprach Zarathustra."

SYMPHONY REPEATS "AMERICA"

Koussevitzky Is Given Warm Greeting by Audience

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The public of the Symphony Concerts plays no favorites. A fortnight ago it showered applause upon Monsieur Honegger; a week later it received with delight Senor Arbos and his programme of Spanish music. Yesterday afternoon Mr. Koussevitzky returned to his post, and the greeting extended him was as warm as though the concert were the first, not the 14th, of the season.

The orchestra, too, did its part. As it had for the visiting Frenchman and Spaniard, it rose in welcome and applauded with the audience when Mr. Koussevitzky made his appearance and at length, through that of Mr. Burgin, the conductor shook its collective hand.

"AMERICA REPEATED"

Next week the orchestra plays in New York and Mr. Koussevitzky purposes giving the Gothamites his version of Ernest Bloch's prize-winning rhapsody "America," although they have already heard it from Mr. Damrosch and the Philharmonic-Symphony. And since music to be carried to New York is quite apt to be heard in Boston the week before, Mr. Koussevitzky placed "America" on the programmes of this week's concerts, companioning it only with Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony.

Whether the audience as a whole was bored or pleased, restive or content through the bulk of "America"—and the piece, for all its obvious effectiveness, has its waste places—the final apotheosis and jubilation, the singing of the banal concluding anthem by the chorus from Harvard and Radcliffe, made the impression which it is likely to make upon all audiences for some time to come. This ad captandum ending is music for the mass, and the mass responds to it.

Meaningless Standing

When "America" was first played in Boston a few weeks ago, the audience rose when the chorus began its measures, although, since no music had been provided that, as the composer directs, it might join in the singing, the gesture was a meaningless one.

The musically more sophisticated company of Saturday evening, on the other hand, kept its seats. The audience of yesterday once more rose, save for a scattered few. It remains now to be seen what course will be pursued this evening.

Like a Brass Band Piece

As to the piece itself, a second hearing but confirms the impression of the first. However masterly as sheer craftsmanship the job that Bloch has done, the musical scheme and method of his piece exclude it from the company of works of art. "America" is no more than the "descriptive symphony" of Sunday afternoon band-concerts raised to a higher power.

Not before had Mr. Koussevitzky conducted the "Jupiter" Symphony in Boston. For the music of Mozart he has usually shown an especial sympathy, and the performance of the "Jupiter," particularly that of the beautiful Andante Cantabile was an admirable one. It is through this movement and the marvelous fugale Finale that the "Jupiter" prevails today. By comparison the first movement and the Minuet are of the work-a-day Mozart. No man could produce masterpieces as rapidly as Mozart made music.

TWO NUMBERS FILL SYMPHONY CONCERT

Bloch's 'America,' Mozart's 'Jupiter' Symphony

Patriotic Close of Bloch's Prize Composition Wins Applause

Two numbers filled the program of yesterday's Symphony concert, Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, and Bloch's "America," the prize composition first performed at these concerts Dec 21 and 22 last. Mr Koussevitzky, who was one of the judges in the contest arranged by Musical America, has several times publicly proclaimed his belief that Bloch's score is a masterpiece.

Reviewers in Boston, as in the other cities where the work was given simultaneously last month, for the most part expressed disappointment with the music. Yesterday, as at the first performance, the audience, stirred by the patriotic climax on a new national anthem which closes Bloch's "epic rhapsody," applauded loud and long. Next week Mr Koussevitzky will conduct "America" in New York, where some dissatisfaction seems to have been felt with previous performances conducted by Mr Damrosch.

There is no need to say more about Bloch's music than that the second hearing strengthened the unfavorable impression of its musical value explained at length in the Globe of Dec 22. Whether Mr Koussevitzky and the judges, or the reviewers for leading newspapers in most American cities boasting symphony orchestras, are right about the merits and demerits of Bloch's Rhapsody, only time will tell. What really determines the place in musical history of a new composition is whether it can stand the test of repeated performances. The 20th rather than the second hearing of Bloch's "America" will give occasion for prophecy as to its ultimate place in history.

Mozart's C major symphony, usually called, nobody knows quite why, "Jupiter," is one of the few symphonies which by common consent rank with the best of Beethoven's. It is even possible that in another 50 years this and the G minor symphony written in the same year, 1788, may put Mozart's fame above that of Beethoven. Certainly there are now many young modernists who worship the Mozart of these symphonies, of the operas "Don Giovanni" and "Le Nozze di Figaro," and scoff at the Beethoven of the "Eroica" and the choral finale of the Ninth Symphony.

When they become austere, bald-headed authorities, they will no doubt worship Mozart still, and dislike Beethoven even more. Then perhaps a new generation of young modernists will rediscover Beethoven, and feel that to exalt him they must disparage Mozart. Less supercilious persons will no doubt continue to do as they now do, and enjoy both Mozart and Beethoven without seeking to compare them.

After the doors of the hall had been closed at the beginning of yesterday's concert and the audience had settled down, the orchestra rose as one man. There was a dramatic pause. Then Mr Koussevitzky, bowing and smiling, made his way amid the plaudits of his men and of the audience, to his place at the conductor's stand. One wondered for a moment why his entrance was so dramatic. Then one remembered that he had been absent at the last two concerts in this series on his midseason vacation. But when he conducted last Monday in the Monday series there was no unusual demonstration.

This little incident was characteristic of the man. Given the slightest pretext for dramatizing a situation or a piece of music, it is his nature to emphasize whatever theatrical quality can be found in it. His success as a conductor is bound up with this histrionic instinct. It has been said of many celebrated actors that whatever spot they occupied became the center of the stage. Mr Koussevitzky is always in the center of the stage at the concerts he conducts, and nobody in the audience can ignore him.

In Mozart's symphony he felt the dramatic intensity of the first movement, the pathos of the slow movement, the grace of the minuet, and the brilliance of the finale, and made his audience feel these qualities. His reading was not in accordance at all points with the score. He found in the music things that no other conductor before Koussevitzky had detected there. He was not especially concerned that every player should play exactly the right note at exactly the right instant, tolerating slipshod details of performance that would have brought down on the careless players the wrath of a Toscanini or a Muck.

But to the vast majority of the audience, who care only for generalized emotional impressions from music, who do not notice small details, who do not particularly heed traditions, who come to the Symphony concerts because of Koussevitzky rather than because of Mozart, yesterday's performance was undoubtedly stirring and delightful.

With Bloch's rhapsody music better suited than Mozart's to Koussevitzky's talents and method, he was even more successful in wringing from the score the last drop of emotion. Here his only error was failure to bring out clearly some of the American tunes quoted, as, for instance, "Old Hundred" and "Dixie," which those listeners who read the analysis in the programs were listening for, and which no native American would fail to recognize.

There are no Symphony concerts in Boston next week. P. R.

Again "Classics" And Koussevitzky

Trans. — Jan. 31. 1929

ON a page of the program for the third of the Monday evening series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra appeared a notice explaining the plan of the Tuesday afternoon series: "Mr. Koussevitsky will again, as last season, make five programs from the "classics." The word is intended in its broader sense to signify both the works which have held their place in the general estimation for a considerable time, and the newer works which today are accepted as models of their kind."

That is an admirable paragraph. It applies equally to the concerts of the Monday series, and the concert last evening was a most fitting example. Of the works that have held their place for a considerable time, few can be more representative than Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" and Franck's "Symphony in D Minor." And for a newer work—broadly speaking—what could better serve as model of its kind than Ravel's Choreographic Poem, "The Waltz"—the sum, essence, body, heart and, mayhap, soul, of all waltzes of all time? In so planning a concert, moreover, Mr. Koussevitzky exposes the rudiments and essentials of balanced program-making. For beginning, the gentle loveliness of Schubert; for closing, the sonorities of Father Franck; in between, the glittering surfaces, sardonic harmonies and provocative rhythms of which Ravel is so notable a master. That Mr. Koussevitzky understands the audiences of Monday, or of any day—was the evidence of the applause. Upon "The Unfinished Symphony," and upon the conductor and orchestra which manifested it for them, the devotees of Schubert—and they are as

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Where Boston lags far behind New York, Chicago and other cities (and one is ashamed to have to admit it), is in the treatment of the individual players who collectively make the Boston Symphony Orchestra what it is. The employees' pension fund is today an accepted feature of all business life. Loyal, faithful service in the same organization for a series of years, which bring those who serve to the threshold of old age, is acknowledged by a pension. This pension is not a gift, it is not a charity, it is merely justice; the putting into effect one of those basic ideas of what is humanly fair and square and which has been accepted by "big business" the world over.

Not to mince words, the Boston Symphony pension fund as it now exists is a joke. It would probably never have come into existence had not Major Higginson laid the foundation with a gift of $5000, and given much time and consideration during his presidency toward increasing it. Yet today, after many years of hard struggling on the part of members of the orchestra, working "on their own," the fund is so small, so bur-

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The artists who give the best years of their lives to maintaining the artistic traditions and prestige of Boston's orchestra have to try and save enough out of a decidedly modest wage to scrape together sufficient for their old age. And they are quite as much exposed to the blows of untoward fortune as anyone else. In the great symphony orchestras of other cities an adequate pension fund provision is regarded as one of the common decencies. Art-supporting millionaires in other cities see to it that the faithful "old horses" of their great symphony orchestras are not turned out after they have been worked out, to browse on the scant financial herbage of $500 a year.

The appeal made by the Boston Symphony Orchestra is in essence no different than that made by Harvard University. It deserves support on the same aesthetic grounds and its pension is entitled to the same support. A simple way to end the present disgraceful and unhappy state of affairs with regard to the Boston Symphony Orchestra's pension fund would be for some of those who every year add to the huge donations given our great university (and in some instances these men are directly interested in the Boston Symphony), to deflect some of the money going Harvard-ward into the Symphony pension fund chest. It would help to put an end to a situation which has, so to speak, come to a head.

(Reprinted from Musical America)

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"America" Again, the "Jupiter" for First Performance from Koussevitzky

THE print of the program at Symphony Hall yesterday announced the fourteenth concert; which to the initiated meant that Mr. Koussevitzky was returning to his duties as conductor. When he put in his appearance, the orchestra rose to welcome his return. For two weeks they have been thus rising to do honor to distinguished visitors; yesterday they gave the same greeting to the distinguished conductor who is not a visitor. Mr. Koussevitzky, in turn, grasped the hand of Mr. Burgin, in expressing his appreciation to the assembled orchestra. These felicities over, the program proceeded in its usual way.

Upon that program stood no more than two numbers. Before the intermission came Mozart's Symphony in C major, known as the "Jupiter"; after it, Ernest Bloch's prize-winning "Epic Rhapsody," with title "America." To hear the four Mozartean movements is to hear a sum of supreme masteries, the mastery of a great composer weaving patterns that glint and glisten, that sing their song, that now and again pile strength upon strength; the mastery of a great conductor guiding his orchestra past pitfall after pitfall and giving to the elusive Mozart revealing voice; the mastery of a great orchestra—for none but the greatest orchestras can cope with the difficulties of simplicity which are the essence of Mozartean style. Granted that the slow movement was nearer an Adagio than an Andante, that the fugued Finale was a riot of speed and virtuosity. In the same breath one will glory also in the clear picture which conductor and men gave of qualities which are the very soul of Mozart, the vigors of the beginning, giving way at once to a measure of song, passing soon to themes as light and fragile as many a composer of "fairy music" has never been able to compass. All three, vigor, song, grace are here com-

...in a blend that is a marvel to be... ...whether one consider work of com... ...of conductor, or of orchestra. No ...l one warm to the loveliness of the ... which is the Andante, or to the ...ty of the supple dance-rhythm ...is the Mozartean minuet. But the ...ng achievement of this perform... ...was the Finale. Mozart, like Mr. ...ger of a fortnight ago, has a warm ...in his heart for the writing of ...s. And so in this finale, which com... ...of his day generally cast in the ...rondo form, Mozart tosses fugal ...tions into a fully developed sonata... ...Is the result one of heaviness, or ...ight? It is not. Only for the ...t is such analysis of importance. ...e rest of us, this finale moves with ...tness and a gayety, with a snap ...sparkle, which all the rondos ...nable have not been able to give to ...another symphonic finale. But to ...forth such qualities demands a ...sity in orchestra and conductor ...that of one or another complex, ...lt, modern score. Mr. Koussevitzky ...is men achieved a triumph in it. ...any a program such playing of ...t's great symphony (it was Mr. ...evitzky's first performance of it ...n Boston) would have been an event ...elf. But with performance of the ... advertised "America" impending, ...s evident that minds of many in ...udience were more occupied with ...fece to come than with the great ... that was passing before them.

... possible that at this date anything ...an be written about Bloch's pan... ...rhapsody? Late in December ...orchestras played it, some thirty or ...reviewers, wrote about it, many of ...more than once. And the musical ...l that originated the prize giving ...e and that is sponsoring the work, ...inted a symposium of their views. ...tempt further comment is almost ...mit impertinence. And yet, in the ...nature of the case, Ernest Bloch's ...winning epic rhapsody, "America," ...issues for discussion in greater de... ...han most new works. The facts ... the piece are surprisingly plain ...most self-evident. The standards ...ch it must be judged are much less ... determined. Mr. Newman in Eng... ...in commenting upon Atterberg's ...ony, which won another prize, ... remarked that it is impossible for ...iewer to approach a symphony ...he knows has won a given number ...usands of dollars in the same de... ...and unbiased manner in which he ...ches almost any other new work; ...nd is partly filled with extraneous ... when he goes to the concert; the ... psychological fact that the atti-

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East, West and "America"

3 items.
Jan. 30 '29

A VALUED correspondent renews from a fresh point of view the de bate over Mr. Bloch's Rhapsody:

De te previous misgivings, I must now confess that I am almost converted by Bloch's "America." I had predicted that the piece would be well received in the West and not so well in the East. The East—that is, the erudite and sophisticated East—is too self-conscious for this music. A composition would have to be a paragon among masterpieces, indeed, to "get by" here unscathed. This is especially true of compositions by native or resident composers. To composers from middle Europe and France, we feel we must be more hospitable, if for no other reason than that they are guests and we the host. Moreover, the East—again the sophisticated East—does not like to shout its patriotism to the skies. It cannot conceive of anyone being so moved as Ernest Bloch was. On the contrary, patriotism is not a legitimate emotion here; it is a sort of outlaw emotion. Anyone who expresses a patriotic sentiment is either a jingo or just a bit childish. At any rate, he is out of fashion in sophisticated society. . . . The West is not so modest, as witness the reception of Bloch's music in Cleveland, Chicago, Cincinnati, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

In Cincinnati the anthem was sung by a chorus of 1500. This performance was in fact the only adequate one in all the "premières," though most of the others were superior from the viewpoint of orchestral performance. This observation is made because of the fact that Bloch, wisely or unwisely, has thinned out his harmony for unison singing in the anthem. Previously it has been spread throughout the whole range of orchestral harmony; then he suddenly draws it together in one small line. Bloch may have made the mistake of forgetting that two instruments in unison do not produce double the volume of one. From this orchestral treatment comes the sense, at the end, of over-labor to scant result

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"America" Again, the "Jupiter" for First Performance from Koussevitzky

THE print of the program at Symphony Hall yesterday announced the fourteenth concert; which to the initiated meant that Mr. Koussevitzky was returning to his duties as conductor. When he put in his appearance, the orchestra rose to welcome his return. For two weeks they have been thus rising to do honor to distinguished visitors; yesterday they gave the same greeting to the distinguished conductor who is not a visitor. Mr. Koussevitzky, in turn, grasped the hand of Mr. Burgin, in expressing his appreciation to the assembled orchestra. These felicities over, the program proceeded in its usual way.

Upon that program stood no more than two numbers. Before the intermission came Mozart's Symphony in C major, known as the "Jupiter"; after it, Ernest Bloch's prize-winning "Epic Rhapsody," with title "America." To hear the four Mozartean movements is to hear a sum of supreme masteries, the mastery of a great composer weaving patterns that glint and glisten, that sing their song, that now and again pile strength upon strength; the mastery of a great conductor guiding his orchestra past pitfall after pitfall and giving to the elusive Mozart revealing voice; the mastery of a great orchestra—for none but the greatest orchestras can cope with the difficulties of simplicity which are the essence of Mozartean style. Granted that the slow movement was nearer an Adagio than an Andante, that the fugued Finale was a riot of speed and virtuosity. In the same breath one will glory also in the clear picture which conductor and men gave of qualities which are the very soul of Mozart, the vigors of the beginning, giving way at once to a measure of song, passing soon to themes as light and fragile as many a composer of "fairy music" has never been able to compass. All three, vigor, song, grace are here com-

in a blend that is a marvel to be- whether one consider work of com- of conductor, or of orchestra. No one warm to the loveliness of the which is the Andante, or to the ty of the supple dance-rhythm is the Mozartean minuet. But the ng achievement of this perform- was the Finale. Mozart, like Mr. ger of a fortnight ago, has a warm n his heart for the writing of . And so in this finale, which com- of his day generally cast in the rondo form, Mozart tosses fugal tions into a fully developed sonata- Is the result one of heaviness, or ght? It is not. Only for the t is such analysis of importance. e rest of us, this finale moves with tness and a gayety, with a snap sparkle, which all the rondos able have not been able to give to another symphonic finale. But to forth such qualities demands a sity in orchestra and conductor that of one or another complex, t, modern score. Mr. Koussevitzky is men achieved a triumph in it. any a program such playing of t's great symphony (it was Mr. evitzky's first performance of it n Boston) would have been an event elf. But with performance of the advertised "America" impending, s evident that minds of many in udience were more occupied with iece to come than with the great that was passing before them.

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The artists who give the best
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sion fund would be for some of
who every year add to the huge
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to speak, come to a head.

(Reprinted from Musical America

East, West and "America"

Trans.
Jan. 30/29

A VALUED correspondent renews from a fresh point of view the de bate over Mr. Bloch's Rhapsody:

De ite previous misgivings, I must now confess that I am almost converted by Bloch's "America." I had predicted that the piece would be well received in the West and not so well in the East. The East—that is, the erudite and sophisticated East—is too self-conscious for this music. A composition would have to be a paragon among masterpieces, indeed, to "get by" here unscathed. This is especially true of compositions by native or resident composers. To composers from middle Europe and France, we feel we must be more hospitable, if for no other reason than that they are guests and we the host. Moreover, the East—again the sophisticated East—does not like to shout its patriotism to the skies. It cannot conceive of anyone being so moved as Ernest Bloch was. On the contrary, patriotism is not a legitimate emotion here; it is a sort of outlaw emotion. Anyone who expresses a patriotic sentiment is either a jingo or just a bit childish. At any rate, he is out of fashion in sophisticated society. . . . The West is not so modest, as witness the reception of Bloch's music in Cleveland, Chicago, Cincinnati, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

In Cincinnati the anthem was sung by a chorus of 1500. This performance was in fact the only adequate one in all the "premières," though most of the others were superior from the viewpoint of orchestral performance. This observation is made because of the fact that Bloch, wisely or unwisely, has thinned out his harmony for unison singing in the anthem. Previously it has been spread throughout the whole range of orchestral harmony; then he suddenly draws it together in one small line. Bloch may have made the mistake of forgetting that two instruments in unison do not produce double the volume of one. From this orchestral treatment comes the sense, at the end, of over-labor to scant result

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bined in a blend that is a marvel to behold, whether one consider work of composer, of conductor, or of orchestra. No less did one warm to the loveliness of the melody which is the Andante, or to the elasticity of the supple dance-rhythm which is the Mozartean minuet. But the crowning achievement of this performance was the Finale. Mozart, like Mr. Honegger of a fortnight ago, has a warm spot in his heart for the writing of fugues. And so in this finale, which composers of his day generally cast in the light rondo form, Mozart tosses fugal expositions into a fully developed sonata-form. Is the result one of heaviness, or of weight? It is not. Only for the student is such analysis of importance. For the rest of us, this finale moves with a lightness and a gayety, with a snap and a sparkle, which all the rondos imaginable have not been able to give to many another symphonic finale. But to give forth such qualities demands a virtuosity in orchestra and conductor above that of one or another complex, difficult, modern score. Mr. Koussevitzky and his men achieved a triumph in it. On many a program such playing of Mozart's great symphony (it was Mr. Koussevitzky's first performance of it here in Boston) would have been an event in itself. But with performance of the much advertised "America" impending, it was evident that minds of many in the audience were more occupied with the piece to come than with the great music that was passing before them.

Is it possible that at this date anything new can be written about Bloch's panoramic rhapsody? Late in December many orchestras played it, some thirty or forty reviewers, wrote about it, many of them more than once. And the musical journal that originated the prize giving scheme and that is sponsoring the work, has printed a symposium of their views. To attempt further comment is almost to commit impertinence. And yet, in the very nature of the case, Ernest Bloch's prize-winning epic rhapsody, "America," raises issues for discussion in greater degree than most new works. The facts about the piece are surprisingly plain and almost self-evident. The standards by which it must be judged are much less easily determined. Mr. Newman in England, in commenting upon Atterberg's symphony, which won another prize, wisely remarked that it is impossible for a reviewer to approach a symphony which he knows has won a given number of thousands of dollars in the same detached and unbiased manner in which he approaches almost any other new work; his mind is partly filled with extraneous matter when he goes to the concert; the subtle psychological fact that the atti-

PASTE OVER

tude of the people about him towar
a work is different than it is to th
usual novelty, also affects the rev

Ordinarily the connoisseur, be
man or scribe, in the presence of
work, asks himself quite simply
questions—Is the work well mad
it accomplish its purpose, does i
something vital to say? With
new work other questions arise, s
them pertinent, others less so, n
them tending to confuse the
There probably has been more dis
of the status of the work as an "
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The presence of the host of An
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question of the value of a prize w
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casional" piece of music, make
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cult.

That "America" is well made
can be no doubt. Never has
craftsmanship been brought to bea
a musical work. Where many a
poser, using so exceedingly varie
voluminous a group of material,
have created inevitably a mere pot
Bloch has written a work of si
unity and of considerable power, a
that sounds exceedingly well, that
near the close fully holds the h
attention and keps him interested.
well made.

In large degree it does accompl
purpose. It is simple enough for a
to understand. And with great eff
ness it passes in review the sto
America—the story of its Indian
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the happiness of blacks and whi
the sixties, and of the strife that w
loose upon that happiness; of the
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at least seemingly characteristic ci
tion. All these are splendidly unif
the two related mottos symbolizin
growth of America and the Call of
ica to the nations, in the early da
throughout its history. This
ing concept far outweighs the
diversifying elements. A symp
poem written upon these two t
alone, without any "folk-song" inci
could hardly be more persuasive.
when Bloch would point the way

future he becomes dull, the platitudinous preacher. Though the "anthem" may be better than has sometimes been represented, the fact remains that it contains not one single quality which would justify its supplanting our present national anthem. In fact our present "anthem" is probably the better music. And the answer as to the vitality of its message must follow in parallel course to the answer to this second question.

As to the "Americanism" of the work, sufficient comment has already been made. If there are four kinds of "American" composers—(1) the American born who have America so thoroughly in their blood that it crops out in their music, (2) those of long residence who have assimilated our idioms and our ideals to such an extent that they are second nature to them, (3) those of more recent entrance who use our materials but handle them in a foreign idoim or perhaps an "international" or "universal" idiom, and (4) those American-born composers who still cling to the foreign or "universal" idiom—then Bloch and his symphony must obviously belong in the third class. From this, two false conclusions should not be drawn. Such classification should not in any way be made to bear any relation to the enjoyment which may or may not be had from the work. Secondly, a composer who is enthusiastic about our ideals and our institutions and who is doing everything humanly possible to be one of us should not, because of the unfortunte fact of this classification, be denied his rightful place under our hospitable sun.

One more of the puzzling questions may rightfully be considered. Is it wise for a composer to lay aside his natural language and the language of his time, and adopt a language which is historically a closed book? This is what his ideal of "simplicity" brings us to. This music, with all its excellences is not music of 1928. Except the caricature of the present, almost every note of it might have been written at the opening of the century. Has not that idiom run its course? Can any æsthetically useful purpose be accomplished by bringing it back, no matter how well the temporary return may be accomplished?

As to performance, Mr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra and his chorus gave a superb production yesterday. One heard more of the native folk-material which forms the basis for all the episodes than one did a month ago, but still without producing a scattered effect, or one lacking in any way in unity. After all, the building up of the "America" motif, in performance as on paper, is the dominating idea of the whole. A. H. M.

Bostonian Bloch

Mr. Koussevitzky Makes Converts to the Much-Disputed "America"

IT'S as difficult as it is undesirable to remain disinterested. Listening to Bloch's "America" for the fifth time the other day (on this occasion under Mr. Koussevitzky) we went over to Bloch's camp, with the congenial society of a number of friends, lock, stock and barrel. We are ready to admit plenty of perishable stuff in the score. But when "America" is superbly played, as it then was, the flame of genius in many pages ought to be compelling and obvious. The blazing emotion of Bloch, his fiery sincerity blended with his disciplined and matchless craftsmanship and his unerring sense of color, all unite to lift this score higher in our estimation with each hearing.

If this is showmanship more power to it. To us "America" remains a work with flaws, continually treading on dangerous ground, but proclaiming with genius and sweeping power the unshakable convictions of a man with greatness in his soul. [Hollister Noble in Musical America

Fifteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 8, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 9, at 8.15 o'clock

Bach . . . Brandenburg Concerto No. 4 in G major for Violin, Two Flutes, and String Orchestra

I. Allegro.
II. Andante.
III. Presto.

Mozart . . . . . Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra in A major

I. Allegro.
II. Andante.
III. Presto.

Strauss . . . "Also Sprach Zarathustra," Tone Poem Op. 30 (Freely after Friedrich Nietzche)

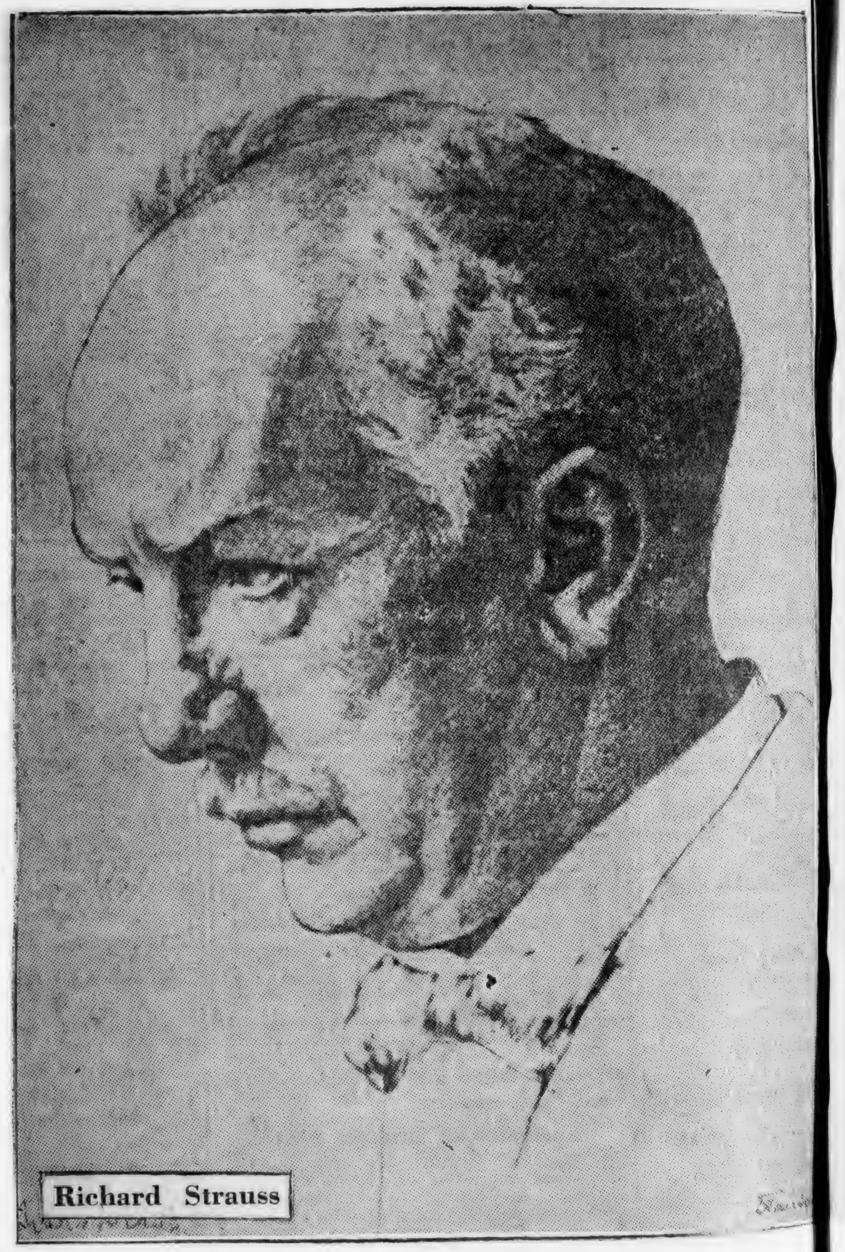
SOLOIST

NIKOLAI ORLOFF

KNABE PIANO USED

There will be an intermission after Mozart's Concerto

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



Richard Strauss

MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Herald By PHILIP HALE Feb. 9, 1912

The program of the 15th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon comprised Bach's Fourth Brandenburg Concerto, G major, for violin, two flutes and string orchestra; Mozart's Piano Concerto, A major (K. 488), and Richard Strauss's tone poem, "Also Sprach Zarathustra."

For the Brandenburg Concerto, Mr. Koussevitzky lessened the number of strings, nor was the full body of strings employed in Mozart's Concerto. Not that orchestras were necessarily small in Vienna when Mozart was living. At a concert where he played a concerto the orchestra numbered 180, but it is not probable that all the members of the society took part. Concerts, however, were given at Vienna in the latter part of the 18th century by orchestras ranging from 200 to 400 in number.

When pianists today go to Mozart for a concerto they usually choose the one in D minor. The one in A major chosen by Mr. Orloff—there is an earlier one in the same key—is so beautiful, in its lively movements as in the pathetic Andante conspicuous for tenderness and pleasing melancholy, it is surprising that it has been ignored; but Mozart's music is not for every pianist however famous he may be. It is more difficult by its apparent simplicity than many concertos of the thunder-and-guns-and-all-that character. One may be brilliant with Liszt and Tchaikovsky, solemnly "intellectual" with Brahms, or play Beethoven in what is described as "the true Beethovian spirit," whatever that may mean, yet come to grief when Mozart is in question.

Fortunately for the audience yesterday there was Mr. Koussevitsky, an ideal interpreter of Mozart; an orchestra that Mozart would have applauded; a pianist who would have met Mozarts demand that his music should "sound; should flow like oil in certain passages. Mr. Orloff played most musically, not merely with the pedantic, cool intelligence that often passes for a musical interpretation. Expression of intense emotion, passion was not considered artistic in the Vienna of Mozart's time, nor was it in the music. Grace, tenderness, a melancholy subdued as in a reverie, serenity even in melancholy—these were expected in an andante. And so Mr. Orloff, who had shown in his recital two season ago that he could dazzle by his brilliance and sound the note of deep emotion, played this concerto as one believes Mozart would have liked it.

Mr. Koussevitzy is as artistic in his treatment of Bach as in his reading of Mozart. The concerto, it is needless to say when there is mention of Mr. Burgin, the violinist, Messrs. Laurent and Bladet, the flutists, and the admirable members of the string section, was delightfully performed. It is to be wished that Bach had cut the opening allegro shorter; the good man's musical talk in this movement is chatter before he is through with what he has to say. As the movement is signed with the name of Bach, those who almost swoon with admiration whenever his name is mentioned—there is much "bunk" in circles of music "appreciators"—accept him in bulk, and would say, "Oh that it would never end!" and would sigh soulfully in their rapt enjoyment.

Whatever one may think of Strauss's "Zarathustra," whether it is to be classed among his greatest works; whether it contains much that is sonorous but is really labored and unimpressive; whether the attempt to translate passages of Nietzsche concerning individualism and the deification of life into tones was imprudent, if not foolish, one must admit that there are great moments in this tone-poem. "Stupendous" is not too big a word for the introduction; there is beauty in the "Grave Song," Homeric gaiety in the "Tanzlied"; mystery in the ending, nor to appreciate this ending is it necessary to think of the "Ideal" swaying aloft or the "World Riddle" growling below. One does well to hear this tone-poem without thought of Nietzsche.

Nor is "marvellous" too big a word for Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretation; nor for the orchestral performance. No greater performance by an orchestra has been heard in Symphony hall since it was dedicated; it would be hard to name one that was so great.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra at the concerts next week will be assisted by the Cecilia Society trained by Malcolm Lang, its conductor. Franck, Psalm 150 for chorus, orchestra and organ. Roussel, "Evocations," the third one with chorus. Schelling, "Morocco," (conducted by the composer). Borodin, Polovtsian dances with chorus, from "Prince Igor."

"ZARATHUSTRA" AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Brilliant Performance of Strauss' Tone Poem

Nikolai Orloff Soloist in Mozart's Pianoforte Concerto in A Major

Globe ——Feb. 9, 1929

Richard Strauss' tone poem, "Also Sprach Zarathustra," was the chief item on yesterday's Symphony program. Mr Koussevitzky gave a brilliant interpretation of this long and relatively unfamiliar work. Bach's Fourth Brandenburg Concerto, for violin, two flutes and strings, and Mozart's A major pianoforte concerto, with Nikolai Orloff, young Russian pianist, as soloist, were the other numbers.

Strauss' published score contains a prefatory excerpt from Nietzsche's book, and a number of phrases from it are printed as captions heading different sections of the music. But the composer has said: "I did not intend to write philsosphical music or to portray in music Nietzsche's great work." What he did intend, he says, aside from homage to the great philosopher, was "to convey by means of music an idea of the development of the human race from its origin . . . up to Nietzsche's idea of the Superman."

Listening yesterday with all this in mind, one failed to find in the tone poem a musical outline of history. Heard by a musician able to read only music, and ignorant of Strauss' ideas and of philosophy, "Also Sprach Zarathustra" would probably seem effective and interesting music. Can any amount of annotation and explanation make it more than that?

Beethoven, too, read and pondered upon literary masterpieces. Sometimes he surprised his friends by telling them that this or that sonata or quartet was suggested to him by something he and they had read. But he never tried to link his orchestral music with his philosophy in the literal and pedantic fashion followed by commentators on Strauss, and never wholeheartedly repudiated by that composer.

"Thus Spake Zarathustra," judged as music, suffers from excessive complexity of texture, and from its episodic rather than climatic structure. It is particular passages, not a general impression, that one recalls. Mr Koussevitzky's interpretation had the usual sonority and strenuousness. It was brilliant, but it lacked clarity and order.

For the Bach concerto, Mr Koussevitzky used a small group of strings. He omitted the harpsichord on which Bach intended a musician to play chords from a figured bass in order to provide a smooth tonal background for the flowing web of sound from his few instruments. He added two double basses, not in the original score. If these played the notes of the figured bass continuo, as they may have done, they made, of course, no attempt to build cords on them. The thinness of orchestral texture which troubled at least one listener was due not so much to the small number of strings as to the absence of the harpsichord. The three soloists performed very difficult parts with notable skill. Mr Koussevitzky did not show much insight into Bach's melody and rhythm.

In the Mozart concerto, number 488 in Koechel's thematic catalog, Mr Orloff played with unassuming competence and correctness. It is, however, desirable to give to Mozart's melody more flexibility, and to his rhythm more intensity and variety than Mr Orloff brought to them. For this music, which demands the utmost possible technical skill, Mr Orloff's abilities were barely adequate.

Mr Koussevitzky, like every previous conductor of the Boston Symphony, has one composer to whom he is never able to do anything like full justice. And that composer is in his case Mozart. Dr Muck and Mr Monteux failed with Tchaikovsky, where he excels. Muck's Mozart was, of course, marvelous. The orchestral accompaniment for yesterday's concerto was unintelligent and inadequate. The music made so little sense to the conductor that he was unable to phrase properly one of its chief themes. He shifted the tempo in the first movement with a curious hesitancy, made little or nothing of a slow movement that should have been remarkably beautiful, showed his expected ability to make music of all types interesting only in the lively finale. This performance was one of the very few hopelessly uninteresting ones Koussevitzky has conducted here. One sighed for some of the ill-applied energy that furbished up the Jupiter symphony the other day in a curious Muscovite manner.

Next week the Cecilia Society will assist in several choral pieces, and Ernest Schelling will conduct his own tone poem, "Morocco." P. R.

Thus Spake Zarathustra And Strauss

With Koussevitzky to Interpret, and Bach and Mozart to Lead the Way

Trans. ——Feb. 9, 1929.

BACH, Mozart, Strauss, two concertos and a tone poem. Such was the course of the program which Mr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra—assisted by Mr. Orlov—in Mozart's concerto—played yesterday afternoon. The Bach concerto was the fourth of the Brandenburg set (for two flutes, violin and strings); from Mozart, the concerto in A major for piano and orchestra (the industrious Kochel numbered it 488); from Strauss, the tone poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra." By a coincidence the movements of the two concertos are named in exactly the same way: Allegro, Andante, Presto—Allegro, Andante, Presto. Also, both come out of the eighteenth century, Bach's near the end of its first quarter, Mozart's not far beyond the beginning of the last quarter. Yet in Mozart the form of the modern concerto has been established, the orchestra is the nucleus of that of a later day; in Bach these processes of "standardization"—as the learned sometimes say—had scarcely begun. In mood there are still resemblances. The brightness, the sunshine, the gayety of an Allegro or a Presto are not so different, whether the composer be the Bach of this Brandenburg concerto or the Mozart of the concerto for pianoforte, whether they are gained by the imitations of counterpoint or by the themes and passage-work of a later day.

As he had already done on Tuesday and again in Cambridge, Mr. Koussevitzky grouped about him for Bach's concerto a little band of no more than twenty-eight players, Messrs. Burgin, Laurent, Bladet in the inner circle. Twice these columns have carried comment on the transparency which this slender orchestration gives to the music. To repeat were folly. Suffice it to say that Bach, the intimate Bach of whom one reads but whom in these modern days one does not often hear, sounds in new voice from this chamber orchestra. Intuitively one accepts it as the true voice for this music. And one may add to previous

t that a second hearing called to the pathos of the slow move- Occasionally Bach—spinner of ntal webs—in his sustained mei- ches the heart in manner which romantic brethren, sometimes rs streaming down their musical do not accomplish. And the of pathos in the music of Bach's not often met. Of the artistry srs. Burgin and Laurent and one can only say that it was in the intricate traceries as in ressive melodies of this concerto.

ozart succeeds Bach, the orches- n the stage grows. It is not yet orchestra. Probably about half ings are playing, together with plement of winds which Mozart or. Again the proportioning of ents is one which especially suits sic. The orchestra plays its tutti, atiating music. Mr. Orlov, clad mply in a business suit, answers

Through the measures and the this music, music of charm, runs rse. As with Bach, an Andante

The flow of melody here is one ity where with Bach it was pa- d a degree of poignancy. A final follows with its good spirits, its g rhythms, its wholesome exu- . Mr. Orlov was ideal pianist for usic. His melodies were bright- singing, not too seriously con-

Mozart, man of the world, rrored in them. His passage-work, ythms, came lightly, crisply, in notion. All the grace, the simplici- charm which one associates with one found abundantly in this per- ce of Mr. Orlov, Mr. Koussevitzky orchestra.

s Spake Zarathustra" was almost at this concert. Mr. Koussevit- as not previously attempted it. onteux played it at a single pair certs in 1922. For frequent per- ce one must go back to the days Muck and Mr. Fiedler and Mr. e. Its general progress is from ss to light, from heaviness to cy, from obscurity to clarity. matters anyone can understand, s more, can feel, without the as- e of an elaborate program. More cally, it pictures the struggles of l in trying to know the world into it has been placed. This groping rns to the usual sources for help ion, love, knowledge. But for it, f the three brings not an answer questionings; rather does it bring ne more form of bondage, and each opes are dashed to the ground; time disgust conquers. But "the " as Strauss, following Nietzsche, ciently calls it, meaning the l exuberance of the soul, its joy , its ability to project itself above

"ZARATHUSTRA" AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

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Listening yesterday with all this in mind, one failed to find in the tone poem a musical outline of history. Heard by a musician able to read only music, and ignorant of Strauss' ideas and of philosophy, "Also Sprach Zarathustra" would probably seem effective and interesting music. Can any amount of annotation and explanation make it more than that?

Beethoven, too, read and pondered upon literary masterpieces. Sometimes he surprised his friends by telling them that this or that sonata or quartet was suggested to him by something he and they had read. But he never tried to link his orchestral music with his philosophy in the literal and pedantic fashion followed by commentators on Strauss, and never wholeheartedly repudiated by that composer.

"Thus Spake Zarathustra," judged as music, suffers from excessive complexity of texture, and from its episodic rather than climatic structure. It is particular passages, not a general impression, that one recalls. Mr Koussevitzky's interpretation had the usual sonority and strenuousness. It was brilliant, but it lacked clarity and order.

For the Bach concerto, Mr Koussevitzky used a small group of strings. He omitted the harpsichord on which Bach intended a musician to play chords from a figured bass in order to provide a smooth tonal background for the flowing web of sound from his few instruments. He added two double basses, not in the original score. If these played the notes of the figured bass continuo, as they may have done, they made, of course, no attempt to build cords on them. The thinness of orchestral texture which troubled at least one listener was due not so much to the small number of strings as to the absence of the harpsichord. The three soloists performed very difficult parts with notable skill. Mr Koussevitzky did not show much insight into Bach's melody and rhythm.

In the Mozart concerto, number 488 in Koechel's thematic catalog, Mr Orloff played with unassuming competence and correctness. It is, however, desirable to give to Mozart's melody more flexibility, and to his rhythm more intensity and variety than Mr Orloff brought to them. For this music, which demands the utmost possible technical skill, Mr Orloff's abilities were barely adequate.

Mr Koussevitzky, like every previous conductor of the Boston Symphony, has one composer to whom he is never able to do anything like full justice. And that composer is in his case Mozart. Dr Muck and Mr Monteux failed with Tchaikovsky, where he excels. Muck's Mozart was, of course, marvelous. The orchestral accompaniment for yesterday's concerto was unintelligent and inadequate. The music made so little sense to the conductor that he was unable to phrase properly one of its chief themes. He shifted the tempo in the first movement with a curious hesitancy, made little or nothing of a slow movement that should have been remarkably beautiful, showed his expected ability to make music of all types interesting only in the lively finale. This performance was one of the very few hopelessly uninteresting ones Koussevitzky has conducted here. One sighed for some of the ill-applied energy that furbished up the Jupiter symphony the other day in a curious Muscovite manner.

Next week the Cecilia Society will assist in several choral pieces, and Ernest Schelling will conduct his own tone poem, "Morocco." P. R.

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comment that a second hearing called attention to the pathos of the slow movement. Occasionally Bach—spinner of contrapuntal webs—in his sustained melodies touches the heart in manner which his later romantic brethren, sometimes with tears streaming down their musical cheeks, do not accomplish. And the quality of pathos in the music of Bach's day was not often met. Of the artistry of Messrs. Burgin and Laurent and Bladet one can only say that it was superb, in the intricate traceries as in the expressive melodies of this concerto.

As Mozart succeeds Bach, the orchestra upon the stage grows. It is not yet a full orchestra. Probably about half the strings are playing, together with the complement of winds which Mozart called for. Again the proportioning of instruments is one which especially suits the music. The orchestra plays its tutti, an ingratiating music. Mr. Orlov, clad quite simply in a business suit, answers in kind. Through the measures and the periods this music, music of charm, runs its course. As with Bach, an Andante follows. The flow of melody here is one of suavity where with Bach it was pathos and a degree of poignancy. A final Presto follows with its good spirits, its arresting rhythms, its wholesome exuberance. Mr. Orlov was ideal pianist for this music. His melodies were bright-toned, singing, not too seriously conceived. Mozart, man of the world, was mirrored in them. His passage-work, his rhythms, came lightly, crisply, in brisk motion. All the grace, the simplicity, the charm which one associates with Mozart one found abundantly in this performance of Mr. Orlov, Mr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra.

"Thus Spake Zarathustra" was almost novelty at this concert. Mr. Koussevitzky has not previously attempted it. Mr. Monteux played it at a single pair of concerts in 1922. For frequent performance one must go back to the days of Dr. Muck and Mr. Fiedler and Mr. Gericke. Its general progress is from darkness to light, from heaviness to buoyancy, from obscurity to clarity. Such matters anyone can understand, what is more, can feel, without the assistance of an elaborate program. More specifically, it pictures the struggles of the soul in trying to know the world into which it has been placed. This groping soul turns to the usual sources for help—religion, love, knowledge. But for it, each of the three brings not an answer to its questionings; rather does it bring only one more form of bondage, and each time hopes are dashed to the ground; each time disgust conquers. But "the dance," as Strauss, following Nietzsche, insufficiently calls it, meaning the natural exuberance of the soul, its joy in life, its ability to project itself above

gloomy questionings, above troubles and anxieties, its power to make for itself an ideal which shall be in itself a sufficient human answer to all its difficulties, all these form the radiant answer to the broodings of the beginning. The soul finds itself able to throw off vain questionings. The riddle of the universe, the problem of life is not solved, it is conquered. Not for humanity is it to solve questions of the infinite; the part of humanity is to be itself, to develop itself, to bring to flower its own finite possibilities, regardless of the puzzles which the race of the gods may strew into its path. Thus comes peace into the soul.

Strauss has not, as has sometimes been said, written or attempted to write "philosophical" music. One wonders indeed what "philosophical" music might be. He does not state the problem of life. He pictures at the beginning a troubled mind. He does declaim a creed,—though an ecclesiastical organ may for a moment intone a "Credo." He writes a music which the merest tyro will recognize as having religious associations. He unfolds the frenzies of passion exactly as composers throughout the best part of a century have unfolded them. He cannot feel an emotional counterpart for "Science," so he suggests it by the abstruseness of a fugue. All are cut short before they can flower into completeness. They do not satisfy. Strauss brings his hero to a long, definite, for the time being, conclusive pause. There are unformed passages when the music again begins. Its seriousness turns to gaiety, its sombreness to radiance. Analysits may discover that a new set of themes have been born out of the old. It does not matter. The hearer perceives this brighter music as a relief from the weightier music that has gone before. He cannot miss the transfiguration of the last moments. And to a modern hearer this conclusion of two tonalities offers no terrors. To a modern Strauss seems very discreet in the way in which he opposes them. The final C, though it be death itself after the quiet radiance of a sufficient ideal, is goal as well as beginning.

And as to performance? One cannot imagine the many themes more perfectly, more illusively charactered. One cannot imagine them more skillfully combined. One cannot imagine them growing out of each other, into each other, with more natural and persuasive continuity. One looks back in retrospect at the whole, finds it with its baffling multiplicity of detail, in this performance a single, perfectly articulated unit. Wonders perhaps will not cease. "Thus Spake Zarathustra" from Mr. Koussevitzky yesterday afternoon was one of them. A. H. M.

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Feb. 9. 1929.

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Not His Greatest Invention

And save for the stark C-G-C of the Zarathustra motif, the themes are not among Strauss' most salient and characteristic inventions. The Hinterweltern melody, perhaps appropriately enough, is but a glorified hymn-tune; the fugue subject is mere contrivance; the dance theme, a Viennese waltz, and the melody in thirds which recurs at the end, mere Teutonic sentimentality, while only the theme of the section "Of Joys and Passions" has the truly Straussian sweep and fervor.

But, to give the composer his due, yesterday's performance, although in many respects a brilliant one, did not at every turn do fullest justice to the music. The climax in the opening portrayal of the sunrise came a measure or two too soon, and one of the most impressive effects in all symphonic music missed fire. There is more in the music "Of Joys and Passions" than was disclosed yesterday, and even in its apotheosis, which should be the waltzing of the stars in their courses, the dance kept always one foot on terra firma.

Certain to Improve

Ir precedent is any criterion, however, Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra have together become more practiced in it, they will do better by "Zarathustra."

For the 18th century pieces Mr. Koussevitzky wisely used yesterday a much reduced string band. The performance of Bach's Concerto, not the most interesting of the six, was warmly received, and the soloists, Mr. Burgin, Mr. Laurent and Mr. Bladet, were called upon to bow. The Concerto of Mozart, notable chiefly for its poetic Andante, was played by Mr. Orloff with exceeding neatness and taste. He, too, was applauded and heartily, according to his just deserts.

Nikolai Orloff Soloist With Boston Symphony

Herald Feb. 9. 1929

A soloist—rare intrusion nowadays—was invited to assist the Boston Symphony Orchestra in its fifteenth pair of concerts, Feb. 8 and 9. This was Nikolai Orloff, who had elected to play Mozart's Concerto in A major (K. 488). Here was a somewhat forbidding situation—a Russian pianist, accompanied by an orchestra led by a Russian conductor, in a composition of Mozart's. But this alarm proved to have been needless. No one concerned betrayed any desire to turn Mozart into Scriabin. In fact, Mr. Orloff displayed a beautiful tone, sparkling rhythm and exquisite phrasing. As Mr. Koussevitzky with a reduced orchestra supported him in similar vein, we had here an exceptionally suitable team for the setting forth of this delicate art. The performance was charming, and deserved the plaudits it won.

The concert opened with Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 4 in G major violin, two flutes and string orchestra. If this is not the greatest of the Brandenburg concertos, it serves at least as a good vehicle for the virtuosity of Mr. Burgin, the concert master, Messrs. Laurent and Bladet, flautists, and the men of the first few chairs of the several string sections.

For climax, Mr. Koussevitzky offered Richard Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra," which he interpreted on this occasion for the first time in his Boston pashawlic. The art of Strauss as revealed in his tone-poems is singularly congenial to this conductor, providing dramatic moments in profusion.

There has been a vast amount of disputation over the "meaning" of this and the other tone-poems of Strauss, which has served little purpose save that of publicity. Strauss, Stravinsky and other composers have a coy habit of allowing a "program" of a piece to be made public, and then asserting that the composition is to be regarded as pure music. The thing to do is to take them at their word, and ignore the "programs." With some of these composers, this course is disastrous; their scores, listened to as music, hardly hold our attention.

With Strauss, at least with the Strauss of these early tone-poems, it is different. He really has no need of these methods. If there is to be a din over him, his music is quite capable of providing it. We can afford to disregard the elaborate literary accompaniment to a score of this sort, especially when we realize that even if music can be relied on to represent the upsetting of applecarts, the bleating of sheep and the crying

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SYMPHONY IN STRAUSS' TONE-POEM

"Thus Spake Zarathustra" Played Again

Post ——— Feb. 9. 1929.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The first performance here under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction of Strauss' Nietzschean tone-poem "Thus Spake Zarathustra," was the outstanding feature of the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon. Before this heaven-storming music came two pieces of slenderer sonorities; the Fourth Brandenburg Concerto of Bach, for violin, two flutes and string orchestra; and an A major Piano Concerto of Mozart, with Nicolai Orloff as the soloist.

AFTER LAPSE OF YEARS

Once upon a time "Zarathustra" was a common experience at the Symphony concerts. In the programme book yesterday was a record of performances in 1909, 1910, 1911, 1915 and 1916. Then came the suppression of all things German, not until 1922 was "Zarathustra" again heard in Symphony Hall, to be neglected thereafter until the concert of yesterday. Now and again this absence of an accustomed music makes it more than ever welcome on its return. But sometimes such rehearing after a lapse of years brings both a clarification and a disillusionment.

Yesterday, for case in point, "Zarathustra" seemed to be not of the greater Strauss, even granting that no other composer, living or dead, could have made it as it is. From the very nature of the impossible task which Strauss sought to accomplish, the translation into music of separated passages from Nietzsche's philosophical work, Strauss could not gain in this tone-poem the organic unity that is displayed in its fellows.

Not His Greatest Invention

And save for the stark C-G-C of the Zarathustra motif, the themes are not among Strauss' most salient and characteristic inventions. The Hinterweltern melody, perhaps appropriately enough, is but a glorified hymn-tune; the fugue subject is mere contrivance; the dance theme, a Viennese waltz, and the melody in thirds which recurs at the end, mere Teutonic sentimentality, while only the theme of the section "Of Joys and Passions" has the truly Straussian sweep and fervor.

But, to give the composer his due, yesterday's performance, although in many respects a brilliant one, did not at every turn do fullest justice to the music. The climax in the opening portrayal of the sunrise came a measure or two too soon, and one of the most impressive effects in all symphonic music missed fire. There is more in the music "Of Joys and Passions" than was disclosed yesterday, and even in its apotheosis, which should be the waltzing of the stars in their courses, the dance kept always one foot on terra firma.

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of babies, it can hardly be expected to interpret abstract thought. This score has its bombilations and its dry spots; but it has also an astonishing wealth of invention and a dazzling instrumental luminosity. So let us forget Nietzsche and his Superman, and be content with the Superman of Orchestration.

But let us at the same time remember that these scores do not come to life unaided. Only a conductor of genius, with an unbelievably flexible orchestra at his command, could produce such a fulgurant performance as that of yesterday. L. A. S.

Mozart

An Orchestra in Need

The Symphony Concerts Face a Largely Increased Deficit Only Partially Guaranteed

THE Symphony Orchestra is in need of money—of money to meet operating expenses. In a quiet fashion, more impressive than the usual shriek and jabber of "publicity," the Trustees make known as much in the program-book for the concerts of last week. The deficit for the musical year, 1927-28, ending last July, was $87,000. The deficit for the present musical year, 1928-29, will exceed it by more than fifty per cent—say $47,000. It was necessary to raise salaries by $15,000. Otherwise there has been no material increase in outlay. The treasury, however, is the poorer by $32,000—the fee paid for the broadcasting, now discontinued, of the Symphony Concerts and of occasional Pop Concerts. Consequently, instead of the comfortable and familiar deficit of $87,000, a new and uncomfortable net loss of $134,000 faces the Trustees; while as yet the subscriptions to the annual Guarantee Fund are less than $75,000. With reason they continue:

> The Trustees are aware that this is a large sum to seek from the public. It is nevertheless the fact that in other cities the annual deficits of the orchestras are considerably larger than in Boston. It is also a fact that our orchestra now occupies a foremost place among the artistic and broadly educational organizations of its kind. As an institution it touches both the pride and the keen personal interest of a large element in the community The Trustees are therefore confident that its support will be continued, even at the increased cost which the changing times have demanded.
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> In the first year after the passing of the support of the orchestra by a single generous citizen to its maintenance by the public, the subscribers to the deficit numbered but 127. In ten years this number has risen to 397. The Trustees believe that it is still capable of large extension. They would greatly appreciate a continuance of the help they have received, with such increase in the scale of it as individual impulse may prompt. They would welcome most of all an appreciable increase in the number of individual subscribers, of whom they believe that many share their faith in the orchestra and their desire to hold it in its present place in the artistic life of America.

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TO THE FRIENDS AND PATRONS OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA:

The Trustees, relying, as they must, upon the public for the maintenance of the Orchestra, feel that its supporters should possess a full knowledge of its financial condition. Several months ago they issued a statement of the finances for the year ending July 31, 1928. This statement showed a net operating loss of $87,000, which was met in large measure by the generosity of subscribers (397 in number) to this deficit. The statement contained also an estimate of the deficit for the current year, placed at the largely increased figure of $134,000.

The reasons for this increase should be known. The total of the estimate was reached by the calculation that follows:

Actual deficit of last year . .	$87,000.
Increase in salary expense . .	15,000.
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Subscriptions to the support of the Orchestra, in whatever amounts, should be sent to E. B. Dane, Treasurer, 6 Beacon Street, Boston.

FREDERICK P. CABOT, *President*

ERNEST B. DANE	N. PENROSE HALLOWELL
M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE	JOHN E. LODGE
FREDERICK E. LOWELL	ARTHUR LYMAN
EDWARD M. PICKMAN	HENRY B. SAWYER

BENTLEY W. WARREN

Sixteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 15, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 16, at 8.15 o'clock

Franck . . . Psalm 150, for Chorus, Orchestra and Organ

Schelling . . . . . "Morocco" Symphonic Poem
(Conducted by the composer)
(First time in Boston)

Roussel . . . "Evocations," Three Symphonic Sketches for Orchestra with Chorus, Op. 15
I. "Les Dieux dans l'Ombre des Cavernes"
II. "La Ville Rose"
III. "Aux Bords du Fleuve Sacré"
Baritone Solo, David Blair McClosky
(Nos. I and III for the first time in Boston)

Borodin . . . . . Polovtsian Dances from the Opera "Prince Igor"

CHORUS

CECILIA SOCIETY, MALCOLM LANG, Conductor

STEINWAY PIANO USED

There will be an intermission after Schelling's "Morocco"

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

Ernest Schelling (Mary Dale Clark)

Composer-Conductor, Today and Tomorrow, at the Symphony Concerts

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MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Herald Feb. 16/27

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra was assisted at its concert yesterday afternoon by the Cecilia Society, which had been trained by Malcolm Lang, its conductor. The program was as follows: Franck, Psalm 150 for chorus, orchestra and organ. Schelling, "Morocco" symphonic poem. Roussel, "Evocations", three symphonic sketches for orchestra with chorus. Borodin, Polovtsian Dances from "Prince Igor". The first and the third "Evocations" and "Morocco" were played for the first time in Boston. Mr. Schelling conducted his composition. Mr. Koussevitzky conducted the other numbers.

Franck's treatment of the Psalm is one shout of jubilation, with a full use of the instruments named by the Psalmist. The music is a summons to praise the Lord of the universe, not a tribal deity. What is known as the "Hebraic spirit" is not here to be expected. It would be interesting to know how Ernest Bloch, who has expressed this spirit more eloquently than any other modern composer, would write music for this Psalm. No doubt there would be a wildness in his musical praise, the wildness of a race that would not allow another god and called all other worshippers, idolators.

Mr. Schelling visited Morocco. As a musician he was impressed by the native melodies, instruments, dances, songs, scenes and customs. His Morocco is not the land that has inspired other composers, who could not forget their own nationality and were bent on "civilizing" what to them were barbaric sounds, chiefly interesting to the ethnologist. If Ossendowski were a musician, he would write in Mr. Schelling's spirit as he has written in the prose account of his north African adventures. Mr. Schelling knew that there must be relieving measures, but he did not stray afar. There are at times the thought of orientalism as known to Rimsky-Korsakov and to Tchaikovsky when he was willing to forget Germany and turn his ear to the East.

"Morocco" is frankly descriptive and pictorial music. The most exotic section is the first with its introductory unaccompanied solo, a recollection of music for the native Raita, now represented by the oboe, beautifully played by Mr. Gillet; with the wild dance and strange encouraging cries of women. In this section there is no suggestion of the occident except for the technical skill which allows the composer's impressions to be shared by an audience. In the following "Lullaby" there is characteristic and pleasing monotony of melody and rhythm, which in spite of ingenious changes preserves the persistent mood peculiar to much oriental music; only broken by the highly original manner in which the Caid and his followers pass in state, musically the most impressive measures of the symphonic poem.

The remaining sections depict a scene outside the walls of Fez, with the teller of tales, the eater of fire, etc, as described by travellers drily or with gusto; The Finale, suggested by the stronghold of a chieftain, and the call to war.

It is not to belittle this work to call it entertaining. It is especially entertaining in that Mr. Schelling did not try to be more oriental than the Moroccans; that he did not strive to gain effect by bald realism; that he did not deliberately write as he thought a native composer would write, but as an accomplished musician of the West whose imagination appreciated what to others might have been barbaric strains pleasurable only to those accustomed to them from childhood.

Mr. Monteux brought out in Boston Roussel's second "Evocation" entitled "La Ville Rose." Only the third, "By the Banks of a Sacred River" calls for a chorus. The first "Evocation" was inspired by Roussel's visit, as a naval officer, later as a traveller, to the East, when he saw sculptured gods of love, hate, joy, violence in the shadow of a caravan.

It is a dangerous experiment, this translating a picture or sculptured work into tones, though brave men have risked it, as Liszt, Huber, Reger, Volbach, not to name others. Roussel is more fortunate in the charming introductory measures and those that close than in the musical portrayal of this or that god, music that is perfunctory and too self-conscious. "La Ville Rose," a kind of a Scherzo, is much more to Roussel's credit. Here is true fancy; here he evokes a scene that needs no set description, but may be imagined by any sensitive hearer, from the title itself, without any anxious waiting to hear "Elephants preceding the Rajah"; indifferent to his or any other Hindoo's hymn. The section with chorus was disappointing yesterday, nor was it the

fault of the singers who sang valiantly here as in Franck's Psalm; as in the entrancing and splendidly savage dances from "Prince Igor"; nor was it Mr. McClosky's fault; he declaimed boldly the strange chant of the Priest. No; the music itself is at fault. It is, as a rule, singularly inexpressive of Calvocoressi's prose-poem. For example: what dry measures for the lines telling how perfumes of the night awaken love in hearts; how couples, quivering with happiness, stroll, enlaced beneath the moonbeams! But Roussel's Muse is intellectual, not sensuous.

In the "make-up" of the Program-Book, by an unfortunate transposition and the dropping of a line, the long chant of Roussel's Priest was attributed to the chorus and the translation of two lines for the chorus was put after the chant instead of before it. Books, including Program Books, have their fate.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week comprises Foote's Suite in E major for strings; Bruckner's Symphony, No. 8, C minor.

Herald Feb 16 1929

CHORAL PROGRAM AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Cecilia Society Assists in Three Numbers

Ernest Schelling Conducts New Symphonic Poem, "Morocco"

Globe Feb 16 1929

The Cecilia Society chorus assisted the Boston Symphony Orchestra in three of the four numbers on yesterday's Symphony program. Ernest Schelling conducted the only purely orchestral number, his latest symphonic poem, "Morocco." Mr Koussevitzky gave proof of his zeal for choral music in Franck's 150th Psalm, Roussel's "Evocations" and the familiar dances from Borodin's opera, "Prince Igor."

Mr Schelling's "Morocco," first performed in New York in 1927, has since been revised. It is a sort of symphonic suite, recording the composer's impressions of native musicians, dancers, bards, fire-eaters and warriors. The prelude is meant to suggest the endless half-pathetic, half-naive playing of an instrument called a "raita," a primitive oboe.

"Morocco" and Roussel's "Evocations" are both attempts at suggesting exotic sights and sounds. Until the recent fashion of writing severely impersonal and "absolute" music set in, no modern composer ever traveled without returning to write orchestral impressions of the places to which his tour had taken him. Some, like Rimsky Korsakov, indeed, went so far as to write music of the Orient without budging from home. It is perhaps significant that his "Scheherezade" remains the most popular and the most satisfying of the countless works in this genre brought forth in the past 80 years.

Effective Treatment

Mr Schelling has imbedded in his symphonic poem a number of fragments of Berber music. His themes have the monotony and astringency of savage music. He has scored them for orchestral with remarkable skill, never crowding his pages with unessential notes. His treatment of rhythm is unusually effective. Starting with bits of Moroccan rhythms he has developed them, in a way that recalls, in his finale at least, Stravinsky's "Sacre," into a complex and intense pattern. "Morocco" is interesting and appealing music, which should be heard again. Mr Schelling would perhaps receive more attention from our musical highbrows if he were not an America but had an outlandish name ending in "sky" or "vitch."

Roussel's "Evocations" are entitled "Gods in the Shadow of Caves," "The Rosy City," and "On the Banks of the Sacred Stream." There is a chorus and a baritone solo (sung yesterday by David Blair McCloskey) in the last-named tone picture. He wrote them in 1909-10, while serving in the Orient as an officer in the French Navy. "The Rosy City" was played at these concerts under Mr Monteux. They have been praised in the highest terms by French reviewers

Yesterday, however, these "Evocations" failed to evoke any imaginative response from the listener. Naive melodic figures monotonously reiterated, clumsy scoring for orchestra, and harmonies of the chromatic dissonant type that can be more saccharine than any consonance recurred. Mr Koussevitzky did his best to dramatise the music, producing dynamic contrasts, and stressing all stressable points, but left one unmoved, save by annoyance. One felt that Roussel's later work, some of which has been played here, was as far superior to these early pieces as it is different in musical style from them.

Franck's Psalm

The chorus, trained by its conductor, Malcolm Lang, sang intelligently and capably. But there were too few voices to balance the orchestra, and Mr Koussevitzky made no effort to remedy the difficulty by keeping the players subdued.

Franck's Psalm, not one of his finest works, was given a rather turgid and confused performance. The familiar excerpt from Borodin's "Prince Igor," with which the concert ended, was brilliantly performed and warmly applauded. Is it wise, in view of the limitations of the average listener, to place so many unfamiliar pieces on a single program?

Next week's program includes but two numbers, a suite for strings by Arthur Foote, and Bruckner's Eighth Symphony, last heard here in 1909.

P. R.

SCHELLING CONDUCTS SYMPHONY

Post Feb 16 1929

Heard in Own Tone Poem—Cecilia Society in 3 Pieces

The presence of the chorus of the Cecilia Society for participation in three of the four pieces upon the programme and the conducting by Ernest Schelling of his newest orchestral work, the symphonic poem "Morocco," are the things which set this week's pair of Symphony concerts apart from their fellows. In Franck's Psalm 150 for chorus, orchestra and organ; Roussel's three symphonic sketches, collectively entitled "Evocations," and the Polovsian dances from Borodin's "Prince Igor," Mr. Koussevitzky was in his accustomed place upon the podium.

SCHELLING'S TONE POEM

As pianist, as composer and as lecturer-conductor in his altogether delightful concerts for children Mr. Schelling is a familiar figure to Boston's musical public, and he was warmly greeted yesterday. His tone-poem, "Morocco," which was having its first Boston performance, has had a curious history. Inspired by a trip to Morocco some years ago it was orginally written in June, 1927, but the score was lost and in September Mr. Schelling reworte the piece and himself conducted its first performance by the Philharmonic Society of New York in December of that year. He has since revised it and by token of his own words as quoted in the programme-book of yesterday, has "changed much."

Mr. Schelling has sought, and with success, to translate into the language of the modern symphonic orchestra the music of the peoples of Morocco. His poem of four connected movements, depicts first and most effectively the dancing of the Culed Nails; a lullaby is succeeded by the tonal picture of a Berber story-teller outside the walls of Fez at sunset, and the fourth and final section, rhythmically exciting, deals with "the working up of the war spirit" among the tribes in the mountain stronghold of El Glaoui.

Cordially Received

Needless to say, Mr. Schelling is not the first who has sought to convey in terms of the symphonic orchestra the atmosphere, the spirit and the native music of Morocco. That in tonal coloring and general effect his impressions of that land should bear a certain generic resemblance to those of others, say of the "Beni Mora" of Gustav Holst twice heard this season from the People's Symphony Orchestra, is not only natural, but undoubtedly an indication of the accuracy and validity of Mr. Schelling's musical reportings. Nor does that fact detract from the excellence of the craftsmanship with which Mr. Schelling has devised his picturings.

The chorus of the Cecilia Society, of which Malcolm Lang is the conductor, was heard first in the opening number upon the programme, the Psalm of Cesar Franck. This music, of the competent musician and cathedral organist rather than of the greater Franck, was first heard at these concerts in the regime of Mr. Rabaud. For conclusion to the concert came this chorus' stirring, wholly effective singing of the Polovtsian Dance of Borodin, long familiar to Symphony audiences and yesterday received with the wonted enthusiasm.

From Morocco To the Indies, By Old Russia

Trans. —— Feb. 16, 1929.

Mr. Koussevitzky Boxes the Tonal Compass, A Chorus Aiding

BY INFERENCE, the composers were at fault. . . .The Cecilia, as assisting chorus, bettered previous appearances at the Symphony Concerts. The voices were in truer balance; even the men were audible as such. Attack and release went more crisply. There were more regard for pace, more response to rhythm; at moments, as in the night-music of Roussel's "Evocations," a sensuous quality of tone. Only a Russian choir could range and ring through the Tartar choruses in Borodin's "Prince Igor." As it was, this Bostonian Cecilia brought them off with a rhythmic verve, a plasticity to the vocal moment that implied familiarity, freedom and confidence. Contrary to custom at this annual pair of Symphony Concerts with chorus, Mr. Koussevitzky seldom had need to goad the singers.

The conductor himself fell not a whit below his usual invigorating quality; while before him was music in which he is wont to excel. Franck's Psalm is an upspringing curve of praise. Mr. Koussevitzky knows how to shape and spin such an ascent. Roussel's "Evocations" are musical conjuring out of an exotic Orient upon ear and imagination. The conductor has long been adept manipulator of such magic. Time and again, as once more yesterday, he has caught the tribal voice, upflung the rhythmic leaps, whetted the contrasts, achieved the whole barbaric illusion of the dancing scene in the Polovtsian camp. . . . The orchestra is immune from blame. The composers and the conductors—for Mr. Schelling led through his own tone poem, "Morocco"—asked for rhythmic animation and precision. They received them. They asked also for character-

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88½	Utah Met&T.	1⅛	1¼
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The second of the Evocations, and the only one which bears that title, was the Op. 15 of Roussel, whose concluding choral movement is on a text of M. D. Calvocoressi. This poetically imagined piece of descriptive writing was vividly conveyed by the orchestra under Mr. Koussevitzky, and by the chorus of the Cecilia Society, of which Malcolm Lang is conductor. The baritone solo was sung by David Blair McClosky.

The chorus also did good service in Borodin's Polovtsian Dances, the final Evocation of the day. The singers felt some uncertainty as to when they were to stand and when to sit, but happily their indetermination did not extend to their singing, which had good tone, balance and expression. L. A. S.

From M… To the… By C…

Trans. —

Mr. Koussevi… Tonal Comp… Ai…

BY INFERE… were at fau… as assisting … vious appea… phony Concerts. … truer balance; ever… ble as such. Atta… more crisply. The… for pace, more res… moments, as in the … sel's "Evocations," … tone. Only a Russi… and ring through t… Borodin's "Prince I… Bostonian Cecilia b… a rhythmic verve, … vocal moment that … freedom and confi… custom at this annu… Concerts with chor… seldom had need …

The conductor hi… below his usual … while before him w… is wont to excel. … upspringing curve … sevitzky knows hov… such an ascent. R… are musical conjuri… Orient upon ear an… conductor has long … lator of such magic. … once more yesterday … tribal voice, upflung … whetted the contr… whole barbaric illus… scene in the Polo… The orchestra is ir… The composers and … Mr. Schelling led th… poem, "Morocco"—… animation and preci… them. They asked …

izing color With it the orchestra aboun… ed. . . . Yet there have been mor… interesting Symphony Concerts, to whic… the matinée audiences returned quicke… less labored, applause.

Elimination fixes the guilt upon the com… posers, save only Borodin in the dance… from "Prince Igor"; while recollection … and reflection bear out that quasi-mathe… matical process. The One Hundred and… Fiftieth Psalm praises the Lord in sun… dry places and by sundry means. It … was also the custom of le bon père … Franck so to do, from a devout and … honest heart. He was in his sixty-fifth … year when he set these exultant verses. … Possibly the musical procedure had be… come too customary. Other tasks may … have more engrossed him. There were … the pupils and the organist's duties at … Sainte-Clothilde. The music to the Psalm … is appropriate enough. It is well de… signed, well accomplished, skilful and … singable, but rarely, if at all, does it … sound either the rapt or the ardent … Franckian note. The bon père praises … his Lord becomingly and effectively … but more than once the unregenerate ear … fancies it hears him barely shaving … pious banality. The Psalm has long … stood in The Cecilia's repertory. It tuned … up the singers; gave them confidence. Let … it go at that.

Mr. Ernest Schelling, welcomed as com… poser-conductor to concerts that he has … adorned as composer, pianist, or both, … journeyed, not too long ago, through … Morocco. As he made his travels, his … ears opened, his imagination stirred, to … the musical or quasi-musical sounds … around him. He heard the Raita which … the learned doctors, who compile pro… gram-books in New York and Boston, … liken to a primitive oboe used as an in… strument of iteration. He gave ear to … the cries that sweep over fire-lit dances … of common women. He listened to the … chant of the story-teller by the city wall; … to a lullaby at twilight. He marked "the … implacable rhythms" of war-songs. Nat… urally enough his retaining mind asso… ciated these sounds with sights. The … passing of a Cadi and his train had in… terrupted the lullaby. The chants of the … story-teller, repeating ancient valors upon … one tone, had stirred a fanatic fellow to … dervish-like frenzies. Out of a mountain … stronghold had sounded "the implacable … rhythms." . . .

Obviously material for symphonic … music in a concert-room of the arts … where in these days the bizarre is ac… cepted tonal currency. Mr. Schelling … would fashion his matter and his mem… ories into a symphonic poem; yet, as it … seemed yesterday, has no more than out… spread his collection, after the manner …

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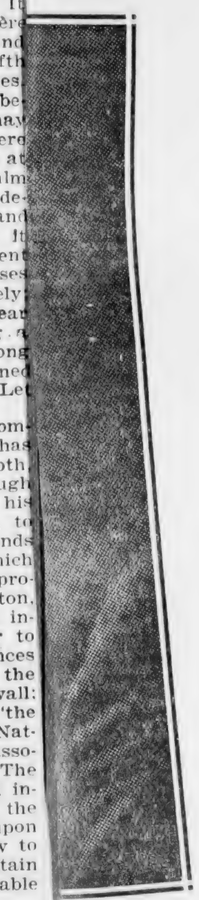

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of those that come from a journey into a far country. There unmistakably was the reiterative voice of the Raita. Beyond peradventure the women at the dancing shrilled out "yew-yew-yew." The story-teller persisted upon his one tone. The percussion instruments sharpened, the whole orchestra hammered, the war-like rhythms, and rhythm—Heaven and Hades know—is the sign and seal of music nowadays. With a hint from the program-note, the passing show of the cadi, the frenetic exercises of the fanatic, were tonally recognizable.

There they were, each appropriately labelled—the musical specimens assembled by Mr. Schelling in the course of a Moroccan tour, as such fetched back to New York. Yet, if he will forgive a blunt word, not unkindly but honestly meant, his symphonic poem does no more than expose and catalogue them. Making his music, he does the works of recollection and exhibition, not the works of imagination. He takes the first step which was to assort, mentally, his "finds." He halts at the second which was to transfuse and transfigure them into a musical and an emotional impression. He unfolds the record; but fails to convey that more essential matter in artistic commerce, the sensation. Most of us heard as detachedly as we glance at the collection of ancient instruments on the other side of the corridor. Illusion there was not.

Where Mr. Schelling fails, Monsieur Roussel succeeds. He is transcribing into music impressions received and memories retained from external sounds and sights. His biographers and the omniscients of the program-books specify the source—Farther India and Cochin Chna, whither he journeyed as junior officer in the French navy before he became composer by profession. He himself, setting forewords to the three "Evocations," no more than notes Oriental origins—the images of the gods carven variously upon the walls of caverns: the distant city swimming in rosy haze, through which rises and falls the softened din of a pageant-life; the nocturnal rites, sunset to sunrise, sensuous and mystical, along the banks of the sacred river.

Monsieur Roussel's music never particularizes, never catalogues. It seeks to evoke visions, to convey sensations, less from actual contact with the source than from remembrance lingering and treasured. It precisely satisfies the definition of artistic creation as "emotion recollected in tranquillity." (In point of fact Monsieur Roussel wrote these "Evocations" long after his first visit to the Orient). Though his horns in "La Ville Rose" may sing the hymn of the Rajah, though the attentive ear may detect the pacing elephants, his city is an image only less vague than the Palace of Kubla Khan. He disembodies the night along the sacred river into sensuous sound and mystical suggestion. (The chorus often repeats mere syllables). Across it in swift blur passes the chant of the priest; upon it unfolds the dawn. Monsieur Roussel looks upon the carven figures of the caverns and hears the rustle of the gods—less of their bodily semblance than of the Divinity within.

Here is the very office of music—to impart the spiritual sensation at a hint from the pictorial fact; the very function of the composer seeing his visions, then transmuting them into tones. Monsieur Roussel pursues a sensitizing poetry; Mr. Schelling halts at a recording prose. Wherein, then, did the "Evocations" fall short, or seem to fall short, in the single hearing of yesterday? Possibly in a lack of the intensive quality that imposes upon the hearer the vision before the composer's spiritual eye, the sensation or the reaction that sent him forthwith to his work-table. The facture of the three "Evocations" invites only to praise. Resource, skill and imagination fashion and fill them by a method and with a matter manifestly individual. Never once does Monsieur Roussel decline into the commonplaces of Oriental "tone-picturing." A fastidious, rejecting temperament is ever in unobtrusive guard. The ear receives the music intently; the mind follows it unabatedly; the imagination takes pleasure in the unfolded design, this implication, that detail, along the way. There is the sensuous, mystical suggestion, says the listener to himself as he hears the third "Evocation." And there the roseate city peopled with sounds. Yet again the sense of the welter of Divinities. Never once, however, was appreciation submerged in illusion. Curiosity was satisfied; admiration awakened; while other, and more intimate, sensations lay cool and dormant.

Pass next to the Polovtsian Dances from Borodin's "Prince Igor." To most of us the adjective is meaningless; "Prince Igor" a mere title of Russian opera; Borodin's no such conjuring name as Chaikovsky's, Rimsky-Korsakov's or Musorgsky's. None but the learned "programist" knows the place of the dances in the action. Few recall them in the theater unless they keep long memory of Monsieur Diaghilev's ballet. Yet no sooner do they sound across a concert-hall than illusion engulfs all that hear. The rhythms leap, bound, or relax in undulation; while to them we also beat. The pace stays or speeds and with it we keep course. The choruses sound and we answer to the contrasts of the mood and the voices. A tribe is at its revels, and we are caught into the tumult—the native wildness that may yet lurk within us released and fanned. To Mr. Schelling his recordings; to Monsieur Roussel his visions; to Borodin his half hour of inspiration. It is all the difference in the world. H. T. P.

Three Evocations and a Psalm Make a Program

Monitor. Feb. 16, 1929

A Psalm and three Evocations were the constituents combined by Serge Koussevitzky for the sixteenth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's season played yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Boston. The Psalm was No. 150, in the setting of César Franck for chorus, orchestra, and organ; a rousing piece for opening a concert not wanting in rousing numbers.

Ernest Schelling conducted his symphonic poem, "Morocco," which he has revised since its production a year ago by the New York Philharmonic. This, the first of the day's Evocations, is the musical record of Mr. Schelling's impressions of an African tour. He has employed to advantage some of the musical material and at least one of the musical instruments of the Moroccans. His use of the native rhythms is particularly effective, and he has succeeded in setting and maintaining an atmosphere. Mr. Schelling and his composition were received warmly.

The second of the Evocations, and the only one which bears that title, was the Op. 15 of Roussel, whose concluding choral movement is on a text of M. D. Calvocoressi. This poetically imagined piece of descriptive writing was vividly conveyed by the orchestra under Mr. Koussevitzky, and by the chorus of the Cecilia Society, of which Malcolm Lang is conductor. The baritone solo was sung by David Blair McClosky.

The chorus also did good service in Borodin's Polovtsian Dances, the final Evocation of the day. The singers felt some uncertainty as to when they were to stand and when to sit, but happily their indetermination did not extend to their singing, which had good tone, balance and expression. L. A. S.

Seventeenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 22, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 23, at 8.15 o'clock

Foote . . . . Suite in E major for String Orchestra, Op. 63

I. Prelude.
II. Pizzicato and Adagietto.
III. Fugue.

Goossens . . . . . Rhythmic Dance

(First time in Boston)

Debussy . . . . "Ibéria": "Images" for Orchestra No. 2

I. Par les rues et par les chemins (In the streets and by-ways).
II. Les parfums de la nuit (The fragrance of the night).
III. Le matin d'un jour de fête (The morning of a festival day).

Tchaikovsky . . . . Symphony No. 5 in E minor, Op. 64

I. Andante.
II. Andante cantabile, con alcuna licenza.
III. Valse (Allegro moderato).
IV. Finale: Andante maestoso; Allegro vivace.

There will be an intermission before the symphony

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

"Here in Double Trust"

Eugene Goossens

Composer at the Symphony Concerts This Week; Composer-Pianist at His Own Concert Next Monday

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Herald By PHILIP HALE Feb 23/09

The 17th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Foote, Suite in E major for string orchestra. Goossens, Rhythmic Dance (first time in Boston). Debussy, "Iberia." Tchaikovsky, Symphony, E minor, No. 5.

It was a pleasure to hear Mr. Foote's Suite again. The audience showed its pleasure by calling the composer to his feet. This music proves that an American composer can be technically skilful without undue consciousness of the fact, and without being dull; that he can show sentiment without a too obvious and catch-penny appeal to his hearers; that he can write as an individual and not as a disciple of this or that foreign master; that he can write effectively without summoning to his aid a huge orchestra containing an army of drums, xylophone, glockenspiel, cymbals, tam-tam and the full power of the organ. This Suite may well be reckoned among the finest compositions by Americans. A musical work is not to be judged chiefly by its length and breadth; nor by the number of instruments employed. There are composers in Europe, as in this country, who can rage and impose orchestrally, but they would make a pitiable showing if they were asked to write a suite for strings alone. Although Mr. Foote's Suite is over 20 years old, it is fresh; it charms today. This cannot be said of certain pieces written within the last five years. Although strange wild fowl have flapped their wings over musical marshes during the last 20 years, Mr. Foote, having watched them with natural and intelligent curiosity, has not envied them their flight.

Mr. Goossens's Rhythmic Dance was first performed at Rochester, N. Y., two years ago next month. Lively rhythm and lively orchestration are the chief features of this unpretentious music by a well-equipped musician, who would undoubtedly be the last to claim for it great significance or importance. It is an agreeable piece, easy to hear, but not one that will cling to the memory even by rhythm to which the title calls attention.

It is doubtful whether what might be called a miscellaneous audience would or could be quick to appreciate the many exquisite details of Debussy's "Iberia." Say the word "Spanish" in connection with music, and nine out of ten think of a strongly defined, intoxicating, heel-and-toe tune. Subtle hints at the dance music of Spain are lost to them. There is disappointment that the hint is not followed by the rhythmic and highly colored statement hammered out. And what is Mr. Gradgrind to make of "The Odors of The Night"? No more than of Whitman's apostrophe to the "bare-bos'om'd night, Night of south winds, night of the large few stars!

Still nodding night—mad, naked summer night."

Would he not say, "Why 'large few stars'; why not 'few large stars'?" and laugh fatuously?

Debussy's "Iberia" is not a musical Baedeker. Havelock Ellis has written with understanding of the soul of Spain. Debussy also knew that soul.

Mr. Koussevitzky's reading was poetic. Appreciating the many impressionistic details he did not emphasize them so as to destroy the prevailing subdued romanticism, nor did he vulgarize the joyous street and festival measures by over-insistence.

Mr. Ernest Newman in an acute examination of Tchaikovsky's Fifth symphony wrote: "I can find no trace of a program in the Fourth symphony; but with the fifth and sixth we step upon quite unmistakable ground." Mr. Newman forgot that Tchaikovsky wrote a long program for his fourth symphony and sent it to Mme. Meck. This program has often been published. It is said that Tchaikovsky had a definite program in mind for his sixth, but could not be persuaded to divulge it. Every composer of a symphony has no doubt an aesthetic as well as a technical plan when he girds up his loins to write; but does this fifth symphony require a verbal and extensive argument? Is not the symphony the self-torturing composer, Tchaikovsky himself, with his moods of darkness, his moods of gaiety soon clouded and turned to sadness? Mr. Koussevitzky rightly saw and heard the symphony as a dramatic poem, with tragic episodes, ending in triumphant exaltation in the jubilant transformation of the early theme that dripped melancholy. Tschaikovsky could scream; Mr. Koussevitzky rightly saw and heard despair. Tschaikovsky had longings not to be fulfilled; Mr. Koussevitzky gave eloquence to these longings. When Tschaikovsky was in the depths of despair, Mr. Koussevitzky let him sob and wail. Thus was Mr. Koussevitzky, not hampered by the coldness, the inexpressiveness of the printed page, alive and sympathetic to the composer's emotions which are only feebly expressed by mere notes; emotions which are beyond the understanding of literal, pedestrian conductors.

The performance was of overwhelming effect. No wonder that conductor and orchestra were wildly applauded at the end. The concert will be repeated tonight.

The program of next week is as follows: Frederick the Great, Symphony, D major, No. 3. Janin, Symphonie Spirituelle, "Alleluia." Sibelius, Violin concerto (Mr. Burgin, violinist). Moussorgsky-Ravel, Pictures at an Exhibition.

VARIED PROGRAM AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

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Koussevitzky Gives Brilliant Reading of Tchaikovsky

Globe Feb 23.1929.

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Mr Foote's Suite for Strings, opus 63, first played at these concerts in 1909, was repeated in 1921 and in 1925. It is well written, unpretentious music, light in character despite a fugue finale, original without any striving for modernity. The audience plainly enjoyed an excellent performance. The composer bowed repeatedly from his place in the audience.

Of Mr Goossens' music there will be occasion to write at length next week when he offers a program of his chamber pieces at Jordan Hall. The "Rhythmic Dance" heard yesterday was first performed at Rochester, N Y, in 1927 by the orchestra of which he is the conductor. It is lively light music by a man who writes with unforced ease in the idiom of his own day, a piece Mr Casella might easily popularize with the audiences at the Pop concerts.

The programs yesterday contained a slip asking those Bostonians who love Debussy's music to contribute to a fund now being raised to erect a statue to him in Paris. Mr Koussevitzky requests that small contributions be deposited in a box placed for the purpose in the foyer of Symphony Hall. Or checks may be mailed to him.

Debussy is now, therefore, to be considered as a classic composer, not as the dangerous modernist he seemed to most musicians 30 years ago. It is hard to see why his "Iberia," again dramatically interpreted by Mr Koussevitzky yesterday, should have been accused of exaggerated impressionism when it was new in 1910. Critics could find in it nothing but rhythm well defined. They thought it had no melodic design, no carefully woven harmonic web, that it was a riot of tonal color.

Yesterday the melodious outline was clear, the harmony no longer baffling. One admired the restraint and skill with which Debussy secured his effects without ever writing a superfluous note. The texture of the music seemed firm. Only in the titles of the three sections, "In streets and byways," "The fragrance of night," and "A holiday morning" could one find impressionism. And in giving such titles to music perfectly well able to make its way without their aid, Debussy was only following the fashion of his day, a fashion now happily passing.

No other conductor known here can equal Koussevitzky in the music of Tchaikovsky, as the remarkable performance of the Fifth Symphony yesterday again proved. The subtlety and restraint with which he moulded melodies that verge on banality so as to lend them a nobility one cannot quite believe really inherent in them; the flexibility and intensity with which he built up rhythms that might have seemed monotonous and disjointed into imposing and intricate musical patterns; the zest with which he revealed the sonority and variety Tchaikovsky often contrived to give his scoring for orchestra, were all alike amazing. In such music as this Koussevitzky is a master.

What wonder, then, that he, too, often applies the same methods in interpreting other music, to which they are not as well fitted. If he would but try to penetrate the secrets of Wagner's art, for instance, as deeply as he penetrates those of his celebrated compatriot, what superb performances he could give us. It is perhaps only natural that when he succeeds so marvelously with Tchaikovsky he should often fail to realize that to attain a comparable success with other music other methods are needed.

The program announced for next week includes a little symphony ascribed to Frederick the Great of Prussia, a new work entitled "Symphonie Spirituelle 'Alleluia'," by a Russian composer named Janin, Sibelius' violin concerto in D minor, for Mr Burgin; and Ravel's arrangement for orchestra of Musorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition." P. R.

Chaikovsky And Debussy Full-Flavored

Afternoon of Familiar Pieces, A Salute to Arthur Foote Along the Way

Transcript. Feb. 23.1929

As the "city of holidays"—a working Westerner made the phrase—Boston was distinctly in evidence at yesterday's Symphony Concert. Outside the upper balcony, which was quickly filled, the audience assembled slowly, unfamiliarly. Here, there and everywhere seats usually occupied stood empty; while to look around was to discover, neighborhood for neighborhood, many strange faces. Out-of-doors, spring was hardly beckoning. Indoors, nothing upon the program was forbidding. Rather it promised that "very favorite" combination—Mr. Koussevitzky and a Symphony of Chaikovsky. As the signs went and as the authorities in such social-musical matters agreed, the triple holiday—for it is presumed to extend through Sunday—had scattered the usual company of the Friday matinée. As some averred, a new article is slipping into that intricate collection of unwritten statutes which is the Bostonian social code. Under this by-law, "it is better" not to be present at a Symphony Concert on a holiday afternoon. As Mr. Will Rogers knows only what he sees in the newspapers, so the reviewer, touching upon matters more or less outside his normal ken, knows only what he hears in the intermission. Musically, however, he can affirm that a truly remarkable performance if Debussy's "Ibéria" was coolly applauded by an audience to whom it was evidently unfamiliar piece; while the rhetorical pause before the coda in the finale of Chaikovsky's Fifth Symphony was signal for premature clapping. Through thirty-seven long years that piece has gone to and fro in the repertory.

For the ninth time, "Ibéria" appeared upon the program for a pair of Symphony Concerts. Since Mr. Fiedler discovered the piece in 1911, not a conductor has overlooked it. True, the Debussyan repertory is not extensive; but the companion "Images" — "Gigues" and "Iles de Printemps"—deserve more performances than they have received in Boston; while one task, as yet unaccomplished in America, clearly awaits Koussevitzky—the production, as orchestral-choral piece, with a reader for the spoken scenes, of Debussy's "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian." While he worked on these "Images," Debussy was on the threshold of declining years; some even, looking back to the "Nocturnes," "The Sirens" and "The Sea," already descry the seeds of them; but "St. Sebastian" is unmistakable music of his prime. To the concert-hall it may never return; but in some viable version it warrants place in the concert-hall where all things Debussyan are treasured. Above any conductor now working hereabouts, Mr. Koussevitzky could bring such a performance to pass; while across the river at Harvard the Cambridge choirs. In Paris, moreover, a concert version has been given not unsuccessfully.

Here, however, the performance of "Ibéria" was under weigh the listener realized these reflections. Conductor and orchestra were weaving the very texture of Debussy's music, jeweling it with his harmonic and instrumental colors, keeping it in motion and life with the play of its rhythms. Through the first and third divisions they bind together a fabric that might otherwise seem formless—an outspread palette of tonal tints. They lend it, besides, a singular quality of suspense. The best-remembering hearer never quite anticipates the music; feels and answers composer, conductor and orchestra preparing the next measure.

It was this quality of unexpectedness—and with a repertory piece—that Koussevitzky infused yesterday into "Ibéria." Therewith it was new and fresh again. He did not tend, as he sometimes, to dramatize an intrinsically pictorial music. He gave the second division the true illusion—of the lush silence of southern nights by sounds distantly traversed. The solo-melody seemed from nowhere; vanished nowhither; was only beauty piercing stillness.

Out of the whole section stirred the luminous, half-scented, wholly sensuous atmosphere—the poetry of these pages.

In the quick-paced beginning and the quicker-paced finale, it was as though the heavy beat of the rhythm struck sparks, and these sparks, by the Debussyan alchemy, were transmuted into color, instrumental oftener than harmonic. Distributing and shading, the present orchestra, in the wind choir, in the person-group, throughout indeed, has often seemed more a band of virtuosi. Virtuosi with imagination. For here "Ibéria" is Debussy altogether impressionistic, by the suggestion of rhythm and color working illusion upon his hearers. "The Sea" is a symphonic structure

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Chaikovs... And De... Full-F...

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In the quick-paced beginning and the quicker-paced finale, it was as though every beat of the rhythm struck sparks, and these sparks, by the Debussyan alchemy, were transmuted into color, instrumental oftener than harmonic. Distributing and shading, the present orchestra, in the wind choir, in the percussion-group, throughout indeed, has seldom seemed more a band of virtuosi. And virtuosi with imagination. For here in "Ibéria" is Debussy altogether impressionistic, by the suggestion of rhythm and color working illusion upon his hearers. "The Sea" is a symphonic structure

beside "Ibéria"; the prelude of the faun, a more sensuous tone-poetry; the Nocturnes, of a finer, more elusive imagination. In fact, beside them and the faun-piece, these Spanish impressions are hardly more, outside the second division, than prose. But what a multi-colored, light-footed, quick-witted prose as Mr. Koussevitzky played it! Not for nothing had Debussy twice used the word "alerte" in his stage-directions.

The conductor was as fortunate with his version of Chaikovsky's Symphony and for like reason. Nowhere did he overdo the page before him—which is not to say that he left it characterless. Heretofore with Chaikovsky, there has been reason to suspect that Mr. Koussevitzky over-manipulated here and there; that he prepared too obviously the entrance or the return of a significant motiv; that he over-intensified the contrast of orchestral song with orchestral tumult—all in devoted, but unmeasured, zeal and response. Of these occasional excesses, there was not a trace yesterday upon the Fifth. It can seem, as it then did, the best-conceived and best-accomplished of Chaikovsky's three final Symphonies, broadly human and universal beside the other two. "The Pathetic" is a cry across the night from an individual temperament in high nervous excitement. The Fourth is over-laden with the marchings and counter-marchings of fate à la Russe. The Fifth unfolds an emotional content by no means strange or unmoving upon non-Russian ears; is less conditioned by the composer's "very personal" reactions. The Introduction runs dark, oppressed, foreboding. The ensuing movement pursues relief and release questioningly; droops at last into weariness. The second would gain the solace of beauty; yet is crossed by the foreboding returned. The scherzo-waltz seeks the diversion of gayety—and turns shame-faced as it quests. The fourth upsprings in conquering energy; retrieves out of desolation the motiv of the beginning.

Though he departs from the orthodox formulas—and they counted for more in the 'eighties than they do today—in no other Symphony has Chaikovsky achieved so firm-knit and sustained a whole. Into fulfillment go the emotional design and the musical plan close-linked. Throughout, as well, Chaikovsky escapes weaknesses of invention. The melody of the slow movement—sounded yesterday by Mr. Böttcher at the first horn as never before within the longest memory—touches beauty, and that beauty, little lessened, holds to the end. There are no forced repetitions, no merely nervous sequences, in the finale. The en-

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The pictures illustrating this section of the concert were amusing and at the same time of historical value. By a slip of the tongue Mr. Schelling said that Stephen Foster was the author of "Dixie." This was the more surprising as Mr. Schelling uses that glorious tune as a theme in his "Virginia Reel," and on the title page of "Dixie" shown on the screen as he spoke, "Dan Emmit" was named the author, as he was; though sometimes the surname is better spelled "Emmet."

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The series, now the fifth, has been as agreeably instructive as it has been interesting. Children have honestly enjoyed the music of fine quality and learned much from the lecturer. The older members in the audience have profited by their attendance. The word "educational" is too often synonymous with "dull," but Mr. Schelling's concerts have been entertaining as well as instructive. They have been a model of what children's concerts should be.

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Mr. Koussevitzky Asks Contributions to the Fund for a Monument in Paris

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I am sure that all of you will be glad to express your gratitude to the musical painter who has left us such wonderful pictures in tones.

May I, therefore, suggest that all lovers of Debussy's music make a contribution, however small, so that the music-lovers of Boston may have a part in paying tribute to this great genius for the magic of his art.

If each one gave at least twenty-five cents our contribution to this monument would be of splendid assistance to the committee. A box has been placed in the foyer at Symphony Hall in which gifts may be placed. Should it be more convenient to mail a contribution, kindly make your check payable to the Claude-Debussy Monument Fund and mail to me at Symphony Hall, Boston.

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in and drives. The intervening Fifth
asks a less excitable and personal, a
graver and loftier, speech. In weariness,
in melancholy, with beauty, even in the
finale with a certain nobility, Chaikov-
sky is making a music of life. Above
preceding performances, Mr. Koussevit-
zky felt and conveyed this quality.
Overlooking nothing, yet overdoing noth-
ing, he lifted the whole Symphony to
this new elevation, this larger elo-
quence. The orchestra gave him back
the utmost richness of tone and plas-
ticity of movement. A whole audience
listened rapt.

Two shorter pieces diversified the con-
cert—one, a happy revival; the other an
incidental "novelty." The revival brought
back Mr. Arthur Foote's Suite in E major
for Strings, with the composer in pres-
ence. Though he wears his seventy-six
years easily—the last of his New-England
generation, save only Mr. Chadwick—
seldom nowadays does he revisit the con-
cert-hall. The more the pleasure, then,
to hear his music warmly applauded
and to see the conductor directing those
plaudits whither they should go. Mr.
Foote, however, kept to his modest place,
as one who stores up, smilingly, an agree-
able memory. Twenty seasons have not
tarnished the skill, suavity, freshness and
fancy of his Suite. The final Fugue still
runs in light energy; with zest comes full-
rounded. The Pizzicati, with the gentle
song between, are still pleasing device. The
Prelude has courtly flow. A wise com-
poser was Mr. Foote, making his piece.
He never exhausted the matter; always
he kept the light hand. He diverted
himself, and another generation is di-
verted with him. Not all the re-discov-
eries from the eighteenth century, which
are current fashion, have so many flavors.
Mr. Goossens is a practised composer;
out of long experience as conductor well
versed in orchestral technique. He has
an alert hand for rhythm. He can out-
turn readily enough a workable musical
idea. So furnished, he made briefly the
Rhythmic Dance of yesterday. It is
neither classic nor romantic, orthodox
or modernist; impressive or boresome—
merely good-enough music to fill its seven
minutes and have done. Les jeunes,
writing or listening, like these amiable
caprices—into one ear, out by the other.

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SYMPHONY GLORIFIES THE FIFTH

Tchaikovsky's Great Work Played With Eloquence

Post Feb. 23 1929.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

By token of the warmth of the applause, the honors in yesterday's Symphony Concert went to a living American and to a Russian, to Arthur Foote, whose suite for strings, in E major, began the programme, and to Tchaikovsky, whose Fifth Symphony ended it. The pieces between, Eugene Goossens' "Rhythmic Dance" and Debussy's "Iberia" found less favor with the audience.

COOL TOWARDS THE DANCE

Not before had Mr. Goossens' Rhythmic Dance, a comparatively recent work, been played in Boston. Other pieces by this English musician, who conducts the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra and who has led the Boston Symphony as guest, have made a stronger impression. Monotonously thick in orchestration, without special distinction of any sort, this Rhythmic Dance has said its say in the first dozen measures. Yesterday's audience was almost disdainfully cool towards it.

Nor is "Iberia" the most perdurable of the orchestral compositions of Debussy. There are haunting pages in the second section, "The Fragrance of the Night" and captivating measures in the third, "The Morning of a Festival Day." But for the rest "Iberia" is the work of a Debussy who had begun to be a calculating artificer of music rather than of the poet in tones who gave us "The Afternoon of a Faun," the Nocturnes and "The Sea."

Invited to Aid Fund

Yesterday, by the way, the audience was invited, through a special letter from Mr. Koussevitzky inserted in the programme book, to contribute to a fund for the erecting of a monument to Debussy in his native Paris. For the receiving of such contributions a box was conspicuously placed in the foyer of Symphony Hall.

Mr. Koussevitzky did well yesterday to repeat from his earlier seasons both Mr. Foote's Suite and the Symphony of Tchaikovsky. The former is one of the satisfying and substantial American compositions that have won for themselves a fixed place in the repertory of our orchestra. Since 1909 this ingratiating suite has appeared four times on the Symphony programmes. Present to hear his own music, the composer was compelled to rise and bow repeatedly from his seat in the auditorium.

Utmost Possible Eloquence

As for Tchaikovsky's Symphony, not only is it, all things considered, the finest example of its species yet to have come from a Russian hand, but it is one of the pieces in which Mr. Koussevitzky is unsurpassed, even unapproachable as interpreter, one in which he and the orchestra attain to the utmost possible eloquence.

In the Andante George Boettcher, the orchestra's new first horn, had his most considerable opportunity since his coming to us last autumn. By him the familiar measures were played with a tone both firm and beautiful, a tone of true nobility that glorified a melody that might easily lapse into sentimentality.

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY — SYMPHONY HALL BOSTON

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February 22, 1929.

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Eighteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 1, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 2, at 8.15 o'clock

Frederick the Great . . . . . Symphony in D major, No. 3

I. Allegro.
II. Andante.
III. Allegro scherzando.

(First time in the United States)

Janin . . . . . Symphonie Spirituelle "Alleluia"

(First performance)

Sibelius . . Concerto for Violin and Orchestra in D minor, Op. 47

I. Allegro moderato.
II. Adagio di molto.
III. Allegro ma non tanto.

Moussorgsky . . . . Pictures at an Exhibition (arranged for Orchestra by M. Ravel)

Promenade—Gnomus—Tuileries—Bydlo—Ballet des Poussins dans leurs Coques —Samuel Goldenberg and Schmuyle—Catacombs (Con mortuis in lingua mortua)—La Cabane sur des Pattes de Poule—La Grande Porte de Kiev.

SOLOIST

RICHARD BURGIN

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

There will be an intermission after the concerto

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

Frederick the Great

Elector of Brandenburg, King of Prussia—and New Composer

Symphony Concerts in Boston

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Herald By PHILIP HALE Mch. 2. 1929

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its 18th concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follow: Frederick the Great, symphony in D major, No. 3 (first time in this country). Janin, Symphonie Spirituelle, "Alleluia," for orchestra and organ (first performance). Sibelius, violin concerto (Richard Burgin, violinist). Moussorgsky-Ravel, Pictures at an Exhibition.

We all knew that Frederick the Great was passionately addicted to the flute. Louisa Muehlbach in novels of Prussian court and city life that once were popular would write, "The King was playing on his flute" and would supply a footnote: "This is a historical fact." Few of us knew that he composed overtures, operatic arias and four symphonies, of which only the one performed yesterday has a few wind instruments in addition to the strings. Was the royal composer assisted by Quantz, his teacher for the flute? Quantz says "no" and declares that Frederick needed no help in writing the symphonies; and Quantz, although he had a handsome salary and received 100 ducats for a flute concerto —he composed 300 of them—was an honest fellow and surely would not lie about a small matter.

It was natural that Frederick for the slow movement of this symphony should think of his loved instrument. The andante is practically a pretty duet for flute, which were admirably played by Messrs. Laurent and Bladet. Hearing them, no one would have dared to describe the flute as a waterlogged instrument. There was more than vain tootle-tootling. There was pure, full tone, musical phrasing; pleasing, not envious rivalry. The other lively movements, lively after the manner of the 18th century, were creditable to Frederick's invention and skill. The symphony was refreshingly simple and agreeable. It would have been better for the world if Frederick had spent his days at Sans Souci, practising the flute, composing, tinkering librettos and giving an enlightened patronage to ladies of the ballet. As a soldier he slaughtered thousands. Biographers do not record that any one suffered severely from hearing him play the flute.

Jacques Janin, writing his Symphonie Spirituelle, had the ambition to sound a great "Alleluia" on earth and in the sky. At first those brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord are represented as tumultuously joyful. Unfortunately in their shouting songs of praise they are aggressively discordant. And so in country churches when the congregation was requested to rise and sing the 457th hymn, cracked voices, nasal voices, terrifying voices, voices which by their untunefulness could not have delighted the saints in heaven, rent the affrighted air. Dissonances are like word: of which Hobbes said they are "wise men's counters, they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools." Not that M. Janin is musically a fool; he has studied; he is not wholly without facility, but he uses it aimlessly. He abuses dissonances: they serve for him no aesthetic, impressive, sensuous purpose. There is a "ritualistic lament, the grief of angels at man's impiety." So runs the composer's argument. No wonder the angels were grieved at what they heard. Musical impiety is neither for gods nor men. Nor is the angelic lament what one might reasonably expect from the celestial choir. Nor can one in this instance employ the cautious phrase when a composition has little or no emotional value, "Yes, but it's well made."

When the Amazonian violinist, Maud Powell first brought into notice the concerto by Sibelius, the music was recognized as difficult for any player; it was also thought by many an ungrateful composition without force or beauty, but that was 22 years ago. The musical idiom of Sibelius is no longer strange and foreign; the great talent—at times genius of the composer is now fully recognized—his strength, his individuality; even the sombreness of certain pages is to many more than the cackling light-heartedness of men that set traps for immediate favor.

Whether this concerto is to be reckoned among his chief works is open to discussion. The brilliant performance by Mr. Burgin certainly brought out all that is in the concerto; a performance characterized by warmth—when the music allowed it—by deep emotion, as well as by technical proficiency; by the wild rhapsodic spirit with which certain pages are charged. All will admit the beauty of the middle movement, a beauty that is more than sensuous, a beauty of pure emotion without a trace of earthliness. There is beauty in the measures for the horns, as a background for the solo violin; as in the first movement there are arresting passages for wind instruments and the lower strings; "ancestral voices prophesying war." Nor can any one deny the exciting, rhythmic savagery of the Finale. Mr. Burgin richly deserved the enthusiastic applause at the end of the concerto. He was fortunate, also, in the masterly accompaniment by the orchestra led by a conductor in artistic and emotional sympathy. Yet one might say that the second movement is for our audience; the other movements chiefly constructed for the glory of a virtuoso violinist and for those admiring first of all the triumphant surmounting of difficulties.

Ravel's ingenious and delightful instrumentation of Moussorgsky's piano suite is familiar. Yesterday it not only again gave pleasure; it showed the amazing elasticity and euphony of the orchestra which has been brought to its present state of perfection by Mr. Koussevitzky.

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Boston Hears Symphony by Frederick the Great

Monitor Mch. 2, 1929

Frederick II of Prussia was called "the Great" for political rather than musical reasons. That at least is the general supposition, which we think will not be overturned by the performance at the eighteenth pair of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra of Frederick's Symphony in D major No. 3. This is not to say that Frederick was necessarily a bad musician. It is recorded that he played the flute and the clavier, and was responsible for a number of compositions. The Symphony in D major is the only one of his four symphonies which is scored for wind instruments as well as strings; it calls for two flutes, two oboes, two horns and a bassoon. According to the program book, this symphny was performed at the Friday afternoon concert for the first time in the United States. Have any other of Frederick's compositions been played in America?

Among Frederick's teachers were Johann Joachim Quantz, the flutist; Karl Heinrich Graun, and C. P. E. Bach. A hearing of this symphony leaves the impression that the royal pupil was faithful to the precepts of his masters. Indeed one would say he had paid them the compliment of adding nothing of his own to what they transmitted to him. The first of his three movements is an Allegro with recognizable themes, handled in the usual manner of eighteenth century minor composers. The Andante is novel in that it consists of a dialogue between two flutes, with string accompaniment; but the content is less striking than the form. The finale is a sprightly Allegro Scherzando. No doubt voices will be raised in protest against the inclusion of this unimpressive work in a symphony program. Yet there is no harm in it; and it serves, too, to reveal again the dexterity of the orchestra—or of the nucleus of it which was required for this composition.

An even more unusual invention was Jacques Janin's Symphonie Spirituelle "Alleluia," which had its first public performance yesterday. Its author is a mysterious fellow who apparently has yet to learn from some of his contemporaries the advantages of publicity. For no account of his career so far has been discovered. It is known only that he is a French composer who studied at the Paris Conservatory from 1909 to 1914, composed "La Légende de France" for propaganda purposes during the war, has had a few works played in Paris and takes an interest in music for the cinema.

It seems possible that this so-called symphony of his was written with an eye on the motion pictures, for the devotional purport indicated by the title proved to be of a kind that would hardly be in place elsewhere. If the work were to be performed in a church, that edifice should be designed by Messrs. Joseph Urban and Robert Edmond Jones. A note quoted in the program book, the source of which was not indicated, told us that "Alleluia on earth and in heaven denotes the nature of this symphony." But its composer evidently believes that worship nowadays is singularly devoid of peacefulness. His music is what one would expect from Honegger or Prokofieff attempting to write in the style of César Franck. The devotions it presumably represents must have been derived from the Scythians. It was brilliantly played and calmly received by the audience.

More satisfying was the performance by Richard Burgin, concert-master of the orchestra, of the Violin Concerto of Sibelius. This, like other of the Finnish master's works, offers little that is ingratiating but much that is musically admirable. The solo part, which is of extraordinary difficulty, was executed with consummate mastery by Mr. Burgin. The plaudits of his hearers must have rewarded him for a not too grateful task. The concert closed with a nitid performance of Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" in the orchestral arrangement made by Maurice Ravel for Mr. Koussevitzky.

L. A. S.

BURGIN SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Frederick the Great, King of Prussia's Symphony

"Symphonie Spirituelle 'Alleluia,'" by Janin, Has First Performance

Richard Burgin, concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra since 1920, was warmly applauded as soloist at yesterday's Symphony concert for his brilliant playing in Sibelius' violin concerto. A symphony by Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, was played for the first time in the United States. A work entitled "Symphonie Spirituelle 'Alleluia,'" by Jacques Janin, was performed for the first time anywhere. Ravel's orchestration of Musorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" was the other number on a curiously assorted program.

Mr Burgin, an excellent violinist, played Sibelius' concerto in masterly style, conquering its many difficulties with apparent ease. This concerto is one of the most interesting in the entire repertory. The music has the originality that distinguishes all Sibelius' work. By giving to the first allegro the character of an improvisation and alloting to the solo violin many unaccompanied passages, he manages to lend an appearance of spontaneity to the showy cadenzas. The themes have character, the treatment of them is imaginative. Mr Burgin played with complete understanding of the music. He is no mere technician, no mere gymnast of the violin.

Janin, described in the advance notice from Symphony Hall as a "Russian composer," is, according to yesterday's program book, a Frenchman who studied at the Paris Conservatoire from 1909 to 1914 and has since developed "a lively interest in music for the cinema, which he thinks capable of becoming an original art of grand dimentions."

The subtitle of the work heard yesterday is "Alleluia on Earth and in Heaven." It contains passages intended to depict the "tumultuous joy of souls on earth who live in God"; a "cantique of a more reflective religiosity"; and a lament representing "the grief of angels at man's impiety." It is scored for organ and full orchestra. The phrases just quoted, needless to remark, are not written by Mr Hale, but quoted by him from an unnamed source.

French composers have in the past century not seldom been struck by the theatrical possibilities inherent in grand religious subjects. It would be easy to cite examples from Berlioz and Gounod, not to mention lesser men. Janin's piece has one merit essentially French, its brevity. It seemed yesterday a naive and pointless juggling of insignificant musical material, curiously old-fashioned despite its annoying successions of unresolved dissonances. Mr Koussevitzky labored valiantly but vainly to lend it breadth and vigor of style.

Frederick the Great, certainly the most interesting monarch of modern times, loved music from boyhood and learned to play the flute passably. Taught by Karl Graun, he composed many pieces for flute, also marches, arias and symphonies. None of these were published with his permission. He prided himself rather on his skill in writing French verses, and on the cultivated intellect and refined taste that enabled him to converse on equal terms with the great Voltaire. His fame rests, however, on his amazing military successes.

Unkind court gossip would have it that Quantz, the King's master in flute playing, wrote or helped to write the royal compositions. But Quantz said of the symphony played yesterday that he had done nothing except correct "a few notes which were wrong in the notation." First published in the 1740s by the King's sister, this symphony has been edited and reissued within the past few years by Gustav Lenzewski, who has added to the instrumentation.

Frederick's music is fluent and lively in two allegros, between which comes a graceful andante with prominent solo parts for two flutes. The themes show no gift of melodic invention. One of them, in fact, was borrowed from Graun. The symphony was played with marked virtuosity by a small orchestra that included, rightly, a harpsichordized piano.

Ravel's marvelously effective arrangement of Muoorgsky's familiar set of piano pieces, shortened yesterday by the omission of the second number in the set, again delighted the audience. Mr Koussevitzky was at his best in the sonorous finale, the "Great Cate of Kiev," played with thrilling dramatic intensity, brasses sounding loud and clear. There were tumults of applause.

Next week the orchestra goes on tour. The program now announced for March 15 and 16 includes Brahms' violin concerto, with Heifetz as soloist, a new symphony by Dukelsky, Berlioz' "Roman Carnival," and a concerto for orchestra by Philip Emanuel Bach.

P. R.

He Who Dreams

Jacques Janin

Composer of the New Symphony, "Alleluia," To Be Played at the Symphony Concerts This Week

Strange Bedfellows At Symphony Hall

Journal. — Feb. 24, 1924

Music From A Great King And From An Obscure French Composer

THE NOVELTIES of the present week at Symphony Hall are two in number. Programs—like other things in life—sometimes make strange bedfellows. Thus it comes about that a great King of Prussia rubs elbows (to change the metaphor) with a youthful and rather obscure Frenchman. But the King of Prussia, cherishing French art and French culture, would never have felt other than at home in the company of a French composer. Not inappropriately, then, a Symphony of Frederick the Great stands side by side with a Symphony by Jacques Janin.

Frederick II. as a boy loved music, literature and the arts so warmly as to cause a break with is martinet-father, Frederick William. As Crown Prince Frederick assembled his own "kapelle," even though his father refused to maintain one. As King he was a steadfast patron of the arts, devoting his leisure, as he himself says, to personal practice of them. His household included Johann-Joachim Quantz, the foremost flutist of his day, as soloist, teacher and composer to the King; Carl-Heinrich Graun, as Kapellmeister and teacher of composition; Philip-Emanuel Bach as cembalist. Frederick wrote many sonatas and concertos for the flute upon which he played devotedly and skilfully, as well as music in other forms. His symphonies are not numerous. That in D major, to be played at Symphony Hall, is the only one that employs wind instruments in addition to strings. In the act of musical creation, the royal composer must have received help from his teachers; for his biographers make a point of it that in this particular symphony he had no assistance. Quantz is reported as having said to Nicolai: "The King showed me the score; in his presence I looked it over, but made no corrections beyond calling his attention to a few notes which were obviously mere errors in notation, and which the King changed." Spitta also vouches for the "blameless purity" of the piece.

Without Frederick's knowledge, the Symphony in D was printed, at the instigation of his sister, in 1743 (generally

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He Who Dreams

Jacques Janin

Composer of the New Symphony, "Alleluia," To Be Played at the Symphony Concerts This Week

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considered also as the year of composition) for a surprise for him. There are three movements—Allegro, Andante, Allegro Scherzando. In the original it is said to have been scored for two oboes, two horns and strings in the first and last movements; for two flutes and two violins in the Andante. The present editor, Gustav Lenzewski, in a foreword to his version says that he reconstructed the score from the printed parts of the edition of 1743. His orchestration, however, calls for flutes, oboes, horns, bassoons, piano, in addition to strings. With him also, the Andante is a flute-duet with violin accompaniment.

The scholar of today will be struck by the marked inclination toward sonata-form in the first movement, since strong tendencies toward that form are generally attributed to Philip-Emanuel Bach. There is a fluid first subject; a short but strong contrast. There is suggestion of development and recapitulation. The slow movement is melodic, as would be expected of a flute-duet in slow tempo. The last movement is a rather bright dance rhythm. The music is not highly original. It recalls occasionally the sons of Bach, occasionally Handel—a curious detail in view of the fact that Frederick chose to hear little, if any of Handel's music. His favorite composers were Quantz, Graun, Philip-Emanuel Bach and Frederick. But Frederick's father had oboists play whole operas of Handel to put him to sleep. Did this plant in the boy a seed for a future style? But the whole Symphony reminds one of his musical biographers of Diabelli!

To Introduce Janin

There is practically no biographical material forthcoming about Jacques Janin, other than the fact that he studied at the Paris Conservatory between 1909 and 1914 under Taudon, Caussade and Paul Vidal. The war created a hiatus in his musical activities, but he has since written prolifically. The title-page of the score of his Symphony, still in manuscript contains the dedication to Georges Bouche, and the title: Symphonie spirituelle, "Alleluia!" It is scored for the usual woodwinds, six horns, a trumpet piccolo in D, two trumpets in C, a trumpet-bass in F, trombones and tuba, the usual percussion and strings, organ, harp and celesta. At the end of the score stands the date, July 20, 1928.

Symphony Hall contributes the following synopsis, source not indicated:

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He Who Dreams

Jacques Janin

Composer of the New Symphony, "Alleluia," To Be Played at the Symphony Concerts This Week

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As would be expected from this program, the piece runs in three divisions—a first which is evidently an Allegro though the composer has not so indicated; a second, "Un poco plus lent"; finally, "Allegro ben marcato." In the first Allegro there are two opposing principles (which is probably fairer than to say two themes). The first is heard at once in the strings; the second comes in soon after for organ alone, later for organ with brass. Still farther on there is a slightly more lyric theme which yields contrapuntal imitations and a stretto. The slow section begins with a lyric motiv in flutes and clarinets, punctuated with strings. The final Allegro is short, mounting quickly to a strong climax. It is characteristic of Janin to change meter almost incessantly. The first two pages of his score bear the following succession of meter-signatures: 13-16, 9-16, 10-16, 15-16, 20-16.

A. H. M.

Reporting Progress

The Guarantee Fund of the Symphony Orchestra Rises by $10,000

WITHIN a week the Guarantee Fund for the Symphony Orchestra, to meet the operating expenses of the current year, has risen by $10,000 and the middle leaves of the program-book swarmed yesterday with the list of new subscribers. Evidently the public of the concerts—and outside them—is bestirring itself; while the response is as widespread as the Trustees desired. But this happy issue is only a beginning. Though the fund now nears $84,600, another $50,000 must be added if the Orchestra is to be secure, unhampered by the community sustained.

FREDERICK THE GREAT'S SYMPHONY

First Performance of Monarch's Work in America

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

A Symphony by Frederick the Great never before heard in America, a Symphonie Spirituelle, in its initial performance, by the Parisian Jacques Janin, a composer hitherto unknown here, and the Violin Concerto of Sibelius with Richard Burgin as soloist, unplayed here since 1912, lent freshness if not always interest to the first part of yesterday's Symphony Concert. Moussorgsky's graphic and imaginative "Pictures at an Exhibition," in the felicitous orchestration of Ravel, completed the afternoon.

A GOOD SYMPHONY

Not until yesterday had an orchestral composition or perhaps any piece at all by the flute-playing king of Prussia been performed in Boston. In all Frederick wrote four symphonies, three for strings alone although that of yesterday has parts for flutes, oboes, horns and bassoon to which the present editor, Gustav Lenzewski, has added a pianoforte.

The original score, it is said, was the king's alone; his flute master, Quantz, merely corrected errors in notation. And this music, written in the conventional idiom of its time, 1743, is quite good enough to have been made by one who did not also bear the burdens of royalty. Were it offered to a modern audience as the work of any secondary composer of the earlier 18th Century there would be no questioning or demur. Since the flute was Frederick's instrument the Andante, a movement of dignified beauty, takes the form of flute duet with light string accompaniment.

Indifferent in Janin

As a subtitle the Symphonie of Janin bear the quotation "Alleluia upon earth and in the heavens." A programme-note specifies that this terrestrial and celestial rejoicing is contrasted in the music with a ritualistic lament, the grief of angels at man's impiety.

Strange subject-matter, this, for a contemporary composer, and Janin has returned to the earlier masters of it, to the energetic counterpoint of Bach and the pomps of the Gounod of the oratorios, translated into modern every-man-for-himself polyphony, with plain-song for the lamenting angels. There are effective passages in this Symphonie, but as a whole the piece seemed scarcely worthy the very considerable effort necessarily expended in the preparation of it, for rhythmically this score is of exceeding complexity. It might, indeed, serve as a study in unusual time-signatures. Yesterday's audience received it with marked indifference.

Sibelius' Concerto

Not altogether advisedly did Sibelius take upon himself the task of writing a violin concerto. In the first movement the engrossing pages are those in which the solo instrument is silent. More grateful for the performer is the Adagio, with its long and beautiful cantilena accompanied chiefly by the four horns. And the finale comes nearer than does the first movement to being a satisfactory piece of concerted music, yet even here the solo instrument seems now and then intrusive and impertinent.

By Mr. Burgin and the orchestra the Concerto was admirably played, the violinist triumphing easily over the technical difficulties and bringing to the performance of the Adagio a notable display of feeling. At the end he was several times recalled.

Next week the orchestra will give concerts in Baltimore, Washington, New York and Brooklyn. The next regular pair of concerts will take place on March fifteenth and March sixteenth

Blending the Pleasures of The Afternoon

Mr. Burgin and A Concerto, Mursorgsky Plus Ravel, Fredericus Magnus

Trans. — Mch. 2. 1929

THE EVENTS of the day began when the Symphony Concert was well in progress. The prelude to them was the appearance of Mr. Burgin, hitherto absent from the stage, to play the solo-part in Sibelius's Concerto for Violin. Modestly enough, with Mr. Koussevitzky behind him, he came from the ante-room. No sooner had they gained the edge of the platform than clapping crackled from every quarter of the hall. The conductor gave the concert-master the friendly shove that is his habit with soloists; smote his own hands together. The orchestra, for its part, swelled the tumult. More than one illustrissimo of music, come oversea, might have envied such hearty, honest greeting. Not for nothing is Mr. Burgin sitting for a ninth year in the first chair of the Symphony Orchestra. When he joined it in 1920, his mettle was unmistakable. Season after season he has bettered and enlarged it until he is now not only concert-master but, at need, assistant-conductor. The public has followed this progress with every sign of interest and good will. For full cause it renewed the plaudits at each pause in the Concerto; at the end redoubled them.

At every turn, moreover, orchestra and conductor added their own—and there is no reward to be cherished above the sympathy and approval of the fellow-craftsmen who, year in and year out, have been companions in the day's work. They know their comrade's shortcomings; yet they praise him. They suspect his pains, however reticently he may hide then, and now would tell him as much. Mr. Burgin's cup was, indeed, full and running over. Under his usual

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By Mr. Burgin and the orchestra the Concerto was admirably played, the violinist triumphing easily over the technical difficulties and bringing to the performance of the Adagio a notable display of feeling. At the end he was several times recalled.

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Blending the Pleasures of The Afternoon

Mr. Burgin and A Concerto, Mursorgsky Plus Ravel, Fredericus Magnus

Mch. 2, 1929

THE EVENTS of the day began when the Symphony Concert was well in progress. The prelude to them was the appearance of Mr. Burgin, hitherto absent from the stage, to play the solo-part in Sibelius's Concerto for Violin. Modestly enough, with Mr. Koussevitzky behind him, he came from the ante-room. No sooner had they gained the edge of the platform than clapping crackled from every quarter of the hall. The conductor gave the concert-master the friendly shove that is his habit with soloists; smote his own hands together. The orchestra, for its part, swelled the tumult. More than one illustrissimo of music, come oversea, might have envied such hearty, honest greeting. Not for nothing is Mr. Burgin sitting for a ninth year in the first chair of the Symphony Orchestra. When he joined it in 1920, his mettle was unmistakable. Season after season he has bettered and enlarged it until he is now not only concert-master but, at need, assistant-conductor. The public has followed this progress with every sign of interest and good will. For full cause it renewed the plaudits at each pause in the Concerto; at the end redoubled them.

At every turn, moreover, orchestra and conductor added their own—and there is no reward to be cherished above the sympathy and approval of the fellow-craftsmen who, year in and year out, have been companions in the day's work. They know their comrade's shortcomings; yet they praise him. They suspect his pains, however reticently he may hide then, and now would tell him as much. Mr. Burgin's cup was, indeed, full and running over. Under his usual

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lf-possession he was "visibly affected." he cynics were quick to say that after ch emotional disturbance, the Concerto as sure to go badly. On the contrary, arely has Mr. Burgin, as soloist, played well. He is in his thirty-seventh year. here is reason to believe that his is a usical nature and a musical talent pening late.

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The Concerto is a quarter of a century old. It antedates by two years the Third Symphony which at Mr. Koussevitzky's hands was event of four months back. Here is Sibelius already individualized, but still feverish in the play of those qualities that in recent years have sounded from him as proud possession. (Recall the Sixtn Symphony whichurely the conductor should play again). Firmly Sibelius is asking the violinist to take him at his word, assuming his voice, assimilating and intensifying his moods. Mr. Burgin met his every exaction with the expected resource, with an unexpected range and force of imagination. At least two thousand Bostonians heads shook doubtfully when Dr. Muck and Mme. Powell introduced Sibelius's Concerto. Twenty years later, such a performance as Mr. Burgin's and Mr. Koussevitzky's makes it an occasion.

The Philadelphia Orchestra is the sole repository of Mr. Stokowski's transcri

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tions from Bach. Ravel's orchestral version of Musorgsky's piano-pieces, "Pictures at An Exhibition," may be heard only at the concerts of the Boston Orchestra or at the Concerts Koussevitzky in Paris. Mr. Stokowski set himself the task; Mr. Koussevitzky readily persuaded Ravel. As such things go, all are celebrated transcriptions. Yet to each conductor his rights and privileges, especially when, as with "The Pictures," he exercises them in steadily ripening performance. In every alternate season, so far, Mr. Koussevitzky has played Ravel's arrangement, each time with more adroit or eloquent adjustment of sonorities, more graphic color and characterizing rhythm. A veritable tonal panorama passes before the casual ear—the Introduction ("Promenade") sounding with memories as well as with the uncertain steps of the wanderer from sketch to sketch; the hippity-hop of the rhythmed Gnome; the heavy rolling rhythm of "Bydlo" under the mellow folk-song; the fawning and the domineering Jew each in tones characterized, then set in high and comic relief; the grave periods of "The Catacombs" as though Musorgsky were writing a memorial music to his dead friend; the flying Witch for weirdness; the upswelling clangors in the finale of the Great Gate and of old and holy Russia. (Ravel, orchestrating, has outdone even the climax of his ballet, "Daphnis and Chloë.") For pleasure received and imagination kindled, an audience, as it did yesterday, may well clap hands.

Each repetition, indeed, suggests the notion—which may or may not prove valid—that Ravel's version of Musorgsky's pieces is a milestone on the course of music. The listener need not forget Strauss's Eulenspiegel or Don Quixote or this and that figure in the Wagnerian gallery to wonder whether graphic characterization in tones may farther go. And the two Richards' stores, out of their subject-matter and out of the musical matter within themselves, seem vast beside the slender pages from which Ravel worked. He gives the Introduction and, possibly, the episode of "The Catacombs" the deeper suggestion of a memorial music to the dead artist. It is only hint in Musorgsky. Elsewhere the Russian seeks graphic characterization in the gesture (as it were) of his rhythms, in the psysiognomy of his melodies. He is vivid indeed, vivid above most composers; but seldom in the piano-pieces does he pass beyond black and white. Out of inexhaustible resource, long-practised skill, sympathetic imagination, Ravel adds the indispensable color; enriches and enforces the Russian's sonorities.

The intent of the "Picture" is t
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and sonority, altogether it fulfills th
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such music can be more vivid, i
and complete.

The first number of the afternoo
pass for the hors d'œuvres that bec
ly begin any feast. In this dem
land, which of us would not hea
curiosity the Symphony of a grea
who was also schooled and pra
musician; after his manner conno
and critic withal? The news o
world without does sometimes pen
this self-centered town and is
come. Surely, one item is this
covered Symphony of Frederick
Great. The Symphony Concerts, more-
over, as distributors of music, have
many functions to discharge. One, for
certain, is, at discreet intervals, to be
amusing—the French have the more
meaningful word, which is "amusant"
And amusing this Symphony of Frederi-
cus Magnus unmistakably was. Not for a
moment is there reason to believe that
his music-master revised it. Far too
many are the amateurish jointures and
transitions.

Yet the piece shows merit. There are
quick movements from "the masters,"
and especially the semi-masters, of Fred-
erick's time, that have less of the pleas-
ant liveliness surviving to this day in
his Allegros. The first, at least, is more
diversified than stencilled; is almost
"composed through," as the connoisseurs
of Sans Souci doubtless remarked. True,
the middle duet for two flutes against a
faint background of violins, is melodi-
cally repetitious. But which of us again,
being prince or subject, does not hear
gladly the sound of his own voice, dis-
coursing about a pet avocation? Besides,
Mr. Laurent was one of the flutists, and
it is permissible to believe that he is as
rare a virtuoso as was even the mon-
arch's Quantz. "Altesse, votre serviteur,"
we were all saying to ourselves as we
clapped hands for a sovereign.

It is the fate of every conductor—in
honor bound to seek out new composers
and their work—sometimes to over-per-
suade himself and to discover in the end
that he has drawn a blank. Mr. Kousse-
vitzky, being more diligent than most in
such questing, is usually more fortunate.
As it proved yesterday, the "Spiritual
Symphony," the "Alleluia" Symphony,
of Monsieur Jacques Janin is not one
of the happier discoveries. The musical
ideas hardly lay hold upon the listener;
the treatment and progress scarcely
absorb him; the imaginative and emo-
tional scheme provokes no response, be-
ing too vast for his or the composer's
limited imagination. Agree, as good
father Boniface urges in Massenet's
"Jongleur," that we are each entitled to
praise God in his own way. Yet the best
that can be said of Monsieur Janin and
his Symphony is that he lauds his Maker
with a liveliness of heart all at odds with
Anglo-Saxon sanctimoniousness; that he
is eclectic in the choice of his means;
that he uses the organ abundantly, at
which instrument Mr. Snow did him
much good service. Seldom has Mr.
Koussevitzky conducted more strenuous-
ly, as one who would conjure into tonal
being that which is non-existent upon the
manuscript page. Possibly, he too had
doubts.

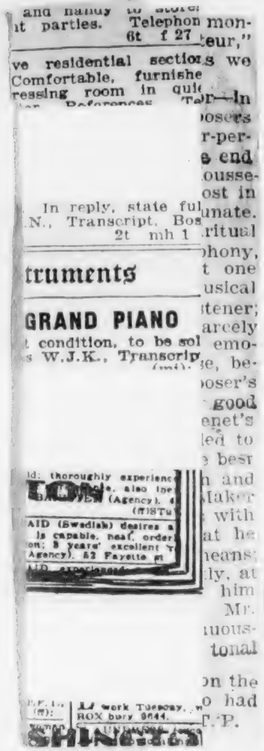
H. T. P.

Mr. Richard Burgin was born in Warsaw on October 11, 1892. At the age of eight he studied with Lotto, later with Joachim in Berlin, and from the years 1908 to 1912 with Leopold Auer in Leningrad. His first public appearance was at the age of eleven as soloist with the Warsaw Philharmonic Society on December 7, 1903. He came to New York in 1907 and spent a year and a half in this country, playing as soloist with Arnold Volpe's orchestra in Carnegie Hall in 1907, and in two recitals of his own in Mendelssohn Hall in the same year. He also played at the New York College of Music on April 3, 1908. In Eastern Europe he played as soloist and in recitals, at Leningrad, Kiev, Moscow, Odessa, Copenhagen, and other cities. He has been concert-master and soloist of the Leningrad Symphony Orchestra, the Helsingfors Symphony Orchestra, the Christiania (now Oslo) Philharmonic Society, and the Stockholm Concert Society. As concert-master he had served, before he came to Boston, under two former conductors of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Messrs. Fiedler and Nikisch, likewise as concert-master under Richard Strauss, Schneevoigt, the Finnish conductor, and under Sibelius in Helsingfors. He played Sibelius' Violin Concerto in Gothenburg, Stockholm, and Christiania under the supervision of the composer. At Stockholm and Christiania he was assistant teacher to Auer in 1916–17. In Christiania he led a string quartet, and in Stockholm formed the Burgin Quartet, which toured regularly from city to city, giving twelve recitals a season. In the fall of 1920 he became concert-master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The intent of the "Picture" is to characterize a personage—and the contrast of the two Jews is keen upon our ears and our comic sense. Similarly with The Gnome. Again, an action is to be denoted. After Ravel has plied his hand, the illusion is unescapable of the children at play or of the chickens' ballet, pitty-patting in their shells. Again it is a scene to be charactered as, in "Bydlo," the heavy Polish cart of singing folk rumbles across the plain; or a picture to be evoked and defined as when the gate of Kiev, and old Russia passing through it, rise from our ears to our eyes. Eliminate the suggestion of the dead artist who was Musorgsky's friend—and that suggestion may be no more than listener's chance impression—and there remains a music that would be graphic characterization and nothing else. Now that Ravel has added color and sonority, altogether it fulfills that end. It is within reason to wonder whether such music can be more vivid, illusory and complete.

The first number of the afternoon may pass for the hors d'œuvres that becoming ly begin any feast. In this democratic land, which of us would not hear with curiosity the Symphony of a great king who was also schooled and practised musician; after his manner connoisseur and critic withal? The news of the world without does sometimes penetrate this self-centered town and is welcome. Surely, one item is this rediscovered Symphony of Frederick the Great. The Symphony Concerts, moreover, as distributors of music, have many functions to discharge. One, for certain, is, at discreet intervals, to be amusing—the French have the more meaningful word, which is "amusant" And amusing this Symphony of Fredericus Magnus unmistakably was. Not for a moment is there reason to believe that his music-master revised it. Far too many are the amateurish jointures and transitions.

Yet the piece shows merit. There are quick movements from "the masters," and especially the semi-masters, of Frederick's time, that have less of the pleasant liveliness surviving to this day in his Allegros. The first, at least, is more diversified than stencilled; is almost "composed through," as the connoisseurs of Sans Souci doubtless remarked. True, the middle duet for two flutes against a faint background of violins, is melodically repetitious. But which of us again, being prince or subject, does not hear gladly the sound of his own voice, discoursing about a pet avocation? Besides, Mr. Laurent was one of the flutists, and it is permissible to believe that he is as



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Mr. Laurent was one of the flutists, and
it is permissible to believe that he is as
rare a virtuoso as was even the mon-
arch's Quantz. "Altesse, votre serviteur,"
we were all saying to ourselves as we
clapped hands for a sovereign.

It is the fate of every conductor—in
honor bound to seek out new composers
and their work—sometimes to over-per-
suade himself and to discover in the end
that he has drawn a blank. Mr. Kousse-
vitzky, being more diligent than most in
such questing, is usually more fortunate.
As it proved yesterday, the "Spiritual
Symphony," the "Allelula" Symphony,
of Monsieur Jacques Janin is not one
of the happier discoveries. The musical
ideas hardly lay hold upon the listener;
the treatment and progress scarcely
absorb him; the imaginative and emo-
tional scheme provokes no response, be-
ing too vast for his or the composer's
limited imagination. Agree, as good
father Boniface urges in Massenet's
"Jongleur," that we are each entitled to
praise God in his own way. Yet the best
that can be said of Monsieur Janin and
his Symphony is that he lauds his Maker
with a liveliness of heart all at odds with
Anglo-Saxon sanctimoniousness; that he
is eclectic in the choice of his means;
that he uses the organ abundantly, an
which instrument Mr. Snow did him
much good service. Seldom has Mr.
Koussevitzky conducted more strenuous-
ly, as one who would conjure into tonal
being that which is non-existent upon the
manuscript page. Possibly, he too had
doubts.

H. T. P.

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ALL over the world, music lovers have been moved by France's project of a monument to CLAUDE DEBUSSY. Argentine, Holland, Rumania, Italy, Spain and Mexico have already announced their coöperation. The United States, it is hoped, will be an important contributor.

May I therefore again suggest that all lovers of Debussy's music make a contribution, however small, so that the music lovers of Boston may have a part in this universal appreciation of a great genius.

A box has been placed in the foyer at Symphony Hall in which gifts may be placed. Should it be more convenient to mail a contribution, kindly make your check payable to the Claude Debussy Monument Fund and mail to me at Symphony Hall, Boston.

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY.

March 1, 1929.

Nineteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 15, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 16, at 8.15 o'clock

C. P. E. Bach . . . . Concerto for Orchestra in D major
(Arranged by Maximilian Steinberg)

I. Allegro moderato.
II. Andante lento molto.
III. Allegro.

Dukelsky . . . . . Symphony in F major

I. Risoluto.
II. Molto moderato.
III. Non troppo allegro.

(First time in the United States)

Brahms . . . . Concerto in D major for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 77

I. Allegro non troppo.
II. Adagio.
III. Allegro giocoso, ma non troppo vivace.

Berlioz . . . . Overture, "Le Carnaval Romain," Op. 9

SOLOIST
JASCHA HEIFETZ

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

There will be an intermission after Dukelsky's symphony

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

Heifetz

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave the 19th concert of the 48th season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, C. P. E. Bach-Steinberg, concerto, D major, for orchestra. Dukelsky, symphony, F major—first time in the United States. Brahms, violin concerto (Jascha Heifetz, violinist). Berlioz, overture, "The Roman carnival."

Vladimir Dukelsky's symphony, composed in 1927-8, was first performed at one of Mr. Koussevitzky's concerts in Paris on June 14, 1928. The name of the composer was not unkown in Boston before yesterday. A pleasing suite from his ballet "Zephyr et Flore" was performed here under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction two years ago next month; three of his songs were sung by Gertrude Ehrhart, in Jordan hall last January.

Mr. Diaghilev has called this composer, who is now in his 26th year, a younger brother of Stravinsky and Prokofieff. He does not seem to be so closely related. Whatever his musical parentage, he does not need any family recommendation. Perhaps he is musically an illegitimate child, a rather unruly one, but of a vigorous nature as have been many famous men born out of wedlock. What Dukelsky said to Edwin Evans two years ago was amusing; but not to be taken too seriously, for a young composer talking for publication, will be shyly reticent—this is seldom the case; pontifically priggish, or anxious to call attention to himself by epigrams, paradoxes, windy words to make the bourgeois sit up. Mr. Dukelsky indulged in at least one paradox: "I do hate all 'modernism', and I love being modern." After all this statement, carefully examined, is not so paradoxical as it seems, for he added: "I believe only in construction in the truly classical sense, knowing that it is more difficult to construct a fox-trot than to write a thousand poems on golden fishes, bald Chinamen, or oyster shells as the so-called 'modernists' do."

He went on to say, and sensibly: "We must, and will, undress music; it doesn't need the heavy coat of harmonies any more—winter is gone." The great Couperin, the younger Scarlatti, Mozart and Debussy would have grasped his meaning and approved. And in this symphony Dukelsky is found respecting the sonata form, referring to a scherzo section, and in the finale writing a canon.

The symphony is an interesting work. Like all the compositions of young men who are at all worthy of attention, in their joy of invention, in their desire to strike out a new path, to be individual, the symphonic first movement is yeasty. Here was need of the self-criticism that comes only with greater maturity. The thematic material is not in itself alluring. There are incongruous episodes interrupting noisily and ineffectively any development. It is as if the hearer were subjected to galvanic shocks. Yet even in this movement there is a proud independence—call it not arrogance or a foolish defiance—that wins respect if not wholehearted admiration. Better this wild irregularity than obsequious following in the footsteps of smug, dull music makers of whose works the damning compliment "Anyhow, they are well made" is all that can be said.

The second movement with its broad, flowing chief theme, ingeniously ornamented shows the Dukelsky of whose future one may entertain reasonable hopes; and the finale with its exciting rhythms, and not too scholastic treatment shows fancy as well as originality, though the rhythmic aggressiveness may be derived from Stravinsky.

The concert was a brilliant one. The slow movement of Emanuel Bach's concerto is nobly beautiful; even its great length does not bring the desire for an ending. The crispness and the virility of the other movements displayed the perfection of the strings and a few wind instruments. The ever-welcome "Roman Carnival" overture again proved—it additional proof were needed—that Mr. Koussevitzky has created a virtuoso orchestra of virtuoso players. The repetition of the word "virtuoso" is not here misplaced, for players of pronounced excellence do not always make a virtuoso ensemble.

Mr. Heifetz had not played here with the orchestra for 10 years. His technical proficiency was then recognized, but his interpretation was not conspicuous for musical or emotional qualities. Yesterday he gave a truly eloquent performance of Brahm's concerto. For sheer beauty of tone alone his playing would have been noteworthy, but in addition there was a display of musical appreciation of the concerto's contents, a warmth that was not forced into explosive passion, a refreshing absence of sentimentalism in the second movement. Even in passages of mere padding—from Brahms was a master at treading water until he could swim out for the familiar or a distant shore—Mr. Heifetz held the attention and ravished the ear. His treatment of the measures following the cadenza in the first movement will not be soon forgotten. The orchestra shared in his triumph.

This concert will be repeated tonight. The program for next week will comprise Hill's symphony in B flat; "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" by Dukas, and the eighth symphony of Bruckner's which has not been played here for 20 years.

HEIFETZ HEARD AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Performance in Brahms Concerto Superb

First American Performance of Symphony by Vladimir Dukelsky

Jascha Heifetz, appearing as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the first time in 10 years, won an ovation from orchestra and audience for his superb playing in the Brahms concerto at yesterday's Symphony concert. A new symphony by the young Russian composer, Vladimir Dukelsky, was performed for the first time in America. Steinberg's arrangement of a concerto by C. P. E. Bach and Berlioz' "Roman Carnival" overture were the other numbers on a curiously assorted program.

The Heifetz yesterday's audience saw, impassive, with a melancholy masklike face, strangely old and world-weary for a young man only 28, contrasts startlingly with the Heifetz one remembers from a decade ago, an eager, charming boy, elated, but not intoxicated by his astonishing triumphs as a virtuoso. Zimbalist, who heard him play as a boy of 10, says that Heifetz as a child prodigy had the same superb mastery of his instrument which he displayed yesterday. A genius for playing the violin may develop early, as the more recent case of Menuhin would also indicate.

Yesterday's performance of Brahms' concerto had a curiously Russian quality, a nervous, half-melancholy, half-frenzied romanticism utterly un-Teutonic, suggesting Dostoievsky rather than Schiller. For this, both conductor and soloist were apparently responsible. The reading was vivid, powerful, unorthodox. The orchestra accompaniment was rather slipshod in details such as attacks, which are too often uneven, and a bit belated. Mr Koussevitzky does not give sufficiently clear and prompt signals to his men at times, or so it appears from the audience.

Dukelsky, born in 1903, has previously been represented at these concerts by some excerpts from a ballet, "Zphyr et Flore," played two years ago. His symphony in F, first performed at a Koussevitzky concert in Paris last Summer, has three movements, which are structurally more or less in accordance with classic precedent. There is, however, little or nothing that a classicist would recognize as harmony or counterpoint. The composer disclaims any intention of writing descriptive or pictorial music.

A listener biased rather for than against modernist music could not, at a first hearing, find much musical interest or importance in Dukelsky's symphony. Rhythms suggesting Stravinsky and American jazz but without the point and pungency of those in "Le Sacre" or in the best work of men like Gershwin, a slow movement with a banal Italianate melody disguised clumsily by an unnatural harmonization and pointless ejaculations from the percussion section of the orchestra; and a lively but quite unmemorable finale were all one could single out in the tonal melee. One felt that Dukelsky might write better in conventional 19th century style. But such first impressions cannot honestly masquerade as a judicial verdict. It is possible that further hearings might reveal beauties and profundities that went unnoticed yesterday.

Philipp Emanuel Bach might have difficulty in recognizing the elaborate orchestral piece Steinberg has made from a little chamber piece of his which Mr Koussevitzky once admired at a concert in Paris, and so had arranged. But the music has distinction and charm.

Berlioz' "Roman Carnival" overture sounded unusually clear and brilliant yesterday by contrast with the turgid orchestration of the Brahms concerto which preceded it. To one listener it was the most appealing and stirring music of the afternoon. Berlioz is among the most original figures in musical history. His themes are so unlike those of other composers that some critics to this day claim that Berlioz had no melodic invention. This overture alone should suffice to refute them.

Everyone concedes that Berlioz knew by instinct how to score music for a large orchestra. Compare this overture with a Beethoven or Brahms symphony, not to mention Schumann. It is to Liszt and Rimsky-Korsakov that one must turn for examples of orchestral music as sonorous and brilliant as Berlioz'. His rhythms, too, are vital and glowing in their clear intensity.

One wishes Mr Koussevitzky played Berlioz more often. He does it well, except for a tendency to exaggerate Berlioz' tempi and his dynamic contrasts, which, as they stand in the score, are sufficiently dramatic.

The program for next week includes the symphony by Prof E. B. Hill first played last year, Dukas' "Sorceror's Apprentice"; and Bruckner's Eighth Symphony.

P. R.

The Concerto, The Violinist, The Conductor

From Brahms Transfigured To Dukelsky Introduced At Symphony Hall

FROM the years before the late war recollection treasures an unsurpassed performance at Symphony Hall of Beethoven's Concerto for Violin. Dr. Muck was the conductor; Mr. Kreisler, the violinist. Yesterday afternoon Mr. Koussevitzky, Mr. Heifetz and an orchestra of like flexibility and fineness did as much for Brahms's Violin-Concerto. Objectors will hasten to say that both conductor and violinist slipped into Mr. Toscanini's pit, overdoing the lyric, the songful, Brahms. They will add in the next breath that the two-fold performance, thus softened and sweetened, missed "ruggedness"—the word in which, almost invariably, they epitomize the composer. Brahms, they will conclude, wrote a music of thought and line; whereas Mr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Heifetz drew from the Concerto a music of feeling and color.

So saying, these objectors proceed from a general principle, which may or may not be valid as applied to the whole work of Brahms, rather than from the particular instance on Friday before them. It is true that the first movement of the Concerto is intrinsically symphonic; that the development of musical ideas between violin and orchestra seems the primary purpose; that here and there, especially in the "passage-work," the composer is as abstruse, not to say plodding, as the most devout of earlier Brahmsians could wish. On the other hand, even this first division, considered without prepossession, is of lighter substance and texture than are usual with Brahms, more gracious of motion, more seductive to the ear. Unmistakably, the ensuing slow movement unfolds gentle matter and pensive mood; while the Finale is manifestly free-rhythmed, quick-spirited, almost light-hearted. Moreover, from the cadenza of the first movement, through

econd, to the bright rahms—no doubt de—has not neg the violinist as

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such fashion he ruise transmits it. akin to Wagner's g melody. With used, illuminated Violin-Concerto of

it is needless to of Mr. Kousse- songful note in when the music and romantical ensive mood, un- release the gra- Johannes, how- bstruse," was no fluous to renew s, susceptible, di- conductor in con- rchestra that, in alities, is his re- To all these things while it listened led the returning han it had clapped And for Johannes gful and sensuous one answer. He as he went too s that may have ere unmistakably rushed.

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the euphonies of the second, to the bright turns of the third Brahms—no doubt with Joachim at his side—has not neglected opportunity for the violinist as virtuoso.

The truth is that the gravest and most puissant of composers usually relax themselves when they write a Concerto for Violin. As likely as not they are persuaded to such courses by the sound of the fiddle. It can sing melodies, set them a-quiver with feeling, touch and clothe them with beauty. Therefore melodies it shall have, melodies that invite these gentler strokes and moods. The fiddle, again, is capable of fine-shaded or luscious euphonies with an instrument or a choir in the accompanying orchestra. A composer would be musical mathematician or musical anchorite did he renounce such suavities. The tone of the fiddle, once more, can make "passage-work" the play of lustrous figures into silken pattern woven; wherefore the composer draws a sigh of relief as he sets to his "development."

For a Concerto for Violin—and for the most part a Concerto for Piano—is conceived at the outset as an ingratiating music; or of itself comes to be such. Possibly violin-concertos were written first for the Herr Kapellmeister or the signal virtuoso of the patron's orchestra, bound to please the seigneur's guests in a noble apartment. The salon enlarged into the concert-hall, the Herr Kapellmeister evolved into the far-reputed and wandering virtuoso. Thereby the intent and the quality of the Concerto stood confirmed. The nineteenth century, with its passion for educing non-musical values from music, was a forcing-house for prigs. But which one of its admired composers ever wrote an altogether "thought-ful" violin-concerto? Present modernism is a breeding-place for a new sort of pedants; but the worst of them have not yet wizened up their pieces for violin.

Therefore, it is within reason to make Brahms's Violin-Concerto ingratiating, instead of formidable, to clothe it with a tempered beauty of the ear and of the senses—the course and the end that Mr. Koussevitzky, Mr. Heifetz and the orchestra yesterday accomplished. It were an history to recount anew the limpid flow, the instant elasticity, the super-sensibility of the violinist's tone; its edgeless consistency, silken texture, speckless surface; how well upon its just measure, its singular warmth, its inexhaustible fineness of gradation and transition; above all that quality for which the moderns have found the leaping word—its musicality. There is no violinist to transcend Mr. Heifetz in his conception of music as thought and emotion transfused into patterned and such fashion he [illegible] ruise transmits it. [illegible] akin to Wagner's [illegible] g melody. With [illegible] used, illuminated [illegible] Violin-Concerto of

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HEIFETZ HEARD AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Performance in Brahms Concerto Superb

First American Performance of Symphony by Vladimir Dukelsky

Jascha Heifetz, appearing as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the first time in 10 years, won an ovation from orchestra and audience for his superb playing in the Brahms concerto at yesterday's Symphony concert. A new symphony by the young Russian composer, Vladimir Dukelsky, was performed for the first time in America. Steinberg's arrangement of a concerto by C. P. E. Bach and Berlioz' "Roman Carnival" overture were the other numbers on a curiously assorted program.

The Heifetz yesterday's audience saw, impassive, with a melancholy masklike face, strangely old and world-weary for a young man only 28, contrasts startlingly with the Heifetz one remembers from a decade ago, an eager, charming boy, elated, but not intoxicated by his astonishing triumphs as a virtuoso. Zimbalist, who heard him play as a boy of 10, says that Heifetz as a child prodigy had the same superb mastery of his instrument which he displayed yesterday. A genius for playing the violin may develop early, as the more recent case of Menuhin would also indicate.

Yesterday's performance of Brahms' concerto had a curiously Russian quality, a nervous, half-melancholy, half-frenzied romanticism utterly un-Teutonic, suggesting Dostoievsky rather than Schiller. For this, both conductor and soloist were apparently responsible. The reading was vivid, powerful, unorthodox. The orchestra accompaniment was rather slipshod in details such as attacks, which are too often uneven, and a bit belated. Mr Koussevitzky does not give sufficiently clear and prompt signals to his men at times, or so it appears from the audience.

Dukelsky, born in 1903, has previously been represented at these concerts by some excerpts from a ballet, "Zphyr et Flore," played two years ago. His symphony in F, first performed at a Koussevitzky concert in Paris last Summer, has three movements, which are structurally more or less in accordance with classic precedent. There is however, little or nothing that ... cist would recognize as ... counterpoint. The compo... any intention of writing ... pictorial music.

A listener biased rat... against modernist music ... a first hearing, find much ... terest or importance in D... symphony. Rhythms sugg... vinsky and American jazz b... the point and pungency ... "Le Sacre" or in the be... men like Gershwin, a slow m... with a banal Italianate melo... guised clumsily by an unnatur... monization and pointless ejacu... from the percussion section of t... chestra; and a lively but quit... memorable finale were all one ... single out in the tonal melee. ... felt that Dukelsky might write ha... in conventional 19th century style, ... such first impressions cannot hone... masquerade as a judicial verdict. ... is possible that further hearings mig... reveal beauties and profundities th... went unnoticed yesterday.

Philipp Emanuel Bach might ha... difficulty in recognizing the elabora... orchestral piece Steinberg has mad... from a little chamber piece of his ... which Mr Koussevitzky once admired ... at a concert in Paris, and so had ar... ranged. But the music has distinction ... and charm.

Berlioz' "Roman Carnival" overture ... sounded unusually clear and brilliant ... yesterday by contrast with the turgid ... orchestration of the Brahms concerto ... which preceded it. To one listener it ... was the most appealing and stirring ... music of the afternoon. Berlioz is ... among the most original figures in ... musical history. His themes are so ... unlike those of other composers that ... some critics to this day claim that ... Berlioz had no melodic invention. This ... overture alone should suffice to refute ... them.

Everyone concedes that Berlioz ... knew by instinct how to score music ... for a large orchestra. Compare this ... overture with a Beethoven or Brahms ... symphony, not to mention Schumann. ... It is to Liszt and Rimsky-Korsakov ... that one must turn for examples of or... chestral music as sonorous and bril... liant as Berlioz'. His rhythms, too, ... are vital and glowing in their clear ... intensity.

One wishes Mr Koussevitzky played ... Berlioz more often. He does it well, ... except for a tendency to exaggerate ... Berlioz' tempi and his dynamic con... trasts, which, as they stand in the ... score, are sufficiently dramatic.

The program for next week includes ... the symphony by Prof E. B. Hill first ... played last year, Dukas' "Sorceror's ... Apprentice"; and Bruckner's Eighth ... Symphony.

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French Premier B... cal Attacks Over ... of Troops in R...

Paris, March 16 (A.P.)—... care, premier, guided his ... Cabinet" across another ... shoal this morning, and, ... the Chamber of Deputi... vote of confidence 308 to ... ond motion, taken at th... night session in which t... of Paul Painleve had be... Government majority ... vote being 314 to 246.

Premier Poincare and ... took the floor to answe... and participate in the de... survive the sniping of ... who charged negligenc... the health of French sol... pied Rhineland area.

It was the second at... had weathered in two ... of confidence having be... day 323 to 254 and 321 to ... involving return of re... tions to France.

Socialists and Radicals ... called the great misery ... tress of the French R... tion troops the basis ... They presented figures ... French soldiers on the ... February from grippe ... M. Painleve countered ...

beautified sound. In such fashion he responds to it; in such guise transmits it. His sense of music is akin to Wagner's sense of the underlying melody. With these qualities he suffused, illuminated and transfigured the Violin-Concerto of Brahms.

By the same token it is needless to dwell upon the ability of Mr. Koussevitzky to sound the songful note in Brahms, to release him, when the music warrants, into glowing and romantical beauty, to distil the pensive mood, uncover the smiling face, release the gracious fingers to which Johannes, however "rugged" and "abstruse," was no stranger. As superfluous to renew praises for the sedulous, susceptible, divining Koussevitzky as conductor in concertos; or for the orchestra that, in the play of these qualities, is his responsive instrument. To all these things the audience testified while it listened rapt; when it applauded the returning conductor hardly less than it had clapped the recalled violinist. And for Johannes thus new robed in songful and sensuous beauty? There is but one answer. He need not go musically as he went too often visually, in clothes that may have been "rugged" but were unmistakably uncouth, ill-fitting, unbrushed.

The other incident of as pleasurable a concert as the symphonic year has yielded was the playing of Mr. Dukelsky's Symphony. The obliging "programist," eager, like the rest of us, to re-assure those who seemed to doubt the existence of the young Russian, quoted him as saying: "As to my ideas on music—I do hate all 'modernism,' and I love being modern," which sentence might be true description of his piece. The "modernism," which he sets between scornful quotation-marks is too widely known, too often endured. It proceeds by pedantic formulas; it applies them by a quasi-mathematical cerebration. It would have ideas bone-dry: processes machine-like and marrowless. It keeps one eye on the theories and practice in vogue; the other on the audience to be grated as by sand-paper. In fear lest it say something conventional, it reiterates that which is fashionably eccentric or that which is dryly null. "Being modern," as Mr. Dukelsky puts it, is another matter. To be so is to be sensitive to the musical air blowing over our time, to set it astir in one's own composition because there is no other natural, honest way; to accept the time-spirit yet to tinge it with the individuality that is equally precious possession. Out of the past, says the wise modern, it is possible to achieve the present.

As Mr. Dukelsky preaches—if the word

is in place with so witty, not to say pert, a young gentleman—so he practices. There is Latin, as well as Russian, blood in his veins; he is fond of Mediterranean skies. Therefore the warmly songful measures, broad-curved and with Italianate pulse, of his slow movement. The time-spirit, however, is restless. Forthwith a march-rhythm is the motion, while the sonorities enlarge. There is halt and the songful glow returns expansive. No remarkable, no epochal music—as though composers always wrote such!—but music of clear personal quality, winning and holding interest, which is quite enough to ask of Mr. Dukelsky in the twenty-sixth year of his precocious Russian age.

The finale bears out and deepens this impression. Scherzo-like measures begin it; succumb quickly to the restless mood animating the whole Symphony; darken into sombre pages. These gather force, only to yield in turn to the rhythmic vigors of an exuberant close. Mr. Dukelsky has an imagination and procedure of his own; but no more than our other youth can he escape occasional Stravinskian tang. He is true modern again who must have his spice of scholarship, his prop out of the ancient style. Then a Canon intrigues him, as in this third movement, or he builds the first upon the urgent progress and cumulation of a Toccata. There he writes an ardent, full-voiced, large-striding music. Plentifully it throws off modernist sparks; yet not mannerism but vitality tosses in dissonance; while the whole gains a forthright, impetuous, sonorous progress that is clear play of creative musical temperament. It is the conductor's obligation to open the doors of Symphony Hall to youthful talent. Mr. Dukelsky's, obscured in the ballet suite of two seasons ago, is now unmistakable.

There was prelude to these middle-pieces in Emanuel Bach's Concerto for eighteenth-century orchestra that Mr. Koussevitzky has made repertory piece at the Symphony Concerts; postlude in the Overture of Berlioz, "Roman Carnival," dear also to his sense of orchestral virtuosity in romantic guise. If terseness is ear-mark of the moderns—Mr. Dukelsky's Symphony is hardly twenty-five minutes long—the ancients tranquilly traversed lengths. The son of Bach does not spare them; fills them, moreover, with the antidotes to tedium. His first Allegro lacks no needful abundance; quick on the uptake are his instruments or his choirs in tonal conversation. They interchange, moreover, a round, warm, songful speech that, as we hear it now in retrospect, seems clear pre-figuring of the romantic age. No mere figure-spinning, no counterpoint and tuttis for their own saye, will content

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WEST AND MASON
Sold Nowhere Else i
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EIFETZ YMPHONY SOLOIST

norable Perform-ce of Brahm's oncerto Given

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BECOMES THE VIOLINIST

Often, indeed prevailingly in recital, Mr. Heifetz has seemed, for all his remarkable powers, a singularly detached, almost apathetic performer. But let him play, as he did yesterday, a great concerto, with a great conductor and a great orchestra to accompany him, and he becomes himself, in the fullest sense of the word, a great violinist.

In some distant future, when another shall play this Concerto of Brahms at a Symphony Concert, the knowing ones will in all likelihood wag their heads sagely as they do now over Kreisler's and Dr. Muck's performance of that of Beethoven, and say: "Ah, but you should have heard Heifetz play it with Koussevitzky."

His Flawless Tone

It goes without saying that Mr. Heifetz brought to his playing of this Concerto yesterday the miraculous facility of execution that has long distinguished him, and his flawless tone. The august Brahms might hardly write a show-piece as such, yet the Concerto that he wrote for his friend Joachim bristles with difficulties. These Mr. Heifetz overcame with the expected ease, and with never a scratch or lapse of intonation. But not all could have been prepared for the warmth that yesterday he displayed, a warmth, since the music was Brahms, that fitly kept within certain bounds; or for the human note that entered into it and made his tone a living, breathing thing.

Possibly the orchestra fired him; certainly he fired the orchestra; and the result was this memorable performance. Nor was the audience unregardful of these wonders. After the first and second movements Mr. Heifetz was roundly applauded, and at the end the multiplied recalls threatened to postpone indefinitely the ensuing and final number, Berlioz's Overture, "The Roman Carnival."

A Youngster's Symphony

Despite recent protests in the public prints and elsewhere, Mr. Koussevitzky continues to offer the music of the youthful moderns whom he so valiantly espouses. Yesterday came, for the first time in the United States, a Symphony by the 26-year-old Vladimir Dukelsky, already known here through a ballet-suite.

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Philip-Emanuel. Though the purists ban the word, he was reaching toward patterns that should also express the mood behind the form. In his slow movement he frankly forswears the ancient gravities, serenities and spaciousness; is all for a warmer, more nervous glow. Even in the dart of figures through his finale, the nascent expressive impulse will out. To some of the ancients we listeners throw back aurally and mentally. Philip-Emanuel meets us quarter-way and intercourse with him is stirring. As well, the string choir stood ready to give him singing splendor; the wood winds to lend him piquancy and grace.

Berlioz's Overture bears sympathetically the dramatizing, characterizing, picturizing courses that are Mr. Koussevitzky's way with such pieces. Nay, invites them; for "Roman Carnival" is intrinsically music that must go on from the composer's substance and suggestion to the fulfillment of intensified performance. Much also, in these days, it needs such aid. Those who will have little or none of Berlioz, ravage his reputation. In their hearts they probably think this Overture no better than movie-music. The opposing faithful are as sure, or surer, that Mr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra are no more than the composer's mouthpieces, albeit rich and gilding tongued. We others, sitting on middle ground, watch contentedly enough, while with the kindling of his own temperament, he makes romantic fires blaze out of musical husks.

H. T. P.

Heifetz Afresh, Young Moderns And "Old Bach"

From The Symphony Concert To the Flute-Players, Most Hospitable

Trans. Mch. 18, 1929.

THERE WERE unusual honors and fervors at the Symphony Concert of Saturday. No sooner had Mr. Heifetz appeared to play Brahms's Violin-Concerto than the whole orchestra rose to its feet and hailed him with clapping long and loud. The audience added their hands vigorously. Through two or three minutes the applause crackled; before and behind the

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violinist bowed; while, as some said, his habitual composure was perceptibly shaken. At the end of the Concerto, feet stamped and throats shouted—rare exuberance in this town; but few had listened without emotion and of a Saturday, in these days of Mr. Koussevitzky, free spirits gather in Symphony Hall. Yet as grateful to Mr. Heifetz must have been the rapt listening of the men of the orchestra at every pause in their several parts. For the more one is master, the more does he treasure the regard of fellow-craftsmen. More than once the orchestra has risen in deference to a guest-conductor or in welcome to its own returning leader. But when, in the past did it do as much, and of its own will, for a visiting virtuoso? Nor was the audience content until, at the return of Mr. Koussevitzky, it had brought both conductor and players to their feet.

Mr. Heifetz is no violinist of mood and impulse. He measures and controls his powers. He prepares a piece and the preparation is complete. In performance the musical, not the personal, equation sways him. Therefore his playing of Brahms's Concerto on Saturday seemed almost an exact replica of his playing of that piece on Friday. Yet there was new occasion to observe, especially in the long-drawn "passage-work" of the first movement, the undulant, the vibrant quality in his tone giving life to every measure. It is not in the same world with the tremolo by which violinists of the baser sort smear out sentiment. It is not even a vibrato in the full musical sense of that term. Rather, it is the intuitive inflection—the exact word is hard to find—that is vitalizing spark to the note or the phrase at each passing instant. The responsive sensibility of a musician, the imparting instinct of a virtuoso—each at finest—join together to generate it. Again to be noted was the beauty of Mr. Heifetz's tone as it moved, through the slow song, against the mezza voce (so to say) of the string choir. The literary-minded recalled the Latin poet's "moon amongst lesser stars." The graphic-minded thought of the glowing velvet in some Venetian portrait crossed by a golden pattern woven fine and clear. The merely musical said "euphony" and held their breaths to listen. And who, having heard Mr. Heifetz's light hand upon the finale, will ever again reproach it as heavy-gaited?

From the younger generation Mr. Koussevitzky has not lately found a more fortunate "modern instance" than Dukelsky's Symphony. On Saturday, as on Friday, applause that was more than polite and scattering rewarded it; while on both occasions it was played to no restless audience. For once, even the unreconciled to the newer musical

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courses found the dissonances of the first movement forgivable, so plainly were they born of young energy engrossed in creation, speaking the speech that was natural utterance. Quickly, too, they resolved themselves into sonorities that stirred the ear; while page upon page pressed forward, fertile, vigorous, warm-blooded. At last a youthful, a modern, symphonist was to be heard, molding form to substance, to both giving rhythmical life and manifold voice. In many ears the slow movement sang broadly and richly out of well-conceived matter in well-conducted course. Through it clear musical imagination was ranging. The finale proceeds fitfully; the listener fancies that he hears the play of the changeful Russian temperament, brightening and darkening like a spring sky. Then the young energy returns, possesses and drives forward to the full-voiced close. Already Dukelsky can turn current formulas and fashions into individual and imaginative use. That way lies a "modernism" stimulating to hear.

HEIFETZ SYMPHONY SOLOIST

Memorable Performance of Brahm's Concerto Given

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Since the coming of Mr. Koussevitzky soloists have not been plentiful at the Symphony concerts, and soloists of the first rank have been scarcer still. When, therefore, it was announced that Jascha Heifetz would appear as assisting artist at this week's pair of concerts, there was much anticipatory excitement, and that violinist's performance yesterday of the Concerto of Brahms took on the character of an event.

BECOMES THE VIOLINIST

Often, indeed prevailingly in recital, Mr. Heifetz has seemed, for all his remarkable powers, a singularly detached, almost apathetic performer. But let him play, as he did yesterday, a great concerto, with a great conductor and a great orchestra to accompany him, and he becomes himself, in the fullest sense of the word, a great violinist.

In some distant future, when another shall play this Concerto of Brahms at a Symphony Concert, the knowing ones will in all likelihood wag their heads sagely as they do now over Kreisler's and Dr. Muck's performance of that of Beethoven, and say: "Ah, but you should have heard Heifetz play it with Koussevitzky."

His Flawless Tone

It goes without saying that Mr. Heifetz brought to his playing of this Concerto yesterday the miraculous facility of execution that has long distinguished him, and his flawless tone. The august Brahms might hardly write a show-piece as such, yet the Concerto that he wrote for his friend Joachim bristles with difficulties. These Mr. Heifetz overcame with the expected ease, and with never a scratch or lapse of intonation. But not all could have been prepared for the warmth that yesterday he displayed, a warmth, since the music was Brahms, that fitly kept within certain bounds; or for the human note that entered into it and made his tone a living, breathing thing.

Possibly the orchestra fired him; certainly he fired the orchestra; and the result was this memorable performance. Nor was the audience unregardful of these wonders. After the first and second movements Mr. Heifetz was roundly applauded, and at the end the multiplied recalls threatened to postpone indefinitely the ensuing and final number, Berlioz's Overture, "The Roman Carnival."

A Youngster's Symphony

Despite recent protests in the public prints and elsewhere, Mr. Koussevitzky continues to offer the music of the youthful moderns whom he so valiantly espouses. Yesterday came, for the first time in the United States, a Symphony by the 26-year-old Vladimir Dukelsky, already known here through a ballet-suite.

It would be difficult to be seriously annoyed with Mr. Dukelsky's Symphony, so amiably and ingeniously has he written it, with much melody and an unfailing gusto. But this melody, while copious and fluent, is sadly without distinction, and greatly at variance with the arbitrarily dissonant harmony that is used in a fashion curiously spasmodic. And Mr. Dukelsky has as yet little constructive power.

As a shrewd observer recently remarked apropos the Symphony of Janin played here a fortnight ago, one cannot let Mr. Dukelsky down easily by saying that his music is well-made.

A Philipp Bach Number

The Concerto of Philipp Emanuel Bach, arranged by Steinberg, that Mr. Koussevitzky had twice before played at a pair of Symphony Concerts, began the programme of yesterday.

Again the slow movement, with its prophetic suggestion of "Parsifal," proved the most fruitful in interest.

Heifetz Plays With Boston Orchestra

Popular interest in the nineteenth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra centered, naturally enough, in the appearance of Jascha Heifetz, who lent his baronial art to a meridian exposition of the Brahms Violin Concerto. The ovation accorded him from floor and platform alike broke down the imperturbability even of this fastidious artist, who smiled almost shyly in acknowledgment. Nor, without in the least detracting from his imperious performance, should the support vouchsafed him by Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra be overlooked. No soloist could hope for better backing. The audience recognized the importance of this orchestral contribution, and gave the conductor more than the usual applause when he returned to the stage after the soloist had finally been released.

The concerto occupied the position immediately following the intermission. The place of honor immediately preceding that interval was allotted to a new Symphony in F major by Vladimir Dukelsky, a young Russian expatriate previously known to Boston only by a suite from his ballet, "Zéphyr et Flore." M. Diaghileff claims credit for the "discovery" of this young composer, along with his two elder "brothers," Stravinsky and Prokofieff. It appeared to at least one listener yesterday afternoon that M. Diaghileff in this classification had been much too amiable to M. Dukelsky. M. Diaghileff also traces the composer's musical heredity back to his "grandfather," Glinka. But in this musical genealogy has not the immediate parenthood been overlooked? There is perhaps evidence of the influence of Prokofieff in the neoclassical form; and of Stravinsky's "Petrouchka," certainly. But brush aside the film of modernity, and what have you? To this watcher the composer appears as a particularly ill-favored musical son of Tchaikovsky, attempting to conceal his lack of individuality by donning the cast-off toggery of his "elder brothers."

Mr. Heifetz was not the only soloist of the day. Mr. Louis Speyer distinguished himself by his playing of the English horn in the opening C. P. E. Bach-Steinberg Concerto for orchestra in D major, and again in the final number, Berlioz's Overture, "Le Carnaval Romain." This old concerto and like pieces of its period are always welcome because they give us repeated opportunity to enjoy the incandescence of the Boston strings. And those subscribers who left after the violin concerto missed one of the finest performances of the season. Theatrical stuff, this from Berlioz? Very likely; but a touch of the theater, a dash of Gallic liveliness, come not amiss after much Teutonic erudition. And there is nothing to be ashamed of in enjoying a good tune, sprightly rhythms and bright colors.

L. A. S.

"The Crime of Being Young"

Vladimir Dukelsky

Re-entering the Symphony Concerts Tomorrow and Saturday

Bouncing Into Fortune's Lap And Out Again

The Years and The Courses Of Vladimir Dukelsky, Composer at Hand

Transcript ——Mch. 15, 1929

COMPOSERS of modern music are a wandering race. Often they live and work outside their own country. Ernest Bloch embraced American faith; Varèse found congellal surroundings in New York city; while George Antheil went to France "pour épater les bourgeois." Stravinsky has not seen Russia since the days of "Petrushka." Prokoffiev re-visited the U. S. S. R. after his fame was firmly established in foreign lands. The youngest side of Russia is Vladimir Dukelsky, Russian who writes Russian music outrightful heir to Stravinsky and Prokoffiev in spirit and manner, but as independent of either as any college boy blossoming forth into a grand career along the lines in which his parents, now growing respectable, had been prominent and successful. This week his Symphony in F will be heard at the Symphony Concerts.

Dukelsky—writes Nicolas Slonimsky to The Transcript—belongs entirely to the twentieth century. He was born in 1903 with the movies and aviation, and grew at a quick pace. At eight he was already engaged in composition of a ballet in fourteen acts, having picked up elementary information about music anywhere he could. He also felt the disturbing flow of poetic feelings within him and indulged in poetry until the realization of his musical powers displaced the weaker gift. Both symbolism and classicism attracted him; he chose Maeterlinck for an "opera in three acts" and an arcadian story about Milovsor for an opera-pastorale. At the Conservatory of Kiev he received regular instruction; his examination-piece—a string sextet—was a surprising revelation of maturity at sixteen. with Dukelsky, in the class of Gliére, was Skriabin's son, Julian, boy of genius, who was drowned at the age of eleven. A few piano pieces and an unfinished orchestral score was his legacy and for years after the quality of the music stirred speculation.

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The civil war in Russia divided the country into separated fragments, with no definite boundaries. The overflow of population moved in general direction southwards, converging on Constantinople, where the various streams met. Dukelsky was caught in the tide, and emerged as Boy-Scout and member of the Y. M. C. A. in the Turkish capital, which at that time was in an occupation by the Allied forces. Dukelsky's family spoke English, and he himself was a polyglot. American affiliations saved him from the bitterest ordeals of Russian emigres. He did some piano-playing here and there; composed songs which passed unappreciated at the Y. M. C. A.'s Musicales; wrote a ballet for a Russian group of dancers appearing at one of the theaters. Constantinople in 1920 was a melting pot of all nationalities, fit only for temporary refuge. Steamers and railroads were busy carrying Russians to France and Germany. Dukelsky waited for a bigger chance, and one fine day, an American ship took him and his family to New York. He struggled valiantly for a place in the unorganized musical colony. An Overture from his pen was played at Carnegie Hall and dismissed as a piece of risible pretence.

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Prelude to "Die Meistersin

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The Morleyesque inf taking—is spreading. in New York still sta old theater. In a ro restored and reopened ers, schooners of W and as much else as m times—even to sawdus floor. More or less i tin Daly's melodram Gaslight," will be act Contrary to ancient be no matinées but night shows."

Not to be behind are importing bodily Whitewater's well-liked

displacement of harmonies by one-half wave-length, which often pitches the tonic against the dominant) Dukelsky would be imitating Stravinsky imitating Glinka. But there is no trace of Stravinsky's syllogistic frigidity in Dukelsky's bright and pastoral style. If Stravinsky is Torquemada, then Dukelsky is a dealer in indulgences, of which he makes ample use himself. His Concerto is a delectable sin, with unashamed cantilena alternating with darts of rhythmic virulence. Question number two: Does Dukelsky retrovert to Bach or to Handel in some other non-Stravinskian way? Still easier is it to answer in the negative. The next question would touch a composer's attitude towards folk-tunes or quasi-folk-tunes. Yes, Dukelsky cultivates them in his songs, and, less obviously, in his ballet. Sophisticated songfulness—the Concerto always excepted—tempts him, and he resorts to it in moderation. It is as difficult for a composer nowadays not to roll down into a numbered hole, as it is to walk on a narrow plank without leaning on the rails. But those unaware of the narrowness of the path are said to walk unperturbed, like Charlie Chaplin, in "The Circus," rope-walking and gamboling in the air, not realizing that his support has gone. Dukelsky started gorgeously, and betrays so far no sign of weakness. Why not grant him that high order of distinction—originality?

So much, biographically, from Mr. Slonimsky. A. H. M. may now take up the tale, analytically, with a word about the impending Symphony in F major. Little less than two years ago—he writes —Mr. Koussevitzky introduced a new composer to the Symphony Concerts, Vladimir Dukelsky. The chosen music was a Suite assembled from his ballet "Zephyr and Flora," as above described. Last June Mr. Koussevitzky produced at his Paris concerts the most important work subsequently written by Dukelsky, the Symphony in F major. This week he is bringing it to Boston. It was drafted in Scotland and in Italy. The orchestration was completed in London in the spring of 1928. (Apparently the mere composition of a Symphony is not a matter to curb the young composer's globe-trotting propensities.

The symphony runs through three movements—"Risoluto," "Molto moderato," "Allegro non troppo" as finale. From the program-book of the Concerts Koussevitzky (of Paris) we learn that the first of these movements "is developed along the broadest lines and corresponds more or less to sonata-form. The first theme is heard at the beginning in chords for brass, and after some modifications leads to a contrasting episode of rhythmic

theme, at first etch, is then de- hing its tonality ncluding theme, sode of the type . The develop- of a toccata and in construction. two themes are second is this classic formula, nto a coda with

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f the Finale (in e scherzo, which ndent movement hief interest in part in E minor, loped. Its sad the strings and two voices for ro in 3-4 which ts a continued ncipal theme of ly altered, and rial. The form hat of a rondo."

Bouncing Into Fortune's Lap And Out Aga

The Years and The Cou Of Vladimir Dukelsky, Composer at Hand

Trans. ——Feb. 15

COMPOSERS of modern mus a wandering race. Often live and work outside thei country. Ernest Bloch emi American faith; Varèse found co surroundings in New York city; George Antheil went to France épater les bourgeois." Stravinsk not seen Russia since the days o tr shka." Prokofflev re-visited the S. R. after his fame was firmly lished in foreign lands. The yo side of Russia is Vladimir Duk Russian who writes Russian musi rightful heir to Stravinsky and P fiev in spirit and manner, but as pendent of either as any college bo soming forth into a grand career the lines in which his parents, now ing respectable, had been prominer successful. This week his Symph F will be heard at the Symphony certs.

Dukelsky—writes Nicolas Slonim The Transcript—belongs entirely twentieth century. He was born i with the movies and aviation grew at a quick pace. At eight h already engaged in composition of let in fourteen acts, having picked mentary information about musi where he could. He also felt the d ing flow of poetic feelings within hi indulged in poetry until the real of his musical powers displaced the er gift. Both symbolism and cla attracted him; he chose Maeterlin an "opera in three acts" and an ar story about Milovsor for an ope torale. At the Conservatory of M received regular instruction; his ex tion-piece—a string sextet—was prising revelation of maturity at with Dukelsky, in the class of was Skriabin's son, Julian, boy of who was drowned at the age of A few piano pieces and an unfinis chestral score was his legacy a years after the quality of the stirred speculation.

The civil war in Russia divi country into separated fragmen no definite boundaries. The ove population moved in general southwards, converging on Cons ple, where the various strean Dukelsky was caught in the t emerged as Boy-Scout and mer the Y. M. C. A. in the Turkish which at that time was in an occ by the Allied forces. Dukelsky's spoke English, and he himself polyglot. American affiliations him from the bitterest ordeals of emigres. He did some piano-playing and there; composed songs which unappreciated at the Y. M. C. A.'s Mu cales; wrote a ballet for a Russian gro of dancers appearing at one of the the ters. Constantinople in 1920 was a me ing pot of all nationalities, fit only fo temporary refuge. Steamers and ra roads were busy carrying Russians France and Germany. Dukelsky wait for a bigger chance, and one fine day, American ship took him and his famil to New York. He struggled valiant for a place in the unorganized musica colony. An Overture from his pen w played at Carnegie Hall and dismissed a piece of risible pretence.

In 1923 Dukelsky completed his Piano Concerto in C major. It marks his b ginnings as composer of power and i agination. There could be no mistake: sufficed to hear the first two measures— a simple excursion from C major G-sharp minor and back—to inves the composer's future. As it stan now, it is one of the best modern Co certos—for the piano, not for d sembling harpsichord or illusory p cussion instrument. The quality of t music is such as may be expected fro a composer of genius unaware of h abilities and his inspiration, free of fluences, repressions or inhibitions. a false stroke or affected emphasis fr one end to the other, and a display brilliance in the coda that would daz even those brought up on Liszt sonorities. The secret lies in the s plicity of design and resulting conc tration and condensation of effect. Concerto, willingly proffered by the c poser at private parties in arrangem for two pianos, aroused a few inch societies of modern music but the ta of events was obviously slow, with prospect of a vigorous accelera After many discussions, doubts fears, Dukelsky sailed for Paris to start it all over again as other started. He was well furnished w troductory letters to Parisian mu coes of the baton and the pres almost Lindbergh like, he did n to use these testimonials to his He met Diaghilev, played the C for him, was instantly "discovered," commissioned to write a ballet.

Prelude

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Hand"—the play, the playwr original company. Next mon be expected in New York. the piece is the name of the whereat the action passes. with the serio-comic dilemm wilful lovers of different soci bed-room scene between a tal who will debate the merits and an elderly lawyer who c makes especially merry.

"Porgy," with the cast an in Boston last spring, depart next week. . . . Miss will begin the new season tory Theater next autumn play by Chekhov, "The Sea Nazimova will take the p . . . Mr. Gest has def over, from Mr. Belasco, th of "Mima" which play, cluded, he purposes to disp on a vast spectacular "Rosalie" of Marilyn Mil Donahue, now on view about to end its theatrica Messrs. Shubert are belie templating an ornate revi Hood." . . . Another Follies" is in preparation with Albert Carroll and as principal entertainers.

For the playwrights, G said to have declined a posal to write 'scripts f "They don't interest me a for the money," he quiet magnate, too surprised to frame an answer. . has returned from the O and set to work again. conjugal affairs are adju sume life in America. of Mr. Romberg, Jean G linese composer, is writin Messrs. Shubert 's rom from Weyman's novel, " France."

Falstaff Re-Dressed

A Berlin producer is p Merry Wives" in mod have had a Hamlet, a a Macbeth, natty in l peccable in dinner jacke knickerbockers. But h narrow limits of the s day, can they dress Fals Well, they allow a ma weight, but there is, e gestion of the open which hardly clings double-breasted suit? F Impossible, unless, sy horns. The only thing suit him is a dressing-s slippers, but it is incred have spent all his tim recalls the legend about

character. The second theme, at first scarcely more than a sketch, is then developed and after establishing its tonality (C major) passes to the concluding theme, which is based on an episode of the type of a harmonized chorale. The development is in the character of a toccata and is decidedly homophonic in construction. In the recapitulation the two themes are somewhat modified; the second is this time in F, according to classic formula, and leads precipitately into a coda with a conclusion in fanfares.

"The broad melody of the second movement, almost a cavarina, had its origin in Florence, and it is probably to this fact that it owes its slightly Italian outline. After the middle division, which is in the character of a march (in D major), there is a brusk pause on the chord of the dominant followed by the return of the principal theme, which is played in its entirety with some additional figuration. Formally considered this last portion ends with a short stretto.

"The firsth measures of the Finale (in 2-4) serve to replace the scherzo, which is lacking as an independent movement in this symphony. Of chief interest in this portion is the middle part in E minor, which is broadly developed. Its sad theme is first given to the strings and later grows to canon in two voices for full orchestra. The Allegro in 3-4 which follows merely represents a continued development of the principal theme of the preceding, considerably altered, and containing no new material. The form of the Finale resembles that of a rondo."

Twentieth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 22, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 23, at 8.15 o'clock

Hill . . . . . Symphony in B-flat, Op. 34

I. Allegro moderato, ma risoluto.
II. Moderato maestoso.
III. Allegro brioso.

Bruckner . . . . . Symphony No. 8 in C minor

I. Allegro moderato.
II. Scherzo: (Allegro—Andante—Allegro moderato).
III. Adagio.
IV. Solemnly (not fast).

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

There will be a short intermission after Hill's symphony

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

Drawn From Photograph. © Bachrach

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

Koussevitzky, Music-Lover

SYMPHONY RESTORES BRUCKNER

Post — Mch. 22 1929

The Eighth Is Played After a Lapse of 20 Years

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

From 1899 through 1915 the name of Anton Bruckner was of almost yearly occurrence on the programmes of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Not long after came the sudden termination of the Teutonic regime, and Bruckner's music went unheard in this city until yesterday afternoon, when Mr. Koussevitzky in a notable performance offered, for the first time here in 20 years, the Austrian's Eighth Symphony, in C minor.

ONCE CONSIDERED CRYPTIC

In his entertaining and informative history of the Boston Orchestra, M. A. De Wolfe Howe tells us that when Bruckner's Seventh Symphony was first played here, in 1887, the exodus of the audience was so general that at the end there were more people on the stage than in the auditorium. In 1887, Bruckner was an ultramodern, and no doubt the worthy Bostonians of that day found his music almost incomprehensible.

A quarter of a century later, however, the Bruckner symphonies had become almost popular hereabouts, and when, in 190, Mr. Fiedler introduced to us the Eighth, it was repeated "by general request" the following month. Yet even at that late date, Bruckner's symphonies were considered formidable, somewhat cryptic and enigmatic, and there were learned discussions regarding the validity of their formal structure.

Suggests Wagner

Yesterday, after another two decades, this Eighth Symphony sounded for the most part altogether lucid and straightforward. Hearing it, there was less feeling that Bruckner was a seer of apocalyptic visions, a musical St. John on Patmos, and more that he was a true descendant of Schubert strongly imbued with Wagnerism, particularly in the matter of orchestration. Time and again, his use of the Bayreuth tubas creates the illusion that the music is Wagner's own.

Bruckner has been accused, and not without reason, of "puttering" with his themes, of frittering away his time with contrapuntal ingenuities that move the music forward not a whit. Yet in the first movement of this Eighth Symphony and in the Scherzo, where spiritually Bruckner speaks with the voice of Beethoven, the music seemed yesterday to advance without faltering. The Adagio, on the other hand, once held to be the outstanding portion of the Symphony, seemed now and then to drag, to miss continuity and sustained interest. For one listener at least there was not all the remembered eloquence and exaltation, solemnly beautiful and impressive as this over-long movement undeniably is. For a full 20 minutes this Adagio ran its course yesterday, even though Mr. Koussevitzky had made a liberal cut, incidentally, this cut robbed the music of one of the most alluring pages.

The least individual movement of the four, the least distinguished thematically, the Finale pleased yesterday by reason of its rhythmic vigor, its sonorous orchestration. The applause which followed quite justified the pains Mr. Koussevitzky had expended upon this Symphony and argued, furthermore, for the revival of its immediate predecessor, the general favorite among the nine symphonies bequeathed to us by a composer of remarkable if somewhat uneven powers, one whose music rightly belongs in any symphonic repertory that lays claim to breadth and catholicity.

For beginning yesterday Mr. Koussevitzky proffered the singularly attractive Symphony in B flat major, of Edward Burlingame Hill, which received its initial performance here a year ago. The composer, who was present, was warmly applauded, first at his seat in the hall and finally upon the stage whither Mr. Koussevitzky had bade him come.

TWO SYMPHONIES AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Bruckner's Eighth, Hill's in B Flat Fill Program

Beethoven's Choral Symphony to Be Heard at Next Week's Concerts

Globe — Mch. 23. 1929

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Prof Hill's Symphony in B flat was first performed last March at these concerts. In repeating it now Mr Koussevitzky is refuting a common criticism of orchestral conductors to the effect that after once performing a new work especially one by an American composer they leave it to gather dust on the library shelves.

A single performance does not suffice to test the quality of a piece of music. Anything worth playing once is worth playing more than once. He has already repeated this season Bloch's "America," and revived Arthur Foote's Suite for Strings, so that this prompt repetition of Mr Hill's symphony is not an isolated instance.

Opinion as to the merit of these works varies, as is always the case with new music, and frequently the case with old. But Mr Koussevitzky is unquestionably right in repeating American and other new works in which he believes. In such matters he must be guided by his own judgment, not by that of reviewers or public.

Composer Appears

One found little reason yesterday to alter the opinion of Prof Hill's symphony expressed in these columns after the first performance. It again seemed well written and fluent music in a manner not offensively modern, but devoid of melodic and thematic invention. The audience applauded it cordially, and the composer came to the stage, in response to the conductor's repeated beckoning gesture, to bow.

Not since Nov 19, 1915, when Dr Muck conducted a performance of Bruckner's Seventh Symphony that still glows in memory, has a work by Bruckner been heard in Boston. For this neglect the World War was, of course, partly responsible, but the length of Bruckner's symphonies and their lack of immediate popular appeal has had not a little to do with it. The Eighth Symphony, heard yesterday, was last played here in 1909. Its four movements take about an hour to perform. Bruckner's music is profoundly original in substance, though the influence of Wagner and of Beethoven on his style is obvious. His themes are less salient than his development of them. It is said that his ambition was to use in the symphony the methods Wagner employed in his later music dramas. His working out of his musical ideas has often been called diffuse and rambling, because he does not follow the conventional forms of the classic symphony neatly and concisely.

This objection seemed yesterday ill-founded. Bruckner has a great deal to say. He felt deeply and intensely, and expressed himself in an original and powerful manner. The harmonic element in his music is distinctive. His style is not obviously contrapuntal, yet in his way of inverting themes and combining them one feels the influence of his familiarity with counterpoint, which he taught for years, and of the habit of improvising fugues for organ, which so impressed some of his musical contemporaries.

Eloquent Reading

If the circumstances of his life had been more favorable, if he had not been a peasant, musically educated relatively late in life, Bruckner might have been able to express himself more fully in his music. His symphonies suggest massive sculptured groups hacked and hewn from unmalleable material by an artist whose heart and soul were full of emotions and ideas for which he could not find easy and graceful utterance.

Mr Koussevitzky gave an eloquent and painstaking reading. One missed in the adagio the steady mighty flow of rhythm and melody Bruckner demands. It ought to move with the relentless urge of Bach's greatest music, with no hesitancy and no sudden outbursts.

Next week's program includes Beethoven's First and Ninth Symphonies.

P. R.

From Hill To Bruckner with Koussevitzky

A Terse American Symphony Is Foil to A Vast Viennese Vision

Trans — Mch. 23. 1929.

THROUGH Bruckner's Eighth Symphony yesterday, by the faith and zeal of Mr. Koussevitzky restored—after twenty years—to Symphony Hall, few departed; not too many seemed restless or abstracted. Most heard intent; while enough lingered to return conductor and orchestra two or three rounds of honest applause. Only bare spots in the second balcony suggested a composer remote from current ken, aloof from general admiration. Yet it is hard to imagine a symphony more at odds with the experience and the expectation of current audiences. Only the illustrious and the established — Strauss, Wagner, Beethoven — may risk far-flung lengths in American concert-halls. Even they may not always escape the reproach of tedium. Bruckner's Eighth Symphony turns the hour before the last note has sounded; lays itself open to blame or to indifference that to other music might be doom. Bruckner did not distinguish amongst his musical inventions or meditating them—he was a slow worker—deceived himself. Within him they upsprang clothed with power, garlanded with beauty, aglow with spiritual intensity. They would sweep beyond the earth and there scale the heavens.

Within Bruckner also unfolded other inventions that were platitudes of musical routine, commonplaces of simple, and almost semi-literate, mentality. In his whole life, probably, Bruckner never wrote a measure or spoke a word with tongue in cheek. Therefore these paltry and poverty-stricken expedients were the delusions of a nature too innocent to master the complex, evasive art of self-criticism. Even into his Eighth and Ninth Symphonies, counted his masterpieces, they went, side by side with others that might be as the pure gold of apocalyptic vision or as great winds blowing across the earth. He himself who had

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TWO SYMPHONIES AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Bruckner's Eighth, Hill's in B Flat Fill Program

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Next week's program
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P. R.

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CAMBRID
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Attractive apartments convenient
Square and the Colleges.
Suites, Furnished or Unf
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made them could not discriminate. Yet any audience, unless it be under the soporific spell permeating Austro-German concert-halls when Bruckner or Mahler is in question, quickly separates the Brucknerian ore from the Brucknerian dross; forgets the unconscious grovelling for the equally unconscious genius. Bruckner's imagination could take superb wing; yet his mind could also plod leaden. Head in air, feet on earth—the one heedless of the other—he walked the cloisters of St. Florian where he was abbey-organist, the garden of the Belvedere in Vienna where he spent his final years. Likewise he sat at his writing table while his fingers traced notes upon the staves.

A like Bruckner developed and fructified these inventions. Sometimes the music so born climbed the heights toward sublimity; filled the surrounding air with glows little short of incandescence; hid the dark and striving effort in the rich mantle of final achievement. In this Eighth Symphony are such pages of nobility and exaltation, pages of ecstasy and awe that, in our mechanistic day, are a treasurable heritage from music. Time and the fates may yet make them perdurable. Yet there are pages as many, and in this same Symphony, in which Bruckner begins, tries, fails, and starts over again—until the waiting ear and the receiving spirit are numb with the balking. There are pages as well in which he takes refuge or gains breathing spell in technical devices and evasions that long before his time were tricks of the classroom in every conservatory.

Or, once more, Bruckner slips into naivétés, and within them paddles about content, that seem the futile pastime of a peasant-mind dowered by inscrutable heaven with the gift of music-making. He can write scherzi that idealize the play of peasants under the stimulus of nature; that in the trios set them to homely dreams and fancies. Into this homeliness, as in the Scherzo of this Eighth Symphony, he can wind beauty —the beauty of old sensations in creation newly remembered. As suddenly his villagers relapse into japing, flat-footed folk unmeet for musical company. Worst of all—scherzi aside—there are moments when Bruckner rises in upswelling climax to the summit of his "great argument"; firm upon that summit sees his solemnities billowing about it, his vision opened and fulfilled. And at the next moment he has toppled over the other side to be lost in scrubby music-making. With harmonies and timbres grant him the imitations and borrowings from Wagner, who to him was the sum of all music. Yet there are moments. And few enough,

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TWO SYMPHONIES AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Bruckner's Eighth, Hill's in B Flat Fill Program

Beethoven's Choral Symphony to Be Heard at Next Week's Concerts

Globe — Mch. 23. 1929

Two symphonies filled the program of yesterday's symphony concert, Bruckner's Eighth, and Prof E. B. Hill's in B flat. Dukas' "Sorceror's Apprentice," announced in advance, was not played. There is unusual interest in the announcement that Beethoven's Choral Symphony will be given at next week's concerts. It has not been played in the regular subscription series since 1910, though there have been numerous performances outside the subscription series. The chorus will as usual be drawn from the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society.

Prof Hill's Symphony in B flat was first performed last March at these concerts. In repeating it now Mr Koussevitzky is refuting a common criticism of orchestral conductors to the effect that after once performing a new work especially one by an American composer they leave it to gather dust on the library shelves.

A single performance does not suffice to test the quality of a piece of music. Anything worth playing once is worth playing more than once. He has already repeated this season Bloch's "America," and revived Arthur Foote's Suite for Strings, so that this prompt repetition of Mr Hill's symphony is not an isolated instance.

Opinion as to the merit of these works varies, as is always the case with new music, and frequently the case with old. But Mr Koussevitzky is unquestionably right in repeating American and other new works in which be believes. In such matters he must be guided by his own judgment, not by that of reviewers or public.

Composer Appears

One found little reason yesterday to alter the opinion of Prof Hill's symphony expressed in these columns after the first performance. It ag
well written and fluent n
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tion. The audience applau
dially, and the composer c
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Not since Nov 19, 1915
Muck conducted a perf
Bruckner's Seventh Sym
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Bruckner been heard in Bo
this neglect the World Wa
course, partly responsible.
length of Bruckner's symph
their lack of immediate popu
has had not a little to do with
Eighth Symphony, heard
was last played here in 1909.
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to use in the symphony
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low the conventional form
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This objection seemed y
founded. Bruckner has a
to say. He felt deeply an
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element in his music is
His style is not obviously
yet in his way of inverting
combining them one feels
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which he taught for year
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which so impressed some
cal contemporaries.

Eloquent Reading

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Mr Koussevitzky ga
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Next week's progra
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above most composers he has discovered the solemn eloquence of tubas, tenor, bass and double-bass. He is intuitive and imaginative with the string choir; but set him to the woodwinds and too often he is little more than an organist who happens to write music. And so it goes with every facet of his imagination, in every phase of his practice.

Bruckner was born in Austria; lived his years and did his work at Linz and Vienna. He had Austrian qualities and with them his scherzi are imprinted. Yet in the act of composition he was deeper impregnated with vaguer, vastier, more sublimated German moods. Teutonic fashion, he would write, and too often did write a music of grandiose solemnities, of swollen ecstasies, fanning largely a luminous but otherwise empty air. In a Nirvana of platitudes he could swim and believe himself radiant. He needed his Austrian scherzi to recall him to the good, green, sun-kissed earth. The great baroque abbey of St. Florian, near Linz, the more rococo abbey-church, where he played as organist, haunted his spirit—a religious house on the countryside, a house of aspiration, devotion, and illumination. Yet how ornate were—and are—its decorations and how much of that ornament is rococo fustian! Seek out St. Florian's and ever afterward it seems the birth-house of Bruckner's symphonies. Even in Vienna he dwelt over the way from Prince Eugene's baroque Belvedere.

Be the background what it may, there is that in these last symphonies—the Seventh of the Dirge for Wagner, this far-spreading Eighth, the unfinished Ninth, "to the good God" dedicated—to lay hold upon not few that hear; to linger with them in deep impression. The first movement of the Eighth, better sustained than is Bruckner's wont, moves nobly. There are gravities, solemnities, exaltations. The Scherzo touches, gains, holds lightly, the homely, simple, natural beauty that at thought of his native peasant world he could weave into transfiguring tones. The Adagio is music of the visioning Bruckner who saw the heavens opened, the worlds unfolded, the mysteries declared, who in his own imagination experienced the apocalypse and in its reflection wrote black notes on white music-paper. Music of more intensified aspiration, of more rarefied wonder, there can hardly be. Franck pales; Skriabin seems paltry, beside it. In the Finale Bruckner would command majesty and with it encompass the earth. The Lord God descends in His chariot. Bruckner tries, fails; tries and fails again; at turn after turn his faults and his idiosyncrasies mock his purpose, defeat his will. Yet there are moments. And few enough,

who can see and would embody such a vision, have even them.

To Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra, Bruckner owed much, listening no doubt, from Paradise where the affectionate and witty Viennese liked to fancy him naive and gauche and cherished. To have played Skriabin, as the conductor plays him, is no unserviceable preparation for Bruckner. Here again is a music of aspiration and ecstasy, of solemnities and exaltation. The Austrian, however, is no prey to the Russian's sensuousness, escapes his nervous restlessness. An austerer mind, a firmer spirit had Bruckner. His needs in performance are perception and intensification. Through his mannerisms and faults, recessions and futilities, the conductor must pierce to the core of the musical thought; in spite of them outspread and sustain the musical mood. Bruckner abounds in half-accomplishment. in semi-attainment. The conductor must intensify him into full achievement, wrap him in the tonal glories that he visioned; with him touch the mysteries and draw not too far back with dazzled eyes. These were the works done by Mr. Koussevitzky upon this Eighth Symphony. One side of his temperament—it was easy to foresee—would go out to Bruckner. In the performance of Friday that union stood affirmed. The preparation had been long; once more the orchestra was resolved into the conductor's instrument and the composer's voice. The strings have seldom sung more luminously. The playing of the tenor and the bass tubas—they are treacherous instruments—made skill the servant of imagination.

By fortunate choice Mr. Koussevitzky set before Bruckner's lengthy Symphony from Vienna the briefer Symphony of Edward Burlingame Hill of Cambridge, produced and applauded last year, heard yesterday with renewed acclaim that led the composer to the stage. Mr. Hill's music is full-bodied, warm-blooded, free-motioned. From the impetuous sonorities of the first movement; through the second division modernly songful, beginning in lyric warmth, ending in more introspective mood; to the energy, incisiveness and high spirits of the finale, it goes clear-voiced, concentrated, vivid and alive. The invention is choice; the workmanship adept; the atmosphere oftenest sunlit; the desired end without obvious labor or calculation achieved. Out of the Symphony breathe an American vivacity and vitality, here and there by graver New England quality tinged. It deserved repetition; it should join Mr. Carpenter's "Skyscrapers" as "standard" American piece. Mr. Koussevitzky might have searched the library of Symphony Hall and found no happy foil to all that is Brucknerian. H. T. P.

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Forty-Fourth Year

he Pops Again from May 1, Mr. Casella Conducting

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Week-End of An Orchestra And Conductor

Bruckner Bettered by Cuts—Wagner Variously and Untarnished

Trans. —Mch. 25. 1929

THE "ites"—Wagnerites, Brahmsites, Debussyites, what you will—are both help and hindrance to the object of their faith and admiration. Without them, Wagner would have made way more slowly into the world-wide theater; Brahms been longer counted forbidding in the concert-room; Debussy lingered in the purgatory of innovators. None the less, it is the Wagnerites who now split hairs over the turning of a phrase in a busy opera house; shake with qualms lest Brahms sound too songful and romantic; resent a vigorous, full-voiced Debussy, who is not always refining his sensations and shading his colors. Beside all three, here in Boston stand, for the hour, the Brucknerites. They rejoiced eagerly when Mr. Koussevitzky announced the performance of "the master's" Eighth Symphony. They waited with impatience when he deferred it to make more thorough preparation. They heard it at the Symphony Concerts of Friday and Saturday—and on both days their reproachful outeries rent the surrounding air. Heaven forgive him, he had cut "the master-work." He had indeed. A Symphony that at full length considerably exceeds an hour in performance came and went in almost exactly sixty minutes. The second subject—to risk a technicality—did not return in the first movement, thereby leaving that division rather less than full-rounded. Cherished pages in the Adagio, presumed to be the crown of the whole, went by the board. In the comparatively impotent Finale, the conductor turned over a "fistful" of omitted pages.

Mr. Koussevitzky did make these cuts, though hardly so extensively as the irritated Brucknerites assert. He also made them for the good of the composer, of this particular Symphony, of the two audiences. What had kept the Eighth from Symphony Hall through almost exactly twenty years? What had kept any of Bruckner's Symphonies from that concert-room since 1915? Nothing less

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...swers to Readers

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Richard the Great

After long interval, the Symphony Orchestra returned yesterday afternoon to a "Wagner-Cconcert" for the profit of its Pension Fund. As of old, the audience filled every seat and overflowed into standing-room; listened coughless; at the end of every number returned long and loud applause. Of old the reviewer took his text from such a company and descanted upon a town seemingly so minded to Wagner, yet content with the performance of only one, two, or three of his operas in a whole musical year. This time, the chronicler may stay his hand, since the Chicago Company, encouraged both at home and abroad, is about to enlarge its Wagnerian repertory and increase its Wagnerian singers; while there is some likelihood that a year hence a German company will again unfold to Boston a cycle of the "Ring" music-dramas. As of old again, the orchestra played at the top of its mettle. In few pieces does it more aptly disclose the finesse and the splendor, the beauty of voice and the puissance of expression, which it has now regained, than in the Prêludes to "Lohengrin" and to "Die Meistersinger." The ear bathed in the glories of the horns through the orchestral interval that divides "Wotan's Farewell"; in the plangent sonorities of the violoncellos singing of fate at the outset of the Prelude to "Tristan."

Nor is it needful to linger over the qualities of Mr. Koussevitzky as Wagnerian conductor. Between many men of many minds there has been no lack of debate. Yesterday, however, he gave little reason for doubts and scruples. He put by the Venusberg music from "Tannhäuser" and the Prelude to Parsi'al" in the performance of which he has been most reproached. If he sped "The Ride of the Valkyrs" beyond the possibilities of the opera house, he was playing it as symphonic piece rather than as music to be co-ordinated with the stage. If the final measures of "Die Walküre"—when Brünnhilde sleeps under the ash-tree and with bent head the god strides gloomily away—sounded tame, be it remembered that the stage-picture is essential part of them. As soon expect from the relatively improvised Wotan of Mr. McCloskey, the operatic eloquence of a Schorr, a Rode or a Bohnen.

On the other hand, Mr. Koussevitzky excelled himself in the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger." It was not blurred or over-hastened or over-blown or turned restless. It unfolded and ascended in the unbroken, on-sweeping Wagnerian line, diversified yet all-comprehending. The end was not merely climax, it was also culmination. Again, in the Prelude and the Closing Scene from "Tristan," Mr. Koussevitzky opened out a music that has tended to keep hot-house like and stuffy; gave wing to its passion of desire, depth to its under-voice of fate; held high and firm and clear that most poignant and beatified of songful ecstasies, Isolde's Liebestod. And though it be blasphemy to say as much, he exercised upon the Overture to "Rienzi" a truly Toscaninian ability to make the "old stuff" sound in glowing voice. To it he not only its turged thunders—r that it is—but also its turged ence.

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Herald Mch. 23. 1917.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

For yesterday's concert, the 20th of the season, Mr. Koussevitzky devised a curious but, as it proved in the hearing, a thoroughly admirable program: Edward B. Hill's Symphony in B-flat, Op. 34, and Bruckner's eighth symphony, in C minor.

However much some people—people, by the way, neither lacking in a healthy intellectual curiosity nor petrified by age or love of tradition—may deplore Mr. Koussevitzky's fondness for exhibiting the efforts, if only they are new, of the mediocre and the immature, everybody ought to thank him for his wise way with new works which prove worth while. Till Mr. Koussevitzky's time new works, though they pleased their hearers mightily, but seldom were given opportunity to please a second time. Only genuine masterpieces, like, say, Debussy's "Faun," could hope to emerge from the obscurity of the library shelves.

Mr. Koussevitzky, in his wisdom managing more reasonably, has enriched the repertory with much agreeable music. For Mr. Hill's symphony, for instance, he has probably made a permanent place. Why not? The supply of new symphonies with musical ideas of charm behind them, ideas developed with all the skill of the learned, but with the easy readiness of youth itself—the supply is scant. Not every symphony, furthermore, turned out today is furnished with an orchestral vesture of color that fits its every musical twist and turn quite as nature's own cunning hand lays colors on a stretch of sea or land. Lovely indeed are the closing measures of the middle movement.

The symphony, excellently played, was received with hearty applause, which Mr. Hill gracefully acknowledged.

There was Bruckner to follow, Bruckner at whom the knowing section of the public think fit to shrug their shoulders, whom conductors fight shy of tackling. For many a year, nevertheless, not a symphony of his came to hearing in Vienna that failed to raise a riot of approval—not, mind, from a special public, but from the customary audiences at Philharmonic concerts. Here in Boston, for the matter of that, Mr. Gericke more than once stirred Bostonians to enthusiasm with a Bruckner symphony. And history does not record that Dr. Muck brought disaster to Symphony hall when he in his day made bold. No more did Mr. Koussevitzky yesterday.

Bruckner, of course, suffered cruelly from the folly of his friends. Admitting, however, freely, that he never learned to curb his prolixity, that he never acquired the fine art of selection and arrangement, could, his circumstances given and his temperament, so much have been expected? A countryman born and bred, a countryman he remained till the day of his death in the Palais Belvedere, after years of life at the conservatory and the university in Vienna. When he acknowledged applause at a Philharmonic concert, he might, from the cut of the clothes on his back, from the arkward shyness of his bows, have come to the stage direct from the remotest upper Austria of the sixties, the village candlestick-maker. The very look of him, nevertheless, the honesty and kindness that showed in his face, won all hearts except Hanslick's!

In the man you have his music. There is a rugged splendor in it of melody and rhythm, all clothed in a sonority no less than amazing. There is prettiness too, in the form of little engaging tunes, and sentimentality finding expression in song, of the sentimental German type. Violence plays its part, also religious exaltation. All are thrillingly expressed, these many moods, through musical material of rare power and beauty, through musiscianship of the finest.

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The audience showed enthusiasm yesterday. Pray let us hear another symphony by Bruckner.

R. R. G.

Twenty-first Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 29, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 30, at 8.15 o'clock

Beethoven . . . . . Symphony No. 1 in C major, Op. 21

I. Adagio molto; Allegro con brio.
II. Andante cantabile con moto.
III. Menuetto: Allegro molto e vivace; Trio.
IV. Finale: Adagio; Allegro molto e vivace.

Beethoven . . . . . Symphony No. 9, in D minor with final chorus on Schiller's Ode to Joy, Op. 125

I. Allegro, ma non troppo, un poco maestoso.
II. Molto vivace: Presto.
III. Adagio molto e cantabile.
IV. Presto.
Allegro assai.
Presto.
Baritone Recitative.
Quartet and Chorus: Allegro assai.
Tenor Solo and Chorus: Allegro assai vivace, alla marcia.
Chorus: Allegro assai.
Chorus: Andante maestoso.
Adagio, ma non troppo, ma divoto.
Allegro energico, sempre ben marcato.
Quartet and Chorus: Allegro ma non tanto; Prestissimo.

CHORUS:

HARVARD GLEE CLUB—DR. ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON, Conductor
RADCLIFFE CHORAL SOCIETY—G. WALLACE WOODWORTH, Conductor

SOLOISTS

ETHYL HAYDEN, Soprano
DEVORA NADWORNEY, Contralto
CHARLES STRATTON, Tenor
FRASER GANGE, Bass

There will be an intermission after Beethoven's first symphony

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

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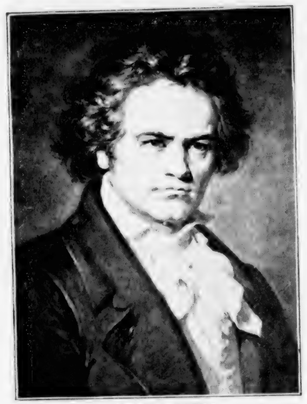
The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert



BEETHOVEN
Brown's Pictures—Miniature—86

BOSTON SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the 21st concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, which took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, comprised Beethoven's First and Ninth Symphonies. In the performance of the latter the orchestra was assisted by Ethyl Hayden, soprano; Devora Nadworney, contralto; Charles Stratton, tenor; Frazer Gange, bass; the Harvard Glee Club, which had been prepared by its conductor, Dr. Davison, and the Radcliffe Choral Society, prepared by Mr. Wallace Woodworth, its conductor.

It might be said that the feature of this concert was the beautiful, the incomparably beautiful performance of the First Symphony for which Mr. Koussevitzky reduced the size of the orchestra. We are speaking of performances, not of the two symphonies themselves. That the Ninth Symphony was not so perfectly performed as a whole was the fault of Beethoven, not of Mr. Koussevitzky, not of the players, not of the chorus singers who were valiant in their endeavor to perform a wellnigh impossible task and achieve musical or even musically-dramatic results. The performance of the purely instrumental movements of this Symphony was eloquent in understanding, expression and spirit; mysterious and dramatic in the opening allegro; riotously joyful and inspiring in the scherzo with fine delicacy in the details of the trio; poetic, deeply emotional in the wonderful adagio. Would that Beethoven had written the finale without the introduction of voices, or if he thought that a chorus could express what instruments could not, had regarded the limitations of human voices.

That the singers at the first performance rebelled against Beethoven's cruelty is an old story—and what soprano today could hope to rival Mme. Sontag famous as singer and musician?

Is it blasphemy to say that the music given to the solo singers is for the most part ugly and inexpressive of the text? Mr. Gange declaimed vigorously his opening recitative; Mme. Nadworney with a fine, rich voice, gave the audience the desire to hear her in music, not in vocal contortions.

And the chorus. There were one or two great moments—by the permission of Beethoven. For the rest of the time there was choppy, hurried hurling out of necessarily unmusical sounds; at times one was reminded of the noises coming from an irritated kennel. Now these singers have naturally good voices, at least the great majority of them are so blessed; they rehearsed diligently, no doubt, under their own conductors; they were probably as sure of their notes as was possible. It was Beethoven that handicapped them in their laudable endeavor.

And it is not sacrilegious to say that the music of this finale, except for one or two sublime moments, falls below that of the movements preceding. There is more frenzied joy in the scherzo; there is greater world-embracing humanity, a loftier, nobler spirit in the adagio. Better to leave the hall with the memory of that adagio than to depart with the vocal hurry-scurry and shouting of the final measures assailing ears and nerves.

Before the first symphony the orchestra played a portion of the funeral march from Beethoven's "Eroica" in honor of Ferdinand Foch, field marshal of France (1852-1929).

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Tchaikovsky, overture Fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet" (after Shakespeare), Hanson, "Nordic" symphony, E minor (conducted by the composer, first time in Boston); Strauss, "Death and Transfiguration."

NINTH SYMPHONY AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Harvard and Radcliffe Singers Assist

"Eroica" Funeral March Performed In Memory of Marshal Foch

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was the chief item on the program of yesterday's Symphony concert, to be repeated tonight. The assisting chorus was drawn from the Harvard Glee and the Radcliffe Choral Society. The solo singers were Ethyl Hayden, soprano; Devora Nadworney, contralto; Charles Stratton, tenor; Fraser Gange, baritone.

The concert began with a portion of the funeral march from the "Eroica" Symphony of Beethoven, played in memory of Marshal Foch, with orchestra and audience standing. The First Symphony of Beethoven preceded the Ninth.

Mr Koussevitzky, by making the players stand when performing a piece in memory of a dead celebrity, incites the audience to rise likewise to its feet. His predecessors did not impart the same solmen character to

these recurring memorial rites. When orchestra and audience remained seated, as they did before the Koussevitzky regime on such occasions, there were always many who failed to notice the little black-bordered slip in the programs, and applauded. But applause for a memorial piece would be as out of place as a musical review of its performance. Here, as in forbidding applause between movements of a symphony, Mr Koussevitzky has made a great and long-needed improvement in the conduct of the Symphony concerts.

Not since 1910 has the Ninth Symphony appeared on the programs of the regular subscription series, though there have been many extra concerts at which it has been heard. The difficulty is to find place on the stage for a chorus as well as the orchestra. For choral concerts in Symphony Hall the stage is usually extended and a number of rows of seats removed. But this cannot be done in the subscription series, with every seat sold for the season.

Yesterday, room was made on the stage for a chorus that seemingly numbered about 150 singers. The orchestra sat on one level, instead of in the usual tiers. The chorus was spread about the rear and side of the stage. Everyone was crowded, but the musical forces needed for the Ninth Symphony were all there.

Mr Koussevitzky's individual and personal interpretation of the Choral Symphony is now so familiar to Boston audiences as not to call for extended comment. Yesterday's performance was less dramatic, less compelling than the one last November at a pension fund concert which stirred a very large audience to prolonged applause. Yet it was curious that there was not more display of enthusiasm at the end. Most of the audience gathered up their belongings and hurried from the hall, as though intent on catching trains for suburbs, stopping only for one or two half-hearted hand claps. Some remained to clap loudly and long.

The chorus of college students again sang their taxing measures as though the difficulties of the music did not exist. The soprano, in particular, seemed able to go on holding high notes indefinitely. All that the conductor exacted of them he received in full measure. One felt that the reserve power of this chorus was immeasurable. Usually in this choral finale the singers sound laboring, almost breathless, as the four professional soloists did yesterday in their quartet.

It ought to be possible to assemble a really first quartet of soloists for the Ninth Symphony, something not achieved here in the past 20 years. It would also be appreciated by some in the audience if the translation of Schiller's Ode to Joy printed in the program were the same as the one used by the singers, and not, as yesterday, a different version.

To play the First Symphony with the Ninth is to put the music of the young Beethoven, still obviously influenced by his predecessors, to the cruel test of comparison with the masterpiece of his mature years. Yet if one compares this early symphony with the early work of other geniuses, such as Wagner's "Rienzi" or the now forgotten early work of Mozart and Haydn, or the early piano sonatas of Brahms, also forgotten, save for the one in F minor, opus 5, one's respect for Beethoven's youthful efforts grows.

The First Symphony has points in common with Haydn and Mozart. It is obviously inferior to Mozart's "Jupiter," which the first movement recalls, and to Mozart's G minor, of which there are suggestions in the slow movement. But well played by a small orchestra, as it was yesterday, this little Beethoven symphony has a charm, a freshness, a distinction of its own, with not a few touches forecasting the greater works to follow.

Next week's program includes Tchaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture; Howard Hanson's "Nordic Symphony," to be conducted by the composer, and Strauss' "Tod und Verklaerung."

P. R.

Beethoven's Ninth on Boston Program

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was the major item on the twenty-first program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, played yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The Choral Symphony had been heard several times before from Mr. Koussevitzky—in the Beethoven Festival of two years ago and at Pension Fund concerts; but not at a "regular" subscription concert since long before the Koussevitzkyan protectorate. The orchestra was assisted, as it had been previously, by the Harvard Glee Club, prepared by Dr. Archibald T. Davison, and the Radcliffe Choral Society, trained by G. Wallace Woodworth. The soloists were Ethyl Hayden, soprano; Devora Nadworney, contralto; Charles Stratton, tenor, and Fraser Gange, bass.

The orchestral performance was of that excellence which we take for granted from this organization, and the choruses again proved that for these difficult tasks their generous devotion guarantees better results than the experience of more mature bodies of singers. The soloists were all of familiar quality except Miss Nadworney, whom we do not remember having heard before. We hope, however, that we shall hear her again, for she is one of the few contraltos in our experience who can hold up their end in a mixed quartet. She could actually be heard when all four were singing. She revealed a voice of fine quality, which she handled admirably.

The audience, which was enthusiastic, had previously bestowed its approval on a performance of Beethoven's First Symphony. The plaudits were well earned. Employing a reduced orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky secured an immaculate utterance of these transparent measures, not forgettting the foreshadowing in the Scherzo of the greater composer.

The concert opened with the Funeral March from the "Eroica" Symphony, played, while orchestra, chorus and audience stood, in memory of Marshal Foch.

L. A. S.

BEETHOVEN HOUR WITH SYMPHONY

First and Ninth Given as Good Friday Music

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Holding with the German tradition that Beethoven's First and Ninth Symphonies make an orchestral programme appropriate to Good Friday, Mr. Koussevitzky has coupled those works on the programme of this week's pair of Symphony Concerts. As in other recent performances the chorus for the final movement of the Ninth Symphony was recruited from the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society.

TRIBUTE TO FOCH

Out of respect to Marshal Foch yesterday's concert began with a performance of the first portion of the Funeral March from Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony, with orchestra and audience standing.

Not since 1910 has Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in its entirety been heard at the regular subscription concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Subsequent performances of the piece have been confined to special concerts of one sort or another. It may be argued, indeed, that to make of the Ninth Symphony a repertory piece is to run the risk of routine performance. Not that the performance of yesterday was that; nevertheless it was possible to miss in that performance, excellent as it was in so many respects, the electric quality, the rare enthusiasm and high elation present in performances under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction at Pension Fund Concerts and in the cycle of Symphonies that made the Beethoven Centenary.

That the choral Finale made less impression yesterday is readily attributable to the fact that, since an enlarged stage could not be used without dispossessing a considerable company of subscribers, the chorus yesterday was of necessity smaller than that to which we have become accustomed. And with immature voices, especially among the sopranos and contraltos, only through numbers may the requisite volume of tone be attained.

The solo singers yesterday, and Beethoven has set them anything but a grateful task, were Ethel Hayden, Devora Nadworney, Charles Stratton and Fraser Gange. At times these four gave excellent account of themselves. In particular was Mr. Stratton successful with the treatment of his solo in the March-like section, wherein he caught admirably the note of exultation. But the exceedingly difficult quartet toward the end of the movement came off not so well.

Unheard here since the Beethoven Centenary aforementioned, Beethoven's First Symphony, so far removed in spirit and in substance from the mighty Ninth, received yesterday an admirable performance. As before Mr. Koussevitzky reduced the number of strings, thus permitting the wind instruments to sound through, and attaining a balance closer to Beethoven's intentions than would be possible were the entire string choir of the present Boston Symphony to be used. Deserving of especial admiration was the virtuoso playing yesterday of the final movement. For all its outward simplicities Beethoven's First Symphony may here prove an exacting test of orchestral proficiency.

Koussevitzky, Gretchaninov, And Beethoven

Week-End Among the Russians From The Ninth Symphony To Grateful Songs

Journal. —Apr. 1. 1929.

THERE is no advocate so fervent as he who has been persuaded against his own will. . . . Some of us took our places in Symphony Hall on Saturday evening strong in the current belief hereabouts that a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony should be made an occasion. It must not be played too often lest it become repertory piece for conductor and orchestra. It must not be heard too often lest it make like routined impression upon the ordinary listener. It should not have place upon a program in the regular course of subscription concerts. Rather, it should be isolated as an event for a purpose—say to crown a Beethoven Centenary Festival or to win exceptional audiences to the increase of an orchestral Pension Fund. Anticipating the Choral Symphony as rare experience, they would assemble expectant, listen tense-keyed, depart elated.

And now Mr. Koussevitzky, putting by these precedents and predilections, was including that selfsame Ninth in the twenty-first program of the current season. Two years ago it had been climax to the Centenary Festival—and here it was in regular course. Exceptional audiences had previously heard it—and on this Friday and Saturday, outside the upper balcony, there would be room, for subscribers only. Since there could be no outbuilding of the stage into the auditorium, the chorus must be reduced in numbers and Beethoven's mighty climax would sound dwarfed. In short, to lift the Ninth Symphony out of a concert virtually devoted to it was to diminish its magnitude and lessen its potency.

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...Petersburg... record, the perform... he had ...belled everyone of ...yers, the... As a matter of fact, most per... at a pair of "regu... knew of... certs was no more ...atement, ...custom before Dr. ...e near Ste... conductor came New York than was possible whirled b... festival; renewed Two young... this particular piece single seat... in London and in been doing... a, richer-voiced and ...ar reached ... it was two years the sheer ... itself. The audience ...ring saved ... been more intent ...n embank...

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Lazzeris... young voices are in... ...n a player... conductor so main... ...s physical... l and choral balance ...e, and re... he tonal mass sound ...ality that... lightness, moreover, ...reets does... and plasticity of mo... ...sit of the... Beethoven's swiftly ...told Carri... while in the youth ...l writings... the very spirit that ...last again... elation. Each by it... ...e credit in... of its own concerts, ... Club or the Radcliffe ... s pleasure to hear. ...mphony Orchestra as ... that masterpiece, it ...tched th... ...e greater occasion. ...our, unani... s transcendent per... ...as neve... nging splendor of the ...ry stage... the Symphony, in the ...greed tha... plumbed depths of ...ear to b... ess of the horns com... ...organized... he other brass added ...es pretty... modern incisiveness ...to one o... had he known it, ...” Gordo... e spared. In the trio ...s catcher... he wood-winds dazzled ... zzles the eye. The whole ...r the in... ever-changeful instru... ...nform t... t only what was writ... Yankee... and colored, but what ...South las... certain and most true. ...way fro... Koussevitzky achieved ...he seaso... of the first movement, ...years th... ound of man and fate; ...taken th... zo as in winds of tone ...ly at th... those drum-beats; held ...ng rathe... to exalted contempla... ...at of th... lody to scale the heav-

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Gretchaninov—and Others

They come and they go—the women-singers—and if they turn at all to Russian composers, usually choose a piece or two from Gretchaninov. Preferably, it is "Over the Steppe" or "Snowflakes." Precedent and custom—precious, immutable things in song-recitals—ordain them. Besides, the pupils and the amateurs in the audience are sure to have "tried over" both at home. When, however, Mr. Gretchaninov himself comes into the concert-room, as he did at Jordan Hall on Saturday afternoon, faint is the curiosity to discover what manner of man he may be. The pupils have gone their way into spring holidays; the amateurs are not interested. After all, he is only playing accompaniments; cannot give them "points" in song. Consequently the usual audience awaited him. It might have been more numerous; but at least it applauded generously; while amongst it was more than the usual quota of the musically informed. A few even slipped in from no other motive than courtesy to a composer of some note, alighting, en passant, in their city.

All and sundry saw a blonde-haired, blonde-bearded, short and slender Russian, surprisingly youthful under the sixty-odd years that the dictionaries of musicians assign him. Evidently accustomed to the concert-hall, he came easily and unaffectedly to his place at the piano; received modestly the applause saluting him; set to the accompaniments for Mme. Koshetz as though they were his regular and assiduous employment. He played them notably well, with justly mingled regard for the singer and the song: clear, rounded tone; well-curved phrases and clean-cut rhythm; above all with a vitalizing quality that freshened the more familiar pieces and to the novel numbers gave character. Mr. Gretchaninov's pianoparts are neither Straussian in intensity nor Wolfian in imaginative suggestion. They frame, support and round the song and therewith have done. Not a trace of modernism roughens the flow or sharpens the edge.

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As a matter of record, the performance on Saturday belied everyone of these anticipations. As a matter of fact, to produce the Ninth at a pair of "regular" Symphony Concerts was no more than return to custom before Dr. Muck's time. The conductor came fresher to his task than was possible at the end of a long festival; renewed the renown that in this particular piece he has long enjoyed in London and in Paris. The orchestra, richer-voiced and more resilient than it was two years ago, played above itself. The audience could hardly have been more intent and responsive.

In particular, the Harvard-Radcliffe Choir, though it numbered only 125, left no impression of diminished sonority. It has attained such surety and freedom with Beethoven's measures that it can take pace, rhythm, intervals as they come; bring its whole will and intelligence to bear upon the volume, the coloring, the projecting quality of its tone. Accustomed, yet not routined, to Mr. Koussevitzky, from him it catches fire. These young voices are indeed light; but the conductor so maintained the orchestral and choral balance that not once did the tonal mass sound thin. Out of this lightness, moreover, sprang a quickness and plasticity of motion essential to Beethoven's swiftly changing periods; while in the youth of the choir was the very spirit that could summon his elation. Each by itself, in the course of its own concerts, the Harvard Glee Club or the Radcliffe Choral Society is pleasure to hear. Joined to the Symphony Orchestra as chorus in this or that masterpiece, it rises no less to the greater occasion.

The outcome was transcendent performance. The singing splendor of the strings pervaded the Symphony, in the slow movement plumbed depths of beauty. The richness of the horns companioned them. The other brass added to sonority that modern incisiveness which Beethoven, had he known it, would hardly have spared. In the trio of the Scherzo the wood-winds dazzled the ear as light dazzles the eye. The whole orchestra was an ever-changeful instrument, speaking not only what was written and accented and colored, but what within was most certain and most true. For his part, Mr. Koussevitzky achieved the epic vastness of the first movement, making Titanic round of man and fate; flung off the Scherzo as in winds of tone to the thunder of those drum-beats; held the slow movement to exalted contemplation, with one melody to scale the heavens, while in the other they serenely open; wrought the finale so that exactions, excesses, even commonplaces, melted into solemnities, ecstasies, omnipotence. The end was dithyrambic, with the black and white of the staves whirled into the frenzy of the passion. The purists may say, having in mind what they call a "classic," that Mr. Koussevitzky overpassions the whole Symphony. They forget what surged also in Beethoven as he wrote.

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In particular, the Harvard-Radcliffe Choir, though it numbered only 125, left no impression of diminished sonority. It has attained such surety and freedom with Beethoven's measures that it can take pace, rhythm, intervals as they come; bring its whole will and intelligence to bear upon the volume, the coloring, the projecting quality of its tone. Accustomed, yet not routined, to Mr. Koussevitzky, from him it catches fire. These young voices are indeed light; but the conductor so maintained the orchestral and choral balance that not once did the tonal mass sound thin. Out of this lightness, moreover, sprang a quickness and plasticity of motion essential to Beethoven's swiftly changing periods; while in the youth of the choir was the very spirit that could summon his elation. Each by itself, in the course of its own concerts, the Harvard Glee Club or the Radcliffe Choral Society is pleasure to hear. Joined to the Symphony Orchestra as chorus in this or that masterpiece, it rises no less to the greater occasion.

The outcome was transcendent performance. The singing splendor of the strings pervaded the Symphony, in the slow movement plumbed depths of beauty. The richness of the horns companioned them. The other brass added to sonority that modern incisiveness which Beethoven, had he known it, would hardly have spared. In the trio of the Scherzo the wood-winds dazzled the ear as light dazzles the eye. The whole orchestra was an ever-changeful instrument, speaking not only what was written and accented and colored, but what within was most certain and most true. For his part, Mr. Koussevitzky achieved the epic vastness of the first movement, making Titanic round of man and fate; flung off the Scherzo as in winds of tone to the thunder of those drum-beats; held the slow movement to exalted contemplation, with one melody to scale the heav-

ens, while in then open; wrought th tions, excesses, ev ed into solemnities The end was dithy and white of the frenzy of the pash say, having in m "classic," that I passions the wh forget what surge he wrote.

Gretchaninov—an

They come and singers—and if th sian composers, u or two from Gret it is "Over the Ste Precedent and cus table things in them. Besides, th teurs in the audie "tried over" both ever, Mr. Gretcha into the concert-ro dan Hall on Satu is the curiosity to ner of man he may gone their way int amateurs are not he is only playing not give them "po quently the usual It might have bee at least it applau amongst it was r quota of the music even slipped in f than courtesy to note, alighting, en

All and sundry blonde-bearded, sh sian, surprisingly sixty-odd years of musicians assig customed to the easily and unaffe the piano; receiv plause saluting h paniments for Mm they were his r employment. He well, with justly r singer and the tone; well-curved rhythm; above all ity that freshene pieces and to the character. Mr. parts are neither nor Wolfian in i They frame, suppo and therewith hav modernism roughe ens the edge.

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filled one group. The folk-flavors were hardly pungent; nor were they to an American ear distinctively Russian; but each contained a happy turn or two of fancy or humor; while all four ran with a pleasing liveliness and simplicity. The other group more definitely "placed" Mr. Gretchaninov as a Russian of cosmopolitan rather than nationalistic inclination. He was evidently aware of French or German models and quite willing to follow them. One song to a German text out of Heine might have been written in the days of Franz or Jensen. "Over the Steppe" cultivates the Parisian rhetoric that begins with the images of nature; into them transfuses the human mood. More from himself Mr. Gretchaninov dappled "Dewdrops" and "Snowdrops" with pretty fancies; through "Snowflakes" made neat play with rhythm. Everywhere the melody was apt; the workmanship smooth; the progress graceful; the mood honestly sentimental. Heights or depths there were not—only an even and agreeable fitness. He may well touch Opus 101 when he is so ready a composer.

The more impressive songs of the afternoon were sung as a preliminary group by Mme. Koshetz. One, by the young Parisian, Migot, was unaccompanied, nervous and sombre of mood, infused with stark declamatory force—the song-speech stripped which is one of the modernist goals. Two more were arrangements by the Spaniard, Nin, of seventeenth-century folk-songs in his own country. One caught the ear by trilling lightness; the other—a lament—touched the heart gravely yet simply. For the bird of the wood, for the grieving lover, here sounded music directly felt and truly imparted. To these three Mme. Koshetz added Susanna's "Den vieni" out of Mozart's "Figaro" and "Komm, süsse Tod" from Bach. Her voice moved too heavily for the one; in the other she missed the note of pious ecstasy. Elsewhere, never before in Boston has she seemed so admirable a singer, full and warm of voice, sensitive to substance, suggestion and style.

H. T. P.

Favors Garden for Symphony Orchestra

The suggestion made recently that the Boston Symphony Orchestra be given a trial in the Boston Garden has found such widespread approval and has resulted in so many inquiries that Sheldon H. Fairbanks, general manager of the Garden, has written to Judge Fredeick P. Cabot, chairman of the board of trustees of the orchestra, asking for an opportunity to meet with him and his associates and co-operate with them in any plan to give a larger audience the opportunity to hear the celebrated orchestra at popular prices and increase the usefulness of the orchestra to the public.

So far as acoustics are concerned, architects and builders went into that phase of construction thoroughly when the huge auditorium was in course of construction. George Funk of Funk & Wilcox, architects of the Garden, retained Professor Clifford Swan, formerly of the faculties of Harvard and Tech, an authority on the acoustic correction of sound, to conduct a series of tests which resulted in 74,000 square feet of Acoustex being applied as the interior roof lining. This material, similar to compressed excelsior, was applied in boards one inch thick, cemented into place below the gypsum roofing. In addition, experiments were conducted to equalize the absorption of sound by the clothing of those seated in the auditorium.

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(First Time in Boston)

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Allegro appassionato. Andante moderato. Scherzo finale.
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(August-September, 1928)
Prelude. Quasi Minuetto. Scherzino. Elegy.
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Twenty-second Programme

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SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 6, at 8.15 o'clock

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Hanson . . . Nordic Symphony in E minor, No. 1, Op. 21

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II. Andante teneramente con semplicita.
III. Allegro con fuoco.
IV. Finale.

(To be conducted by the Composer)

Strauss . "Tod und Verklärung" ("Death and Transfiguration"), Tone Poem, Op. 24

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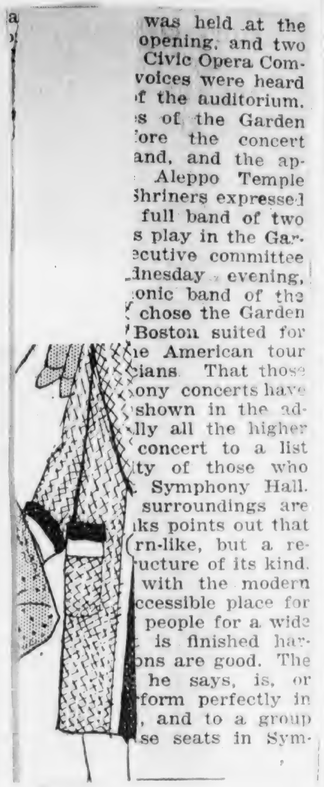

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An operatic concert was held at the Garden soon after the opening, and two members of the Chicago Civic Opera Company sang there. The voices were heard perfectly in all parts of the auditorium. The acoustic properties of the Garden were investigated before the concert given by D'Avino's Band, and the appearance there of the Aleppo Temple band, following which Shriners expressed the desire to hear the full band of two hundred and fifty pieces play in the Garden. Recently the executive committee for the concert Wednesday evening, April 3, of the symphonic band of the Royal Belgian Guards, chose the Garden as the only place in Boston suited for such a program in the American tour of King Albert's musicians. That those patronizing the Symphony concerts have taken up the idea is shown in the advance sale of practically all the higher priced seats for this concert to a list containing the majority of those who hold season tickets at Symphony Hall.

So far as aesthetic surroundings are concerned, Mr. Fairbanks points out that the Garden is not barn-like, but a remarkably attractive structure of its kind, and built to conform with the modern idea of providing an accessible place for the greatest number of people for a wide variety of events. It is finished harmoniously, its proportions are good. The Symphony Orchestra, he says, is, or should be, able to perform perfectly in a building of the kind, and to a group now unable to purchase seats in Symphony Hall.

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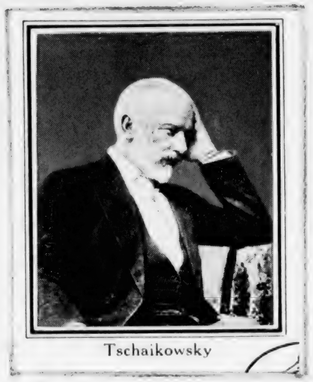

Tschaikowsky

Herald Apr. 6. 1920.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 22nd concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's 48th season, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Tchaikovsky, Overture—Fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet" (after Shakespeare). Hanson, Nordic Symphony, E minor. Strauss, "Death and Transfiguration."

Mr. Hanson, who conducted his symphony, which was played for the first time in Boston, was born at Wahoo, Nebraska, in 1896. He studied composition in this country and at Rome, having won a fellowship in the American Academy of that city. He is now the director of the Eastman School of Music of the University of Rochester, N. Y.

This symphony, the first of his larger compositions, was first performed at Rome by the orchestra of the Augusteo under his direction. It has been played by leading orchestras of this country. It has a motto: "To him that overcometh will I give. To eat out of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God." There is little in the music that suggests the Fields of the Blessed, but the strenuous character of the composition, one may fairly say its violence, may be intended to portray a struggle after the manner of Jacob wrestling with the angel, though they perhaps were quieter in the control of their breath. There were boisterous moments yesterday when the composer almost overcame the audience.

He was a young man when he wrote this symphony. Young composers often mistake noise for strength and constant feverishness for emotion. It has been said that the first movement is "strongly Nordic in character, singing of the solemnity, austerity and grandeur of the north, of its restless surging and strife, of its sombreness and melancholy." It was a large undertaking to express all this in tones. One wished that Mr. Hanson had chosen to "Mediterraneanize" his music (to borrow Nietzsche's pet word). It is not necessary to ask whether the workmanship displayed the thematic invention and development is of an individual character; it is enough to say that we found little that is imaginative, poetic or eloquent in this first movement or in those that followed; and in the second movement inscribed to the composer's mother and in the third dedicated to his father there is little that is truly emotional. The whole symphony is yeasty. It lacks significantly contrasting pages. There is little relief from the prevailing storm and stress, either in the musical contents or in the orchestral dress. The symphony was favorably received by the audience which was no doubt impressed by the orchestral bombardment; by the Bombastes Furioro spirit of the composer.

Mr. Hanson was unfortunate in this: His symphony was placed between the superb fantasia of Tchaikovsky and the dramatic tone-poem of Strauss. Perhaps the latter has aged a little. The death of the sufferer is long delayed; the fever chart shows surprising variations in temperature. The "Transfiguration" section is nobly planned; yet this tone-poem will no doubt be forgotten in the concert hall when "Till Eulenspiegel" and "Don Juan" will still be fresh, brilliant and entrancing.

"Romeo and Juliet" has been performed here many times since Arthur Nikisch brought it out in 1890. Even his interpretation was less poetic and compelling than Mr. Koussevitzky's yesterday, an incomparable performance by its dramatic intensity; by its singing of the appealing, haunting Love Theme, from its announcement to the amorous frenzy that took no heed of earthly woes and inevitable death; by the sombreness of the introductory foreboding measures; by the fiery street scenes in Verona with the clashing of rival houses and their sword thrusts; by the overwhelming climaxes so skilfully prepared by Mr. Koussevitzky. There was infinite care in the treatment of details, without interruption of the tragic development to the simple, pathetic final measure.

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week. The program of April 19-20 will be as follows: Josten, "Concerto Sacro" for strings and piano (Mr. Josten is of the music department at Smith College); G. Faure, Elegy for violoncello and orchestra (Mr. Bedetti, violoncellist); Loeffler, "La Bonne Chanson." Schumann, Symphony No. 3, E flat major "Rhenish."

For the final program of the season (the Boston Symphony concerts of Friday afternoon, April 26, and Saturday evening, April 27) Mr. Koussevitzky will repeat those pieces, played in the course of the season, which the public of these concerts signify as their choice. The program books of yesterday and tonight contain classified lists of the works performed. Those wishing to vote should check one number in each list. The slips will serve as ballots—they may be signed or not as the voters please—and may be dropped in a box which has been placed in a box which has been placed in the corridor for the purpose, or may be mailed to Serge Koussevitzky, Symphony hall, Boston, not later than April 13.

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Round of The Concert-Halls, News-Gathering

Trans. — April 4, 1929

Dr. Hanson's New Symphony, Honors for Leo Schulz, Items of The Day

ONCE AGAIN, at the Symphony Concerts of this week, the American composer has an inning. This time he is Dr. Howard Hanson, Director of the Eastman School of Music in Rochester. The work to be played is his Nordic Symphony, Op. 21, in E minor. He himself will be the conductor. Dr. Hanson is still a young man in his early thirties. He came out of Nebraska, born of Swedish-American stock. East and West, from the Institute of Musical Art in New York city to the College of The Pacific in California, he made his musical studies and practised his calling as musician-teacher. In 1921 he received a fellowship in the American Academy at Rome where he dwelt and worked through three years. Then and there he began his career as composer and from this Roman residence date the compositions which have been oftenest played and by which he is best known. Upon his return to the United States he was appointed Director of the Eastman School where he has done not a little to encourage and enlighten the younger American composers by test-performances of their larger works. Northwestern University gave him the honorary degree, Doctor of Music.

The Nordic Symphony is the first of three symphonic pieces written during the stay at Rome. The other two are entitled "North and West" and "Lux Æterna." The Nordic Symphony was first played at Rome in the spring of 1923. It has since been heard in Rochester, St. Louis, Kansas City, San Francisco. There are three movements: I.—Andante solenne—Allegro con forza; II.—Andante teneramente con semplicita, III.—Allegro con fuoco—Finale. They are dedicated respectively to Frederick Lamond, the eminent pianist, of the elder generation, to the com-

to his father. Dr. aracterized the three follows: The first vement of struggle, of ity"; the second in a sadness and yearning"; four measures reminisut of "Die Walküre" for ergetic, powerful." The serves as epitome and hole Symphony. All the the orchestration grows ; the close spares neither the power of sound. rmative description is a review from the San niner, written by Mr. Redleading commentator and usic on the Pacific Coast: f the word 'Nordic' has ply a rather unjust dis against Southrons. But l is racially specific. Its the experience, the long spirit of the people from ng. Beginning it in Rome ever seen the Sweeden of s, when he came to visit of his people he found to at his dreams were true. of lake and mountain and orests, seen under the gray ern mist which makes the d, breathes its spirit through movement, and breathes it eloquence. The composer is his milieu, as a playwright and the grave notes of the eir story of loveliness and uasively. The horns speak distance and mystery; the p., for all of echoes of turn and rd, will strings shimmered. gins op- ovement is in the mood of ant wille composer has dedicated in the, and it tells of the things for us in his mother's arms, at sidentialner in the twilight. Then heat and con fuoco, ushered in ing qua'- om "The Valkyrs' Ride." e will e sense of the toil of the has to do among the ld. The music is energserk; and Hanson, a re of a man, hung long ago urging on ate ship. Hanson's d, impregnated with desperately in earnause the composer , which it was imtter. It is virile, ts of lyric ecstasy o straight to the

A. H. M.

Considerable Glory for One, Doktor Strauss

Trans. April 6, 1929

With Mr. Koussevitzky Aiding, He Effaces Chaikovsky And Another

THEN CAME Richard Strauss; by no means the Strauss of the greater tone-poems; only the Strauss of "Death and Transfiguration." Yet over a Symphony Concert that began with Chaikovsky's Fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet" and proceeded with Mr. Howard Hanson's "Nordic Symphony," the lesser Strauss loomed large. Beside his last three Symphonies, the Russian's fantasia as tone-poem seemed thin and faded—a music out of which vitality has steadily ebbed. Though Mr. Hanson conducting, and the orchestra with him, lashed themselves, his tonal homage to Scandinavia proved neither individual nor impressive. Modernism or no modernism, he scores as neither elder nor younger composers write in this present day. Through two-thirds of the concert, it was as though we listeners had been thrust back into the end of the nineteenth century and had found the experience none too enjoyable. Then along came Strauss with "Death and Transfiguration" (1888-89) and, at last that distant time vindicated itself.

Nowadays, it is rather the fashion to write deprecatingly of this tone-poem. As some say, with "The Domestica" and the "Alpine Symphony," it is wearing least well of that far-spreading line. Certainly, it lacks the fire, the pungency, the sense of a young musical athlete trying and proving his mettle, that the earlier "Don Juan" and "Till Eulenspiegel" still diffuse. Nor does it attain the breadth of design and variety of accomplishment, the wealth of creative energy, the scope and power of musical characterization, that endure through "Zarathustra," "Heldenleben" and "Don Quixote." If the hearer will, he may believe "Death and Transfiguration," the last of the Lisztian tone-poems; whereas the following three were the breeding ground of the cosmic swarm that in the fullness of time set the modernists in revolt against such form and substance. Certainly the music of transfiguration

t have made Liszt, who loved apo es, turn in an envious grave. Cer , again, Strauss's eye is as firmly ned upon the object—or rather the and moment—to be charactered, was upon Don Juan or Till. Not ad he acquired the habit of writing t himself, or of thinking in the s of the universe, that are not al to the good in "Zarathustra" and denleben." Again, if the hearer he may count "Death and Transation" the rounding-out of a Strauss as well as a Lisztian period. Of se there are "weak passages." Büdiscovered them as long ago as 1889 Strauss took him to his rooms in ich and "played over" the unpubd score. Others have been indig them ever since; while some of our rampageous youngsters would have whole tone-poem such. We modrs may find them where we choose—kely as not upon some of the pages e delirious struggle with death. At late day a fury of fifths rends neither ear nor the heart.

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PASTE OVER

Round of The Concert-Halls News-Gatheri

Trans. — April 4. 1

Dr. Hanson's New Symph Honors for Leo Schul Items of The Day

ONCE AGAIN, at the Syn Concerts of this week American composer has ning. This time he is Dr ard Hanson, Director of the E School of Music in Rochester. Th to be played is his Nordic Sympho 21, in E minor. He himself will conductor. Dr. Hanson is still a man in his early thirties. He ca of Nebraska, born of Swedish-An stock. East and West, from the tute of Musical Art in New York the College of The Pacific in Cal he made his musical studies and tised his calling as musician-teach 1921 he received a fellowship American Academy at Rome wh dwelt and worked through three Then and there he began his ca composer and from this Roman re date the compositions which hav oftenest played and by which he known. Upon his return to the States he was appointed Director Eastman School where he has d a little to encourage and enlight younger American composers by t formances of their larger works. western University gave him th orary degree, Doctor of Music.

The Nordic Symphony is the three symphonic pieces written the stay at Rome. The other t entitled "North and West" and Æterna." The Nordic Symphon first played at Rome in the sp 1923. It has since been heard in ester, St. Louis, Kansas City, San cisco. There are three movement Andante solenne—Allegro con II.—Andante teneramente con sen III.—Allegro con fuoco—Finale. are dedicated respectively to erick Lamond, the eminent of the elder generation, to th poser's mother, to his father. Dr. Hanson has characterized the three movements as follows: The first "austere, a movement of struggle, of dramatic intensity"; the second in a "mood of gentle sadness and yearning"; the third, with four measures reminiscent of a motif out of "Die Walküre" for introduction, "energetic, powerful." The ensuing Finale serves as epitome and climax to the whole Symphony. All the themes appear; the orchestration grows in magnificence; the close spares neither the pomp nor the power of sound.

Further informative description is contained in a review from the San Francisco Examiner, written by Mr. Redfern Mason, the leading commentator and chronicler of music on the Pacific Coast: "Recent use of the word 'Nordic' has seemed to imply a rather unjust discrimination against Southrons. But Hanson's ideal is racially specific. Its music sings the experience, the longings and the spirit of the people from whom he sprang. Beginning it in Rome before he had ever seen the Sweeden of his forefathers, when he came to visit the old home of his people he found to his delight that his dreams were true.

"The land of lake and mountain and shaggy pine forests, seen under the gra of that northern mist which makes the sunlight pallid, breathes its spirit through the opening movement, and breathes it with a rare eloquence. The composer is establishing his milieu, as a playwright would say, and the grave notes of the 'cello tell their story of loveliness and brooding persuasively. The horns speak their sense of distance and mystery; the reeds were full of echoes of fairy and woodland; the strings shimmered.

"The slow movement is in the mood of sentiment. The composer has dedicated it to his mother, and it tells of the things a child learns in his mother's arms, at the chimney corner in the twilight. Then comes an Allegro con fuoco, ushered in by a quotation from 'The Valkyrs' Ride.' Here you get the sense of the toil of the race, the work it has to do among the peoples of the world. The music is energetic, almost Berserk; and Hanson, a long, athletic figure of a man, hung [illegible] of some viking of long ago urging on the rowers of a pirate ship. Hanson's music is strong, vital, impregnated with the spirit of a man desperately in earnest It is written because the composer had something to say, which it was important for him to utter. It is virile, stern, but with moments of lyric ecstasy and tenderness that go straight to the heart."

A. H. M.

Considerable Glory for One, Doktor Strauss

Trans. April 6. 192[illegible]

With Mr. Koussevitzky Aiding, He Effaces Chaikovsky And Another

THEN CAME Richard Strauss; by no means the Strauss of the greater tone-poems; only the Strauss of "Death and Transfiguration," Yet over a Symphony Concert that began with Chaikovsky's Fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet" and proceeded with Mr. Howard Hanson's "Nordic Symphony," the lesser Strauss loomed large. Beside his last three Symphonies, the Russian's fantasia as tone-poem seemed thin and faded—a music out of which vitality has steadily ebbed. Though Mr. Hanson conducting, and the orchestra with him, lashed themselves, his tonal homage to Scandinavia proved neither individual nor impressive. Modernism or no modernism, he scores as neither elder nor younger composers write in this present day. Through two-thirds of the concert, it was as though we listeners had been thrust back into the end of the nineteenth century and had found the experience none too enjoyable. Then along came Strauss with "Death and Transfiguration" (1888-89) and, at last that distant time vindicated itself.

Nowadays, it is rather the fashion to write deprecatingly of this tone-poem. As some say, with "The Domestica" and the "Alpine Symphony," it is wearing least well of that far-spreading line. Certainly, it lacks the fire, the pungency, the sense of a young musical athlete trying and proving his mettle, that the earlier "Don Juan" and "Till Eulenspiegel" still diffuse. Nor does it attain the breadth of design and variety of accomplishment, the wealth of creative energy, the scope and power of musical characterization, that endure through "Zarathustra," "Heldenleben" and "Don Quixote." If the hearer will, he may believe "Death and Transfiguration," the last of the Lisztian tone-poems; whereas the following three were the breeding ground of the cosmic swarm that in the fullness of time set the modernists in revolt against such form and substance. Certainly the music of transfiguration

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PASTE OVER

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and measure he was here transfor
a music into something above itself
Throughout the tone-poem that r
ure did it equal service, though s
no doubt, will judge Mr. Koussevit
version subdued and reticent. I
need not smite the great drum or s
out of muted trumpets to be dreads
It also stalks in the wainscot and
across the floor, to be known by
mortal chill. Dying men dream to t
selves of boyhood, and there are
tears to turn their eyes more misty.
fight over their good fights and
clench only tremulous hands. Eve
with Strauss's tone-poem. There
conductors who will have it melod
and assail the skies; conductors also
Mr. Koussevitzky, who prefer i
poetry. And with reason. Play "D
and Transfiguration" in the melod
atic vein—and the listener says to
self "Ah yes! the last of the Liszti
and begins to turn the essay with w
the editor has diversified the prog
book. Play it in Mr. Koussevitzky's v
and then comes the greater than I
who is Strauss.

—

Upon the prefatory numbers, as
seemed, when this ending of the
cert had nearly effaced them, it is
necessary to descant. The elderly
tlemen and the elect ladies of
matinées, accustomed to receive any
signed Peter Iljitsch Chaikovsky
transport, heard his Fantasia
would not stay their hands until
had fetched the conductor in and
and brought the orchestra to its
Students of applause, however,
marked that rather little of this
ping proceeded from the upper bal
where such youth as frequents these
days most foregathers. Perhaps they
were wrestling with a problem bese
some of their elders. Play the Fo
Fifth or the Sixth Symphony of Cha
sky—and not much more of him is
ously played nowadays—and they
still warmly alive. Like or dislike t
they remain complete and full-b
musical entities. The composer f
his design: bends the chosen mediu
his purpose. The tonal vesture acc
with the musical and emotional con
from it takes shape, body, color.

Not so, with the two moribund or
tral fantasias—"Romeo and Juliet"
"Francesca da Rimini"—when, as ye
day, some devoted conductor on occ
revives them. Then—and to more
one who listens—the harmonic
seems thin and characterless; the in
mental coloring, pale and sapless.
sitions creak; melodies labor at
song; measures of tumult beat the e
air; hollow within are not only the
tional climaxes, but the whole course
body of the music. To such listener
fantasia of yesterday seemed a Romeo and Juliet become tonal phantoms skurrying this way and that across a void, tinged only for interest and salvation with the Chaikovskian melancholy. From first measure to last there is nothing in it to compare with the entrance and the substance of the love-theme that out of "Francesca"—thin, halting stuff as it also has become—still haunts the ear. Between two stools, the Fantasias fall. They are not in themselves romantic masterpieces; nor like the three Symphonies are they intensive and lasting expression of a temperament and an imagination that have touched, world-wide, human ears and hearts.

—

By all odds conductors should foster native composers and the indomitable Koussevitzky has yet to flag at the task. Yet would to Euterpe, who may still preside over the exercise of the tone-art, that these composers rose oftener to the measure of opportunity. Undoubtedly Mr. Hanson's Nordic Symphony sounds; through far too much of it he keeps the orchestra going full tilt, for contrast breaking off abruptly into the stripped sonorities of a few voices; then as suddenly returning to the tonal mass. Clearly enough it is well-made, gaining symphonic form by the cyclic process, much in vogue ten or fifteen years back in which time Mr. Hanson seems curiously to have his musical being. His harmonies, timbres, sonorities, all belong to that day when a thick, luxuriant, tonal texture was current and seldom questioned mode. Taking thought and experiencing emotion, he dips plentifully and unconcealingly into the common stock of music. Unless they are frank modernists, it is the way of the younger men; while, for the most part, the modernists themselves cannot keep their fingers out of Stravinsky and Schönberg.

Between dips, however, Mr. Hanson fails to distribute as many and as suggestive musical inventions of his own as he well might do; while in the best of them Swedish folk-song avowedly aids him. As for Nordic moods—solemn, austere, surging, battling, peaceful, wistful, what not—it is rather a pity that the common musical mind associates them, from a Second Symphony even through a Seventh, with one, Jan Sibelius, solitary maker and master of music in our time, between whom and Mr. Hanson there is inevitably a great gulf fixed. . . . Yet the production of the Nordic Symphony brought, or should have brought, to the audience one desirable enlightenment. It outdid itself in zeal for Mr. Hanson. Yet how differently it plays under Mr. Koussevitzky!

H. T. P.

FADED TEXT

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HANSON AT HELM WITH SYMPHONY

Post —— Apr. 6. 1929

His Nordic Symphony Played Under His Direction

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

By way of incident and novelty the Symphony concert of yesterday afternoon offered the first Boston performance of Howard Hanson's Nordic Symphony with the composer conducting. The rest, under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction, was a glorification of the familiar; in other words, Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet," and "Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration" in performances of superb eloquence and tonal magnificence.

A TRIBUTE TO SWEDES

Dr. Hansen, director of the Eastman School of Music at Rochester, and previously known to Boston as composer by a performance of his "Pan and the Priest," at the hands of a visiting orchestra, is now in his 33d year. His Nordic Symphony was written some eight years ago at Rome, where the composer was enjoying the benefits of fellowship at the American academy. The piece may then be set down as a youthful effort, even though some composers, Richard Strauss among them, have reached maturity with the turning of the quarter century mark.

In this Symphony in which, on his own authority, he pays tribute to the race of his fathers, (Dr. Hansen, although a Nebraskan by birth, is of Swedish descent), he writes as a young man in the pride and joy of his youth, with a prodigious gusto, with a love of orchestral sound and fury, with an enthusiasm that carries him through many a ticklish situation, and with a pardonable lack of self-criticism. Giving himself up to the expression of sentiment in his Andante, Dr. Hansen does not escape sentimentality. And if in his music he would be consciously Nordic, he yet cannot exclude from his musical consciousness the Czech Dvorak, let us say, or the Slavic Tchaikovsky.

Cordially Received

Not a piece to live with is Dr. Hansen's Symphony, but the first impression of it is, on the whole, not unagreeable despite occasional ineptitudes and banalities. Tall, spare and angular, Dr. Hansen conducts somewhat effusively, but not ineffectually, and the orchestra yesterday met his ardors halfway. A pleased audience returned Dr. Hansen more than once to the stage. He in his turn bade the players rise and bow.

More than once in the past Mr. Koussevitzky had given us a reading of Tchaikovsky's Overture-Fantasy as impassioned as that of yesterday. But not before had he so completely realized the possibilities and potentialities of Strauss' tone-poem.

Technically the performance of "Death and Transfiguration" was notable for its lucid exposition of the musical structure, the never-failing beauty of the instrumental tone. Emotionally this performance drained the music dry, made vivid and gripping its drama. And yesterday, for the first time since Dr. Muck took his departure, an audience in Symphony Hall heard the climax of the transfiguration section reared and cumulated as the composer imagined it, with sonority heaped upon sonority till the listening mind and ear could hold no more.

In cool reflection "Death and Transfiguration" may be set down as of the less distinguished, less individual Strauss. Before a performance such as that of yesterday such criticism is stilled, place the credit where you will.

Boston Hears Hanson Lead "Nordic" Symphony

Monitor — Mch 6, 1929

No conductor, probably, is more receptive to the work of American composers than Serge Koussevitzky. A check-up of the current season happens to be facilitated by a slip inserted in the program book of the twenty-second pair of Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts, announcing that the final program of the sea-

son will be chosen by the audiences. For this purpose the roster of composers represented during the season is printed thereon. In a list of 55, there are 10 Americans; surely a generous proportion.

Number nine of those thus honored was introduced yesterday afternoon as conductor of one of his own compositions. This was Dr. Howard Hanson, director of the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, N. Y., and the work he had elected to submit was his "Nordic" Symphony, the earliest of his major products, having been composed when he was but 21 years old, and first performed under his direction by the orchestra of the Augusteo in Rome, where he resided three years as fellow of the American Academy in Rome.

The symphony, which was heard yesterday for the first time in Boston, emerged as a full-voiced piece of music excellently put together according to the cyclical form. Although so young when he wrote it, Dr. Hanson evidently had not lent his ear to the blandishments of the modernists, for there is nothing in the work which could offend the dignity of a Friday afternoon audience in Symphony Hall. Not only is it exceedingly tuneful, but it reveals a familiarity with the sonorous possibilities of the several instrumental choirs. Furthermore, it contains no trace of the attitude of elegant disdain which might have been expected from a youth of the twentieth century. On the contrary, the composer obviously has carried enthusiastically into his score the motto on its flyleaf, "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of Life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God."

It is not unnatural that there should be elements reminiscent not only of Wagner, whose "Walküre" is quoted, but also of other of the great composers of the past. These merely go to show that Dr. Hanson at the time had learned well his lessons. He has added to these elements an emotional quality of his own which by virtue of its sincerity and its fluent expression is bound to carry a strong appeal. It did so yesterday, when the composer was recalled several times to the stage by applause which he finally shared with the orchestra—a fitting tribute, for it is doubtful if Dr. Hanson ever before had secured or heard so eloquent an utterance of his measures. Nor should we omit to say that the composer proved himself an uncommonly efficient conductor.

Mr. Koussevitzky, who thus graciously yielded up his dais for the central item of the program, occupied it for the opening number, Tchaikovsky's Overture - Fantasia, "Roméo et Juliette," and for the closing contribution, the Strauss "Tod und Verklärung." These two works were read with astute regard to their several natures, and published both subtly and brilliantly. The conductor's fidelity to the composer's intention was particularly in evidence in the Strauss, where any possible temptation to theatricalism was sternly put aside in favor of a restraint that achieved a far more telling effect.

L. A. S.

"Request Program"

Innovation for the Final Pair of Symphony Concerts

THE first audience at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon discovered in the program-books, as the second audience will this evening, a leaflet of invitation to assist in the framing of the final program of the orchestral year. Under three heads—Symphonies, Tone-Poems, Music in Other Forms — were listed most of the numbers played during the current season. Under each head, the subscriber was bidden to check whatever piece he would most willingly hear again; then deposit or post his ballot. From the results of the vote Mr. Koussevitzky will assemble the four items for the concerts of April 26 and 27.

Such balloting is innovation at Symphony Hall and no one yesterday seemed to know who had proposed it. Of old it was an annual incident in the concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra. More recently it was discarded there as unbecoming a full-grown, high-placed orchestra and its audiences. How it will fare in Boston and what the balloting may imply will be watched with curiosity and amusement.

HANSON CONDUCTS HIS OWN SYMPHONY

Globe — Apr. 6, 1929

American Composer Guest at Symphony Concert

Koussevitzky Leads Tchaikovsky and Strauss Pieces

Howard Hanson, director of the Eastman School of Music at Rochester, N Y, conducted his own "Nordic Symphony" as guest at yesterday's Symphony concert. Mr Koussevitzky led the other pieces on the program, Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture-fantasia; and Richard Strauss' "Tod und Verklaerung."

The programs included a ballot for request numbers for the final concerts in the series, when Mr Koussevitzky plans to repeat pieces played this season. Such a request program has long been a feature of the Pop concert programs, but this is the first time one has been offered at the regular Symphony concerts. Mr Stokowski offers such a program in Philadelphia, however.

Born at Wahoo, Neb, in 1896, of Swedish ancestry, Mr Hanson has studied at the Institute of Musical Art in New York, at Northwestern University and at the American Academy in Rome. He holds the degree of doctor of music from Northwestern University, Syracuse University and the Horner Institute in Kansas City. His favorite composers are Grieg and Handel. This information is gleaned from a program note he furnished Mr Hale for this week's program books.

"Nordic Symphony"

The "Nordic Symphony," written at the age of 22, is less modern in idiom than the tone poem, "Pan and the Priest," played here by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra in 1926. The composer describes its form as "freely classical." The freedom is more noticeable than the classicism. He writes of the first movement that it is "strongly Nordic in character," speaks of the "wistful sadness" of the slow movement, acknowledges the borrowing of a Swedish folk tune in the third movement, "rugged and fiery in spirit," and explains that the finale completes the cyclical character of the whole work and serves as a coda.

This symphony obviously pleased many in yesterday's audience. The composer was recalled three times, and brought the orchestra to its feet to share the hearty and prolonged applause. Its general style recalls the music of Henry Hadley. There is much emphasis on musical material seldom striking or memorable in itself. Arranged for string quartet, most of the work would sound insignificant. It is the sonority and power of the orchestra that carry it. There are, however, some genuinely poetic and imaginative passages, such as the coda of the first movement, a portion of the third movement, and the close of the whole work.

Mr Hanson, tall, slender, clumsy in gestures, conducted with earnestness and enthusiasm. One wondered whether his failure to establish and preserve tempi was intentional. One could not feel that this symphony had great musical interest. Its style is influenced too strongly by Grieg in the slower, softer portions and by Tchaikovsky in the febrile allegros. As the work of a boy of 22 it shows talent and promise. But why did not Mr Hanson, more than a decade later, have something better and more up-to-date to offer us?

Unified Program

Yesterday's turned out to be one of the few unified programs Mr Koussevitzky has offered here. Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet," with which the concert began, set the tone. Its violent contrasts, emotional outbursts, voluptuous melodies alternating with passages of sound and fury, have a spiritual affinity with the music of Hanson and Strauss that followed. This is "fin de siecle" music, coming at the end of the 19th century rather than the beginning of the 20th, following in the wake of Beethoven and Wagner, rather than anticipating Stravinsky and Bartok.

Strauss' tone poem of "Death and Transfiguration," written in 1888 at the age of 24, is a mature and powerful work which yesterday sounded better than it really is. The history of music offers so many instances of young geniuses like Strauss, who, when they grow old, no longer compose works that stir the human heart, that one wondered rather idly yesterday whether the customary lamentations over the premature death of Schubert, Chopin, Mozart and so many others are justified. They at least died before, like Strauss, they wrote themselves out. Turn to literature for an analogy. Would not Wordsworth's fame as a poet be even greater had he only died in 1815 instead of in 1850?

Next week the orchestra goes away on tour. The program now announced for April 19 and 20 includes a new tone poem by Werner Josten, Faure's "Elegy" for 'cello solo and orchestra, Loeffler's "La Bonne Chanson" and Schumann's Rhenish Symphony.

P. R.

Twenty-third Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 19, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 20, at 8.15 o'clock

Josten . . . Two Movements from the "Concerto Sacro" for String Orchestra

a. Lamento.
b. Sepulcro e Transfigurazione.

(First time in Boston)

Fauré . . . . . Élégie for Violoncello and Orchestra

Loeffler . . . "La Bonne Chanson," Poem (after Verlaine)

Schumann . . . . . Symphony in E-flat major No. 3, "Rhenish," Op. 97

I. Vivace.
II. Moderato assai.
III. Allegro non troppo.
IV. Maestoso.
V. Vivace.

SOLOIST

JEAN BEDETTI

MASON AND HAMLIN PIANOFORTE

There will be an intermission before the symphony

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

SCHUMANN
Brown's Pictures—Miniature—84

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Herald Apr. 20/29

By PHILIP HALE

The 23d concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Werner Josten, two movements from the Concerto Sacro for strings and piano, "Lament" and "Sepulchre and Transfiguration" (first time in Boston). G. Faure, Elegy for violoncello and orchestra (Mr. Bedetti, violoncellist). Loeffler, "La Bonne Chanson" (after Verlaine). Schumann, symphony, E flat major, No. 3, "Rhenish."

Mr. Josten, born at Elberfeld in 1888, has been the teacher of fugue and composition at Smith College, Northampton, since 1923. A pupil of Rudolf Siegel, who was in turn a pupil of Thiel, Thuilte and Humperdinck, he was assistant conductor at the Munich Opera House before he came to the United States. The list of his compositions includes choral works, music for tenor and orchestra, stage music and an orchestral piece of large proportions, "Jungle." He has within the last three years given performances of operas by Monteverdi and Handel, revivals which have excited wide attention.

His Concerto Sacro was inspired, he writes us, by "the mysterious dark triptych painted for the Isenheim altar by Gruenewald." This Matthias Gruenewald was the chief Rhenish painter at the beginning of the 16th century. The Concerto is in four movements. "The Annunciation" and "The Miracle" were not played yesterday. The first performance of the Concerto was at New York on March 27, 1929.

This music might be said to be a translation of the triptych into tones; music for religious art of early German painters. The religious expression in "The Lament" and the final section is far from a blend of mysticism and sensuousness; there is no dramatic, much less theatrical appeal to the hearer. The flame of pious devotion is pure; it burns brighter and brighter. The sorrowing is neither lacrymose nor austere. There is impressive dignity; a reticence in grief at first that finally gives way to a more intense outpouring of emotion.

"The Sepulchre and Transfiguration" is on a little lower plane; necessarily so, when one considers the subject that must find portrayal in tones. At the beginning of the "Transfiguration" section, the first few measures suggest those which Strauss found for the opening of his "Transfiguration." This is not surprising, for an ascending passage would occur to any composer choosing this mighty theme for musical illustration. The swelling of the voices to the final glorification—Mr. Josten calls this movement an "Instrumental Motet"—is skilfully managed, but the effect is soon diminished by undue repetition of the ground figure on which the choral masses are based. These repetitions bring monotony. For the first time in the performance a hearer was tempted to cry out to Mr. Josten, who was in the audience, "Hold, enough! You have said that and said it well. Don't spoil it now."

The Concerto met with genuine favor. It is said that Mr. Josten's "Jungle" may be performed here next season. Whether this jungle is Kipling's or Tomlinson's, or another's is immaterial as long as it is definitely Mr. Josten's.

The other pieces on the program, the Elegy with the charming accompaniment for the solo instrument which was of course, finely played by Mr. Bedetti; the beautiful tone-poem of Loeffler's and the sturdy symphony of Schumann's with the pontifical Cologne Cathedral movement gave great pleasure to the audience. Mr. Loeffler's music lends additional beauty to the exquisite charm of Verlaine's poem. It was never so well performed here as it was yesterday—never with the like richness of coloring and poetic expression. The interpretation of the symphony made one forget all that has been said in disparagement of Schumann's technical ability both in form and in orchestration.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program for next week was thus originally arranged in answer to requests: Wagner, prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"; Ravel "La Valse"; Tchaikovsky, symphony, E minor, number 5. Since the first announcement Debussy's prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun" has been added though, in the voting for the poems. Ravel led with 349 ballots; Strauss came next with "Thus Spoke Zarathustra" 285 votes; then came Debussy's prelude, with 210 votes. Strauss's tone poem would have made the concert too long.

It may interest some to ponder the voting for a symphony: Tchaikovsky, 440, Franck 302, Brahms 116, Schubert 91, Beethoven (Pastorale) 75, Beethoven (Eroca) 66, Mozart Jupiter) 39, Schuman No. 1 39, Haydn 20.

On the other hand Sibelius received 76, Prokofieff 52, Bruckner 45.

Those who were dismayed by Carpenter's "Skyscrapers" may not like to hear that it received 116 votes and was fifth out of 15 tone poems named.

What is amazing, what is unaccountable is that Ravel's "La Valse" headed the list, receiving 64 more votes than Strauss's "Zarathustra"; 139 more votes than Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun."

NEW AND OLD PIECES BY SYMPHONY

Post Apr. 20, 1929

Jean Bedetti, Cellist Soloist—Loeffler's Music

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The last new programme of the current Symphony season, since next week's requested list offers only repetitions, that of yesterday afternoon and this evening embraces part of a Concerto Sacro for strings and a piano by Werner Josten, Faure's Elegy with Jean Bedetti as solo 'cellist, Loeffler's "La Bonne Chanson" and Schumann's Third or Rhenish Symphony.

JOSTEN'S CONCERTO

Mr. Josten, who has conducted notable revivals of ancient operas, Monteverde's and Handel's, at Northampton where as instructor in composition he now resides, is plainly of the contemporary musicians who incline to live spiritually in the remoter past. His Concerto of yesterday, for example, was inspired by a 16th century altar-piece by Matthias Gruenewald, and the music has a markedly medieval flavor. The four movements are entitled respectively: The Annunciation; The Miracle; Lament; Sepulchre and Transfiguration. Only the third and fourth were played yesterday.

In each Mr. Josten established immediately and convincingly a mood, but fails somehow to sustain and develop it, lapsing rather into mere repetitiousness and reiteration. It is unfortunate, too, that the Transfiguration section should suggest so pointedly Debussy's piano-piece "La Cathedrale Engloutie." Mr. Josten, who was present in the audience, was called and recalled to the stage.

Loeffler's Music

Likewise in Symphony Hall yesterday was Mr. Loeffler to hear a glowing and much applauded performance of a 28-year-old work which, if not his most significant composition, at least bears eloquent witness to his great skill, his warm imagination, his true distinction as a maker of music. Self-effacingly these many years Mr. Loeffler has lived and worked in nearby Medfield. Had he instead made Paris his home, one feels sure that his name and fame would have been more loudly trumpeted.

Compared to "La Bonne Chanson," which followed it yesterday Faure's Elegy seems no more than an inflated bit of salon-music, linked sweetness happily not too long drawn out. Mr. Bedetti played his part in this amiable work with his wonted finish of style and beauty of tone.

Schumann's Third

In the knowledge of the miracle of rejuvenation that Mr. Koussevitzky wrought not so long ago with Schumann's First Symphony, much was to be expected yesterday of his version of the Third, and such expectation was amply fulfilled, although the earlier piece by reason of its greater freshness offers more promising material. Of each of the five movements of the Rhenish Symphony Mr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra made much.

The first movement had due exuberance, its elate chief theme was superbly proclaimed; the homely humor of the second, the tender sentiment of the third, the solemnity of the so-called Cathedral Scene, the buoyancy of the Finale, did not escape them. And as with the First Symphony Mr. Koussevitzky made the listener feel that Schumann's much-maligned orchestration needs only a sympathetic handling to make it a suitable, even the ideal investment of his musical thought.

It should be added that the three trombonists met bravely and successfully the difficult test offered them by the fourth movement.

Symphony === "Letter"

Fortunate Day For Conductor And Composers

New Concerto Well Received, Mr. Loeffler Full-Voiced, Schumann Sounds

Trans. Apr. 20, 1929.

TO most intents and purposes the orchestral year in Boston is ending with the Symphony Concerts of yesterday and today. Next week they will contain only stock-pieces chosen by ballot—a mistaken groping for popularity that is not likely to recur. On Friday—as again this evening—they were worthy of an illustrious orchestra and conductor in high prestige, of the musically intelligent public that hears and maintains them. The program, for example, contained a novel piece, two movements from Mr. Josten's "Concerto Sacro," deserving performance and well received. Fauré's Elegy gave opportunity to the first violoncellist of the orchestra, Mr. Bedetti. "La Bonne Chanson" is not the least of Mr. Loeffler's tone-poems, and his high place among American composers is unchallenged. Finally stood Schumann's "Rhenish Symphony," seldom heard in these days, yet proving one more of Mr. Koussevitzky's fortunate revivals. Mr. Josten answered the conductor's and the audience's call to the stage, and for the first time a Bostonian public looked upon the head of the Department of Music at Smith College and the courageous producer of ancient operas. The more familiar Loeffler also acknowledged from the platform the hearty plaudits his neighbors are wont to bestow on him. Mr. Koussevitzky set to his task with the inexhaustible élan that makes not only each concert, but each piece, a new adventure; while, as usual, his pains matched his zeal. The orchestra was the sensitive and responsive instrument by him schooled and attuned. Though the customary fervors of final concerts—by the calendar—were naturally lacking, the symphonic year ended auspiciously.

Conductors leave too many of Mr. Loeffler's pieces on the shelves. When he hands them a manuscript they are quick to play it and to pass it from hand to hand. When, otherwise, they are Loeffler-minded, the convenient choice is "Pagan Poem." Possibly, "The Death of Tintagiles" and "The Devil's Villanelle" belong to another time in music, since Mr. Loeffler's life has spanned nearly seventy years. Possibly, it is the will of chance that only Boston and New York should have heard his setting of three Irish songs for orchestra and tenor voice; only Philadelphia and New York his resplendent and exalted proclamation, by orchestra and soprano voice, of St. Francis's "Hymn to the Sun." Perhaps there is no appeal from his decision to withhold his Symphony, once heard in Boston, from further public performance.

At least, "La Bonne Chanson" remains; but only Mr. Koussevitzky, as Mr. Monteux before him, seems to be aware of its existence. Yet audiences hear the tone-poem gladly and its place in the sum of Mr. Loeffler's work is unmistakably high. In more than one respect indeed, it is epitome of his abilities and his courses as composer. A poem suggested the piece and poetry has often been his prompting. He read Verlaine's "Avant que tu ne t'en ailles" and forthwith was minded to music. The poem contrasts the images of nature at dawn with the image of the poet's mistress, half-sleeping, half-waking by his side; culminates in the sun-rise. Each stanza is divided between the two sensations; moves toward the climax—"Car voici le soleil d'or"—in suspensive rhythm. Here, for example, are the first two, arresting the casual ear, as they did Mr. Loeffler's pondering them:

Avant que tu ne t'en ailles,
Pâle étoile du matin,
—Mille cailles
Chantent, chantent dans le thym—

Tourne devers le poète,
Dont les yeux sont pleins d'amour,
—L'alouette
Monte au ciel avec le jour—

Mr. Loeffler's tone-poem is self-contained music, yet in close accord with the verbal images he would transcribe into another medium. There is preluding, as in Verlaine's first stanza. A distinct motiv emerges, henceforth to pervade and fertilize the music. It is richly developed; proceeding suspensively, becomes more and more animated; culminates in the rising of the sun. Its prog-

ress through the tone-poem, more and more passionate, ever in ampler and more glowing vesture, is the musical expression of Verlaine's longing, mounting apostrophe to his wakening mistress, in the sunrise finally bathed. There are also the poet's images of nature in the dawning. Mr. Loeffler treats them as variants of his principal motiv; like Verlaine, casts them contrastingly in idyllic mood. Here, then, is the composer of music achieving a symphonic structure, with no small skill and resource, that fills the ear and lays hold upon the imagination. Here also is the composer of music who is also poet in tones. For to the tender beauty of his idyllic measures Mr. Loeffler joins the ascending passion of his pages of longing, until both are fused in a tonal spectacle, attaining its own beauty rather than a Straussian grandeur or the mere magniloquence of the opera house. "La Bonne Chanson" is almost perfect example of a a tone-poem both musically and poetically fulfilled. It is also of Mr. Loeffler and no other. With reason conductor, orchestra and audience yesterday answered to it.

Mr. Josten's "Concerto Sacro" proceeds also from external suggestion. He comes out of the Rhineland; has wandered the neighboring Alsace; saw at Colmar, in the Museum, the triptych, a panel of which is here reproduced, as it stood above the votive altar of the Isenheims. Early in the sixteenth century, Matthias Grünewald, the German "primitive," painted it. Mr. Josten, who is in his fortieth year, is true son of his time. Now his bent turns to the ancientries of music more or less modernly renewed; again he would write in the larger speech of these nineteen-twenties, as we may discover from his "Jungle," when Mr. Koussevitzky (as he intends) plays it next season. Grünewald's fresco stirred Mr. Josten to music; he found the form and the manner in the "Sacred Concertos" of the older Italians; wrote for string choir and piano; within the frame would set the beginning and the end of the life of Jesus—the Annunciation to Mary, the Nativity at Bethlehem; her lament by the tomb after the Crucifixion; a final transfiguration. Unfortunately, Mr. Koussevitzky found the whole piece too long for his program and played only the last two divisions. By their quality the first two deserved likewise to be heard, even if the concert had been twenty minutes longer. Besides, it is only fair to a composer, when his work comes to first performance, to play it in the integrity in which he conceived it.

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Mary and John Beside the Cross

Fragment of the Isenheim Votive Altar by Matthias Gruenewald, at Colmar in Alsace, Which Prompted Werner Josten to The Composition of His "Concerto Sacro" Played This Week at the Symphony Concerts

(From Hagen's "Matthias Gruenewald," by Courtesy of Robert G. Appel of The Brown Music Room at the Public Library)

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As they stand, these last two movements are timely and persuasive example of ancient form and procedure in modern day refertilized. For string choir, Mr. Josten writes of purpose a music of interwoven strands that part, meet and re-part, move in under-voices and upper-voices, follow this and that device of the ancient polyphonic style. Here and there the tonal progress, the interplay of the instrumental voices, are stiff and angular, as though the composer, in his turn, would also make a primitive fresco. On the other hand, living and working in this stimulating present, Mr. Josten does not forbear, as occasion prompts, either the richness of modern string tone or the modern art of dissonance. Moreover, his addition of a piano as instrument of percussion is distinctly modernist. In the movement of lament he uses it imaginatively and expertly. Its dissonances and timbres, as well as the repeated dissonances among the double-basses, intensify the suggestion of the Divine Tragedy wrought and mourned.

Yet Mr. Josten returns to the ancients and to the old fresco, when he holds both his music of lament and his music of transfiguration in relative repression. He does not make Mary, if it is she that mourns, plangent. The glorification of Jesus does not rend dazzling tonal skies. Rather it is of the Jesus risen who sat at meat, haloed, with the disciples at Emmaus; of the Mary who sorrowed mother-like, in the simplicity of these primitive painters, by cross and sepulchre. As a part of his imaginative and stylistic scheme, Mr. Josten keeps his tonal-palette pale-bright rather than glowing; his string choir measured rather than reverberant. To reproach him with a certain monotony of color and of movement is to deny him his prescriptive right to a design of purpose conceived, to a style—or perhaps a blending of styles—as purposefully chosen and followed. Within both he has accomplished a work of individual skill and imagination, born of the ancients, yet in accord with the musical spirit and practice of this, our day. True, his German compatriots, Hindemuth and Toch, may hardly applaud it; but it would please not a little Malipiero and Casella, who cultivate a similar vein Italian-fashion; while in Paris it would have rejoiced the late André Caplet, tonal pietist in his final days.

Between Mr. Josten's Concerto and Mr. Loeffler's tone-poem, Mr. Bedetti played the solo-part in Fauré's orchestral version of his Elegy for Violoncello. Sel-

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dom can Fauré come to hearing at a Symphony Concert because he left behind few symphonic pieces, self-contained or detachable from his music of the theater. Our violinists, pianists, string quartets, play his chamber-music rarely, because, they say, it is too finely textured, too finely flavored for "the usual audience"; because its characteristic qualities are too intrinsically French to endure exportation to other peoples. Originally the Elegy was a piece of this chamber-music—and what were its essential qualities as Mr. Bedetti and Mr. Koussevitzky disclosed them? A persistent clarity, an unvarying fineness, an instant beauty of line; the symmetry of the whole between solo-instrument and orchestra, the adroit proportioning, the delicate detailing throughout; the chisselled workmanship; the mood sustained, but not exhausted or inflated, of mournful melancholy in a quiet place, out of dear memories, to one's self. Add the tonal beauty with which Mr. Bedetti and Mr. Koussevitzky clothed the Elegy and there is not a reason to doubt that such music of Fauré may be addressed to any cultivated audience; that its traits, if intrinsically French, are also believably universal.

Schumann's Symphony in E-flat of the Rhine fell short of the triumph (as the press-agents name it) that Mr. Koussevitsky has thrice gained for the Symphony in B-flat of the spring, and might readily win also for the conjugal Second Symphony in C major Sufficient reasons leap to the pen. The "Spring Symphony" was work of Schumann's earlier, happier, most fertile years. The "Rhenish Symphony" was made in the later, distressful, Düsseldorfian days when mental insecurity and the consequent musical decay were beginning to creep upon him. In the new environment and contacts of the Rhine-country—he had previously dwelt in Central Germany—he believed he had found new promptings to music-making; but when he passed from intention to execution, mind and hand faltered. The orchestral instinct, which distributes the thought or the mood through the instrumental voices as though they were natural and expressive complement, came and went in Schumann. It is conspicuously and pathetically absent in the first movement of the "Rhenish Symphony," though curiously enough it is a burst of creative fire and imagination when the trombones sound across the so-called "Cathedral Scene." (Then also the trombonists of the orchestra gathered laurels.)

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The second movement keeps life and being only in Schumann's elaboration and glorification of a Rhineland drinking song. The slow movement hints at a drying imagination in spite of the romantic beauty of the final pages—flash-back into the Schumann of prime. In the last two divisions, first stateliness, then animation, fed by a new life freshly visioned, overcome, for the most part, creative inertia and groping.

In spite of these shortcomings in the music itself, Mr. Koussevitzky almost made it prevail. Most other conductors, in these days, condescend to Schumann. "We really ought to have one of his Symphonies, you know." Reading the score, they perceive first its faults of execution and take thought how they shall "touch it up." Mr. Koussevitzky plays Schumann because he feels him and believes in him. He is as well aware as the best of us of Schumann's limitations in the symphonic form. Yet behind them he sees the romantic vision; through them distills the romantic mood; in spite of them releases Schumann's song though the composer himself sang it clumsily. By that song the conductor conquers and by clear title Schumann's Symphonies endure. H. T. P.

Symphony Finances

Eight Hundred Guarantors bu. Still a Deficit of $43,000.

THE program-books at the Symphony Concert yesterday contained a final list of subscribers to the Guarantee Fund for the current orchestral year. They are far more numerous than ever before — approximately eight hundred. Yet the total sum pledged, $91,952, falls appreciably short of the estimated deficit, say $135,000. As it is, the Trustees still lack $43,000 to pay the working costs of the current season, in which salaries materially rose, while there was no income from broadcasting. The difference between the subscriptions and the estimated deficit practically represents this increase in operating expenses. Perhaps the public of the concerts is too willing to take for granted the ability of the Trustees to find the lacking sum.

Mr. JEAN BEDETTI was born at Lyons, France, on December 18, 1883. At the Lyons Conservatory of Music he took violoncello lessons of his father, and made his first appearance in public at a theater in Lyons when he was eleven years old, playing Davidov's concerto. He studied at the Paris Conservatory, where he was awarded a second prize in 1901; a first prize in 1902, when a first prize was awarded also to Mlle. Clément. Mr. Bedetti's teacher was Jules Loeb.* Mlle. Clément, a pupil of Cros Sainte-Ange, was named first. This action on the part of the jury was severely censured by leading critics.

Having played in concerts of chamber clubs, Mr. Bedetti became the first violoncellist of the Opéra-Comique Orchestra in 1904. In 1908 he was appointed first violoncellist of the Colonne Orchestra, playing in turn under Colonne, Pierné, and Monteux. He gave recitals in French cities, also in England, Belgium, Spain, and Switzerland. Called to the colors in the French mobilization of August 2, 1914, he served actively at the front for eighteen months. He joined the Boston Symphony Orchestra as first violoncellist in the fall of 1919. He is a member of the Burgin String Quartet and of the Fox-Burgin-Bedetti Trio, and has played in many concerts and recitals in ensemble and as soloist.

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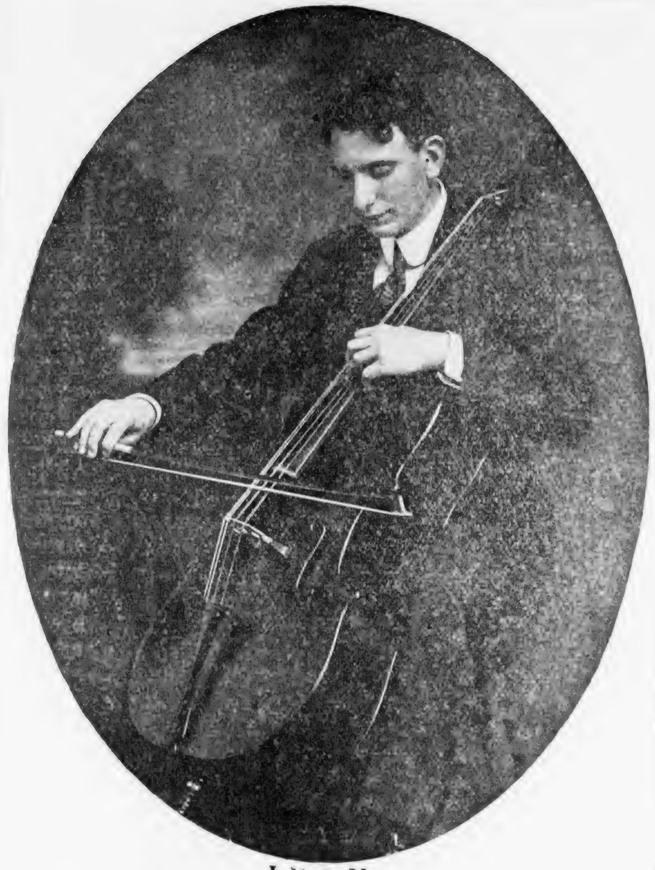
Symphony Finances

Eight Hundred Guarantors but Still a Deficit of $43,000.

THE program-books at the Symphony Concert yesterday contained a final list of subscribers to the Guarantee Fund for the current orchestral year. They are far more numerous than ever before — approximately eight hundred. Yet the total sum pledged, $91,952, falls appreciably short of the estimated deficit, say $135,000. As it is, the Trustees still lack $43,000 to pay the working costs of the current season, in which salaries materially rose, while there was no income from broadcasting. The difference between the subscriptions and the estimated deficit practically represents this increase in operating expenses. Perhaps the public at the concerts is too willing to take for granted the ability of the Trustees to find the lacking sum.

Mr. JEAN BEDETTI was born at Lyons, France, on December 18, 1883. At the Lyons Conservatory of Music he took violoncello lessons of his father, and made his first appearance in public at a theater in Lyons when he was eleven years old, playing Davidov's concerto. He studied at the Paris Conservatory, where he was awarded a second prize in 1901; a first prize in 1902, when a first prize was awarded also to Mlle. Clément. Mr. Bedetti's teacher was Jules Loeb.* Mlle. Clément, a pupil of Cros Sainte-Ange, was named first. This action on the part of the jury was severely censured by leading critics.

Having played in concerts of chamber clubs, Mr. Bedetti became the first violoncellist of the Opéra-Comique Orchestra in 1904. In 1908 he was appointed first violoncellist of the Colonne Orchestra, playing in turn under Colonne, Pierné, and Monteux. He gave recitals in French cities, also in England, Belgium, Spain, and Switzerland. Called to the colors in the French mobilization of August 2, 1914, he served actively at the front for eighteen months. He joined the Boston Symphony Orchestra as first violoncellist in the fall of 1919. He is a member of the Burgin String Quartet and of the Fox-Burgin-Bedetti Trio, and has played in many concerts and recitals in ensemble and as soloist.



JEAN
BEDETTI

BEDETTI SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Orchestra Member Wins Cordial Applause

Globe.

New "Concerto Sacro," by Prof Josten of Smith College, Performed

Jean Bedetti, first cellist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra since 1919, was heard as soloist at yesterday's Symphony concert. His playing in Faure's "Elegie" won cordial applause. The novelty of the afternoon was two movements from a "Concerto Sacro" by Prof Werner Josten of Smith College.

Charles Martin Loeffler, a composer whom Boston can claim as her own, though he was born in Alsace and now lives at Medfield, Mass, was present to acknowledge the cordial reception of his "La Bonne Chanson," first heard at these concerts in 1902 and since become part of the repertory. Prof Josten also bowed his acknowledgment from the stage for the applause which greeted his work. The only other number was Schumann's "Rhenish Symphony."

Mr Bedetti's popularity with the audience was shown by the warmth of the applause that greeted him as he took his place to play the solo in Faure's "Elegie." He has been soloist a number of times, besides numerous appearances here in recital and at chamber concerts. Faure's "Elegie," with its suavely flowing melody, restrained sentiment and subdued elegance of style, suits Mr Bedetti's talent admirably.

16th Century Character

Prof Josten, an enthusiast for ancient music, has apparently sought to give his Concerto Sacro something of the character of 16th century church music. The score contains an elaborate set of programmatic headings, particularly for the first two movements, "The Annunciation," and "The Miracle," omitted yesterday. The two latter movements, which were played, are entitled "Lament"; and "Sepulchre and Transfiguration (Instrumental Motet)." He has scored his music for string orchestra and piano. The piano, however, was made to sound yesterday like one of its ancestors, with all its hard-won sonority muffled and dulled.

Mr Josten says that he got the idea for this piece from an altar painting at Colmar by Gruenwald, who flourished about the year 1500. He has written it with self-conscious archaism of style, modal harmonies, contrapuntal part writing, a deliberate avoidance of modernity. The "Lament," a long flowing adagio, lacks melodic originality. The finale does not quite rise to the sublimity of its title.

But has there been in the whole history of music a really successful attempt to write in the style and mood of a long-vanished age? This concert, despite some appealing qualities, seemed mere antiquarianism, not devoid of kinship with the attitude that has caused so many "Ye Arte Shoppes" to flourish of late years on American main streets, to the annoyance of serious souls like Mr Sinclair Lewis.

A Dramatic Interpretation

Mr Loeffler's tone poem, suggested by Verlaine's well known verses beginning "Avant que tu ne t'en ailles," from "La Bonne Chanson," gained in impressiveness yesterday from Mr Koussevitzky's dramatic and intense interpretation. Loeffler's music, like that of Debussey and Ravel, with which it has close imaginative affinities, has too often been performed in a manner so refined and subdued as to deprive it of forcefulness.

This score has substance, vigor, emphasis, as well as color and atmosphere. It has stood the test of more than a quarter-century well, and begins to sound like a genuine, if minor, masterpiece. If only Mr Loeffler lived at Moscow or on Montmartre, there are some who would be more likely to render him due honor as a composer. But, after all, it is possible for a genius to live in a New England village, as the case of Concord in the mid-19th century proves.

Mr Koussevitzky gave an individual and not very clean-cut reading of Schumann's Third Symphony, which he had not previously conducted here. He failed to save the slow movement from banality, a feat of skill and taste of which few musicians would perhaps be capable, but made the rest of it interesting and appealing. No doubt after he has had more opportunity to familiarize himself with the score he will succeed, as he has with Schumann's First Symphony, in working out an interpretation of remarkable imaginative power. The orchestra yesterday played sloppily and carelessly at times, as it too often does. There seems no necessity of inaccurate attacks and other errors of detail at these concerts, yet they not seldom occur.

The "request program," chosen by ballot of the audience, will be played at the final pair of concerts next week. The chosen numbers are Wagner's "Meistersinger," prelude; Debussey's "Faun," Ravel's "La Valse," and Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony. Extended comment on the results of the ballot will be printed in the music and musicians department of the Sunday Globe tomorrow.

Penultimate Program of Boston Orchestra

Monitor. Apr. 26 1929

Two more Americans were honored by Serge Koussevitzky on his penultimate program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra season—though as it happens neither is a native. One of these was Werner Josten, two movements of whose "Concerto Sacro" for string orchestra and piano received a first performance in Boston. Mr. Josten, who is professor of composition and fugue at Smith College, Northampton, Mass., has attracted attention by his revival of old operas in that town. He has given there the first American performances of Monteverdi's "L'Incoronazione di Poppea" and "Il Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda," and of Handel's "Julius Cæsar" and "Xerxes." His own compositions exhibit the same interest in olden times.

The "Concerto Sacro" was inspired, the composer says, by "the mysterious dark triptych painted for the Isenheim altar at Colmar by Grünewald." There are four sections: "The Annunciation," "The Miracle," "Lament" and "Sepulchre and Transfiguration." The last two were those chosen by Mr. Koussevitzky for the present program. It is possible that they might have made a stronger impression in connection with their companion pieces. As it was, if they did not seem overwhelmingly original, they revealed an eclectic taste involving obligations to both Wagner and Debussy, and a feeling for the atmospheric possibilities inherent in an application of modern dissonances to an archaic style. Mr. Koussevitzky, one felt, strove a little overmuch to give an effective performance.

To follow this fragment with Fauré's Élégie for violoncello and orchestra was not a good stroke of program-making. It is difficult to imagine any better reason for it than that Jean Bedetti, first cellist, is expected to play one solo a season, and this work was the shortest one available. The composition itself has a distinction which was obscured by this juxtaposition. After the gloomy reflections of Mr. Josten we were in no mood to listen to the sorrows of Fauré. Mr. Bedetti, however, gave a performance marked by artistic elegance.

There was more matter in the other American contribution, Charles Martin Loeffler's "La Bonne Chanson," after Verlaine. This imaginative, poetic work had a brilliant utterance. If after 25 years it seems somewhat discursive, this is a characteristic that it shares with Schumann's Symphony in E flat, which concluded the program. The first movement, taken at a breathless pace, was a thing to stir admiration in performance, and the succeeding sections must have delighted those who relish ecclesiastical pomp, and like to listen to a good Rhenish tune, however often repeated. L. A. S.

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Twenty-fourth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 26, at 2.30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 27, at 8.15 o'clock

REQUEST PROGRAMME

Wagner . . . Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"

Debussy . . . . . "Prélude à l'Après-Midi d'un Faune" (Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun) Eclogue by S. Mallarmé

Ravel . . . . . "La Valse," Choregraphic Poem

Tchaikovsky . . . . Symphony No. 5 in E minor, Op. 64

I. Andante.
II. Andante cantabile, con alcuna licenza.
III. Valse (Allegro moderato).
IV. Finale: Andante maestoso; Allegro vivace.

There will be an intermission before the symphony

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert

WAGNER

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The audiences of the Boston Symphony orchestra chose by ballot the following compositions for the last concerts of the 48th season, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, the concerts of yesterday afternoon and tonight in Symphony hall: Wagner, prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg." Debussy, prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun." Ravel, "La Valse." Tchaikovsky, Symphony, E minor, No. 5.

The hall, naturally, was completely filled on floor and in galleries. Seldom, if ever, has an audience at these concerts showed the like enthusiasm, the like appreciation of conductor and players. The audience stood when Mr. Koussevitzky entered; it applauded vigorously and for a long time. The two Preludes and Ravel's recollection of a waltz theme by Johann Strauss to whom Ravel did not bother himself to give due credit—he was so busy with his own inventions and perversions—aroused the enthusiasm of an audience prepared to be enthusiastic. After the symphony Mr. Koussevitzky was recalled again and again. The people were loath to say "Good-bye." In this tribute, in which the orchestra joined, and not perfunctorily, there was more than admiration of his genius as a conductor; there was warm affection for the man himself.

In the balloting for the program Tchaikovsky's Symphony received 440 votes; Franck's, 302; Brahms's No. 2, 116. It is interesting to note that Schubert's "Unfinished" received only 91 votes; Beethoven's "Pastoral," 75 and the "Eroica" 66; Mozart's "Jupiter," 39; Schumann's No. 1 only 39. Among the tone poems, Ravel's "La Valse" led with 349 votes. Strauss's "Thus Spake Zarathustra" came next with 285 votes, but as the performance would have made the concert too long, Debussy's Prelude, the third in order (210 votes), was put on the program. Wagner's Prelude to "The Mastersingers" received 312 votes. Sibelius with his violin concerto (157 votes) came next. Beethoven's overture, "Leonore" No. 3 and Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" received 129 votes each.

It is a pleasure to note that Stravinsky's "Apollon Musagete" received 82 votes; Sibelius's Symphony No. 3, 76 votes; Prokofieff's "Classical" Symphony, 52; Carpenter's "Skyscrapers," 116. The ultra-conservatives and the ultra-modernists may draw their own conclusions. It may be allowed one who believes in treating Trojans and Tyrians impartially, to express wonder at the great vote given in favor of Ravel's "La Valse," which is by no means a composition of commanding rank.

Those who are forever complaining that foreign conductors ignore the music of Americans, complaining even when their compositions are of little worth, should recognize the fact that Mr. Koussevitzky this season made room for Messrs. Block, Carpenter, Copland, Foote, Hanson, Hill, Josten, Loeffler, Schelling.

Pieces by Copland, Janin, Martinu were performed for the first time anywhere. Twenty-seven compositions (including songs by Honegger), were heard for the first time in Boston. The list of soloists included Mmes. Cahier, Lassanska, Luboshutz; Messrs. Bedetti, Burgin, Ganz, Heifetz, Maeder, Orloff, Sanroma.

The following composers were represented for the first at these concerts: Frederick the Great, Helffter, Hanson, Jacobi, Janin, Josten, Kodaly, Miaskovsky, Toch.

The guest conductors were Mr. Arbos and Mr. Honegger. The latter led only his own works which as a whole did not make up an engrossing program; furthermore, he was handicapped by a pitiably inefficient soprano, as he was aided greatly by Mme. Honegger, a charming pianist who played her husband's interesting concerto. Mr. Arbos, warmly welcomed, gave exciting interpretations of music by Spanish composers.

Mr. Burgin conducted a pair of concerts in the absence of Mr. Koussevitzky; Messrs. Hanson and Schelling each conducted, the former his "Nordic" symphony; the latter his "Morocco."

It was a brilliant season, noteworthy for remarkably eloquent performances of works that were familiar, of some works that were hitherto unknown. Nor is it to be regretted that a few of the unfamiliar compositions met with little or no favor. Complacent acceptance of everything that is new and strange, interesting or dull and abhorrent, is as much to be deplored as the attitude of the poker-backed and rebellious who resent the production of anything in our idiom foreign to them. They have the anatomical organs known as ears, but they do not, they will not, hear.

Among the unfamiliar works that called for special attention by reason of their contents and the performance were Frederick the Great's delightful little symphony, Halffter's Sinfonietta, Kodaly's "Hazy Janos" suite, the beautiful and impressive symphony by Sibelius, Stravinsky's "Apollon Musagete" and Foch's piano concerto.

Performances of certain familiar works now stand out in bold relief; the music of the two Bachs and the symphonies of Beethoven, "The Roman Carnival" overture, the superb render-

ing of Brahms's violin concerto by Mr. Heifetz with the equally superb accompaniment led by Mr. Koussevitzky; Debussy's Predude to "The Afternoon of a Faun," Schumann's symphonies Nos. 1 and 3, Schubert's C major symphony, Mr. Burgin's playing of Sibelius's violin concerto, Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" and 5th symphony; Mr. Orloff's exquisite performance of Mozart's concerto. But it is not now necessary again to review the 24 concerts.

The 49th season (1929-1930), Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, will begin with the concerts of Oct. 11-12.

SYMPHONY SETS A NEW STANDARD

Koussevitzky Brings Out Beauties of Pieces

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The first "request programme' in the history of the Symphony concerts was heard yesterday at the concluding Friday matinee of the current season, and with readily predictable results. To repertory pieces played many times during the year at home and abroad Mr. Koussevitzky had but to add a final polishing to achieve an ultimate brilliance and effectiveness, while to a programme of its own choosing so played the audience must inevitably respond with wholehearted enthusiasm.

OF DAZZLING VIRTUOSITY

That the majority of the subscribers of the Friday and Saturday series who voted upon the matter should have desired to hear again Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, Ravel's "La Valse" and Wagner's Prelude to "The Mastersingers" is primarily evidence of the intrinsic appeal of those particular pieces, but they chance also to be, especially in the case of "La Valse" and the Symphony, compositions in which Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra have notably excelled.

Tchaikovsky's Symphony as directed here by Mr. Koussevitzky's immediate predecessors was hardly the absorbing tonal document presented to a delighted audience yesterday afternoon. The music was Tchaikovsky's; but it had been endowed by Mr. Koussevitzky with qualities once unsuspected in it. Hearing it there was less thought of the composer and more of conductor and orchestra, of the superlative finish, the dazzling virtuosity of the playing, of the conductor's burning ardor, his felicity with instrumental details, his dramatic conception of the whole.

Sets a New Standard

As for Ravel's apotheosis of the waltz that is Viennese, it is said that Thursday in rehearsal Mr. Koussevitzky told his men in substance that, many times as they had played the piece, he was about to show them what might be done with it. Nor was that an idle boast.

Yesterday's performance was of a brilliance unbelievable. The hardened concert-goer rubbed his ears and vowed that a new standard of orchestral playing, tonal and technical, had been established. Such playing defies description. The purplest phrases in the vocabulary of critical praise will not avail.

By virtue of the ballots it received Strauss' tone-poem "Thus Spake Zarathustra" should have had precedence over Debussy's Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun" which, by reason of its more convenient length, made the fourth piece on this requested programme. To the sonorities of Wagner, Ravel and Tchaikovsky Debussy's half-tints made, as a matter of fact, the better foil. The programme as it finally stood was admirably constituted. And if the superior object that the list suggested a glorified Pop concert, it were difficult to imagine one that would more fitly conclude a season in which in the matter of performance the orchestra had eclipsed itself.

There were rites yesterday, the observance of which has become a matter of routine. When Mr. Koussevitzky first appeared upon the stage the orchestra rose and the audience followed suit, both applauding the while. More impressive because more spontaneous was the prolonged and fervent applause at the end after Tchaikovsky's Symphony and, before the intermission, at the conclusion of Ravel's "La Valse."

Close But Not Crown To Season

'Request' Symphony Concert, With Sundry Reflections On the Ending Year

FOR the reviewer, and possibly for sundry others, both on the stage and in the auditorium, it was holiday at the final matinée, for the season, of the Symphony Orchestra. For the fifth time within three months, conductor and orchestra played in Symphony Hall the Prelude to Wagner's operatic comedy, "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg." For the fifth time within six months in the same concert-room, they also played Debussy's Prelude to Mallarmé's Eclogue, "The Afternoon of a Faun." For the fifth time within two months and a half, Chaikovsky's Symphony in E minor rounded out a Symphony Concert. For the fourth time in the course of the season there was room for that persistent repertory piece, Ravel's tone-poem, "The Waltz."

The reviewer, trained to respect his readers and his calling and to prefer fresh matter to "old stuff," declines reasonably to re-traverse pieces so recently examined in these columns. He sets before him, as light and leading, the example of the eminent editor of the programbook. Through forty-eight seasons the Symphony Concerts have continued. Yesterday, for the first time in that long course, there were no program-notes. The erudite compiler is warm and frequent admirer of Artemus Ward. Perhaps, as he scanned this "request program," he recalled a favorite phrase of that humorist—"This is 2 mutch"—and forthwith shut his files. As it was, only the annual records, tables and indexes, with the familiar list of subscribers to current expenses, filled the weekly pamphlet. Vainly the desultory minded sought the usual pages of entertaining miscellany. There was none. With the advertisements they made shift. One, deliciously, announced the program "as a musical triumph in Boston history."

Perhaps it was, though some might have chosen the adjective differently. Certainly many good people believed they had beaten down the Satan of Mr. Koussevitzky's usual programs under

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their feet, not once, but for good and all. Not an unfamiliar piece disfigured the list. The newest, "The Waltz," had been played almost annually through eight seasons; the next in chronological order dated from 1902; the third from 1892; the fourth from the first year of the orchestra. A good riddance to such bad rubbish as young men who live and work in this our time, absorb its spirit and would infuse it into their music. If a composer must be "still living," at least let him be in Monsieur Ravel's becoming fifties. If we others are to believe a distinguished and resident observer, youth went out of the fashion in New England about 1830, and through a century, less one year, has known no restoration.

Besides, what is the purpose of the Symphony Concerts, their reason for being? Long since, an eminent citizen, as spokesman for the public when Mr. Gericke took final leave, defined both. Two audiences, he said in substance, sought them. They were weary with the domestic cares, the social pleasures, the professional or the business labors of the week. Upon a Friday and a Saturday conductor and orchestra soothed and refreshed them with the music of the masters, and the great mission of both was fulfilled. Of course, conductors and a few other restless and ambitious spirits have not quite agreed to these concepts. They have even cherished and practised a notion that "the great mission" of the concerts was two-fold: to keep alive and aglow in freshening and stimulating performance the heritage of music to these days descended; to publish also, with equal ardor, the music written out of our own life for our own time. Delusions and snares both—departure from "the tradition" that masterpieces might regain living voice and image; encouragement of youth and innovation, notorious disturbers of the peace.

The artistic temperament, however, will have its vagaries; in fact under Dr. Muck and Mr. Monteux rather managed to get its way with them and prepared the ground for the more courageous and insistent Mr. Koussevitzky. Dr. Muck and Mr. Monteux are memories of the past; while now a ballot in which 5200 subscribers might have voted and no piece mustered as many as 500 votes—or one-tenth—has shown Mr. Koussevitzky his true course. Possibly and possibly not. It is within belief, fortified by sound reason, that his programs next season, in cultivation of modernists, in revivals of overlooked and deserving pieces, in catholicity from the oldest ancient to the youngest innovator, in just regard for all these essentials to the prestige of an orchestra by him restored, will much resemble those of the five years now ending. It is also within as reasonable

Fall River Dividends Slight De[c]

Fall River, April 27—L[o]porations have ordered a t[o]850 in dividends during the [la]ter of the current year, a[n]0.577 per cent on the inves[t]

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ing of Brahms's violin concerto by Mr. Heifetz with the equally superb accompaniment led by Mr. Koussevitzky; Debussy's Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun," Schumann's symphonies Nos. 1 and 3, Schubert's C major symphony, Mr. Burgin's playing of Sibelius's violin concerto, Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" and 5th symphony; Mr. Orloff's exquisite performance of Mozart's concerto. But it is not now necessary again to review the 24 concerts.

The 49th season (1929-1930), Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, will begin with the concerts of Oct. 11-12.

SYMPHONY SETS A NEW STANDARD

Koussevitzky Brings Out Beauties of Pieces

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The first "request programme' in the history of the Symphony concerts was heard yesterday at the concluding Friday matinee of the current season, and with readily predictable results. To repertory pieces played many times during the year at home and abroad Mr. Koussevitzky had but to add a final polishing to achieve an ultimate brilliance and effectiveness, while to a programme of its own choosing so played the audience must inevitably respond with wholehearted enthusiasm.

OF DAZZLING VIRTUOSITY

That the majority of the subscribers of the Friday and Saturday series who voted upon the matter should ha sired to hear again Tchaikovsky's Symphony, Ravel's "La Valse" Wagner's Prelude to "The Mast ers" is primarily evidence of the sic appeal of those particular but they chance also to be, especi the case of "La Valse" and the phony, compositions in which Mr. sevitzky and the orchestra have excelled.

Tchaikovsky's Symphony as d here by Mr. Koussevitzky's imm predecessors was hardly the abs tonal document presented to a del audience yesterday afternoon. Th sic was Tchaikovsky's; but it ha endowed by Mr. Koussevitzky qualities once unsuspected in it. ing it there was less thought composer and more of conducto orchestra, of the superlative finis dazzling virtuosity of the playi the conductor's burning ardor, hi city with instrumental details, hi matic conception of the whole.

Sets a New Standard

As for Ravel's apotheosis of the that is Viennese, it is said that T day in rehearsal Mr. Koussevitzk his men in substance that, many as they had played the piece, h about to show them what migh done with it. Nor was that a boast.

Yesterday's performance was brilliance unbelievable. The ha concert-goer rubbed his ears and that a new standard of orchestra ing, tonal and technical, had be tablished. Such playing defies d tion. The purplest phrases in t cabulary of critical praise w avail.

By virtue of the ballots it r Strauss' tone-poem "Thus Spak thustra" should have had prec over Debussy's Prelude to "The noon of a Faun" which, by re its more convenient length, m fourth piece on this request gramme. To the sonorities of Ravel and Tchaikovsky Debuss tints made, as a matter of better foil. The programme as stood was admirably constitut if the superior object that the gested a glorified Pop concert difficult to imagine one tha more fitly conclude a season in the matter of performance chestra had eclipsed itself.

There were rites yesterday, servance of which has becom ter of routine. When Mr. Kou first appeared upon the stag chestra rose and the audience sult, both applauding the wh impressive because more sp was the prolonged and ferven at the end after Tchaikovs phony and, before the inter the conclusion of Ravel's "La

$38,910,000. Only nine of companies listed have dec payments during the three iod, according to statistic G. . Haffards & Co. An ber of mills distributed di the rst quarter of this ye nal three months of 1928. bursements of $224,850 quater of this year contra 350 in the rst quarter and corresponding period a y Sagamore company will est distribution for the c namely, $60,000, represent on the $3,000,000 of ca Mills, Charlton and Luth ing also will pay 2 per cen

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	Cap
Charlton Mills	$1,20
Davis Mills	2,50
Flint Mills	1,16
King Philip Mills	2,25
Luther Mfg Co	52
Pilgrim Mills	1,20
Sagamore Mfg Co	3,00
Stevens Mfg Co	1,20
Union Cotton Mfg Co	1,20
Total	*$38,91

*Total capital of thirty-two

Record for Ten Years

Total cash payments in average quarterly rate mills for the past ten yea

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belief that the first and only venture of the Boston Symphony Orchestra into a "request program" will not for a long present be renewed.

Meanwhile it is reportorial duty to record the signs and wonders of what may prove a unique occasion in the orchestral annals: the rapt, yet easy, listening, the tumultuous applause; the audible passing of the word that everything was "tuneful" as they say of the musical plays; the happy content in the thrice-familiar; the all-pervading sense of an entertaining afternoon. There was Chaikovsky racking and baring his spirit that a less neurotic race might hear, stir and clap its hands. There was Ravel (as he told the Viennese when he handed them "The Waltz") foretelling in his final measures the end of this present pretty world, yet by a thousand elect ladies applauded. There, again, was Debussy of "The Faun," as hateful no more than twenty years ago to this same matinée public as is now, say, Dukelsky, dispensing "a message of beauty." So it went; while the casual observers on the outskirts watched amusedly, gave thanks for diversion and stored up useful reflections upon the cultural value of the art of music, symphonically embodied.

Yet chance, the ironist, would get its way. The Prelude to "Die Meistersinger" is not among Mr. Koussevitzky's most fortunate pieces; but he and the orchestra played it with finer-textured tone, less blurring pace, more songful beauty—"beauty" was the catchword of the afternoon—no farther away than the concert for the Pension Fund. Nor had "The Afternoon of A Faun" the flawless felicity of tone, the full glamour of sensuous imagery and motion that conductor and orchestra can bestow upon it. A little slower was the pace than on Tuesday last and the consequences were considerable. Not until they reached "The Waltz" and Chaikovsky's Fifth Symphony were Mr. Koussevitzky and his forces quite their puissant and magnificent selves. Yet what did it matter? The applause heaped upon both—at the coming of the conductor to a standing orchestra and a semi-standing audience, at the intermission, at the close of the concert—might well be tribute, outside a few over-wrought spirits, less to a dubious occasion than to a season ended and crowned.

Perhaps it is truest to call it the season of an orchestra restored. Since the heyday of Dr. Muck, before the shadow of the German War over-clouded him, general and particular performance has not risen so high; been so steadily sustained; borne so clearly an individual stamp. Mr. Koussevitzky and the hundred men who now work with him rather than under him, have conquered not only

the last doubters within their own city, but the larger and, possibly, the less partisan world beyond. Wherever there are individual judgments to be respected or attending publics to be regarded, the Boston Orchestra has regained its old-time prestige; translated it into the terms of a new musical day; re-asserted on many a score an ancient and honorable primacy. When the occasion is ripe and the means at hand, it may well persuade European capitals of music that prideful report does not exaggerate the high quality of orchestral performance in America; while the range and variety of such performance—program for program—puts the best European orchestras to shame.

Here in Boston, two, and sometimes three audiences weekly feed fat their pleasure in the orchestra as such an instrument. It were a twenty-four times told tale to dwell anew upon the splendor and the finesse, the sensibility and plasticity, the unity en masse, the charactered voice, division by division, of the string choir. As is Mr. Burgin who leads it, so in zest for their task are those who play beside him, down to the last of sixty-odd hands. Not every one of the wood-winds may be the ideal virtuoso for his chair, but enough sit in weekly duty to keep the choir at a clarity, euphony, vividness of tone that make it peer and complement to the strings. The octet of horns has felt the example of Mr. Boettcher, within his field virtuoso and musician of the first rank. In equal measure the brass can be sonorous or mellow with the classic composers, piercing or flaming with the modernists. The players upon the percussion instruments shade and rhythm and character, however exacting the task. Above all, the orchestra has attained to unity in variety. Plying the merits of each choir, it plays as a co-ordinated, reciprocating, stylized whole. Wide indeed is the range, because its musical susceptibility is unfailing. It is as true-voiced and graphic with the ancients as with the moderns. From it, each individualized in tone and accent, sound Strauss and Schumann, Schubert and Stravinsky. It speaks for Beethoven and Debussy, for Mozart and Bloch. Its scope is the scope of music, opened upon all hearers' ears.

"There are no orchestras," said Strauss once upon a time, "there are only conductors" and, in a sense, weekly at Symphony Hall, his saying is fulfilled. It is an old story that after five years, Mr. Koussevitzky has re-constituted and re-made the Boston Orchestra in his own image; tuned it to be his susceptible and resilient instrument. True enough; but quite as much he has brought it to present pitch by the infusion of his rarest and most salient qualities. As long as listeners have ears to hear, minds to work, imaginations to feel, they will agree and dis-

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St....	70⅞	67⅝	69	+ 1
....	29	29	29	+ 1
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pf....	50⅛	50	50⅛	+
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...se objections, the most effect- ...rt is doubtless the comment ...terday the audience was more ...stic than usual, and plainly ..., for the most part, with pro- ...performance, orchestra and con- ... So far as one could gather ...comment heard or overheard, ...grievance most of yesterday's ...had on their minds was the ...in the prices of season tickets, ...will next season range from ... down.

...re Than $40,000 Lacking

...re is still more than $40,000 ...raised toward the deficit on the ...on now ending, and the demand ...tickets is so great that the waiting ...especially for Fridays, seems cer- ...to absorb any and all places re- ...ed. The management has set the ...day prices higher than those for ...rdays, following the economist's ...about supply and demand. The ...ent subscribers have only until ... 1 to reengage their tickets.

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dissent, by which he plainest shines.

No conductor ranges more widely, yet
to every composer and to each piece he
brings a signal openess of mind. He sees
the man and the music clearly and sym-
pathetically—the intent, the design, the
substance, the manner. He would un-
derstand, and, having understood, im-
agine and project, all three with singular
simplicity and directness. Then to the
accomplishment with an energy as in-
exhaustible as it is devoted. Through
five seasons in Boston he has come to
every piece as though for the while it
was to him the most engrossing, im-
portant and stimulating thing in the
world. He has no traffic with routine.
He is stranger to inertia. He lets no
piece go by default. He "chances" no
performance. To composer and music,
to orchestra and audience, he passes
white-hot. No wonder his concerts—and
the season through—glow with an in-
candescence that Symphony Hall before
him had never known. For him the play-
ing of music is the will, the deed; the living
of life itself. As the untranslatable
French word has it, to whatever he
touches he is animateur. There is no
rarer, more signal, more conquering at-
tribute in the whole art of conducting.

—

Choosing his programs, Mr. Kousse-
vitzky would rightly foster the com-
posers of this our living and fruitful day.
Yet not always, as in this very year,
have they served him too well. Only in
Bloch's "America" and Toch's Piano-Con-
certo did they give him notable pieces.
Only in Carpenter's "Skyscrapers" Hinde-
mith's Concerto, Hill's Symphony, Loef-
fler's "Bonne Chanson" did repetition
confirm them. Martinu and Dukelsky
did no more than disclose again their
waxing talents; the Stravinsky of "Apol-
lo" worked in a narrow field; "Háry
János," graphic, fantastic, flavorsome as
Kodály was, remains light-waisted stuff.
As the chance of guest-conducting would
have it, Honegger, and not Mr. Kousse-
vitzky, achieved so remarkable a mod-
ernist piece as "Horace Victorieux." The
retort courteous was the conductor's per-
formance of the composer's "Rugby" in
far more vivid fashion than Honegger
himself could compass. For other cities,
Mr. Koussevitzky reserved it, again cour-
teously. Next season it should be Bos-
ton's lot.

The obvious resource was overlooked
composers re-animated classics, neg-
lected pieces from eminent hands. For
the first time since Dr. Muck's day,
Bruckner and Mahler, to general ap-

	43¼	40½	43¼ + 2
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Weekly Stock Record

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plause, resumed just place in the repertory of the Boston Orchestra. At the conductor's hands Sibelius's Third Symphony was recalled not only to hearing but to life. Through him twice over Schumann sounded—memorably; not less, though the composers are poles apart, Strauss's "Zarathustra." Even Frederick the Great, King of Prussia and dilettante in the arts, emerged as agreeable composer. As animateur, Mr. Koussevitzky renewed the Choral Symphony of Beethoven, the Jupiter Symphony of Mozart as, peradventure, they fell first, and with what imagined thrills, upon the Vienna in which the composers lived and wrought. Joining voice with Mr. Heifetz, he saved Brahms's Violin-Concerto from itself. . . . The record in sketchiest outline; but search the program-sheets of European or American orchestras for a comparable range, diversity and catholicity. Search—and find not.

H. T. P.

BOSTON SYMPHONY REQUEST PROGRAM

Tchaikovsky Symphony Is Brilliantly Performed

Koussevitzky and Orchestra Win Hearty Applause

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its first "request program" at the final concert of the Friday subscription series yesterday afternoon. Mr Koussevitzky and the orchestra were applauded with unusual warmth at the opening and close of the concert. The performance of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony was again remarkably brilliant. The other numbers chosen by ballot of the subscribers were Wagner's "Meistersinger" prelude; Ravel's "La Valse"; and Debussy's "Faun."

Mr Koussevitzky has made a practice of repeating at the final pair of concerts numbers heard earlier in the season. Some have objected in former seasons to his choice of pieces to play twice. So, following Mr Stokowski's custom in Philadelphia, Mr Koussevitzky this year allowed the subscribers to vote for their favorite tone poem, symphony, and piece of "music in other forms" among those played this season.

This innovation caused much discussion, and unquestionably interested the audience. It can, however, be argued that there is no reason why any piece except a novelty of overwhelming interest should be repeated during the season, except to save rehearsal time. Nor does a "request program" seem wholly suited to the dignity and seriousness of the Symphony concerts. That sort of thing savors of the Pops.

To these objections, the most effective retort is doubtless the comment that yesterday the audience was more enthusiastic than usual, and plainly delighted, for the most part, with program, performance, orchestra and conductor. So far as one could gather from comment heard or overheard, the only grievance most of yesterday's audience had on their minds was the increase in the prices of season tickets, which will next season range from $100 down.

More Than $40,000 Lacking

But there is still more than $40,000 to be raised toward the deficit on the season now ending, and the demand for tickets is so great that the waiting list, especially for Fridays, seems certain to absorb any and all places released. The management has set the Friday prices higher than those for Saturdays, following the economist's rule about supply and demand. The present subscribers have only until May 1 to reengage their tickets.

Mr Koussevitzky's way with the "Meistersinger" Prelude is too familiar to require much comment. He interprets it, not as an overture to a comedy, which is what Wagner plainly intended, but as a sonorous, broadly swelling, slow moving triumphal march. Mr Arbos' interpretation when the piece was played here last January seemed finer, truer and more spirited to at least one listener.

Ravel's "La Valse" is a favorite show piece with Koussevitzky. Here he succeeds better than in the Wagner in getting the players to carry out exactly his personal notion of the music. Those who remember the composer's interpretation when he was here last season as guest conductor will note that, although Ravel takes the piece throughout "in the movement of a Viennese Waltz." Koussevitzky does not establish and maintain that familiar rhythm but breaks it at times for the sake of making striking effects.

Mr Laurent was again singled out for a share in the applause after Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," a tribute his beautiful playing of the prominent part for solo flute richly deserved. This tone poem, now one of the most popular of modern classics, was vividly, perhaps too vividly, played.

Excellent Performance

Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, his finest work for orchestra, is music which is perfectly fitted to Mr Koussevitzky's genius as conductor. It is hard to imagine a finer performance of it than yesterday's. About the musical value of this work, there have been from the first two sharply divergent opinions. One of them, that of the majority of concert goers over 40, and of many who are younger, is that this symphony has compelling beauty and emotional power.

The other view, in which the present writer concurs with a number of musicians, is that Tchaikovsky's music lacks distinction of melodic style, elaboration of structure, variety of rhythmic effects, subtlety of harmony. The constant repetition of themes and passages grows monotonous. The symphony, in form nearer to a suite than to a symphony of Brahms, Beethoven, or Mozart; seems crude and vulgar. From it one cannot derive imaginative stimulus. It is a penance rather than a pleasure to listen to Tchaikovsky's serious music.

There is no way of settling the question of the aesthetic value of Tchaikovsky's or of any composer's music. The reviewer's only duty in the matter is to express as honestly and clearly as possible his opinion.

Tonight's repetition of this "request program" will end a season which has marked the full, and it is to be hoped, the final restoration of the prestige of the Boston Symphony as an orchestra unsurpassed anywhere in the world. For this, credit must go both to Mr Monteux and to Mr Koussevitzky. Extended comment on the season will be made in the Sunday Globe Music and Musicians column tomorrow. P. R.

Boston Symphony Concludes Season

THE forty-eighth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the fifth under the dictatorship of Serge Koussevitzky, comes to a conclusion with the concerts of this week, April 26 and 27. By way of innovation, the conductor permitted the audiences to arrange the final program, by balloting for favorites in three groups of works played during the season: symphonies, tone poems and music in other forms. This radical move, though it has been tried elsewhere, notably in Philadelphia

and Cincinnati, was viewed by some with alarm. Yet the result of the experiment does not seem to threaten the foundations of the orchestra. The public's choice, though conservative, was by no means unintelligent. The compositions which received the largest number of votes were the Prelude to "Meistersinger," Ravel's "La Valse," Strauss's "Zarathustra" and Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, in E minor. Since "Zarathustra" was too considerable a work to find place with the other items in a program that must be kept within time limits acceptable to an American audience, Mr. Koussevitzky substituted for it the third choice in the tone poem group, Debussy's Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun."

A Glorious Climax

The performance of these works, all of which have been heard and commented on in recent months, was a glorious climax to a brilliant season. The symphony had been played in every series of concerts given by the orchestra this year, but there is no let-down while Koussevitzky holds the stick. This symphony is singularly congenial to him, and his interpretation of it is one of his supreme accomplishments. Yet his genius adapts itself likewise to the exuberance of the "Meistersinger" Prelude and to the fantasy of the "The Afternoon of a Faun." His reading of "La Valse" excites admiration, though under his baton the work lacks the primitivism which the composer himself imparts to it. There were the usual warm leave-takings.

Thus is concluded one of the most brilliant seasons in the history of the orchestra; probably the most brilliant, but as the present commentator has not heard all 48 of them, he will not venture to say so. As usual, Mr. Koussevitzky bestowed novel pieces with a lavish hand; if they do not all promise to become permanent accessions to the repertory, the conductor cannot be blamed for that. Probably there will be no widespread demand for further hearing of any of the three works performed for the first time anywhere: Copland's Two Pieces for String Orchestra, Janin's Symphonie Spirituelle, 'Alleluia," and Martinu's "La Symphonie."

But there were several items of deeper interest among the 27 compositions heard for the first time in Boston. Ernest Bloch's prize piece "America," attracted most public interest. As it was avowedly not written for "highbrows," it is perhaps not surprising that many of the learned were moved to condemn it. Within a week it had become a bromidium to call the final chorus "banal." But when the tumult has quieted down, it probably will be realized that Bloch accomplished with admirable artistry what he set out to do, and that even his anthem is no more banal musically than the two that were already competing for the national title; the only difficulty is, it is no better.

Halffter's Sinfonietta

An excellent impression was left by the Sinfonietta in D major of Halffter, who, although young, is able to set down his musical thoughts simply and directly, without proclaiming either new æsthetic theories or a "return" to the ancient masters. This was introduced by Mr. Arbós as guest conductor. The three most considerable of the remaining novelties were Mahler's "Song of the Earth," Miaskovsky's Eighth Symphony and Sibelius's Third; for acquaintance with which musical Boston should render thanks to Mr. Koussevitzky. "Apollon Musagète" indicated that the art of Stravinsky is still stationary. Toch's Piano Concerto, upon which a great deal of laudation has been lavished, seemed to the present observer merely meretricious. Nor were we amused by Dukelsky's Symphony in F major. The suite from Kodály's "Háry János," on the other hand, was a delightful addition to the repertory.

Alfredo Casella resumes on May 1 the direction of the Pop concerts, which he has brought to a new level of musical distinction.

Mr. Koussevitzky is returning next year. The length of his engagement is not announced, but it looks as if his stay might be indefinite. It is only necessary to hear other orchestras of the first rank which have been left for prolonged periods to the ministrations of guest conductors, to realize how important it is that one man should be on the dais permanently. If that man happens to be Koussevitzky, why then—so much the better for Boston. It used to be the fashion to praise the Boston orchestra by saying that it was at its best "since Muck's day." The Muck reservation may now safely be omitted.

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BEETHOVEN	Symphony No. 1, in C major
	Symphony No. 3, "Eroica"
	Symphony No. 6, "Pastorale"
BLOCH	"America," An Epic Rhapsody
BRAHMS	Symphony No. 2, in D major
BRUCKNER	Symphony No. 8, in C minor
DUKELSKY	Symphony in F major
FRANCK	Symphony in D minor
FREDERICK THE GREAT	Symphony No. 3, in D major
HALFFTER	Sinfonietta
HANSON	Nordic Symphony No. 1
HAYDN	Symphony in G major, "Surprise"
HILL	Symphony in B-flat
MAHLER	"Das Lied von der Erde," Symphony
MIASKOVSKY	Symphony No. 8
MOZART	Symphony in C major, "Jupiter"
PROKOFIEFF	"Classical" Symphony
SCHUBERT	Symphony No. 4, "Tragic"
	Symphony No. 5, in B-flat major
	Symphony No. 7, in C major
	Symphony in B minor, "Unfinished"
SCHUMANN	Symphony No. 1, in B-flat
	Symphony No. 3, in E-flat, "Rhenish"
SIBELIUS	Symphony No. 3
TCHAIKOVSKY	Symphony No. 5 in E minor

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	Symphony No. 6, "Pastorale"
Bloch	"America," An Epic Rhapsody
Brahms	Symphony No. 2, in D major
Bruckner	Symphony No. 8, in C minor
Dukelsky	Symphony in F major
Franck	Symphony in D minor
Frederick the Great	Symphony No. 3, in D major
Halffter	Sinfonietta
Hanson	Nordic Symphony No. 1
Haydn	Symphony in G major, "Surprise"
	Symphony in B-flat
Mahler	"Das Lied von der Erde," Symphony
Miaskovsky	Symphony No. 8
Mozart	Symphony in C major, "Jupiter"
Prokofieff	"Classical" Symphony
Schubert	Symphony No. 4, "Tragic"
	Symphony No. 5, in B-flat major
	Symphony No. 7, in C major
	Symphony in B minor, "Unfinished"
Schumann	Symphony No. 1, in B-flat
	Symphony No. 3, in E-flat, "Rhenish"
Sibelius	Symphony No. 3
Tchaikovsky	Symphony No. 5 in E minor

TONE POEMS

Carpenter	"Skyscrapers"
Debussy	"Iberia"
	Nocturnes ("Nuages and Fêtes")
	Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun"
Goldmark	"A Negro Rhapsody"
Honegger	"Horace Victorieux"
Ibert	"Féeriques"
Loeffler	Poem, "La Bonne Chanson"
Martinu	"La Symphonie"
Ravel	"La Valse," Choregraphic Poem
	"Alborada del Grazioso"
Schelling	"Morocco"
Scriabin	"Poem of Ecstasy"
Strauss	"Also Sprach Zarathustra"
	"Tod und Verklärung"
Turina	"La Procession del Rocio"

MUSIC IN OTHER FORMS

Albeniz	Suite "Iberia"
Bach, J. S.	Brandenburg Concerto No. 4 for Violin, 2 Flutes and Strings
Bach, C. P. E.	Concerto for Orchestra
Beethoven	Overture to "Leonore" No. 3
Berlioz	Overture, "Le Carnaval Romain"
Copland	Two Pieces for String Orchestra
DeFalla	Three Dances from "The Three Cornered Hat"
Foote	Suite in E major for String Orchestra
Fauré	Élégie, for Violoncello
Goosens	Rhythmic Dance
Handel	Concerto Grosso in B minor, No. 12
Hindemith	Concerto for Orchestra, Op. 38
Honegger	"Chant de Nigamon"
	"Pastorale d'Été"
	"Rugby"
	"Pacific 2-3-1"
Jacobi	Indian Dances
Janin	"Symphonie Spirituelle"
Josten	"Concerto Sacro" for String Orchestra
Kodaly	Suite "Háry János"
Moussorgsky–Ravel	"Pictures at an Exhibition"
Sibelius	Concerto for Violin and Orchestra
Strauss	Salomé's Dance, from "Salomé"
Stravinsky	"Apollon Musagète"
Tchaikovsky	Overture-Fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet"
Toch	Concerto for Piano and Orchestra
Wagner	Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"

(Pieces are omitted which would require chorus or soloists unobtainable at this time.)

Request Programme

The results are here announced of the vote made by the audiences of the Friday Afternoon and Saturday Evening Series for the programme of the closing pair of Boston Symphony concerts next week. The ballot listed the music played this season, each voter signifying his choice of one in each of three classifications.

The programme, thus determined, will be as follows—

(Friday Afternoon, April 26, at 2.30,
Saturday Evening, April 27, at 8.15)

Wagner....Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"
Debussy.....Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun"
Ravel.....“La Valse,” Choregraphic Poem
Tchaikovsky.....Symphony No. 5 in E minor, Op. 64

The final count shows the following results:

	Symphonies	*Voices*
Tchaikovsky	Symphony No. 5 in E minor	440
Franck	Symphony in D minor	302
Brahms	Symphony No. 2 in D major	116
Schubert	Symphony in B minor (“Unfinished”)	91
Sibelius	Symphony No. 3	76
Beethoven	Symphony No. 6 (“Pastorale”)	75
Beethoven	Symphony No. 3 (“Eroica”)	66
Prokofieff	“Classical Symphony”	52
Bloch	“America,” An Epic Rhapsody	51
Bruckner	Symphony No. 8 in C minor	45
Mozart	Symphony in C major, “Jupiter”	39
Schumann	Symphony No. 1 in B-flat	39
Schubert	Symphony No. 7 in C major	37
Mahler	Symphony, “Das Lied von der Erde”	29
Beethoven	Symphony No. 1 in C major	28
Haydn	Symphony in G major, “Surprise”	20
Hanson	Nordic Symphony	10
Schubert	Symphony No. 4, “Tragic”	9
Dukelsky	Symphony in F major	6
Hill	Symphony in B-flat	6
Frederick the Great	Symphony No. 3	5
Schubert	Symphony No. 5 in B-flat	4
Halffter	Sinfonietta	3
Miaskovsky	Symphony No. 8	1

Tone Poems

RAVEL	"La Valse," Choregraphic Poem	349
STRAUSS	"Also Sprach Zarathustra"	285
DEBUSSY	Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun"	210
SCRIABIN	"Poem of Ecstasy"	161
CARPENTER	"Skyscrapers"	116
STRAUSS	"Tod und Verklärung"	82
DEBUSSY	"Iberia"	60
GOLDMARK	"A Negro Rhapsody"	51
DEBUSSY	"Nocturnes"	49
SCHELLING	"Morocco"	20
HONEGGER	"Horace Victorieux"	14
TURINA	"La Procession del Rocio"	8
RAVEL	"Alborada del Grazioso"	5
MARTINU	"La Symphonie"	4
IBERT	"Féeriques"	1

Music in Other Forms

WAGNER	Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"	312
SIBELIUS	Concerto for Violin and Orchestra	157
BEETHOVEN	Overture to "Leonore" No. 3	129
TCHAIKOVSKY	Overture-Fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet"	129
MOUSSORGSKY-RAVEL	Pictures at an Exhibition	103
STRAVINSKY	"Apollon Musagète"	82
BACH	Brandenburg Concerto No. 4	80
STRAUSS	Salome's Dance from "Salomé"	65
HANDEL	Concerto Grosso No. 12	53
FOOTE	Suite in E minor for String Orchestra	50
BACH, C. P. E.	Concerto for Orchestra	48
TOCH	Concerto for Piano and Orchestra	37
BERLIOZ	Overture, "Le Carnaval Romain"	36
KODALY	Suite "Hary Janos"	27
HONEGGER	"Pacific 2-3-1"	25
ALBENIZ	Suite, "Iberia"	23
DE FALLA	Dances from "The Three-Cornered Hat"	11
GOOSENS	Rhythmic Dance	6
HONEGGER	"Rugby"	6
HINDEMITH	Concerto for Orchestra	4
JACOBI	Indian Dances	4
COPLAND	Two Pieces for Orchestra	3
HONEGGER	"Pastorale d'Été"	2
JANIN	"Symphonie Spirituelle"	2
HONEGGER	"Chant de Nigamon"	1

SYMPHONY HALL BOSTON

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 24, 1929

at 3.30

CONCERT IN AID OF THE ORCHESTRA'S

Pension Fund

BY THE

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

PROGRAMME

Overture to "RIENZI"
Prelude to "LOHENGRIN"
Ride of the Valkyries from "THE VALKYRIE"
Magic Fire Music from "THE VALKYRIE"

RICHARD WAGNER

Forest Murmurs from "SIEGFRIED"
Prelude and Love-Death from "TRISTAN AND ISOLDE"
Prelude to "THE MASTERSINGERS OF NUREMBERG"

RICHARD WAGNER

Facts about the Pension Fund

(Boston Symphony Orchestra Pension Institution, Founded 1903)

MEMBERSHIP:

All members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are eligible.

BENEFICIARIES:

Former members who served ten years or more (at present 67)
Widows of former pensioners (at present 13)
Orphaned children under 16 (at present 1)

PENSIONS:

The amount of pension varies according to length of service, age, residence, and earnings.

The individual pensions paid each year vary from $50 to $500. There are now 71 pensioners, receiving a little more than $17,000 yearly.

SOURCES OF FUNDS:

DUES. Each member pays an annual installment until, over a period of twenty to twenty-five years, he has paid in a total of $750. If a member resigns he may withdraw dues paid.

CONCERTS.

INTEREST AND EARNINGS ON INVESTMENTS.

GIFTS.

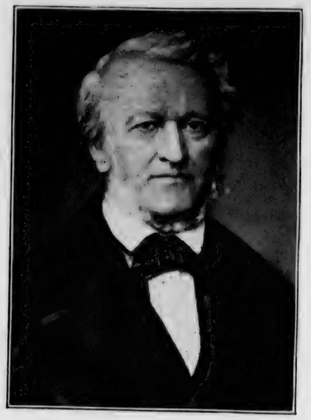
OFFICERS:

Trustees—FREDERICK P. CABOT
ARTHUR LYMAN
BENTLEY W. WARREN

Treasurer—GEORGE E. JUDD

The outstanding need of the Fund is to be able to increase its maximum payment to pensioners having little or no means of support. This can only come about through continued capacity audiences for the Pension Fund concerts and donations to the permanent fund, which the officers of the Fund will be pleased to receive at any time.

Pension Fund Concert for March 24 is entirely sold out



WAGNER

PENSION FUND CONCERT

For the pension fund concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra Mr. Koussevitzky arranged this Wagner program: Overture to "Rienzi"; Prelude to "Lohengrin"; Ride of the Valkyries from "The Valkyrie"; Wotan's Farewell and Magic Fire Music from "The Valkyrie"; baritone, David Blair McClosky; Forest Murmurs from "Siegfried"; Prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde"; Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

Since the orchestra had drawn an audience filling Symphony hall in response to their appeal for the pension fund, it was meet and right that they should show their well-wishers what they can do. They rose to the occasion.

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We hearers were treated to it yesterday; the entire band, thundering through Wagner at his fullest scoring, cut clear as Mr. Laurent played his flute alone.

More admirably, even, than their wont, the players shaped melody yesterday. Like the greatest of singers they sang, violins, the flute, horns, trumpets too, and 'cellos. Like the greatest of singers, mind. What could not lesser singers learn from these players, if only they had ears in their heads, of the proper way with melody! Of the quickening power of rhythm they could also learn much, of the contentment, too, that lies in a perfect attack, the charm inherent in a skilful release. Hats off before Mr. Koussevitzky, the restorer of the orchestra, technically and musically both, to its highest estate.

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R. R. G.

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Treasurer—GEORGE E. JUDD

The outstanding need of the Fund is to be able to increase its maximum payment to pensioners having little or no means of support. This can only come about through continued capacity audiences for the Pension Fund concerts and donations to the permanent fund, which the officers of the Fund will be pleased to receive at any time.

Pension Fund Concert for March 24 is entirely sold out

WAGNER

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SYMPHONY HALL

BEETHOVEN'S NINTH SYMPHONY

58th Concert in Aid of the Orchestra's

PENSION FUND

BY THE

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

Assisted by

HARVARD GLEE CLUB
Dr. ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON, Conductor

RADCLIFFE CHORAL SOCIETY
G. WALLACE WOODWORTH, Conductor

(The Choruses are generously giving their services for this concert)

SOLOISTS

JEANNETTE VREELAND, Soprano — PAUL ALTHOUSE, Tenor
NEVADA VAN DER VEER, Contralto
FRASER GANGE, Bass

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 18, 1928
AT 3.30

(One performance only)

All places have been taken for the Orchestral's Pension Fund Concert of November 18

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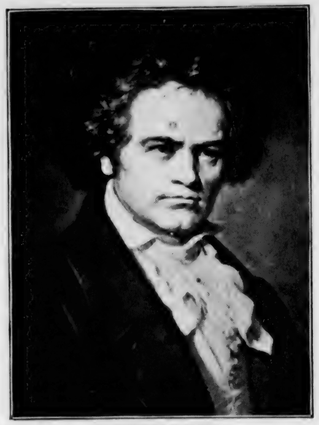

BEETHOVEN

Herald, Nov. 19, 1926.

PENSION FUND CONCERT

For the fall concert in aid of the Symphony orchestra's pension fund Mr. Koussevitzky evidently concluded he could scarcely do better than to repeat Beethoven's ninth symphony, a work with which he roused high enthusiasm at the Beethoven centenary a year and a half ago. To assist him in his endeavor he called in the help of the Harvard Glee club, Dr. Archibald T Davison, conductor; the Radcliffe Choral society, G. Wallace Woodworth, conductor; Jeannette Vreeland, soprano; Nevada Van Der Veer, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor, and Fraser Gange, bass, and because he felt the symphony something too short for a full afternoon's entertainment he preceded it with the overture to Leonore, No. 3.

In his choice of attractions Mr. Koussevitzky showed sound judgment. Every seat was occupied, and most of the possible standing room. For the overture the audience expressed approval extremely hearty, and for the symphony they proceeded to demonstrations more emphatic still, for all three conductors concerned. The concert proved an occasion.

About an occasion it is rarely necessary to write many words of critical comment.

Let it answer, therefore, to set down the opinion that Mr. Koussevitzky, in quite his highest form, made the drama of Leonore more operatically dramatic than even is his wont. The symphony's scherzo, judiciously paced, he threw off with amazing brilliance. Taking, too, the adagio, at a normal tempo, he read it nobly, with an inspiring sensitiveness to its beauty of color scheme and, of greater importance, to its extraordinary beauty of melody.

In robuster mood when he approached the first movement and the last, Mr. Koussevitzky chose to present them both as a music of mass, of bulk; by the pyramids along the Nile they might have been suggested, or the great Chinese wall we read about. Although not everybody hears these great movements so merely massive and big, there is no denying that Mr. Koussevitzky, who does so hear them, is a master hand at swelling bigness to something truly enormous.

He had excellent help yesterday. The soloists stood secure and firm. The choruses, admirably trained, were able to give Mr. Koussevitzky, at the instant he made the signal, the vast waves of sound he wanted—even as they gave Mr. Monteux, a few years ago, the finer shading he called for. They sang, it should be recorded, accurately in tune. Valuable help, in very truth, they lent Mr. Koussevitzky, And the audience approved.

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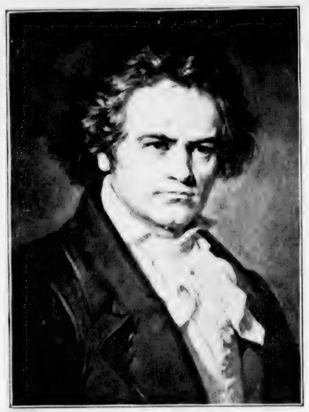

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SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS

THE AFTERNOONS OF

Tuesday, December 18, and Wednesday, December 19, 1928

at 4 o'clock

BY THE

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

W. H. BRENNAN, Manager G. E. JUDD, Asst. Manager

Serge Koussevitzky will conduct the first three numbers, and Richard Burgin the last two. There will be brief explanatory remarks with stereopticon slides, by Alfred H. Meyer.

PROGRAMME FOR BOTH CONCERTS

HAYDN . Two movements from the "Surprise" Symphony in G major
- a. Andante
- b. Finale: Allegro di molto

MENDELSSOHN . Andante from the Violin Concerto in E minor, Op. 64
Violin Solo: Richard Burgin

STRAVINSKY . Orchestral Suite from the Ballet "Petrouchka"
Russian Dance—Petrouchka—Grand Carnival—Nurses' Dance—The Bear and the Peasant playing a Hand Organ—The Merchant and the Gypsies—The Dance of the Coachmen and Grooms—The Masqueraders.
Piano Solo: Bernard Zighera

MOZART . . . Larghetto from the Horn Concerto No. 3
French Horn Solo: Georg Boettcher

BERLIOZ . . Two Pieces from "The Damnation of Faust"
- a. Ballet of the Sylphs
- b. Rakoczy March

Three hundred desirable floor seats have been reserved, to be sold directly to individuals for their children.

These special reserved tickets are available to Symphony Subscribers at the Symphony Hall box office at $1. each. No adult will be admitted unless accompanied by one or more children.

The balance of the seats will, as before, be offered through the schools of Greater Boston at 35 cents each.

Widening the Field

New Arrangements for the Young People's Concerts of The Symphony Orchestra

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At the concerts on Dec. 18 and 19 at 4 P. M., Mr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Burgin will conduct. Short explanatory remarks will be made by Mr. A. H. Meyer, and a few of the instruments and composers will be illustrated by stereopticon slides.

The program for those concerts traverses: Two movements—Andante and Finale—from Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony; the Slow Movement from Mendelssohn's Concerto for Violin with Mr. Burgin as violinist; sharp-rhythmed numbers from Stravinsky's ballet, "Petrushka"; the Slow Movement from a Concerto for Horn by Mozart with Mr. Boettcher to play the solo-part; Dance of Sylphs and Hungarian March from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust."

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS

THE AFTERNOONS OF

Tuesday, March 19, and Wednesday, March 20, 1929

at 4 o'clock

BY THE

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

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W. H. BRENNAN, Manager G. E. JUDD, Asst. Manager

Mr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Burgin will be the conductors of this programme. There will be brief explanatory remarks with stereopticon slides by Alfred H. Meyer.

PROGRAMME FOR BOTH CONCERTS

HANDEL . . . . Movements from the Concerto Grosso No. 12 for String Orchestra

Larghetto—Allegro

PROKOFIEFF . . . . . "Classical" Symphony, Op. 25

I. Allegro
II. Larghetto
III. Gavotte
IV. Finale

BACH . . . . . Arioso (Violoncello solo with organ)

Violoncello—JEAN BEDETTI
Organ—ALBERT W. SNOW

MOUSSORGSKY . . Excerpts from "Pictures at an Exhibition" (Arranged for Orchestra by Ravel)

a. Bydlo
b. Ballet of Chicks in their Shells
c. Samuel Goldenberg and Schmuyle
d. The Hut on Fowl's Legs

J. STRAUSS . . . . . Waltz—"Vienna Blood"

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Herald Mch. 22, 1929.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

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It may have been that youth from city apartments could hardly grasp a tonal representation of the heavy-breathing, labored swing of tired oxen and the creaking rumble of wooden carts so vividly described by Mr. Meyer in his interpretation of "Bydlo." But they liked it. And they surely caught the contented barnyard sounds in the "Ballet of Chicks in Their Shells," and the intonations of the two talkative Hebrews in the number, "Samuel Goldenberg and Schmuyle," if one might judge by happy chuckles. With a fairy story of an old Russian witch and an ill-treated maiden wandering in the woods haunting their memories, there was nothing for it but to be merry over "The Hut on Fowl's Legs."

The program began with Movements from the Concerto Grosso No. 12, by Handel, Larghetto-Allegro, continuing with the "Classical" Symphony, Opus 25, by Prokofieff and the Arioso by Bach. In the last-named number Jean Bedetti played the violoncello, with Albert W. Snow accompanying at the organ. Mr. Koussevitsky conducted throughout this part of the program. Mr. Burgin was the conductor for the Moussorgsky numbers and the final waltz, "Voices of Spring," by Strauss.

The Boston Symphony orchestra lived up to its high standard of perfection in the performance. Mr. Meyer gave an entertaining and informative account of each composer and the selections which were to be played before each rendition, illustrated with the stereopticon. The program will be repeated this afternoon at 4 o'clock.

F. A. B.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

FORTY-NINTH SEASON (1929-1930) OF THE

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

---

24 Friday Afternoon Concerts

24 Saturday Evening Concerts

BEGIN OCTOBER 11-12, 1929

RENEWAL CARDS HAVE BEEN MAILED TO ALL FRIDAY AND SATURDAY SUBSCRIBERS. IF ANY SUBSCRIBER HAS NOT RECEIVED HIS NOTICE, HE IS REQUESTED TO APPLY AT THE SUBSCRIPTION OFFICE.

Please note that the option for renewal expires May 1, after which date any seats not subscribed may be allotted to the waiting list.

W. H. BRENNAN, Manager,
Symphony Hall, Boston.

Herald Mch. 20, 1929.

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Symphony Hall, Boston.

LECTURES

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Viewed without irritation, the increase seems warranted. The outgo of the orchestra has risen and tends to rise. It can give no more concerts in a season—and keep its standards—than it now undertakes. It can play to no larger audiences, since everywhere they now fill the halls. A larger income is necessary; only in higher prices for seats can it be gained. That increase has been distributed as justly as ingenuity could accomplish it. The relative ability to pay between the publics of Friday and Saturday was thoroughly considered. For either series there is a considerable residue of low-priced seats—$35 and $25; for the evening series, indeed, they are numerous. Furthermore: both weekly audiences now listen to an orchestra restored to the first rank; to a truly illustrious conductor; to the most widely ranging and generally interesting programs now proffered at any symphony concerts the world over. For what one would have and enjoy, keep as a standard at home and as a boast abroad, one must also pay. The Symphony Orchestra can be neither a philanthropic nor a popular institution—and survive.

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Signs of Good Will Trans. Apr. 29. 1924.

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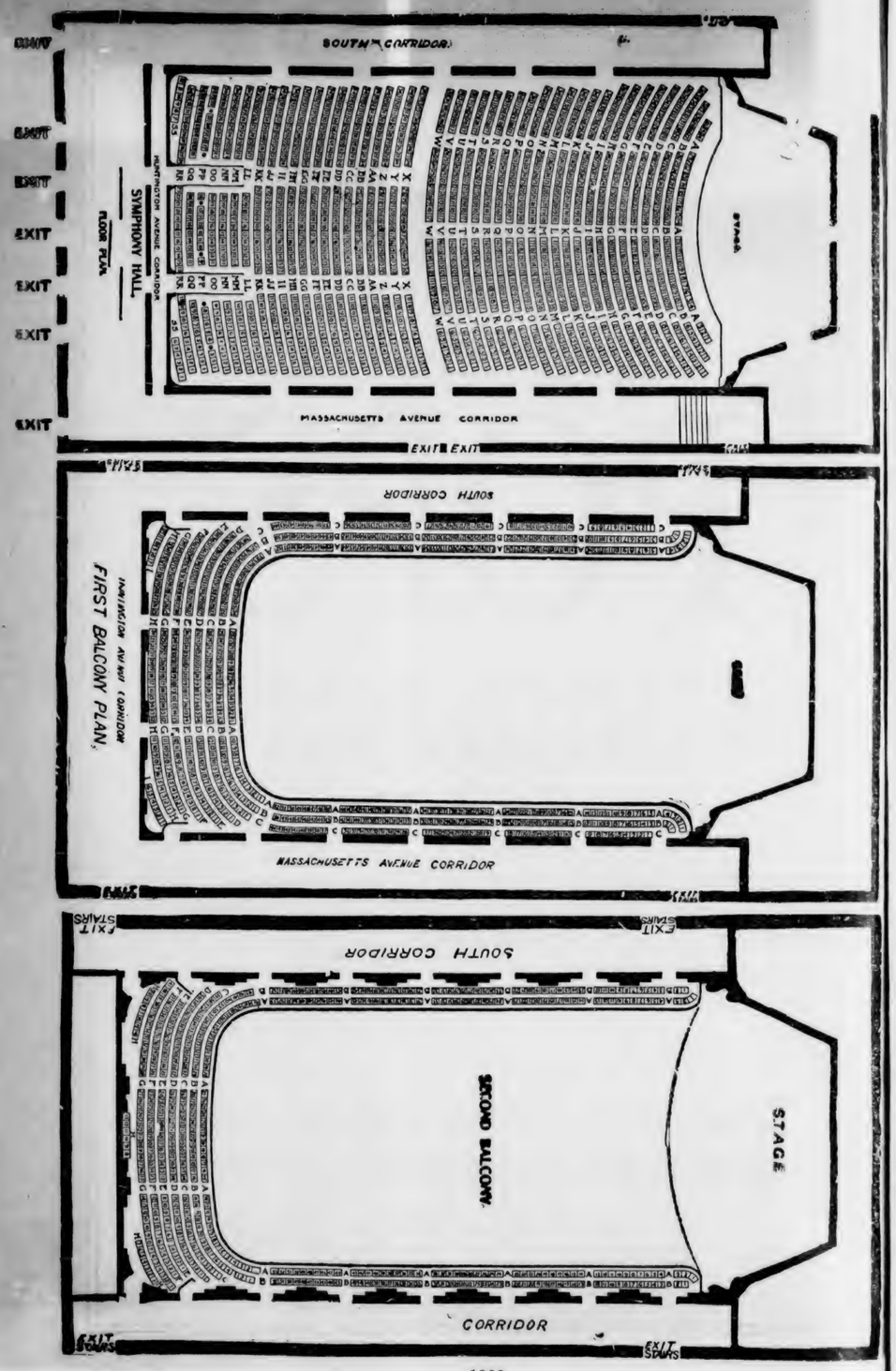

1862

Their Places In the Long Creative Line

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March 23, 1929

Mahler and Bruckner Return By Just Right and Title To Symphony Hall

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"Three groups of musicians stand between Beethoven and Mahler," says Paul Bekker in the opening chapter of his book, "Gustav Mahler's Symphonies," in which the chapter entitled "The Symphonic Style," is the principal basis for this article. The first of these groups includes the romanticists of central Germany—Mendelssohn, Schumann, Brahms. Beethoven's monumental conceptions they were unable to attain. Their horizon is narrower, Beethoven's vision encompassing all humanity is replaced in part by the tasteful literary interest of cultured circles. A second group is that of the program musicians under the leadership of Liszt. Their view is broader than that of the romantic symphonists; but at its worst their product degenerates into a music merely descriptive.

"While these two groups, fighting for supremacy, were in control of the field, a third is growing up in the quiet that results from a lack of external success, —that of the Austrian symphonists. Franz Schubert is their herald, Anton Bruckner their most powerful elemental force, Gustav Mahler fulfills their aims." They discard programs; like Beethoven, plan monumentally; substitute romantic naturalism and pantheistic religiosity for the strictly ethical humanism of Beethoven.

substance of the symphonic problem as Beethoven bequeathed it to the world.

One can judge the [illegible] of Beethoven by the extent to which they were aware of the existence of this problem. Schumann recognized the dangers of the Adagio and Brahms wisely substituted his Allegretti for the Scherzo. Both these composers also sought for greater thematic and poetical unity between the different movements. But the problem of the finale they all evaded, being content with the unclimactic gay ending or the apotheosis. For them Beethoven remained an ideal, his problem a riddle. Not even progress was made toward a solution. Liszt proceeded differently. Recognizing the four-fold problem, he solved it (in his sonata) by realizing the importance of the first movement, extending it to cover the whole work, and introducing slow movement and scherzo as episodes along the way. But this was evasion rather than solution, for Liszt himself returned to the multiple-movement work in his Faust and Dante symphonies.

Schubert, eldest 2 of the Austrians, shows his symphonic method in his two greatest symphonies, the "Unfinished" and the Seventh in C major. The latter brings no sign of the recognition of a symphonic problem. Schubert simply, almost naïvely, made music. "The geniality of this work lies . . . in the independence and the boldness with which he storms past Beethoven, thereby proving his power and vitality. Probably the earlier B minor symphony had been similarly planned. The noteworthy consideration is that it was never completed. Here was attempted a series of moods which had been foreign to the expressive powers of the symphony—that mystical, darkening dreaminess which rises from the dull theme of the bases . . . to a piercing premonition of death; then loses itself in the Andante in distant fantasies of celestial visions—finally never to discover the way back. Why did Schubert stop?

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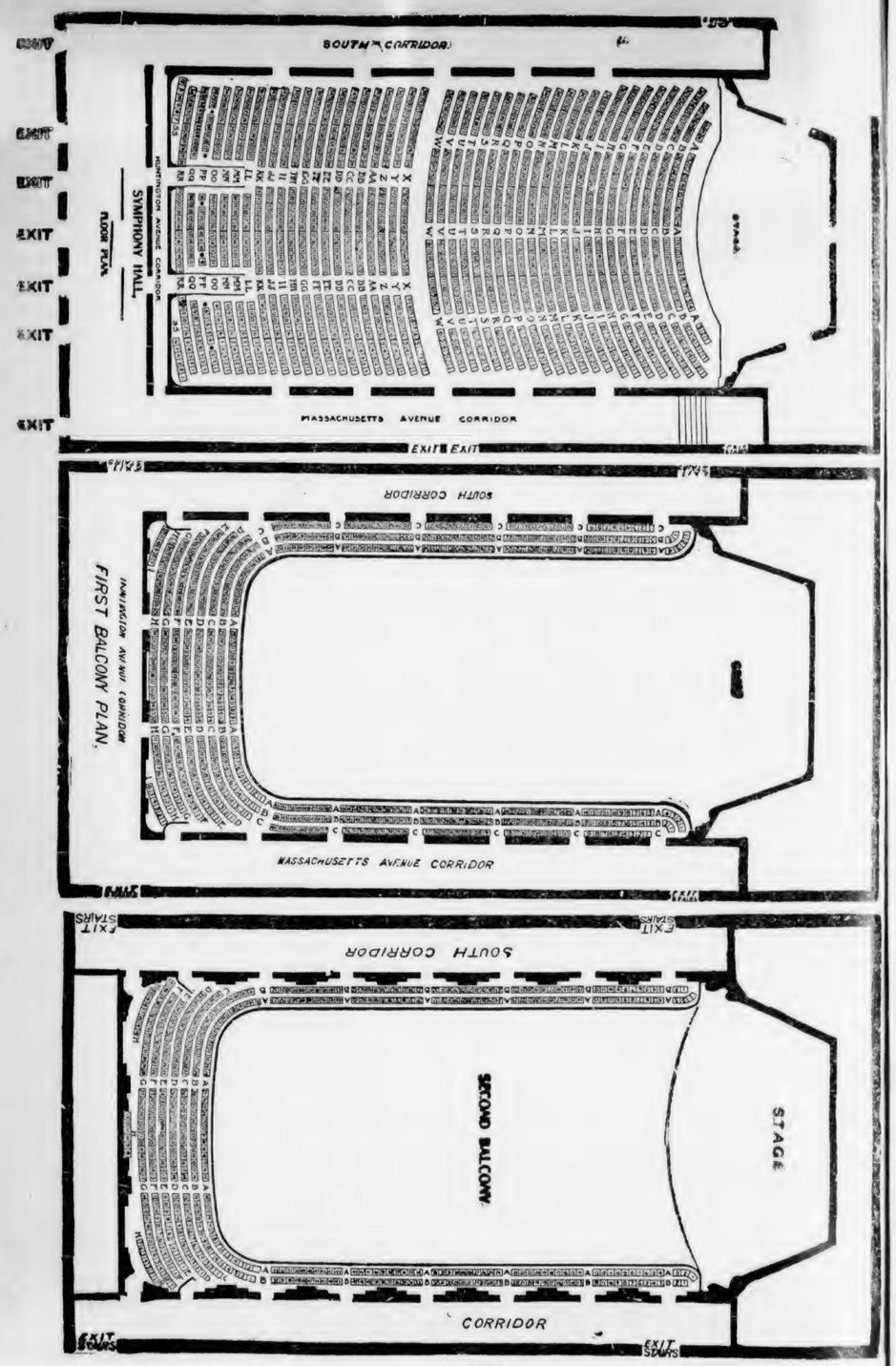

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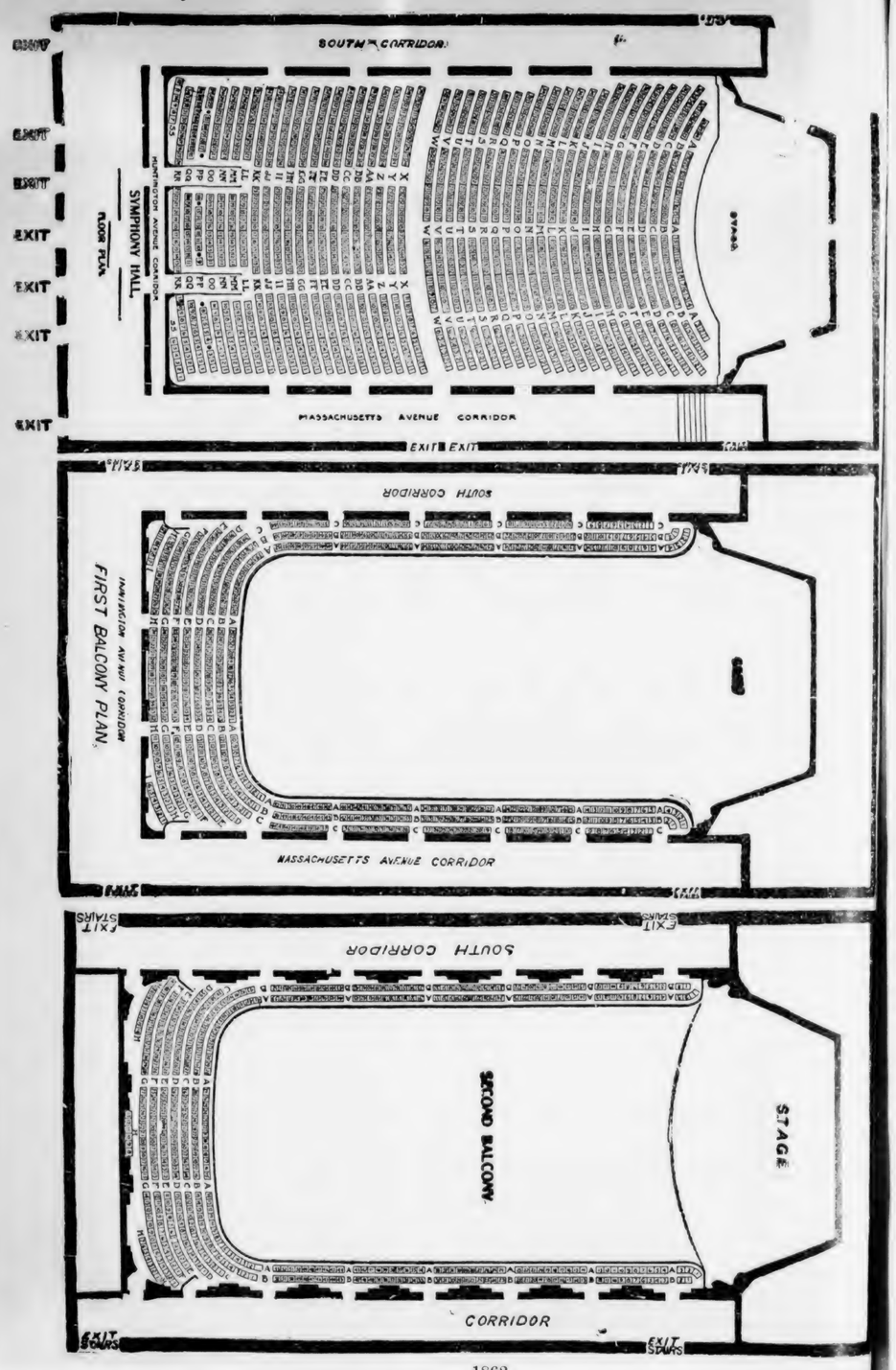

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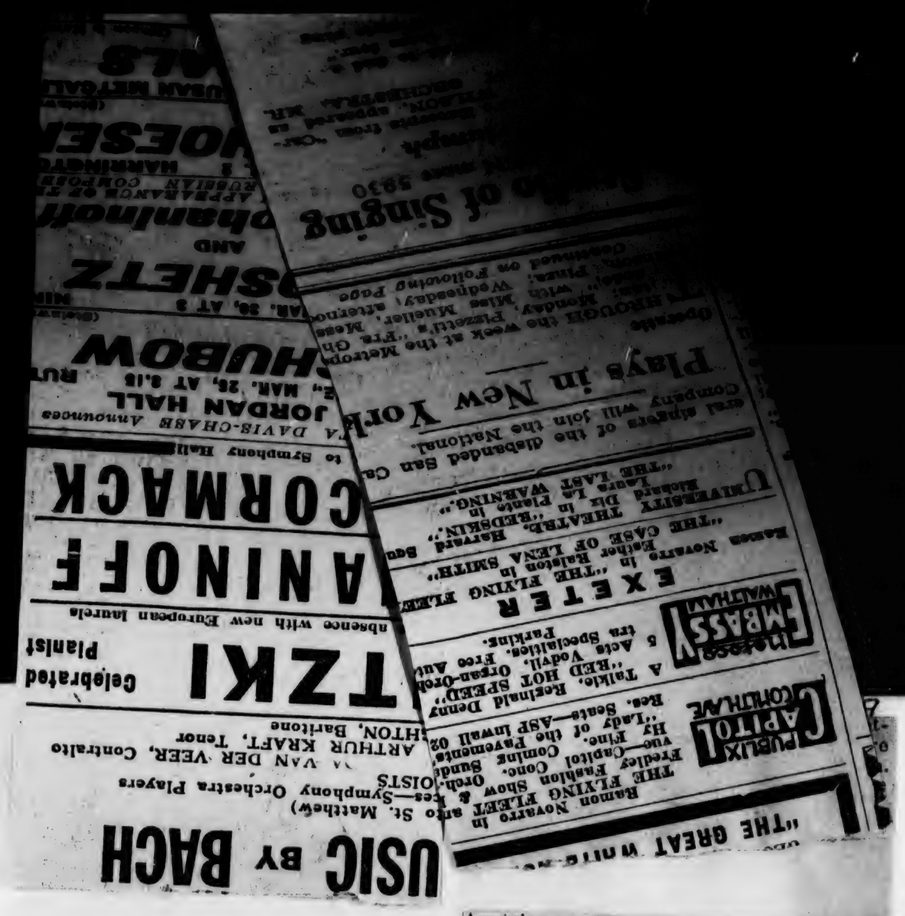

The Beethovenian symphony, based on Haydn's four-movement scheme, brought with it three problems. The first two concerned the order in which the four highly individualized movements should succeed each other. Originally the scherzo or minuet furnished polite and easy transition between the emotion-laden slow movement and the brisk finale. But when the finale came to assume greater importance with Beethoven, the comparatively trivial scherzo could no longer logically precede it. The scherzo itself grew in importance and in the Ninth was placed earlier in the work. The Adagio was another problem. After the Fifth, Beethoven avoids it, resuming it only in the Ninth. The depth and fullness of emotion which it brings when found in its completely developed form, is with difficulty placed logically into the milieu created by three totally different movements. In the Eighth Beethoven went so far as to use neither a slow movement nor a true scherzo,—one answer to these problems.

The third problem concerns the nature of the introduction to the first movement. In his first two symphonies Beethoven merely follows Haydn; the Eroica has no more than a couple of detached introductory chords; in the Fourth and Seventh Beethoven experiments with completely developed introductory movements; the Fifth and Sixth lack introductions altogether; only in the Ninth is there an ideal union of introduction and first movement. But with the greatest problem of all, that of the character of the finale, Beethoven made no more than scant progress. That the apotheosis-finale of the Third, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Ninth—correct for his type of symphony—was not a solution, is proved by his struggles with the finale of the Ninth.

The reason why Beethoven did not solve this problem is that its solution involved a recasting of the entire scheme of the symphony. Its solution would also furnish the best answer to the other three problems. The cheerful and light-hearted conclusion of the older symphony had to become the cornerstone of the whole structure. The old scheme of a gradual descent from the heights of the first movement to the gayeties of the last, inevitably had to give way to a scheme of ascent which would reach the last movement as climax and summation of the whole. This was the substance of the symphonic problem as Beethoven bequeathed it to the world.

Austrians addressed themselves. They made no attempt to continue along Beethovenian lines, nor to develop in any of the directions in which Beethoven may here and there have hinted. They recognized that a new poetic concept must replace the human subjectivity of Beethoven, and they found it in a quasi-mystical nature-worship. None of the Germans had been able to discover a new poetical basis. Rather than make the futile attempt of following Beethoven, their cousins the Austrians fished in the same waters as had Beethoven and made their own catch. Thus they found a concept which predicated a new style. "Thus Schubert, after abandonng the torso of his B minor symphony, in the creation of the C major symphony made a mighty (though unconscious) confession of his turning away from Beethovenian paths. Thus Bruckner created his nine symphonies, praying religiously to Beethoven, but avoiding his ways, and only occasionally bringing him an offering. And finally thus wrote Mahler, bringing together Schubert and Bruckner, searching out the secrets of the German romanticists and programmists, creating his mighty synthesis of all that the symphony had experienced since Beethoven."

It is the character of the Haydn-Beethoven symphony to proceed from a fundamental proposition which is stated at the beginning. This is expanded, enlarged, developed, commented upon; it is shown in new lights by means of contrasts as well. It is progress from a terse statement to an increasingly less and less involved presentation of its equivalent. It may be compared to the sermon of the minister whose whole message is contained in the text which is read at the beginning of that sermon. Or it is like the geometrical proposition the whole of which is stated in the first sentence, to be proved in the exposition that is to follow. Says Bekker, "The first movements of the Eroica, the Pastoral, the Ninth are really nothing more than commentaries upon the theme which is heard in the first few measures." Their greatness, their unshakeable power, is a result of the unimpeachable logic with which the exposition of the central thought unfolds, a logic which has the same tang of inevitability as a mathematical formula. In any case, the whole symphony with Beethoven grows out of the highly concise, terrifically concentrated initial theme or motif.

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-3-

It follows that the center of gravity of such a symphony is to be found in some movement later than the first, while with Beethoven it consistently is in the first. With these Austrians it centered sometimes in the Adagio, sometimes in the Finale. This process of gradual unfolding was of course the natural solution of the problem of the introduction, which in this type of symphony was merely the tentative beginning to which the first movement followed as a first stage of development. The adagio became a second stage or indeed the central point for the whole work. The scherzo, forming a new point of contact with folk-dances and their rhythms, gathered up fresh forces on the way to the finale. Thus the new logic of the Austrian symphony offered at least a possibility for the solution of all the problems which the symphony of Beethoven had presented.

It was Anton Bruckner's historic mission, taking his cue from the two preliminary works of Schubert, to be the first to clear new paths pointing in this direction. He was the first to undertake to solve the problems, indeed to offer as tenable solutions as could be expected within the life of one individual. "He created the new symphonic introduction, in which, as in the fourth symphony, the birth of the theme takes place." Though thematically well and indeed powerfully developed, its first movements are apt to have a preparatory rather than a definitive character. The terse, flint-like mottos of Beethoven, he replaced with

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See & Hear—DOUGLAS—See & Hear
FAIRBANKS in "THE IRON MASK"
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With Philip Merivale and Guy Standing
PLYMOUTH EVES. at 8.2
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JANE COWL
in Stephen Phillips' romantic drama
"PAOLO and FRANCESCA"
Eves. 50c-$2 Mats. Wed., Sat., 50c-$1.50

AUDIENCE SHRIEKS and ROARS with LAUGHTER at Low Cantor's Mystery Comedy Thriller
THE SKULL
With Original N. Y. Cast

FABIEN SEVITZKY
Soloist
Madame Hamilton Jeffrey
Played by
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World Famous Violinist

his first movements are not the cornerstones of his symphonies.

Thus the middle movements acquired increased significance. Bruckner restores the Adagios of the earlier Beethoven symphonies,—the first Adagios worthy of the name to be written since Beethoven. Except in the Eighth and Ninth Symphonies, he places these Adagios before the Scherzi. The Scherzi, too, have a power not felt since Bethoven. It is not the intoxicating, delirious power of some of the Beethoven scherzi, it is a power with roots firmly imbedded in the soil of peasant music. Folk-dances, square-toed folk rhythms, elementally powerful, are its sources, are the origins of a new contribution to the symphony.

But even more powerful than his Scherzi, are Bruckner's Adagios. Often they form the focal point of his symphonies. His power of extending and heightening and enlarging the sustained emotion of the Adagio to the very point of the limit of the hearer's receptivity is one of the greatest achievements of his particular type of genius. Shrewdly, thus he makes them the third movement in the last two symphonies. But in this achievement he spent himself. To quote Bekker again, "The tragedy in Bruckner's work (if indeed it is fair to speak of tragedy amid such accomplishment) is that while he undertook to solve symphonic problems, while he recognized the need, he was nevertheless unable to offer a final solution. Bruckner made the attempt to solve the problem of the finale. For such solution he ran aground because of the very riches of his Adagios." In them he reached a fullness beyond which he was unable to go. For the finale a Beethovenian concentration would have been in place. But Bruckner remained a rhapsodist. The tentative character of his first movements is felt too much also in his finales. "He desired to place the point of greatest weight into the finale, but he exhausted himself in his Adagios, and the finales remained lying afar off in the distance."

LLA

tion to mightier things which may ha gone before, but which for all the might and power have remained inco clusive. To them the finale furnish conclusion.

A last type is found for the fourth a ninth symponies. They are the most n ture of Mahler's symphonies, each co pleting a cycle within his works. Ea is in four movements. Their successi is a matter of pure fancy, defying clas fication. The ascent is neither by straig line nor by spiral. Their finales are r climactic as in the first type, they a rather solutions as in the second. Th furnish a transfiguration, so to speak, much that has gone before. In t fourth this is accomplished in a pla unadorned song-form. In the ninth is through an Adagio. Indeed that nin symphony furnished almost an inversi of older convention in the order of movements: 1, Andante; 2, Scherzo; Rondo, of the burlesque type; 4, Adag It is as if Mahler, thinking back Bruckner, and remembring that wi Bruckner the Adagio was—though un tentionally—the high point, allows hi self again to make the Adagio the mo ment of chief interest, and then has t courage to place it where it belongs, the end.

"The skepticism of a never-sated a is disappearing. New generations a reaching out toward light, toward n revelation. They respond to the glo ing, passionate art of Mahler; and in shadow the gentler music of Bruckner also taking root. In both reposes the ture of symphonic art, for where a grows out of inner impulse, it has pow over all men."

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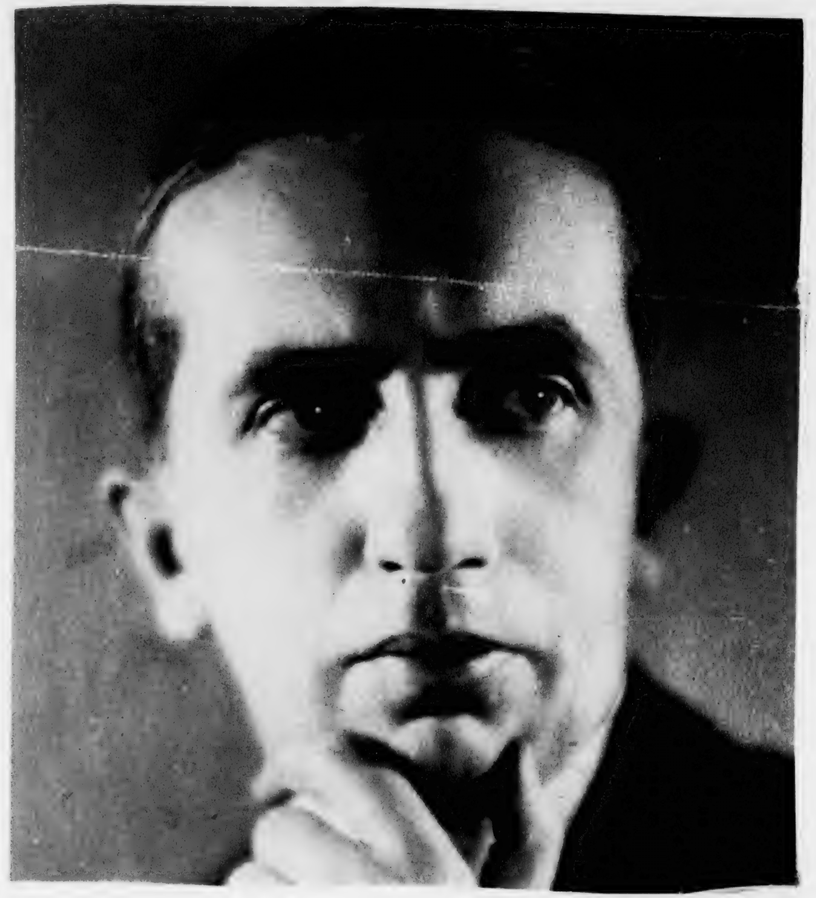
ALFREDO CASELLA

ARTHUR FIEDLER, who on several occasions this season has conducted the Pop concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra with great success. Mr. Fiedler has led the players on Tech night, Al Smith night, Tufts night and will lead them again next Wednesday, Yiddish Art Theatre night. (Boris)

The Spread of the Smile

Koussevitzky Pleased

Unsigned Caricature in Musical America



"Hit 'Em Again"

On The Conductor's Stand

Pains

On The Stage

Pleasures

On The Floor

POPS OPEN WITH HALL CROWDED

Audience Listens With Rapt Attention to Music

May 2, 1929 Post

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Normally the Pops begin on the first Monday following the close of the symphony season, but normally that Monday falls in the month of May, and since Pop concerts in April are apparently unthinkable, the present and forty-fourth season of Pops had its inaugural concert at Symphony Hall last evening. As in the previous two seasons an orchestra of some 80 players performed under the direction of Alfredo Casella.

THERE TO LISTEN

For some time past the emphasis at the Pop concerts has been shifting from the "pop" to the concert. Mr. Jacchia began that change; Mr. Casella has now completed it. There was a large audience last evening; no available place was left unfilled whether in the balcony seats or at the tables on the floor where refreshments, liquid and solid, might be had by those who desired them. But—and here is the significant thing—these soft drinks and light edibles were virtually ignored while the music was in progress.

Between numbers and in the two intermissions those at the tables drank, munched, smoked and chatted, but while the orchestra played almost to a man—and woman—this company listened with rapt attention. In the more hushed moments, and there were many of them, the proverbial pin might have been heard to fall. And when a solitary waitress dared to cross the hall to receive or deliver an order, it seemed an intrusion.

Appear to Like Change

It has been urged by some that the changes here described have robbed the Pops of what was to some their chief appeal, but by every evidence of last evening those who now attend the Pops like them as they are. The rapt listening above described was surely wholly voluntary and spontaneous; this company had come to hear the Symphony orchestra under a conductor and musician of world renown in a programme that combined judiciously the reasonably light and the reasonably serious. Last evening at least the extremes of frivolity and of gravity were alike ignored.

On this opening programme were these pieces that might have place in a Symphony Concert: The Wedding March from Rimsky-Korsakov's "Le Coq d 'Or," Sibelius' "Valse Triste," Liszt's "Les Preludes," Mr. Casella's own brilliant rhapsody "Italia" and Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries." And since Mr. Toscanini lately conducted it in New York, Rossini's Overture to "William Tell" may be here included. For transcriptions of piano pieces, always staple fare at the Pops, there were Tchaikovsky's "Song without Words" and the more esoteric "Pavanne for a Dead Infanta" of Ravel. Handel's Largo, another transcription perennially favored, and Verdi's Overture to "The Force of Destiny," the latter played last evening with singular effectiveness, completed the list, exclusive of extras.

Rehearsals for the Pop concerts are of necessity limited. Mr. Casella may not work out in detail each piece to be played at the six or seven concerts of the week. The wonder is that under such conditions the standard of performance at the Pop concerts under his direction is as high as it is. For this standard is far nearer that of the Symphony concerts proper than of the Pops as these were formerly understood.

Last evening, save in a few moments so isolated and so negligible as to warrant no comment, the orchestra played as it has played all the year under Mr. Koussevitzky, as a band of virtuosi. In particular the performance of Mr. Casella's own Rhapsody, which brought the composer-conductor the customary ovation, was one of notable excellence. And in conclusion let it once more be suggested that those who lately have been exercised over the problem of bringing the Symphony Orchestra to a wider public may well take thought of the fact that now at Symphony Hall for several weeks to come the Symphony Orchestra may be heard every evening under a distinguished leader, and at prices that go as low as 50 cents

CASELLA SCORES AT POP CONCERT

Leads Pleasing Program At Symphony Hall—Is Loudly Applauded

HUGE AUDIENCE AT ANNUAL OPENING

May 2, 1929 Herald

Last night Mr. Casella led off the first of this year's Pops with this program: Wedding March from "Le Coq d'Or," Rimsky-Korsakov; Song Without Words, Tchaikovsky; Valse Triste, Sibelius; Overture to "La Forza del Destino," Verdi; Les Preludes, Liszt; Pavane Pour Une Infante Defunte, Ravel; Italia, rhapsody, Casella; Overture to "William Tell," Rossini; Largo, Handel; Ride of the Valkyries, Wagner.

In all Boston is there not one soul who would like to secure the permanent services of Mr. Casella, that gifted creature of rhythm and tune, as a city missionary in music's cause? For this his third season, Mr. Casella is doing true missionary work, and that is a solemn fact.

Look at last night's program. There was Mr. Casella with a program to plan for the pleasure of quite plain people—musically speaking, be it of course understood. He pleased them mightily, with the help of many a trusty old standby from Handel, Wagner, Rossini. Shrewdly Mr. Casella gave the people what they knew they were going to like, but Mr. Casella, shrewdly again, gave them as well, music he himself knew they would like, whatever their preliminary doubts to the contrary.

So, if you please, he offered a popular audience Ravel's "Pavane pour une Infante Defunte"—and the audience had the air of liking it. Why not? Mr. Casella let its melody be heard, a very agreeable melody indeed when not obscured in dull performance. In the case of his own "Italia"—not precisely, on the whole, "popular" music—Mr. Casella, by stressing its melody, and its rhythmic verve, made its discordancy fall so neatly into its proper subordinate place that it bothered nobody one atom; the piece drew loud acclaim. He did as well with "Les Preludes," popular music enough, but not always held to be Pop-like.

Thank God for a pioneer who is neither bigot nor pedant. Mr. Casella, giving his hearers what they want, constantly extends the range of their wants. But he recognizes they must have what they, the hearers, want, not what he may fancy himself. By never repelling them, therefore, with music void of melody easily grasped and well-marked rhythm, Mr. Casella is leading his public to the plane where they applaud—Ravel! So much for ability combined with common sense.

The people must like his choice of music, for the privilege remains theirs to take it or leave it. They take it; not an empty seat could be seen last night, upstairs or down, and applause rang loud.

R. R. G.

The Duncan Dancers

For The Pops, New Pleasures of Dance

May 7, 1929

VITAL flesh at one with rhythmic spirit, disciplined abandon, fluent gesture, light, quick harmony of motion, choregraphic pattern, and unaffected symbolism—these the Isadora Duncan Dancers of Moscow gave and were at their first Boston appearance at the end of the Pop concert in Symphony Hall last night. Led by Irma Duncan, adopted daughter of Isadora and director of her Russian school, the Muscovite maidens presented an all-Schubert program as much to their own joy, apparently, as to that of the audience large for the occasion.

The curtains parted for the "Ave Maria," revealing Irma with arms crossed on her breast and head bowed. Slowly she raised her face to heaven as her pupils appeared on either side. Sheer robes floating behind them, and hands supplicating, they circled about her. As the music swelled, Irma, eloquent in expression and pose, raised her arms on high. Faster and more freely the suppliants wove their pattern. The music died away, and the Madonna was left again alone, head bowed, arms crossed.

Particularly pleasing sympathy of dance with music was in the second number, Andante Con Moto, from Symphony No. 7 in C Major. First one by one the girls ran on the stage; then, crescendo, by twos they leaped gloriously forth; then all together. Suddenly they left Irma alone. Then all again, then two by two, and finally Ilma alone once more as the curtain fell.

The first of five waltzes, "Under the Scarf," was very prettily done and, possibly also because of the personal element, appealed highly to the audience. As the filmy scarf was tossed up by two of the girls, each of the others in turn danced under and forward to the very edge of the platform, teeth gleaming as each paused before darting around to the rear again. In the second waltz Irma counterfeited playing a game with a ball. Then she and the two most lovely pupils, Tamara and Alexandra, impersonated the graces. In lyric pose the three advanced, as on a cloud, goddess in three persons; the tempo changed and, holding hands, with heads thrown back, about they whirled; only to repeat the first movement and then the second, again and again. The full vigor and freshness of the ensemble were seen in the Ecossaise; and in "Around the Linden Tree" again its patterned symbolism, as first the girls in circle moved slowly, one step this way, one that, and then with uplifted arms and flashing legs they interpreted a swifter passage.

In Moment Musicale Irma's trembling index finger came perilously near to pointing a disharmony. Great were the demands she put upon herself, and not wholly did she meet them. Yet her performance was so spirited, her personality for the first time in the evening so marked, that at the conclusion of the number the audience called her back before the curtains three times.

Peak of the evening was the concluding Marche Militaire. Here the dancers abandoned themselves to more powerful rhythms and displayed even more striking dance patterns than before. Tossing her black locks, Irma flashed across the stage. Her red scarf cut the line of girls flashing contrarywise with hands linked and knees prancing. Again and yet again. Then off they all leaped and Irma after, her scarf flaming behind her, seeming to pursue her into the shadows.

One thought of another scarf, another flame, and other shadows. One thought also, in recollection, that Isadora dancing never disclosed Isadora the teacher, that her ready flesh never lagged behind her quick spirit. But the girls of the ensemble were Irma's justification. Their bodies, her guiding mind, and the soul of Isadora, all three were essential to this alchemy from which was magicked forth a rare precipitate, pure dance. N. F.

THE POPS GO "DUNCAN"

Those who have been for many years reasonably loyal habitues of Boston's Pops will read the account of the Duncan Dancers' sojourn at Symphony Hall this week with varied feelings. To them the great orchestra, led by such a capable conductor as Mr. Casella, has been enough even to compensate for the necessary deprivations caused by the Volstead Act. To hear the old stand-bys—Handel's Largo (with organ) and the 1812 Overture (with chimes), for example—received with rapturous applause is always reassuring evidence that the world does not move too quickly and that there are still good substantial folk who like "music with a tune to it."

But the Duncan Dancers, we are told, are young and healthy, that they dance, if not as energetically as vaudeville acrobats, yet as enthusiastically and much more seriously, and that they seem to enjoy themselves. Moreover, they interpret moods, impulses, reactions, complexes, and things like that, merely by waving scarfs and leaping nimbly from one part of the generous stage to another. It ought to be great fun if every one were allowed to bring his or her scarf and join in—but it must be rather stupid just to watch. Personally, we'd rather watch Marilyn Miller. But then, of course, we're just low-brow. May 8, 1929 Herald-

DUNCAN DANCERS AT POPS

May 7, 929

Arthur Fiedler Conducts Innovation at Concerts

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Last evening, for the first time in the history of the Pop Concerts, the musical programme, or rather a portion of it, was visualized by dancers. To be specific, the Isadora Duncan Dancers of Moscow, 10 in number, under the direction of Irma Duncan, an adopted daughter of Isadora, exhibited their art last evening during the third and final division of the programme.

FIEDLER CONDUCTS

For the first two-thirds of the evening the orchestra played under Mr. Casella's direction and in its accustomed place upon the stage, although against a back-ground of blue-green curtains.

During the second intermission the stage was cleared of chairs and stands, a green carpet was laid, and when the players reappeared they took their places in the front section of the auditorium which, needless to say, had been freed of the customary tables.

Arthur Fiedler now replaced Mr. Casella, as conductor, and to the music of Schubert the Duncan Dancers proceded to disport themselves upon the stage.

The chosen numbers were the Ave Maria, the Andante from the C major Symphony, five Waltzes, a Moment Musical and the familiar Marche Militaire. In all these dances Irma Duncan was the principal figure; often she held the stage alone; at times two, three or more of the others danced with her, at other times the entire company, if such it may be called.

Following the lead of Isadora, the Duncan Dancers are not concerned with dancing in the conventional sense, but with the interpretation of music by bodily pose, gesture and motion. There were pleasing effects of line and rhythm in last evening's dancing, although it may hardly be said that any of the dancers, including Irma Duncan herself, seemed technically expert as that term is commonly applied to the terpsichorean art, or even of conspicuous grace. On occasion this posing, this graceful scampering and violent running seemed to fit, even to enhance the music. Again it seemed superfluous, even malapropos; Schubert unembellished would better have conveyed his message. The audience, it should be added, received the Duncan Dancers with marked enthusiasm and at the end, when Mr. Fiedler was brought to the stage to share with the dancers the plaudits of the audience, cheers were added to the hand-clappings.

Through the remainder of this week the Duncan Dancers will appear at the Pop Concerts, the Schubert programme of last evening alternating with a danced version of three movements of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony.

Dancers at the Pops

May 7, 1929 Journal

The innovation of dancers at the Symphony Hall Pop concerts looked last night like an immediate success. After Mr. Casella had led the orchestra through two-thirds of a program, the players vacated the platform for a "pit" in front of it, the lights in the auditorium were dimmed, spotlights were focused on the stage, Arthur Fiedler picked up the baton and the curtains parted to disclose, against green curtains, Irma Duncan and her Isadora Duncan Dancers of Moscow in a series of interpretations of Schubert compositions.

They endeavored to visualize first the supplication of the "Ave Maria," then the animation of the Andante con moto of the C major Symphony. They succeeded in making some very charming pictures in motion, though they did not dislodge the present commentator from his conviction that dancing is more a distraction than an aid when one is listening to music of this kind.

Far more satisfying was their achievement in a series of waltzes. Here, with no worry over profound emotion or intellectual content, we were able to delight in the dancers' lightness and grace, their beauty of line and rhythm, in play with a scarf, in a game of bouncing an imaginary ball, in the posturing of "Three Graces," in the vigorous swing of "Ecossaise," in the lovely, languorous swaying of "Around the Linden Tree." Here, it seemed to this writer, was expressed the essence of the dance as handed down by Isadora Duncan to these pupils from her Moscow school.

Nor should it be overlooked that the enjoyment of these dances was due in considerable degree to the excellence of the orchestral accompaniment, which was conspicuously different from that which dancers usually are able to command. With these symphony men, directed by Mr. Fiedler, the musical contribution was vastly superior to anything of the kind heard in Boston in similar circumstances for at least a decade.

Last night's program of dances, which includes also the Moment Musicale and the Marche Militaire, will be repeated tomorrow evening and Friday evening. Tonight and on Thursday and Saturday evenings the dancers will interpret the last three movements of Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique" Symphony." L. A. S.

May 8, 1929 MUSIC

THE ISADORA DUNCAN DANCERS AT THE POPS

Three dance compositions, carefully and beautifully worked out, stirring and expressive in performance, were presented at the Pops last night by the Isadora Duncan Dancers of Moscow. The dances were set to movements of Tschaikowsky's Pathetic Symphony, and though they were doubtless meant to be parts of one whole, as dance compositions they had very distinct separate individualities. This program, both orchestral and choreographic, will be repeated on Thursday and on Saturday. An audience that filled the hall almost to overflowing testified to the fact that the innovation of having dance programs with the usual orchestral program is in keeping with the spirit and taste of Pops habitues, and is highly approved.

The dances were preceded by six pieces played by the Pops Symphony orchestra, with Arthur Fiedler conducting. Mr. Fiedler lavished care and intelligence on the music, and made it much more than merely entertaining. His conducting of the Pathetic Symphony, the interpretation tempered to suit the natural demands of the dance, was praiseworthy too.

As to the dancing, be it said that if Irma Duncan is not a great dancer, she is certainly a great dance composer. Also, she has trained her pupils to a high degree of grace, and has infused into them a sincerity and intensity that promise much for their futures. The Allegro con grazia, as they danced it, was fleet and rhythmic, of a most unaffected grace and loveliness, though it did not offer much, either of freshness or subtlety, in the way of what might be called "dance thought." But the Allegro molto vivace, which was danced next, was a gem of choreography . . . the ideas and motifs were original without being unnatural, Russian in spirit without losing the universal appeal of the "natural" dancing taught by Isadora, stirring, intense, and dramatic without ever sacrificing the rhythmic flow of movement. In this dance, too, the weaving of the ideas, the threads of thought, into a dance pattern, was marvelously accomplished. Here, too, the dancing itself was most lovely-free, abandoned, ecstatic. It really ennobled the music that inspired it. The Finale; Adagio Lamentoso, was interpreted in movements of grace and meaning, by Irma Duncan, sola.

Much applause from the enthusiastic audience told the dancers and musicians how much the evening was enjoyed.

E. B.

POPS: ISADORA DUNCAN DANCERS

The Pops last night followed an unwonted course. The evening, to be sure, began, normally enough, according to the present type, with Mr. Casella on hand to furnish excellent music in excellent performance. And so it ran for nearly two hours.

But at 10 o'clock Mr. Casella, after a rousing reading of the "Rienzi" overture, went home. The players, instead of following his lead, stepped from the stage to the floor of the hall—some making the descent by way of an agile vault—there to seat themselves again to work. Mr. Arthur Fiedler presently appeared, out of the darkness, to lead them. The curtains were pulled aside.

For it should have been stated that the stage curtains had been drawn to. When they were parted, they revealed on the stage, a very figure of woe. Irma Duncan, the director of the Isadora Duncan Dancers of Moscow.

Miss Duncan, in coiffure modern, in garb medieval— a statue on the facade of some Gothic cathedral she might have made her model—proceeded to express, by the droop of her head and the wave of her arms, black despair; this to the strains of Schubert's "Ave Maria." Six young women, robust of build, soon joined her in motions of despondency. So ladies must have disported themselves in the aesthetic period in the 80s, when Gilbert's Lady Saphir—or was it the Lady Angela?—besought her friends; "At least be early English, before it is too late."

In cheerier mood, the ladies danced next to the andante from Schubert's C major symphony. In greenish tunics that floated about and behind them, they ran and bounded, by ones and twos, and finally in a body of six with the directress to lead, all under a pale light of green-blue. This was a very pretty dance indeed, with real spirit to lend it life. MAY 7-29

Short dances followed, to a succession of Schubert waltzes. In one the performers made play with a great sheet of gauze. They played a game of ball, the program had it, and also the program made mention of "Around the Linden Tree."

Miss Irma Duncan herself, employing much the same steps she had taught her ensemble, obliged with a solo, to Schubert's Moment Musical, which pleased so thoroughly that the audience wanted it again. Although she preferred not to repeat the dance, she broke into another, to the stirring measures of Schubert's military march, quite similar as to step, though in character something more defiant. The ensemble assisted her, and in this dance they reached their highest point of rhythmic precision, of animation. Throughout the performance the large audience showed every sign of pleasure.

R. R. G.

Dancing Daughters Of Isadora Born

In Plain and True Descent Goes the Young Troupe At Symphony Hall

May 8, 1929 Tra

THE Duncanettes, nightly dancing as third part of The Pops, have won the town. Above stairs and below, at Symphony Hall last evening, there was not a vacant chair or empty table; while for today, tomorrow and Saturday, there are few places left. Miss Irma and her young dancers have a considerable repertory; the two programs of the current week by no means exhaust it; through another six evenings, were the management so disposed, they could give fresh pleasure in new numbers. As it is, the public seems content with either program. If the nine brief pieces from Schubert exhibit the little troupe more variously, the three movements from Chaikovsky's "Pathetic Symphony" show it more intensively. Schubert's Waltzes, the Military March, the slow movement from the Symphony in C major, are for the most part ensemble numbers. To herself, out of the nine, Miss Irma reserves only two; whereas she mimes alone the dolorous Finale of Chaikovsky's Symphony and is the pervasive figure through the middle Allegros. The Schubert-program is the gayer; the Chaikovsky-program, the more ambitious. In both the dancers are accompanied by a larger and better orchestra than they have hitherto known at home or abroad. Symphony Hall has, indeed, been generous with them; while the adaptable Arthur Fiedler is alert and skillful as conductor to a ballet. He gives it line and rhythm. Being sure of its steps, it asks for no more.

Miss Irma was one of the six pupils of Isadora who danced together or in groups, here in America, after their mistress had virtually quit the stage. Irma, of German blood and pains and patience, succeeded to the school in Moscow when Isadora tired of it; fostered and established it. Out of it come the eleven girls, from the teens into the twenties, of the present troupe. To a remembering eye they not only perpetuate the tradition but renew the semblance of Isadora. She had no liking for the taut, slender, fine muscled figures to which Americans are accustomed in the dance. She preferred in her pupils her own full body. Miss Irma is like-minded, and these Russian girls are a strapping youth—tall, large-framed, well-muscled, by no means fleshless. From such shape and weight the more remarkable seem their lightness and plasticity of motion.

Time and again, too, this or that movement recalls Isadora in her prime. Evidently Miss Irma first mastered, then preserved, her teaching. There is the bounding step, knee high-upraised, which was one of Isadora's best possessions; the long flowing line, more graphic for a scarf outflung; the slow and rapt approach, the quick change into a crescendo of pace and rhythm; the diminuendo of departure or the happy troupe streaming away through the parted curtains. Isadora liked to theorize about all the freedoms and to practice most. Consequently she railed at technique, though within obvious limitations, her own was distinctive. In turn these youngsters have absorbed it—for their more characteristic steps, for the play of hands, arms and heads. In the flow or flare or droop of their dancing dress—the rhythm of scarfs and veils and folds as Isadora used to say—it runs as clear. Within her narrow field they stay; within it excel—simple moods, flowing or bounding motion. For those who would have the heavy-handed, heavy-footed, posturing Isadora of the declining years, there is Miss Irma herself. Hers is not a vibrant temperament. In one and another of her solo-numbers, too faithfully she recalls her ageing, mannered mistress.

Only the middle-aged may recall the lustrous, marvellous Isadora of a brief prime, little spent upon American stages. For a younger generation, if they know her at all, she is the soiled and sponging creature, posturing for poseurs, of the decadence and of books that might better have gone unwritten, so completely do they efface the lovely image of the glowing years. For nearly all who watch in Symphony Hall her grandchildren in the dance, Isadora is no more than a name, or at most a legend. What pleasures them is this warm youth schooled to the semblance of her prime; its light energy, its fine fluidity, of motion; its sense of undulating line, as in a melody of Schubert, held, varied, intensified; its zest of rhythm touched in or firmly marked; its moments of still, rapt grace; its leaps into exuberance; its fine scorn of all that prettifies and is "precious" in the mean sense of that word. Schubert sings out of this dancing; in it, after the Duncanesque fashion, Chaikovsky runs the gamut of his moods, not always to be patterned, phrased and conveyed in another medium, now too vague, again too intensive. Yet always there is sufficient residue. By instinct and by practice these dancing girls have achieved freedom of bodily motion, rhythmed and attuned; then by quick imagination and spontaneous impulse into beauty woven it. For it was Isadora, even to the third generation, who restored a vernal freshness to the dancing stage. MAY-8-29 H. T. P.

May 13 1929 Herald

WAGNER NIGHT AT POPS

The first Sunday night concert of this season's Pops, in Symphony hall, was devoted by Mr. Casella, conductor, to the works of Wagner. The program included excerpts from seven of the great German composer's operas; namely, the overture, and the entrance of the guests into the Wartburg, from "Tannhauser"; a "Siegfried" idyll; the prelude and love-death scene from "Tristan and Isolde"; a prelude to "The Meistersingers of Nuremburg"; the prelude and introduction to act III of "Lohengrin"; the Good Friday spell from "Parsifal"; and the ride of the Valkyries, without which no orthodox Wagnerian program would be complete.

The numbers were so chosen as to avoid tiresome heaviness. The orchestra, skilfully guided by Mr. Casella, gave to each selection that perfection of performance one has learned to expect from such a splendid band of musicians. The audience was large and enthusiastic, an indication that such programs may safely be inserted, at various times, as acceptable contrasts to the nightly miscellanies culled from lighter compositions.

Last night brought the first Sunday evening concert of the season's Symphony Hall Pops. For this occasion Mr. Casella submitted a Wagner program which included the Entrance into the Wartburg from "Tannhäuser," the "Siegfried Idyll," the Prelude and Introduction to Act III from Lohengrin," the "Tannhäuser" Overture, the "Meistersinger" Prelude, the "Tristan" Prelude and Love-Death, the Good Friday Spell from "Parsifal" and the Ride of the Valkyries. It must be admitted that for a musician whose artistic ideals are at the opposite pole from Wagner's, Mr. Casella gives excellent performances of the master's work. He also did a good service to the composer and to his own audience by including in his program, in addition to some of the usual items of a Wagner list, the "Siegfried Idyll" and the Good Friday Spell, which are not often heard. He evidently had devoted care to the preparation of these numbers, too; the performance of the "Idyll" was the finest of the evening. A large audience was enthusiastic. The next Sunday evening concert will be given May 26. May 13, 1929 Tra.

Tran May 4, 1929

Wagnerian Pops

FOLLOWING a concert season well stocked in all-Wagner programs and part-Wagner programs came last evening Mr. Casella's first Sunday concert of the current Pops series as another contribution to the total score. Yet the demand is insatiable. Save for a sprinkling of empty seats at the tables on the floor, the hall was filled; probably every seat would have been taken had it not been for the threat of a storm. And the audience listened and applauded with pleasure. For more times this season than it is convenient to count, the Prelude to "The Mastersingers" has sounded from the Boston Symphony's strings, wood-winds and brass. Last evening Mr. Casella vigorously opened the second division of his program with this Prelude. All-Wagner programs may come and go, but the Prelude to "The Mastersingers" marches on. Otherwise, the excerpts, preludes and overtures of the program were familiar ones from Tannhäuser, Lohengrin, Tristan and Isolde, Parsifal and The Valkyr. "A Siegfried Idylle," less frequently heard, was an exception. Perhaps the older generation of Boston concert-goers can remember when the music of Wagner was not so generally acecpted; when an all-Wagner concert divided the town into two rival camps? Who is the present-day Wagner, now dividing the town, to whom whole concerts will be devoted thirty years hence?

To distinguish Mr. Casella's interpretation of Wagnerian music is to say that the conductor lets the composer speak for himself. For the processional music of the Entrance of the Guests into Wartburg, Mr. Casella gives full reign to the brittle brightness, the biting attacks and crystal tones of which virtuosi instrumentalists are capable; yet holds steady and inelastic the tempo; sharply outlines the rhythmic patterns and sinuous voices. In the Prelude to Tannhäuser," he begins deliberately, moves with solemn majesty, abruptly inserts the Venusburg measures, piles sonority upon sonority as overwhelming conviction. This Tannhäuser music, indeed, finds Mr. Casella in his most authoritative and impressive manner. For the resounding surges of "The Mastersingers" and the Ride of Valkyrs he once more opens up the full stops of trumpets, tubas and trombones, to carry everything by weight and magnificence of tone. Again, in such processional music as the introduction to the third act of "Lohengrin" he is crisp and rhythmically rigid. To speak its true meaning, Wagner's music must indeed rise starkly from the music pages through superb instrumental performance; Mr. Casella will not stop to color it with his own personality, unless that is one of pure and unemotional classicism or ,on the other hand, unyielding modernism. With the music of "A Siegfried Idylle," the Prelude to "Lohengrin" and the Good Friday Spell from "Parsifal," the conductor is even more objective. The translucent glow, the gentle warmth of weaving voices, the fluttering leafage of forest murmurs sound directly and purely from the score.

N. M. J.

May 21, 1929

Leavening The Pops

MORE and more the music of the winter Symphony Concerts encroaches upon the Pops. If one may believe one's ears in hearing applause, the public is grateful. Last evening, for example, between a first group consisting of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," a gavotte from Mozart's "Les Petits Riens," the Turkish March out of Beethoven's "The Ruins of Athens," the Overture to Rossini's "The Siege of Corinth," and a last group made up of the Bacchanale from Saint-Saëns's "Samson and Delilah," a suite of three pieces out of "Carmen" and the Overture to Verdi's "The Sicilian Vespers" (music of the theater, by the way, all of it) played in Mr. Casella's straighforward and masterful manner, there stood three pieces which might have found place on any Symphony program—the introduction to and a march from Rimsky-Korsakov's "The Golden Cockerel," Musorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain" and the suite drawn from Mr. Casella's ballet, or "choreographic comedy," as he calls it, "The Jar."

Fanciful music for a fanciful plot is Rimsky-Korsakov's score for "The Golden Cockerel." Hearing it, one were dull-witted indeed, if he could anticipate in degree some such announcement as the astrologer makes at the astonishing end of the play when he says that after all the whole is no more than fairy tale. Into the very texture of harmonies and melodies, of rhythms and orchestral timbres is this element blended. Delicacy, lightness, charm, a degree of mystery, by these is it known. The piquant solo at the beginning announces it. The march of last evening does not pound, does not grow insistent. The feet which it is intended to accompany are not those of Roman legions, nor those of inflated modern conquerors; to the steps of the mock army of Pushkin's fairy tale it must be attuned. And for such an end Mr. Casella and eighty picked musicians no less than the bearded Rimsky last evening furnished accomplishment.

Musorgsky in the music of last evening gave Russian treatment to a subject that has attracted composers of most nationalities. His "Night on Bald Mountain" summons noises out of the bowels of the earth, adds to them the voices of beings which we mortals like to call supernatural. To top it, sonorous brass gives sound picture of the black god Chernobog. With his attendants of the black arts this worthy indulges in measures of celebration. Witches enter, and the orgiastic music grows to the saturnalia of the "Witches' Sabbath." But all things must end. The sound of a bell from a far-off church is heard. In its presence the revels cannot continue. The spirits vanish, the gloom and the shadows are dispelled. Night gives way to day. And a music sweet and tender replaces that of the demons of the night.

Mr. Casella for his "choreographic comedy" goes to a novel of Pirandello. The beautiful large vase of Don Lollo has been broken. The hunch-backed artisan, Dima Licasi, offers to repair it. To complete his work he climbs into the jar. But when his work is done, he finds that the hump on his back prevents him from making an exit. Don Lollo is more furious than at the first break. He insists that Licasi must pay for the vessel before it may be broken to afford him his liberty. But the philosophical workman nonchalantly smokes his pipe to await developments. Evening falls. The moon rises. In the distance a peasant is singing a nocturne-like Sicilian folk-song. The peasants assemble for their dances about the jar and the imprisoned man and friend. And not being in prohibition country, the dance assumes the proportions of a riot. Don Lollo rushes out of the house and in a frenzy kicks at the jar so that it topples over and rolls with a crash into the trunk of a tree. Licasi is free; Lollo shamefacedly returns to his house, while the peasants dance off their excitement. One can believe that the suite which Mr. Casella draws out of this ballet preserves the significant moments of the music which clothes this plot. One hears the dances of peasants of Sicily in the beginning; no less the voice of the peasant with his folk-song-nocturne (agreeably sung by Mr. Rulon Robison in performance hereabouts); one can all but see the dancing Nela, daughter of Don Lollo; and one feels puise heightened and nerves grow taut with the excitements of the various stages of the peasants' dances in conclusion. A vivid music Mr. Casella has provided. A vivid performance he gave to it last evening.

A. H. M.

Concert-Chronicle

May 17, 1929

Casella, Conductor

THERE WAS to be seen last evening in Symphony Hall a spectacle peculiar to the City of Boston and the State of Massachusetts. The floor of that concert-room was filled with tables and chairs. The purpose of those tables is to hold food and drink for those sitting around them. Twenty-four hours earlier they served that end; twenty-four later they will again serve it; but between 8.15 and 10.15 on Sunday they must stand empty, because it is unlawful on that day "to offer for sale refreshments of any kind in a theater or hall during an entertainment"—even as it is unlawful throughout the week to commit murder, robbery or other felony. As yet there is no statute, rule or regulation forbidding in such circumstance the consumption of candy by those that bring it of, for and by themselves. A few rebellious spirits brought and ate it last evening—overtly. Doubtless a new decree will speedily repair this oversight.

Nor may there be smoking on Sunday in a theater or a concert-hall during an entertainment. Yet a few feet away, in the corridors, where there is no entertainment, whoever will may smoke his fill. What if a wayward hand, lapsing for the instant from pure legality, should wander to cigar or cigarette case? Symphony Hall is at pains to remove even the temptation. Not so much as a match-box is left on those stripped tables. God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts! Already the President's renowned commission has at least a footnote for the pages on which it may discuss the declining respect for law and authority.

Fortunately, the listeners in the balconies redressed the balance and resembled a normal audience; while Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," which began the concert, raised the spirits of the forlorn company on the floor. Mr. Casella took the music simply and cheerfully. The flute, the oboe and the clarinet did their bird-like offices as though Strauss had ordained them. The ingenuous humors of the rustic band and the country merry-making were neither overlooked nor obtruded. The storm was as tempestuous as an orchestra of 1809 in a pastel-colored piece had reason to be. The final pious canticle sounded round and full. What was more to the point—since by these the "Pastoral Symphony" survives—was the gentle babbling flow in which from variation to variation the conductor kept the brookside song; the freshness and sweetness he lent to the preceding movement. It was idyllic, fragrant, jocund and peaceful, all in brief space, introduction and—to make a paradox—epitome, of the whole. Mr. Casella's light hand and melodic ear did Beethoven good service; while upon both waited the singing strings of the orchestra. A sunny "Pastoral Symphony" as becomes a Latin conductor. A miniature, personal music withal.

As good to hear was the final number—the dawn, the miming of the loves of Pan and Syrinx, the final dance that make the Second Suite from Ravel's ballet, "Daphnis and Chloë." Here, par excellence, is the virtuoso-music of our time. Two-score of details from the several instruments—and the stir of nature the swarming, flooding light of sunrise, all without a single commonplace. The simple miming of the old fable, as by a gentle ritual—that employs a most sophisticated orchestra. The wave-like tumult of the general rejoicing, the crest of every wave bejeweled with harmonic or instrumental spray. Through it all Rave bolder and freer than ever before or ever after, yet not once losing his fine control. Possibly we are a minor age in music, but in that music we have made and played our little master works. Repertory piece, here in Boston, is this Second Suite but from the orchestra at Symphony Hall it has yet to come routined.

June 22, 1929

Progress of the Pops

THE last full week of The Pops is at hand. Beyond it remain only two concerts on Monday and Tuesday evenings, July 1 and 2, to bring another season to an end. On the whole it is a week of many incidents worthy of notice. To begin at the beginning, tomorrow evening will bring the final Sunday program. For it Mr. Casella has assembled Chaikovsky's Fourth Symphony, Borodin's Polovtsian Dances from "Prince Igor," Musorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain," and Rimsky-Korsakov's Capriccio Espanole.

For Monday there is a novelty in Malipiero's Suite, "The False Harlequin." On Tuesday Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony will be played again. Wednesday will be a repetition of the request program of the past week with such favorites as Handel's "Largo," Ravel's "La Valse," the Overture to "William Tell," "Pomp and Circumstance," "Ave Maria," "Peer Gynt" Suite, "The Blue Danube" and Mr. Casella's own "Italia." On Thursday comes the postponed performance of Mr. Gershwin's "An American in Paris," for first hearing in Boston. It will be repeated again on Saturday. Full account of the piece as described in Deems Taylor's program note and by Mr. Gilman was printed in these columns two weeks ago.

Friday will be Italian night, with three new pieces on the program. They are Vivaldi's violin concerto, Adriano Lualdi's "Le Furie d'Arlecchino" overture, and three children's pieces by Santoliquido. Side by side with them have been placed the more familiar overture to "Il Matrimonio Segreto" by Cimarosa. Rossini's overture to "Semiramide," Mr. Casella's suite from the ballet, "La Giara," Ponchielli's Ballet of the Hours, intermezzo from Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," and the overture to Verdi's "La Forza del Destino."

On Saturday in addition to Mr. Gershwin's music, there will be Mozart's "Musical Joke." For the rest the programs run the usual course.

Final Sunday Pop Concert

June 24, 1929 Monitor

The Russian program announced for last evening at the Pops brought a considerable company to Symphony Hall. The program was made up of Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony, the Polovtsian Dances from Borodin's "Prince Igor," Moussorgsky's colorful tone poem, "A Night on Bald Mountain," and the gayly cavorting Spanish Caprice of Rimsky-Korsakoff.

In spite of Mr. Casella's vigor and zealousness, the players and their performance begin to reveal traces of the lateness of this musical season. The faces familiar through last winter grow fewer as vacation contracts or diversions call the "regulars" from their desks. With the available substitutes Mr. Casella now makes shift, not always to the best advantage, either of himself or of the music. But he still retains, even with a changing personnel, the firm rhythms, the abounding forcefulness which characterize his conducting. The Tchaikovsky showed these characteristics, but with perhaps a trace too much of heavy-handedness in the first and last movements; with the middle sections, however, there came a grace and lightness of touch which deserve at least passing notice. Borodin's dances, now trebly familiar to every concert-goer, surged forth with their usual reiterative power, pleasant to listen to after many earlier hearings .As for "Night on Bald Mountain," the conductor read into it fantasy and weirdness, contrasts and color. C. S. B.

June 30, 1929

Pops End 44th Season Tuesday

The 44th season of Pop concerts at Symphony Hall will end Tuesday night, July 2. The season this year began on a Wednesday, May 1, so that it will have run its course in nine weeks. Usually the closing of the Pops leaves Boston concertless until Fall, but this year we are to have the new Esplanade concerts conducted by Arthur Fiedler, and free to all comers nearly every night from July 4 through August 8. The first of the Esplanade programs are printed elsewhere in this department today.

To Alfredo Casella, now ending his third season as Pops conductor, must go the lion's share of the credit for the artistic and popular success of the concerts. Mr Casella is the first musician of world-wide fame to conduct the Pops. He is one of the foremost of living Italian composers, a pianist of distinction, and a deservedly praised editor of musical classics, as well as a conductor with many appearances with leading orchestras to his credit.

When his engagement to conduct the Pops was first announced there were those who feared that the concerts would become too "highbrow," too austere, and lose their hold on the general public. But he has used his fastidious taste and musical erudition to broaden the scope of the programs by including interesting music, old and new, and never slighted the popular classics which have always been the mainstay of the Pops. The audiences have never been larger or more enthusiastic than during his regime. Increased prices for balcony tickets have not reduced the attendance, so far as a casual observer can note.

Pop Concerts Unique

No other American city has anything quite like the Pops. Similar series attempted elsewhere have not won permanent favor with the public. But Boston has almost from the beginning of the Boston Symphony supported and enjoyed this series of popular and informal orchestral concerts night after night, year after year, through May and June.

Mr Casella has not only broadened the scope of the programs, he has greatly improved the standard of performance, which now often equals that of the regular Symphony concerts. His authority over the orchestra, and his skill as conductor are notable.

The attitude of the audiences has undergone a corresponding change. Ten years ago or more people used to chatter and laugh during the music, unless the piece was Handel's Largo or one of a very few other great favorites. Now they listen almost and often quite as silently as at the regular Symphony concerts. One even hesitates to strike a match or puff at a cigar or cigarette while the orchestra is playing. They listen not because there is any rule requiring silence, but because the music is what they have come for.

The public is getting over the old-time American notion that anything labelled "suite," or overture, or symphony, or concerto, must be so difficult to follow that only a trained musician could enjoy it. Mr Casella has made such pieces as Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony," Beethoven's "Leonore No. 3" overture; and Rimsky Korsakov's "Scheherezade" favorites with Pops audiences, as they are with the Boston Symphony subscribers. He has even won popular approval for such modernist music as Honegger's "Pacific 231" and Ravel's "La Valse."

The last named number, indeed, won a place on the annual request program, along with Handel's "Largo," "The Blue Danube," and other old favorites of the class nicknamed "chestnuts." But the audience still has, as Pops audience always have had, a veto on the programs. No new piece will be kept in the repertory for more than two or three hearings unless the audiences plainly like it and applaud it heartily.

Final Pops Programs

If one were asked to name the musician doing the most efficient and successful missionary work for good music in Boston, one would certainly name Alfredo Casella. Not that Mr Casella ever sets up as an "uplifter," or talks about musical missions. He merely plays night after night to large and miscellaneous audiences a lot of good music in a way that makes them like it.

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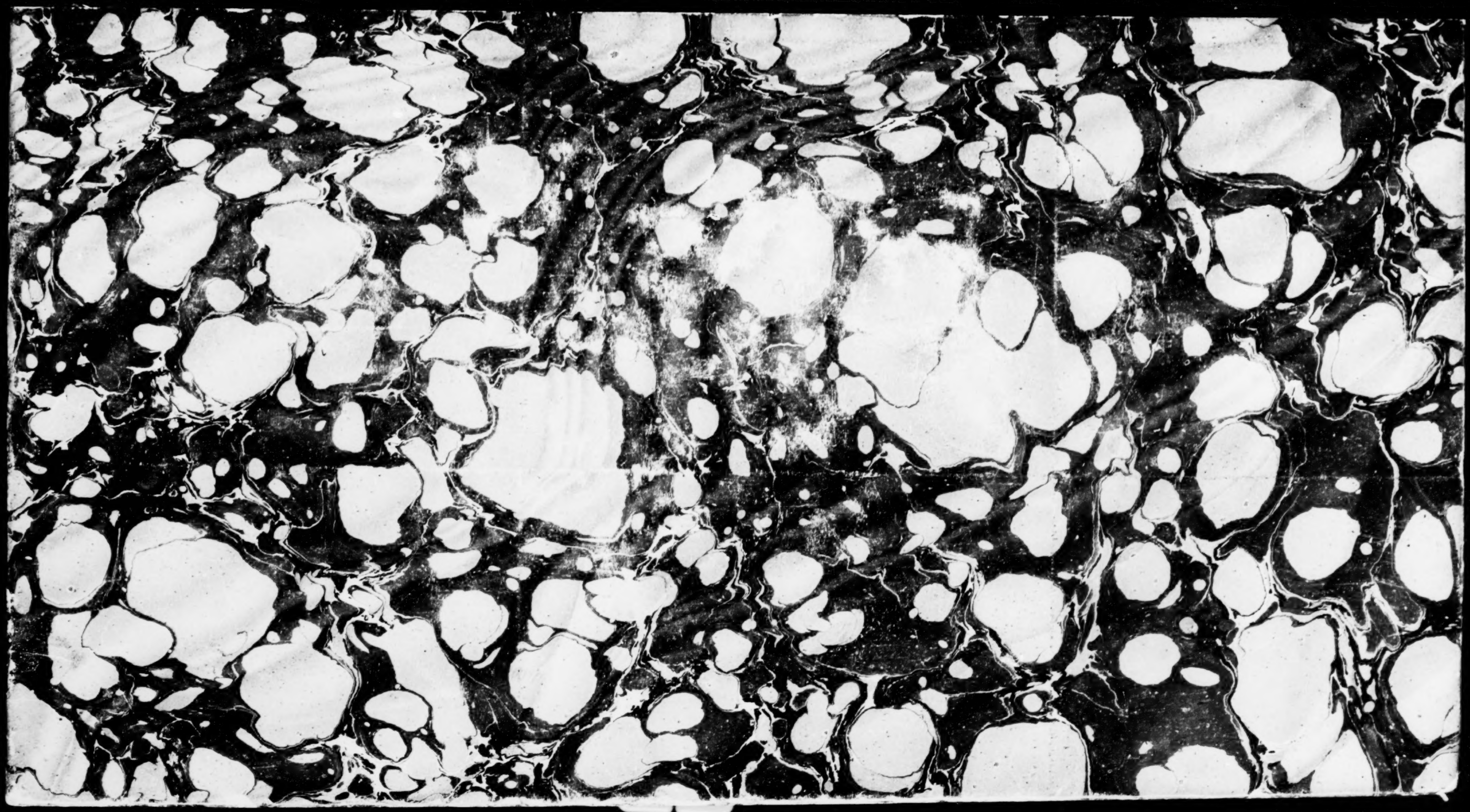

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